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Frank Leward Memorials
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Contents

To The Reader.

IN presenting these Memorials of my friend to the public, I feel an apology is due from me for having included so many letters of my own. I must request the reader to remember that a great many more have been omitted, and that I have only published those that seemed to me to be necessary to keep up the continuity of the story of his life, or such as might, while closely connected with the story, show the gradual growth of character and opinion in the Editor as well as in others.

Many other letters, from people whose names occur in the following pages, have also, for obvious reasons, chiefly family reasons, been excluded.

I must also beg the indulgent reader not to forget that some of my own letters were written many years ago, and while I was young. I have since seen occasion to modify many of the somewhat confident opinions expressed in some of them.

Charles Augustin Bampton.THE TEMPLE, 1884.

Part I. *Childhood and Schooldays.*

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA. I hope you are quit well. We got home all right. Arthur was very frightend. It was very cold. I like it to snow Papa and Mama are quit well Mama sends her love. Pleese give my love to Aunt Jane and Kitto. I hope Kitto is quit well. When Mabel comes to see you give her my love. It is my birthday on Wenesday I shall be ten.

—Your loving grandson

FRANK.

P S I miss Kitto very much. I should like to have a poney It is a very wet day to day. Good bye.

Mrs. Herbert to Frank

THE GLADES, CLAYDON.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I was very glad to receive your nice letter yesterday. I hope you will come to stay with

us again next Christmas. Aunt Jane sends her love. Kitto is quite well, and I think he misses you too, there is no one now to ride on his back. Mabel drove over the other day with her Mamma, she told me to send you a kiss. I also send you many kisses and something else as this is your birthday.—Your affectionate grandmother,

M. J. HERBERT.
1884.*Wednesday*, May 2, 1832.

Miss Herbert to Mrs. Leward

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, Feb.3, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER,—We hope the two boys reached you safely. We were so sorry you could not be with us this Christmas, and still more so for the cause, and we pray dear Francis' health will soon improve, and that you will both visit us later on, and bring dear little Arthur with you. The boys were very good on the whole; only of course Frank was sometimes rather noisy, Arthur always good and quiet. Do you not think Frank ought to go to a good public school soon ? It is best for boys, especially of his nature, although I know how deeply you would feel it at first; yet the separation must come sooner or later. Then I am afraid he is rather rough with Arthur. Mamma is better; she keeps up wonderfully for her age. I am sure Francis must feel this attempt of wicked men to destroy our country and Constitution. With best love to him and to you, dear sister, I am, yours very affectionately,

JANE HERBERT.

P.S.—We hear Mr. Wilberforce is very ill, but what a consolation to him to see his great work at last completed.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

May. 8, 1833.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA I am very much obliged to you for your present I shall often use it. Papa says I must go to school now I am II. I want to go. I have no one to play with here only Bob Arthur is too small. I was sorry to leave Claydon I should like to come again. Give my best love to Aunt Jane and Mabel and Kitto.

—Good bye,

FRANK.

Same to the same

Monday

DEAR GRANDMAMMA Hurrah I am going to Upton on Wednesday to school. Arthur is going in two years he is always crying if I touch him.

—Your affectionate grandson

FRANK.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert

THE SHRUBBERY, Wednesday, August 3.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I never felt so sad since that saddest day when my dear Father died. My darling boy has gone to school, and the light and life of my life seems gone too. How we used to scold him, especially Francis, if he made too much noise and now I would give worlds to hear him romping about the place it scarcely seems like home to me without him. I know it is foolish but I do so look forward to the holidays and it seems so long before they will come and he is so far away. I feel as if I must rush off and give him one kiss and come away again. When I look at the lock of his hair when he was a baby it is almost too much for me to bear. I have another curl I cut off when he was fast asleep in bed last night.

He had been so full of going away he could talk of nothing else all day long. I broke down dreadfully as the carriage drove off. Francis although suffering from a severe cold and sore throat went with him.

We hear the highest accounts of Dr. Pott Francis is much pleased with what he has heard of him, and we trust our boy will be kindly treated. But there are so many temptations for boys at school.

Good-bye, dear Mamma. It is such a relief to open my heart to you there is no one I can do so to as I can to you.

—Your ever-loving daughter, God bless my darling boy.

MARY.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

UPTON SCHOOL, November 10, 1833.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA Mamma says I may spend the Christmas holidays at Claydon I am very glad. She says Papa is ill but she will try to come to Claydon for a short time. How is Kitto. I suppose he is getting old now. Bob will come with Mamma to take care of her. I want to see Bob. I have a lot of friends here now but Jones is my chief friend I like being at school now. I got a caning yesterday but it was'nt my fault. The Doctor is a beastly old ass. I like Mr. Saunders my master very much he plays football awfully well. There are more than 300 boys some quite grown up more than six feet high. Thank you for the book give my love to Aunt Jane and Mabel.

Your affectionate grandson

FRANK LEWARD.

Mrs. Leward to Mr. Leward

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, January 1834.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Though I am away from home you are often in my thoughts, and I pray God may soon restore you quite to health again and bless us all as He has done so long. You can imagine my joy at seeing Frank again, he *has* grown such a fine big boy, and looks so well and strong. He likes Upton very much, though I cannot help sometimes feeling a little hurt when I see he will not be sorry to go back. My eyes I know the other day filled with tears when he talked so of going back to school. I am afraid he saw it for I noticed his face flush up, but of course it is natural for him to wish to be with his school friends.

He is most affectionate and kind and full of spirits. We have splendid walks together through the grand old woods and all the dear scenes of my childhood. Frank seems to grow more and more like my dear Father. Mamma notices it, and I often see her sit and gaze at Frank. She is very well and cheerful, and very fond of Frank, although of course he makes some commotion in the old house. The servants especially Bob are very fond of him.

We hope to come home in a fortnight, and then I suppose Frank must go off to school again.

Mind you take care of yourself and Arthur. Jane has been rather unwell.—

Your very affectionate wife,

MARY.

Frank to J. Jones

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, *July* 1834.

MY DEAR JONSEY I'm awfully sorry I havnt answered your letter before. How are you. Its rather slow here now I shant be sorry when we get back. I want my grandmother to let you come there at Christmas we should have awful spree specially if my father isnt there. Mabel is an awfully jolly girl but you musnt tell the fellows about her. My dog Suso is a splendid dog black. Bob says she is the best in the country. Will you get me three yards 3d a yard, and 2 yards three hapence a yard elastic I will pay you when we go back. My grandmother sent me two half sovs I meant to keep them for next half only I spent most of one out with Bob our man the other day. Perhaps my father will give me some more but I dont know.—

Yours affectionately,

F. LEWARD.

P.S. Get some peashooters.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

UPTON SCHOOL, *September* 7, 1834.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA It was very kind of you to send me the money I bought a bat with it for 15s. I spent the rest with Jones and another fellow It is an awfully good bat and drives like anything. I think I shall be in the second eleven next half and Jones. Football will soon be in now. Please tell Mabel not to write to me the fellows make such a row about it. Tell Mabel I have got the picture of her I drew in my desk but the fellows dont know only Jones and he promised not to tell on his honour.

Your affectionate grandson

FRANK LEWARD.

P.S. May Jones come to Claydon at Christmas.

Mr. Leward to Frank.

THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 15, 1834.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am exceedingly pained and annoyed at discovering quite accidentally that you had written to your grandmother, requesting her to invite one of your schoolmates to spend the Christmas holidays at Claydon. No one of any propriety of feeling could have so far transgressed the ordinary rules of politeness which are, or should be, inherent in every gentleman.

Your grandmother is exceedingly kind in inviting you to Claydon; but to venture to suggest that she should ask another, one, too, of whom we know nothing, is to impose on her kindness. Your brother Arthur, though so much younger than you, would, I am convinced, never have committed so gross a breach of good taste and gentlemanly behaviour.

Pray write at once to your good grandmother and express sorrow for your fault.

With hopes and many prayers for your improvement, I am, always, your affectionate Father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert.

UPTON SCHOOL, *November*30, 1834.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER I am awfully sorry I asked you to ask Jones. I suppose I musn't come now for Christmas. I only wanted him to go out skating and see Kitto. I should like to come I hope Mamma will come. I suppose Papa and Arthur wont for fear of the cold. I suppose you are awfully angry. Will you forgive me How is Mabel. I don't want Jones to know I asked for him

Your affectionate grandson

FRANK LEWARD.

J. Jones to Frank.

KING'S SQUARE, BROMPTON, *January*1835.

DEAR OLD CHAP How are you getting on at your old granny's Why didn't you ask me down there. I hate this place. We had three days skating on the Serpentine. I suppose you don't know where that is what a duffer you are. Now its beastly wet again. Write to a chap and tell him how you are getting on. I met Finch and Black yesterday. I went down the river to Greenwich and saw a lot of ships. I like the docks the best part of London I think I shall be a sailor—

Yours old fellow

JOHN JONES.

Frank to J. Jones

DEAR JONSEY Awfully short letter you wrote. I should like to be a sailor too. I told my mother I should but she said I couldnt she almost blubbered about it. My father's seedy and my mother's gone home. My young brothers coming to school after next half. I shant go home before I go back. Bob got me an awfully good pistol for 8 bob I shall bring it If you were here we should have awful larks.

Your affec. friend

F. LEWARD.

P.S. Mabels awfully jolly dont say a word on your honour.

Mrs. Leward to Frank

THE SHRUBBERY, *Sunday, April* 1835.

MY DEAR DARLING BOY,—I am alone in the drawing-room. Papa and Arthur are gone to afternoon church, and I snatch a few minutes to write to you. Oh how often I think of you, especially on Sunday and in church. I think of those two happy Sundays we spent together at the dear old Glades. It is such a short time really, but yet it seems like an age since that day I had to go away. I can still see your face peeping round the corner of the gates as I drove off. I wish you could have come home if only for a day or two. Papa is much better and takes long walks with Arthur. Arthur is getting on very well with his lessons, and Papa thinks he will be clever. Dr. Pott wrote Papa a letter about Arthur going to Upton the other day. He says in it you "have good abilities, but that you will not work," and that you "might at the end of two or three years be at the head of the school if you did well, but that you seem to prefer idle companions." I know my dear boy will never really be led away by bad companions, and that he is too noble to do anything base still my dear Frank do keep a guard on yourself and try hard to get on and become a great man. I know you could if you liked. I meant when I began to write quite a scolding letter but I cannot do it you are so far away. How I wish you were here or still better at the dear old Glades if only for a day. Grandmamma is very fond of you. Mind and write to her often, she likes hearing from you and keeps all your letters. She showed me some you had written from the time you were only nine years old. Papa is dreadfully put out by what Dr. Pott said about you. I hope he will not send the letter on to grandmamma. Good-bye my own darling boy, I hear them coming back from church so I must stop. I always begin to cry when I write to you. God bless and keep you for ever.—

Your loving Mother,

MARY LEWARD.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

DEAR MAMMA Pott is a beastly sneak to write like that. I am working awfully hard now harder than I ever did. I am top of the form at least I was yesterday. I am chosen captain of the second eleven. My birthdays on Tuesday. I can still play with the old bat but its rather chipped at the bottom and its sprung it still drives well a lot of fellows borrow it especially the big fellows perhaps I can get it spliced.

Jones made 30 on Saturday second 22 against 1st 11. they beat. If Suso has puppies and one a black one keep it for me and call it nigger.

—Your affec. son

FRANK.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

THE SHRUBBERY, *September* 1835.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I had such a nice letter from Mr. Saunders yesterday about the boys. He says Frank is so bright and clever and such a favourite with all the boys. If he would only work he would be at the head of the school in time, but that he works so spasmodically. Last spring he says he set to like a man and quickly beat every one in his form but that he did not keep it up. Arthur is most painstaking and plodding but not strong. How kind of you to ask Frank and his friend Jones for Christmas. I hope Jones is a nice boy Frank seems to like him so much, I think his father is a lawyer in London. I hope Francis will be well enough to come to the Glades at Christmas.

—Your loving daughter,

MARY.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

UPTON SCHOOL, *November* 1835.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER I am very sorry not to have written for such a long time. I didnt know it was such a long time till you wrote. Arthur is doing well with his lessons. He wont play football. Im in the 16. Thank you for the half sovereign. Its awfully kind of you to ask Jones for Christmas. Suso has had puppies they are going to keep one for me a black one I wanted it to be called nigger but papa wont because he says its vulgar or something.

—Your affec. grandson

F. LEWARD.

J. Jones to Mrs. Leward.

UPTON SCHOOL, *June* 15,1836.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD,—As I promised you I write now. I enjoyed my visit to Mrs. Herbert's very much. Frank had a tremendous fight to-day. A big fellow named Cheek had got a small boy's bat named Child and was knocking in the stumps with it with the blade so Frank hollowed out to him not to but he would and he made a hit at Frank with it and caught him a crack on the shoulder. Frank squared up to him and there was a ring made and they went at it like anything. They all hate Cheek. His nose bled like anything. Frank was rather hurt but he gave Cheek an awful licking. We gave three cheers for Frank and wanted to carry him in to get his face washed but we couldn't find him he got away somewhere. I'm afraid Frank will get into a row. Cheek has two black eyes and so has Frank and the Doctor has found it out and Franks safe to be caned. Cheek told the Doctor that Frank began it and the Doctor always favours Cheek.

I am, yours, &c.

JOHN JONES.

Arthur Leward to Mr. Leward

UPTON SCHOOL, *June* 17, 1836.

MY DEAR PAPA, I am sorry to have to tell you that Frank was caned again yesterday. I felt so ashamed, and knew how vexed you would be to hear about it. He would fight another boy named Cheek, and got two black eyes. I am getting on well with my Greek, and have begun Herodotus but I still like Mathematics best. Please give my love to Mamma and tell her the new flannel waistcoats came all right. We break up in a fortnight.

Your affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

UPTON SCHOOL, *October* 1836.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER I am always getting into it now the Doctor hates me ever since I had a fight with another fellow last half and says he will write to. Papa and very likely expel me. Its all about this. Some big fellows were awfully hungry at night and wanted to make a small beggar go for some grub for them he was in a horrid funk so I said Id go so I got the money and swarmed up the high window and dropped down outside and got the grub and two bottles of beer at the Crown and what you think that little sneak Arthur went and sneaked and I swarmed up again to the high window and down the rope hand over hand and bang into the arms of old Pott and one of the bottles of beer went off and all over him. He was in a towering rage couldnt speak and I

went off in a funk to my room and Ive been kept here ever since will you write to Mamma about it I dont like to. The fellows wanted to roast Arthur but I sent word to them not to.

Your affect grandson

F. LEWARD.

Mr. Leward to Frank.

THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON, *October* 10,1836.

DEAR FRANK,—Deeper and deeper still into the slough of despond have you fallen. I could scarcely believe what I was reading when I received Dr. Pott's letter this morning. That a son of mine could have committed the immoral and vulgar act of surreptitiously escaping from his schoolhouse in the dead of night for the purpose of procuring beer, and by so doing assist in contaminating the manners of his school-fellows, and inducing a disgusting taste for intoxicating liquors—which if indulged in at your age must inevitably tend to brutalise the whole man hereafter—is a disgrace I can with difficulty endure. How differently has your younger brother acted. Always obedient to his preceptor's command, taking the side of right against the forces of evil, he ever steers his course toward that holy goal from which you appear to be drifting farther and farther away.

But I fear it is of little use that I should raise even a parent's voice of warning. Of course we cannot receive you at home for the coming Christmas holidays. Dr. Pott is still undecided whether you can remain at Upton, and I know not if your good grandmother, who has hitherto invited you at that season of the year, will any longer care to receive the outcast. If she does vouchsafe her forgiveness to you, I for one must decline to allow Arthur to be of the party. I am in duty bound to see that one son of mine at least shall be worthy to bear our ancient name, and hand it down untarnished by that pitch with which you have already, and I fear irremediably, defiled your hands.

—I am your sorely grieved Father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

Mrs. Leward to Mr. Saunders.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know how I can sufficiently thank you for your kind letter and all your kindness to our son. However wild, I knew Frank could not be a bad boy. You seem to have so much more sympathy with his wayward nature than some masters have. Bampton must be a very nice boy. I am going to ask Frank's grandmother to invite him to spend the Christmas holidays with him, at Claydon. I suppose Frank will not be happy without his friend Jones too, who I suppose must also have some good in him, because Frank seems so fond of him, though I must say he seemed when I saw him, rather rough. Thanking you again for your letter and intercession with Dr. Pott,

I am, yours very sincerely

MARY LEWARD.

THE SHRUBBERY, *Wednesday.*

Frank to Mrs. Herbert

UPTON SCHOOL, *December* 20,1836.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER It's tremendously kind of you to ask me this Christmas and Jones and Bampton. Bamptons got no father or mother to go to only an uncle. I thought I was going to be expelled or at any rate have to stay here all the holidays because of that row only Bampton went to Saunders and Saunders went to Pott and so I got off with a lot of impots and a swinging caning. You will like Bampton hes awfully clever and spouts Shakespeare and History and all sorts, will you ask him to spout its awful fun. Yesterday he did all about Caesar and Brutus awfully well before a lot of swells ladies and gentlemen and people and he played the piano splendidly. The fellows made me sing. I sang one of Dibdin's sea-songs called Tom Bowling and the fellows made me sing it over again a beastly nuisance I hate having to sing before people Im in such a funk. Then we wanted Bampton to play his fiddle which he can do awfully well but old Pott wouldnt have it because he thought we should make such a beastly row.

I did a pretty good exam in history I should like to have gone about fighting for King Charles and have a go at those beastly round head brutes. I nearly got a prize for Greek. I like Homer tremendously I wish I was born then. Achilles and Ajax were fine beggars always fighting I like Ajax but I knew about him before from the Ovid we did under Saunders and he tried for the shield of Achilles. I hate Ulysses but Bampton says its very good where he goes home and gets ship wrecked. I want to go to sea so does Jones will you ask Mamma do you think she will mind much.

Good-bye were coming to-morrow mind.

Dr. Pott to Mr. Leward

THE SCHOOL, UPTON, *May* 28,1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—As is my usual custom, I write a few lines at this season of the year to keep you informed of the respective improvement—physical, moral, intellectual—of your sons.

Of the elder I wish sincerely for my own sake, more for your sake, but most of all for his, that I could report improvement in all these branches of human education.

Physically, undoubtedly your son Francis has improved. He is an athlete, and a leader amongst the athletes of our school. This branch of education, though not to be despised by us, any more than it was amongst the ancients, is, I need hardly point out to a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar like yourself, a comparatively small and unimportant part of a gentleman's and a Christian's education. The Greeks ranked such training highly; I think, and always have thought, too highly.

This pre-eminenee of its kind may account for the apparent *####o;#* which your son, I believe, receives at the hands of his compeers.

Morally, or in the sphere of ethics, I regret to have to inform you, who I know to be sincerely and profoundly anxious for your son's future, even more than for his present, welfare; more for his eternal even than for his temporal advancement, I regret, I say, deeply to have to inform you that I can see no improvement whatever. Fain would I, to spare a too-affectionate parent's feelings, draw a veil over so sad and distressing a subject.

Intellectually Francis is by no means deficient. The reports of his masters show that he has made a considerable advance in the "litteris humanioribus," or in classic knowledge, and could he abstract his mind sufficiently from vain and passing amusements to devote it more to the great models of antiquity, I have no doubt he might become a very fair scholar. But alas! though in the words of the great Stagirite the *#ú###µ##* is there, the *########* is altogether wanting.

I turn to the more hopeful and cheering picture presented by your younger son.

Physically, he is of course inferior to his elder brother. Heaven has denied to him a strong constitution or a muscular frame. That is not his fault, but is of the wise designs of an inscrutable Providence. Morally, Arthur is all I could wish; an ensample to the whole school, an ever-present monitor, a censor moralium.

Intellectually, he is progressing very creditably. Though the bent of his mind is evidently mathematic, and though he excels all other boys of his age in mathematic studies, he is by no means deficient in classic attainments.

I am writing, as I am in duty bound to do, to keep you informed exactly of my opinion of the respective progress of your sons. I trust that though the former portion of my report is not favourable, you will be consoled by knowing that you have one son worthy of your name—one who strives to imitate the noble example of respectability, piety, and morality which you have ever set.

—I beg, sir, to subscribe myself your obliged and humble servant,

THEOPHILUS POTT.

To FRANCIS LEWARD, Esq., J.P.,

The Shrubbery, Southampton.

Part II. *Flight And Wanderings—Van Diemen's Land.*

Same to the same.

UPTON SCHOOL, *June* 15, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—It is with the most profound regret that I have to report to you that your elder son has disappeared from the school, and that there rests on him, and on another thoroughly bad boy, named Jones, more than a suspicion of dishonesty.

Your son, as treasurer of the first eleven of cricket players, had charge of all the moneys of their club, and the boy Jones had, in an evil hour, and much against my wish, but at the instance of your son, been elected secretary of the same club. In this way, and evidently by design, the whole management of the moneys belonging to the association had come into their hands. It seems now that these two wretched youths have not scrupled to embezzle the funds so committed to their care; and to avoid an inquiry, and the possible result of a magisterial decision, they took advantage of the quiet of Sunday night last to escape from the punishment due to their offence.

The school authorities have done all in their power to trace the fugitives and bring them to justice, but hitherto without success. Their plans must have been deeply laid and for some time past. Fain would I spare the pain these disclosures must cause a sensitive parent's heart; but duty to the others committed to my care compels me to inform you that under no circumstances, conditions, or considerations whatever could I receive back to the school either your son or his companion in crime.

Not only your earnest religion, but your recollection of instances of ancient Roman fortitude and love of justice, even when it must be meted out to a son, will help to support you in this trial. I feared at first the effect of this blow on your younger son; he is bowed down beneath an all-wise and chastening Providence, but resigned.

I hope he may long live to redeem the family name,—

I am, sir, in heart-felt sympathy, your obedient servant,

THEOPHILUS POTT.

To FRANCIS LEWARD, Esq., J.P.,

The Shrubbery, Southampton.

Mr. Jones to Dr. Pott.

June 18, 1838.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 15th inst has indeed plunged me into the greatest tribulation. As John has made his bed so must he lie on it. I had intended to take him into the office shortly with a view of ultimately allowing him to succeed to my share of the business, as I have a right to do. This had been my great hope, and I always looked forward to the right of retiring after a hard life's work, and seeing my only son take my place. This of course now cannot be. My partners would not hear of it; how could I expect them to! Our firm has for nearly a century prided itself on its character for integrity and straightforward dealing, as well as on its large and important country connection. In my opinion, any one, whether a son of mine or not, who meddles, for his own advantage, in trust property, however small the trust estate may be, is an object and always must be an object of suspicion. My son's flight creates a presumption of guilt, and casts upon him the onus of proving his innocence. I have given instructions to our most experienced officers in town to trace my son's whereabouts. When he is discovered as I have no doubt he soon will be, I shall have to determine what course to pursue. At present, I can think of nothing but the sea service.

I am thankful for the trouble you have always taken with John.

I regret, more than I can say, the annoyance you have undergone, and the awful disgrace that has fallen upon me,—

I am, sir, yours very truly,

JOHN JONES.Rev. Dr. POTT, the School, Upton.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, I am utterly confounded, ever since I heard of it I have sat surrounded by a thick black horror through which I cannot find my way. My mind is distracted I hardly know what I do or say. For days I have tried to write to you but I had no strength or energy. I cannot even cry. I start up at night from heavy painful sleep and feel I must rush to the window and cry out, Frank is not guilty. I tremble at every knock that comes lest it should be some officer of justice. At night if I do sleep I dream of officers of justice and prisoners and horrid-looking men in gaol and I see my boy's beautiful face among them, and then it changes and becomes so pale and sad I scarcely know him, and then it turns into a skeleton and I wake with a scream. O God I do not pray that I may die but that I and Frank had never been born. He is innocent, I know, but why has he run away? Why did he ever grow up? Why could he not always have remained the sweet companion of my happy days?

Now where can he be? If I only knew I would go through fire and water to find him and if he would not come back at least he would let me stay with him to take care of him. But here I sit in helpless blank despair.

Francis has written from London to say his name must never be mentioned in this house. Francis is so wise and good, I know he does this for Arthur's sake but yet it seems so cruel.

I dare not look at the hair I have of his since he was a baby nor the curls I cut off when he went to school. I only gaze at the drawer where they are.

Do write to me soon, dear Mother. If I could only come and lay my head on your lap as I used to do I might be able to weep, if I cannot get that relief I shall not I think last long.

Write soon to your poor

MARY.

Same to the same.

THE SHRUBBERY.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, I write at once to tell you that our boy is vindicated. I knew he would be. I enclose two letters, one from Mr. Saunders, and one from dear Bampton and one written by Frank to Bampton just before he went. What they say about Frank is only what I always knew. I always knew too the injustice of Dr. Pott's suspicions would soon be discovered.

I thought that Jones could not be bad either because Frank was so fond of him and his soul was too pure to allow anything unworthy to share in his friendship, but I sometimes feared his great kindness of heart might allow him to be deceived.

But O Mamma where has Frank gone? Dr. Pott has had the country round Upton thoroughly searched. Mr. Jones has put the matter into the hands of the cleverest officers in London and he as a lawyer could do this better than any one. Francis has left no stone unturned to find out where the foolish boys are hiding, but no answer comes—it all seems such a mystery. Poor old Mrs. Vamperley declares she saw Frank here on Waterloo night, as she calls it, looking up at my window, and that he suddenly vanished away, so she told the servants. The poor people think she is a witch, and she is no doubt very strange and superstitious, but not so bad as they make out. She has known Frank from a baby and although very fond of him always predicted he would have a wandering blighted life. God grant it may not come true more terribly true than this poor creature ever dreamed of in her foolish ignorant dreams.

I have gone on telling you, without much coherence I fear all that we know. I still seem in a lethargy, and although the two letters comforted me beyond expression, yet all is so strange and like a nightmare. Still I cannot weep. I feel fast bound in bonds of iron, and the iron has indeed entered into my soul. To think that I may never never hear that happy laugh or see his face again. I cannot bear it. It seems so unnatural to think of one so full of life suddenly taken away. I lie awake at night, and if I do fall asleep for a few minutes I start up expecting to see his spirit in the room, and half in fear and yet almost wishing I might see him even as a spirit, for then at least I should know the worst, and perhaps he would beckon me to follow him to that blessed country where he may even now be and we should kneel for ever at the foot of the great white throne, and I should be happy with my boy a blessed angel the brightest of that bright band, and with my dear father too we should wait in perfect bliss to welcome you dear mother to that far-off happy land where sorrow cannot enter and where we shall meet to part no more.

Write soon, dearest mother, and forgive this unintelligible scrawl you know how ill I am.

—Your loving

MARY.

Mr. Saunders to Mrs. Leward.

UPTON SCHOOL, *June* 19, 1838.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I hasten at once to inform you that all is cleared up. But first let me assure you there is no master or boy in the school who ever felt the slightest suspicion about your son; and though the head-master's sense of justice is exceedingly nice, he was soon convinced that he had fallen into an error. A little extravagance in the management of the cricket club funds, and some indolence in balancing accounts on

Frank's part, made them appear apparently incorrect and a large sum to be deficient. Your son's high sense of honour and a too great sensitiveness made him dread the result, and it seems in a foolish moment he and his friend Jones agreed to run away rather than meet the necessary annoyance of an inquiry.

Now, however, on a further and more full audit of the accounts, though much laxness in the management is seen, it is proved that *every penny* that came into their hands has been expended on the club. The shock which ran through the school when it was discovered that Frank and Jones had run away was electric. Frank was certainly the most popular boy in the school, and boys are good judges of one another's character. I saw many a young face trying hard to prevent tears betraying its emotion; and for myself I can say, if God had given me sons of my own, I could hardly have felt more sorely tried if it had been one of them that was lost to me.

How often have I had occasion to appeal to him to assist in raising the moral tone of the boys and to check the secret source of vice, and I know I never appealed in vain. Fine, manly, upright, he hated all iniquity, and his way of stopping it was often original but most effective. He had only to declare himself strongly against anything and it soon went out of fashion. His character had come on wonderfully during the last twelve months, and his taste for classical studies had increased. Though long since out of my form I always felt a peculiar affection for him, and I believe this feeling was reciprocated. He would often come to my rooms, especially on Sunday evenings, and we used to talk on various matters, and I could see beneath a careless exterior there lay a depth of feeling unusual in boys of his age. All this you can imagine makes the trial peculiarly hard for me to bear, and my heart feels as sad as the hushed voices in the playground on the morning when it was known that he had gone.

Apologising for this long letter, I am, dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

,

A. M. SAUNDERS.Mrs. LEWARD,The Shrubbery, Southampton.

Bampton to Mrs. Leward.

UPTON SCHOOL, *June* 1838.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD, I just write a line to say it's all cleared up. We knew it would be. The old Doctor has gone down tremendously in our estimation for his suspicion. The fellows knew it was all right. Frank used to chuck his own money away and never knew how money went but it's all explained. It's our breaking up, but not like the old ones, we miss him so, we seem to have no heart for fun or jolity.

I send a letter in pencil he left behind when he went. They were always talking of going to sea, and reading sea stories.

—Yours very affectionately

,

C. A. BAMPTON.

Frank to Bampton {in pencil}.

Sunday evening.

DEAR BAM We cant stand it any longer The club moneys gone and we dont know where on earth its gone to. You know Jones and I never touched it. But there will be such an awful row we cant stand it so were going dont say a word but we mean to go to sea. Jones and I always wanted to go and instead of going like gentlemen we shall have to go like cads thats all. Mind you dont say a word on your honour we shall be right away before you get this. Tell old Saunders I was awfully sorry to go without seeing him but I couldnt. Tell all the fellows we never touched a penny after were right away

Good-bye old fellow I should like to shake hands before I go yours

F. L.

Mr. Leward to Lord Pennis.

No. 5 QUEEN ANNE'S STREET, London, *June* 30,1838.

MY LORD,—You might have done better than assist two schoolboys, one of them my son, to levant. I have always felt, and I hope always shall feel, due respect for the aristocracy, even when they espouse the wrong side in politics; but I consider it to be my duty to bring your conduct before the Prime Minister, that he may, if he thinks fit, lay it before our youthful sovereign, in order that you may be held up as a warning to all others, if there could be others, in like manner offending.
—I am, my Lord, yours indignantly,
FRANCIS LEWARD.
To the Right Honourable the EARL OF PENNIS, House of Lords.

Lord Pennis to Mr. Leward.

BOODLES, *July* 7, 1838.

SIR,—You and the Prime Minister may go to the devil. I am ready to meet you or any other psalm-singing scoundrel like you whenever you like, but I suppose you're too big a cur to fight. If I have any more of your impertinence I'll have you horse-whipped.

The lad's a deuced fine lad. I don't believe you ever got the boy.
PENNIS.F. LEWARD, Esq., Queen Anne's Street.

Mrs. Leward to Lord Pennis.

THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON.

MY LORD,—My husband is too unwell to reply to your letter, but I though only a woman, cannot allow such expressions to go unnoticed. If my son were here he would resent an insult to his mother's honour in another way. As it is, Lord Pennis should know that he has insulted a daughter of that Mr. Herbert who, if she mistakes not, was once of service to him some years ago, and that this daughter has through his means lost a son of to her such priceless value as a person of Lord Pennis' character can never understand.

Indeed, my Lord, you have already brought trouble enough on me without seeking to wound my honour and to frighten an invalid husband to a bed of sickness.

There is, however, some compensation even you can make, the only compensation I could stoop to ask of you, and that is to tell me all you know of my poor boy. Oh, if you really do know what has become of him, I would walk barefoot all the way to London, I could put up with your wrongs, I could even bear your gross insults, to gain that information, I think I could almost forgive you all you have done to render my home desolate if you would only tell me where I could find him.

My Lord, I have perhaps written more plainly than is becoming to a person of your rank.

—I am, sincerely yours,
M. LEWARD.
To the Right Hon. the EARL OF PENNIS,

Boodles Club, St. James' Street, London.

Lord Pennis to Mrs. Leward.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *July* 15, 1838.

MY DEAR MADAM,—If your boy was here and gave me one or two good cuts with his whip I could take it, old as I am, without flinching. I now go down on my knees before you to ask your pardon and I hasten to tell you all I know about him.

I was on board my yacht off Southampton on the morning of about the 19th I think of last month and was just starting for Greenwich when one of my men came on board with two young fellows, whom he brought up to me. They asked me to take them to London, and said they had run away from school. You perhaps know what a careless dog I have been, and I suppose always shall be, and I thought it would be an excellent joke to help the young fellows to get away. I didn't stop to think that there might be a mother spoiling her bright eyes over her young scapegrace's escapade.

A finer lad never stepped on board a ship, he's naturally a sailor every inch, and believe me my dear lady I am not trying to defend my conduct, which I know admits of no defence, when I say it would be a sin to keep such a fellow from the sea. Our country now-a-days needs all like him to keep up her old wooden walls. It was of such stuff as he's got in him that our sailors in old days were made. My family have always been half-salt, and it did my eyes good to see the boy's delight when he found he could help my men set sail. Why didn't you send to me before? I'd have got him a commission in the Navy like a shot, that's the place for him. His friend Brown or whatever his name is seems a rum un, walked into my old port like a man and seemed to like it.

If I wasn't such a blundering blockhead I might have seen the likeness to my old friend Herbert. I've been in a good many scrapes in my day but never a worse one than that your father got me out of at Bath more than thirty years ago now I suppose, Dam it, how the time goes ! It was the year Pitt was there, the conceited cursed ass, he would have liked to see me scotched, we were always Whigs you know. But it was the way your father did it that struck me. I never met a finer gentleman nor more courtly manners though he would live all his life at Bath. But I'm rambling I fear.

Well, we got to Greenwich, and as we were getting there we saw a bark-rigged craft, about a thousand tons coming down the river ahead of us. I challenged her and found it was the "Leura" commanded by Capt. Davies whom I knew,—brought up indeed on our place in Cornwall not at all a bad sort when he's sober. I told the boys that was there chance and took them on board and told Davies to look after them, and as I had to dine at Greenwich I left them to their fate.

I know Davies will do all he can for them but it's a rough life on board those merchant ships. She was bound for one of the West India ports, I forget which, and then for Van Diemen's Land so your son will see plenty of the world before he comes back. You don't know how the boy took my fancy. We had a good dinner at Greenwich but I'm dashed if I could do much with it. They gave three cheers as they went past and my fellows on the little "Emily" replied and by Jove I had to take a glass of wine to hide my feelings. I've a good mind to go on a tour round the world myself in the little "Emily" to bring the boys back, only it's such a deuced long, way, and I suppose I must stop to vote against these Radical scoundrels. Can it be now I think of it that I am really writing to Herbert's handsome daughter whose fine eyes were the toast of all the young bloods at Bath not so very many years ago? No wonder the young blackguard's so good looking.

If this confession does not get me absolution from so fair a saint, I shall come to worship at her shrine, and leave there an offering of the warmest tears ever shed by the now devout and repentant
PENNIS.Mrs. LEWARD, Southampton.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

SHIP "LEURA,"Lat. 20 N. long. 44 W., *August* 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER Theres a ship in sight and as we are becalmed they say we may have a chance of sending letters by her so Im writing as well as I can on a bucket. Im almost ashamed to write at all I know Ive done wrong I couldnt help it. I know mother you never thought I would take money that did not belong to me but I couldnt stand the disgrace. On Sunday night when all the other fellows were asleep about ten o'clock I and Jones dropped down from the high window it was a fine night and we felt horrid sneaks as we got away awfully frightened some one would see our shadows the moon was so bright. We walked and ran all night keeping away from the roads and in the morning we were awfully tired and hungry so we got into a barn and slept all day till an old fellow came in and roused us up. All we had was some biscuits wed stowed away and we got some water and went off again. I had ten shillings and Jones a little and that kept us for three days till we were nearly at the town and then I sold the knife you gave me for two bob and got some food. Jones was awfully done up. In the town we met Seabrook you remember the sailor I used to go out with, hes on Lord Pennis yacht now and he took us to a public and gave us some bread and cheese and we told him we wanted to go to London to get on a

ship. He said he had to go and see his wife and would take us on the yacht next morning early. He said Lord Pennis was a oner always doing something rum or other and perhaps he might take us if we asked him. Jones went to sleep in the public on a settle and I walked up to the house I thought I might get a sight of you but old mother Vamperley started up and I made off for fear shed make a row. About eight we met Seabrook and got off in the yacht boat and got on board the little Emily. Seabrook took us up to Lord Pennis who was lying on deck smoking a cigar he asked us who we were and I told him we had run away from school and wanted to go to sea. He burst out into a tremendous roar of laughter I never saw anyone laugh so much he almost choked with the smoke and rolled on his side laughing. He said you have run away have you now you may just run back again. We were in an awful funk and thought it was all up. I told him what a fix we should be in and that we were safe to be expelled and couldnt go to any other school and then he said go down you young dogs and get some breakfast so we went down and had a tremendous feed I was hungry.

We kept below till the anchor was up and they were setting sail then I went up and helped and the old fellow seemed to like that. We had a splendid voyage round to London it only took four days with a fair wind all the way. Jones pitched into Lord Ps port like anything and got a little bit on and said what fools we had been not to come away before and Lord P. was awfully amused. It was splendid passing by Brighton and Hastings and the lights along the shore at night and when we were coming up the river in the afternoon near Greenwich we met this ship and Lord P. sang out to her and the Captain looked out and when he saw Lord Pennis he took off his hat and was awfully polite. So Lord Pennis hollowed out for a boat and we went on board and Lord Pennis told the skipper what we wanted and he said hed take us if he wished it he knew him in Penzance or some other place before. But he said it was a risk and hed get into a row if any one knew Lord P. said hed make it all right gave us a sovereign each and went back and we saw him soon after going ashore and we sang out as he passed and he took off his hat and seemed sorry to say good bye.

We anchored there a bit and when we passed the little Emily we gave three cheers and old Seabrook and the other men cheered and then we went down the river with a fresh breeze.

By Jove it was rough in the bay of Biscay Jones was awfully sick and said he wished he hadnt come and I had to do his work. I wasnt exactly sick except once or twice when I had to go aloft But you should smell the stink of our cabin you dont know what smell is till you smell it. There are six in a small hole you can just squeeze into and the bunks are just high enough to lie down in.

In the Bay of Biscay there was a tremendous sea and it came in day and night and we were wet through for nearly a week. Wed only our Sunday jackets and things wed walked in and the first mate gave me and Jones an old rig out of his which Ive got on now. I dont think youd know me if you saw me the trousers are so awfully long and baggy and the blue flannel shirt puffs about the place like anything when theres a wind. Its awfully hot just now and I sleep on deck but I havnt changed these things for a month and shant I suppose till we get to Demerara. Papa used to say I should never succeed in life but I dont think he ever thought I should come to this. However dear mother I am happy enough on the whole and like the sea very much Ill write again when we get to Demerara give my love to Grandmamma and Mabel and tell them how it was. Ive got to stop now there singing out for me to lend a hand to lower the boat to go to the ship its the William Tell bound Portsmouth.

Ive been all day writing this nearly Your affec son.

F.

Same to the same.

GEORGE TOWN *Sep.* 13, 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER We got here about a fortnight ago after being becalmed some time in the tropics. It looks very ugly from the outside and theres so much mud we could hardly get up the river but we got up at last and when your there you never saw anything look so pretty as this town did when we came up to it. It was just like the places Ive read about in books. There are canals right through it awfully jolly and the houses about are all shaded with cocoa nut trees and palm trees. I wish I could send you some cocoa nuts and some long things they call bananas.

Ever since weve been here we have had to unload awfully hard work and in a blazing sun by Jove it is hot. Now weve nearly got all our cargo sugar in bags it does stink and rum for Van Diemens land they say thats a

rum place all prisoners. There are lots of niggers here most of them slaves and they dont seem half so badly off as people make out at home I fancy they tell a lot of lies about them there they seem the joliest lot in the place except some whove just been liberated they are a lazy lot wont work and awful thieves. They say they are going to abolish the rest soon I dont know what the poor beggars will do then. Jones has been ill since weve been here with a sort of sunstroke. Edwards first mate has laid in a lot of tobacco on his own account he got it from another ship here and paid more than £300 for it he gave me some its awfully good tobacco and he says it will fetch double the price in Van Diemens Land.

Ive not seen much of any people here Ive been so hard at work. Edwards took me ashore yesterday but I was rather ashamed my things were so bad. I spent Lord Pennis money in a pair of boots and some things for Jones we shall be off in a few days now Ill write as soon as we get to Van Diemens Land.

Please give my love to grandmamma Mabel and all

— your affectionate son.

FRANK.

Fancy were more than 4000 miles away mind and write to Van Diemens Land and tell me all about things.

Same to the same.

JAME'S TOWN *Oct.* 25.

DEAR MOTHER Weve had head winds nearly all the way from Demerara. This did look a funny place out at sea like a beastly pyramid sticking out of the water. We were obliged to put in here to get water and were off again to-morrow I expect. Its jolly on shore a lot of niggers and Chinese they are funny-looking beggars with pig-tails down their backs. Yesterday I and Jones and the first mate went up to Longwood house to see Napoleons tomb about 2000 feet up. I think it a beastly shame not to keep his tomb better I used to think he was a fine fellow although he fought against us, they havent even put his name on it. Edwards got some of the willow over the tomb. Its very jolly and cool here. It was very pretty going up to the tomb such a lot of flowers and things. We shall take some cattle on board and fruit it will be jolly after the beastly salt junk weve had to eat all the way out the old man sends me and Jones plum duff on Sundays because of Lord Pennis I expect the other sailors never get any unless we give them some of ours. I hate the grog Jones generally gets mine or some of the men it stinks beastly Goodbye I must stop now

—your affectionate son

FRANK.

Mrs. Leward to Frank.

July 1838.

MY DEAREST BAD FRANK,—What a naughty boy you have been! I write this just on the chance of your getting it at the horrible place you have gone to. I found out from Lord Pennis where the ship you have gone in was going to. I should like to scold you, but if you only knew the trouble I have gone through, it would be

scolding enough, I expect.

It was such a long time before we could hear anything about you. Papa was away in London when the news came. I opened Dr. Pott's letter, and you can imagine the result. For days I scarcely knew if I was alive or dead, I seemed living in a trance, with no one to help me or give me any comfort. Poor Papa had gone to London to be present at the Coronation, and to see some of his old friends about the slave trade. The dreadful news spoilt his visit. He saw Lord Brougham, whom he had known a long time ago at Edinburgh, and who has got on so splendidly by his own efforts as my boy might have done if he had only tried hard enough. Then he saw some of his old friends at Clapham, who spoke to him of Tom Macaulay, the son of his old friend, who is doing so well in India, and of all the good he was doing there. He says it made him so grieved to think how differently one of his sons was doing.

The Coronation must have been a grand affair, and the young Queen, he says, looked so pretty and interesting amongst all the grand people. Papa and every one seem quite to have lost their hearts to her. Well, I was going to tell you, while Papa was in London, he heard quite accidentally that Lord Pennis, of whom he always had a peculiar horror on account of his immoral character, had boasted somewhere that two boys, one a son of Mr. Leward, of whom he did not speak very respectfully, had run away from school, and that he had brought them up to London in his yacht, as though it was a fine thing to do.

Papa wrote instantly to him, and Lord Pennis sent back a very rude letter. All this—the unusual excitement of London, the sad news about you, and Lord Pennis' letter—made Papa very ill. He arrived here in a high state of fever, and so in addition to my other troubles I had to nurse poor Papa. I also wrote to Lord Pennis hoping he might give me some tidings of you, and he sent me a much nicer letter, telling me all about the part he had taken in helping you to go away. I think he is sorry for what he did, and as you bad boy would go to sea, it is fortunate he knew the captain of your ship.

Don't think, my dearest boy, naughty as you have been, that your poor old mother ever had any thought or suspicion that you had taken any money that was not yours, she never believed that, or even that Jones could have done so either, because you liked him so much, and it was hardly necessary for Mr. Saunders or Bampton to write to tell me that it was all cleared up. Still it was very kind of them to write, and I was so glad to get their letters, you can scarcely tell what a comfort they were to me.

I hope I shall see Bampton soon. I hear from Arthur he is going up to Oxford soon. If my dear boy would have stayed and worked and gone to the University too, he would have done so well I know. However a sailor's life is a fine one only you will be away so long, and as Lord Pennis said in his letter to me you ought to have gone into the navy if you would go to sea. When you do come back we shall be so happy and do all we can to make you happy and mind you must never go away again but stay and work hard and be a great man some day.

Good-bye my own darling boy. I only send a very little money, because I am not sure if you will ever get this letter from your poor old mother who loves you still and more than ever.

M. A. LEWARD.

Same to the same.

THE GLADES, *October* 1838.

DEAREST FRANK,—I have just got your letter, written on board ship right out at sea. How kind of you to write, and on a bucket too! I was so glad to get the account of how you went away, though so very very sad that you should have gone. After all Lord Pennis meant well I am sure. I suppose by this time you are out at sea again, on your way to the antipodes, they say it takes months and months to get there. How often I lie awake at night, especially if there is the least wind, and think of my boy tossing about on the sea, and oh how fervently I pray for you. I sometimes think I have never known what it was to pray with all ray heart before. I sometimes fear that I have been very careless and wicked, and that your absence has been sent by God in His great wisdom to make me feel more than ever to fear Him and place all my confidence in Him.

I can quite understand a boy with an adventurous spirit like yours should wish to go to see the world, but I cannot reconcile myself to the way in which you have gone, almost like a common sailor I suppose. O my dear boy why didn't I see you that night when you came, just like your kind affectionate heart, to bid farewell to your poor old mother, and you little thought that all the while she was lying awake in that very room you were looking at, almost out of her mind about you ! It was quite a chance I did not go to the window while you were there, as I so often did during those dreadful nights when I felt suffocated and as though I was just going to die.

But it's not right of me to trouble my own boy with all this, which I know he will feel, when he has been so good and has written me such a long letter from sea.

When I was a girl, and we used to go to Brighton or Hastings my greatest pleasure was to sit and look at the sea and sometimes I almost wished, as I saw the great ships go by, looking so tall and dignified, that I had been a boy, that I might have gone off and away in one of them, but it was only a foolish girl's silly romantic notion, and I little thought then the time would ever come when I should be broken-hearted because a son of mine, and the best son that ever was, had gone away in one of those great ships.

We are staying at the Glades. Mamma was anxious to have us with her, and Papa needed a change, and he finds it too cold to travel in the winter. It is such a pleasure to be with Grandmamma again, her loving heart is as warm as ever, and I feel as though I was a child again when I sit in the little chair at her feet and talk to her about you. When Papa and Aunt Jane are out, or going over their long blue-books about the slave question, we always begin about you and when you will come back.

Poor old Kitto the pony you used to be so fond of when you were a little boy is dead. He grew very old and infirm and quite blind. Mamma used to go out every day in summer after dinner to take him a carrot if she was well enough, or if it was too wet they used to bring him round to the window for her to feed him, but at last he got so ill they were obliged gently to put an end to him. They told Mamma he had died and she ordered him to be buried in the yard just at the corner by the stables and a white stone laid over his grave that you might see it when you come back. I know it was on your account she was so fond of Kitto.

When it is fine, she can still get as far as the Hermitage, and she and I sit there together looking out at the curious view I have so often sat and looked at when I was a child.

I hope you will write very often, and tell us all about the strange places you have seen, and then come sailing back again to your fond old Mother. Grandmamma, Aunt Jane, and all send their love. Grandmamma finds it difficult to write now.

I send you a little money, I am sure you must want some. Good-bye, my dearest boy.
—Your loving Mother

,
M. A LEWARD.
P.S.—Mabel often comes over to have walks and drives with me and seems to enjoy coming. At her own house, where I went to lunch on Monday, she is very quiet, and seems rather afraid of her mother, who is very stern and strict with her. She sends her love. God bless you my own boy.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

HOBART TOWN *Feb.* 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER We have got here at last after an awfully long voyage. We had to go a long way south nearly down to Kerquellen for a wind. It was awfully cold but we got a splendid wind at last. You should see the waves round there South of the Cape they come along like great mountains chasing the ship and just as you think they are going to come down and crush it they seem to sink away under the ship somehow and you go along all right. We had a fair wind right up to the west coast of Van Diemens land, a more horrid looking shore you never saw black looking sort of rocks without a tree to be seen in many places we nearly got ashore at a place called Macquarie harbour where they keep a lot of poor beastly convicts and some soldiers. However we got off all right and got round to the entrance of the river Derwent and up to this place.

You never saw a prettier looking place in your life all the way up from the entrance green trees and hills and every here and there beautiful green fields where people have settled just like home it almost made me feel sad to look at them only I was awfully glad to see a little green earth again and a jolly smell seems to come off the land right to the ship. When you come up to the Town its awfully jolly. Theres a wharf right up to the streets behind government House where Sir John Franklin lives and a splendid mountain more than 4000 feet high behind looking awfully grand. We have been busy since we came unloading awfully rough work and havnt finished yet. Edwards the first mate will make a tremendous lot out of his tobacco in this way it so happened when we got here the place was out of baccy there hadnt been a ship with any for a long time they had hardly a fig left. They are awfully rich here every one has lots of money and when they heard we had tobacco on board they came crowding down for it. One cute fellow who came off in a boat got a little cheap then he winked at Edwards and as he went off told him not to lower the price. He can get *£2* a pound for what he only gave a shilling for in Demerara and he expects to make thousands out of it. Hes been awfully good to me gives me as much baccy as I like and lent me £10 to get a rig out, clothes are awfully dear here. I got a suit of things and

look quite a swell on Sunday, the things I came off with from Upton have got too small only I wear some old things unloading and cleaning out the old tub. That is beastly work we have to come up often it stinks so down below it turns you up.

I send you a drawing I made of this place. Thats Mount Wellington behind and St. Davids Church and Government House in front. Thats the Leura in front that's me looking out forward and thats Jones on the wharf talking to a girl hes awfully gone on shes always down on the wharf. Its a rum place the poor beggars of convicts arnt half so well treated as the niggers at Demerara. The other day I went up the street in the morning there was a crowd outside the gaol and we found they were going to hang six fellows all in a row nearly opposite the church for something or other. There were six things to hang them with because there were six fellows sentenced to be hung but a big swell heard one was a good cook so he got him off on condition that hed have to be his cook so only five were hung. They dont think much of hanging here.

I like this place awfully. Its the best climate in the world. Always sunshine and blue skies it doesnt ever seem to rain and never gets too hot. At night the stars look quite different to what they do at home you can see right into the sky. Some of the prisoners are gentlemen and as nice as anyone they have been sent out for rows with the government most of them from Ireland and jolly good fellows they dont keep them in prison. The other day I was leaning over the old tub doing nothing when the governor came by and spoke to me and asked me my name and where I came from hes a fine fellow Captain in the Navy and been all over the world, then he said hed like to see me at Government House if Id go so I suppose I must. Edwards and the skipper say I must.

I hope my dear Mother you will write while Im here we shall be here a long time before we get all our cargo on board for home. The ship with the letters goes tomorrow so I must finish

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Same to the same.

HOBART TOWN *March* 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER I got your letter the other day. Im awfully sorry you were so cut up about my going I thought you would be. I shall be glad to see you again when I get back though I like this place awfully. I met the Governor again the other day in the street and he said I must go up and see him so I went and he made me stop to lunch an awfully swell lunch. I like Lady Franklin awfully shes the jolliest lady I ever met and what you think she says shes almost sure she met you at Bath once I told her all about you and she said she was sure she remembered you a long time ago. The Governor was awfully pleased and said I must stop there and I told her all about our running away and your letter and she said it was very wrong of us. Hes a splendid old fellow knows everything and been everywhere a regular sailor of the right sort. She told me all about Greece where theyve been and seemed astonished when I said I had read Homer and knew Greek. Im going to stay there soon.

I met a jolly old fellow there who lives somewhere in the country and told a lot of yarns about the bush rangers how they came and stuck him up one day just when he was going to have a dinner party and as each gentleman came to the dinner party they stuck them up too and put them all with their faces to the wall while the bush rangers eat the dinner and one of them kept watch over the gentlemen with a gun ready to shoot anyone who looked round and then took everything they could lay their hands on in the house. The chief bush ranger was caught afterwards and shot in a cave he wouldnt give in. The old gentleman asked me to go to stay with him and Sir John said he would lend me a horse I asked if Jones might come too and they said yes so were going next week

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Same to the same.

HOBART TOWN, *May* 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER Weve just come back after a very pleasant time in the country. The skipper said we might go so Jones and I got our horses from Government House and off we went very early in the morning across in a ferry to the other side of the river. The horses played up in the punt but when we got on the other side we did gallop away in the morning air over grass tree hill it was splendid I never felt so happy in my life. We were going all day and only stopped for some grub at a place called Richmond an awfully pretty little village. You would think it was an English village with corn fields all round it. In the evening we got to the old gentlemans place its just like a country place in England he seemed very glad to see us and we put our horses up and went into a big room where there was a roaring fire, they always have fires here summer and winter great logs on the hearth. He gave us a rattling good tea. I was sleepy afterwards I could hardly keep awake while he told yarns about the old times out here, Jones went bang off to sleep and the old gentleman laughed. Next day I was awfully stiff but we went out hunting some beastly rum looking brutes called Kangaroos they do go at a pace down hill hopping with their hind-legs and tail with their front paws hanging in front and their young uns sticking their heads out of a pouch sort of thing in front it does make you laugh to see them. We killed three. Its awfully rough riding over trees that have fallen. Jones came a tremendous cropper once I thought he was done for but he got up and his face was all over blood but he washed it off and didnt say much about it.

Besides the big kangaroos they call old men kangaroos there are a lot of smaller ones called Wallaby very good to eat just like hare they eat them with currant jelly. Then there is a pretty little beggar called a Kangaroo rat just about the size of a rat but as tame as anything they follow you about hopping just like the big ones it does make you laugh. Then theres a horrid beast called the devil, they catch them in large traps one was caught here by its paw and the brute knawed its own paw off to get away. They are long low looking sort of brutes like bull dogs. There are native tigers and bears. The tigers are worse than the devils, but the bears are jolly little beggars quite harmless. There are lots of parrots and parroqueetes that look jolly flying about and are good shooting. They eat them here and they make very good pies. It seemed curious at first to eat parrots in a pie but we are quite used to it now.

One night we heard there was a bush fire about three miles off so we got up to go to it and after walking a long way through the bush we began to hear the row and to see the smoke and flames and when we got to the top of a hill we could look down on it It was the most splendid sight I ever saw. The sky was lit up for miles round and the fire was coming along the valley just like a sea of fire. We could walk right down to it and it came on just like the sea does when the tides coming in. It made an awful roaring and whenever it got to an old gum tree the fire ran right up to the top, the gum trees grow to a tremendous height here sometimes, and when one of them caught fire it was grand like a house on fire and then in the distance one of these big trees that had been burning for a long time would come down with a crash like a cannon going off and send the sparks and flame and smoke up in the air like fireworks. When I first got there I couldnt stir for looking at it but the men had set to work some way off from where the fire had got to and were clearing away the scrub. If you clear away the scrub for about a yard wide the fire doesnt pass it but dies out there. So I and Jones helped them as hard as we could because our friend was afraid it would get to his fences, fencing here costs a tremendous lot because they have got such a lot of land and if the fire once catches a fence it runs like anything right along and destroys it all.

While we were working away we kept hearing reports of falling trees in the distance like thunder and when the wind set in our way we were almost choked with the smoke. You could hear the Joeys as they call the Kangaroos hopping by to get away from the fire but lots of them and oppossums and snakes get killed by the fire. By the time the fire had got to the path we were clearing we had got a good lot done so we kept it from getting on to our land and it gradually went off somewhere else and we got back in the morning fearfully tired. It went on smouldering for two or three days but didnt come up to Mr. Champions land, he was awfully obliged to us for helping, and said it would but for us but of course that was only because he is so awfully polite.

We were hunting and shooting about for nearly a month and then we had to get back again. He was very sorry when we went you cant think what a jolly hospitable old gentleman he is. We had rattling good dinners every day at two and then a big tea in the evening and awfully good wine he brought out from England more

than twenty years ago. Before we came back we went to the East coast its very pretty and warm there and you can pick up oysters on the rocks and eat them as fast as you like. We saw a lot of natives they are ugly looking beggars and very stupid and quite naked they are so idle they wont work.

Ill tell you all about the oppossums next time I must stop now and send this off

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Love to all Grandmamma and Mabel especially.

Frank to Bampton.

HOBART TOWN *July* 1839.

DEAR OLD BAM What a beastly old brute you are never written a word since we went. I heard from my mother you had written to her which was very good of you and that you were soon going to Oxford. Are you there by this time? Ive been half round the world and seen a lot of funny places Demerara St. Helena and now this place. It's all rot about the niggers they arent half so badly off as the poor brutes of prisoners here. We went the other day in a schooner to a place called Port Arthur where most of the prisoners are kept two or three thousand of them—they say they are better off now than they used to be but they are in an awful state. There's one part of it called point puer because boys are sent there some of them are fearful scoundrels and others who havent done anything very bad and the big ones bully the small ones most fearfully and if they make a row there shoved over into the water where there are a lot of sharks. Between this place and the mainland there are a lot of dogs kept awfully savage beasts they are chained up and sit outside their kennels on piles of wood in the water with just enough chain for one to reach near enough to another to prevent any one getting between them and if any poor beggars get away the dogs have them or else the sharks.

There was a man going to be hung the other day and the man who had got to see him hung properly wanted to go to a pic nic or something that day so he went to the fellow who had got to be hung and asked him if he had any objection to be hung the day before the proper time so the man said as the other had been a good sort to him and if he would let him have a little extra baccy and some grog he wouldnt mind accomodating him so he was hung a day too soon and the other fellow went to the pic nic

We didnt stay long at Port Arthur its a melancholy sort of hole but awfully pretty with lots of fishing and wild duck shooting. Im quite a swell now Ive been staying at Government House with the governor Sir John Franklin and he gave me and Jones two horses and we went right up to the north of the Island. There is a splendid road made by the prisoners and we enjoyed going up and passed through a lot of villages just like English ones only you see such a lot of poor beggars working in chains. Some of them are in yellow dresses they call them canary birds and theyve got sentenced for life, and police and soldiers with guns loaded ready to have a shot at them if they try to get off. We met a funny old parson a jolly old chap riding along one of the first parsons to come out here he told us a lot about the place in old days, fancy hes been out here nearly forty years and was at sea once. He made us stay with him over Sunday. The priest of the part where we stayed an awful jolly old Irishman came on Saturday to see the parson and sat up late drinking whiskey and asked me to go to his church on Sunday so I went You wouldnt think it was the same man he was such a swell and preached an awfully good sermon and all the people seemed awfully good. He came to dinner with the parson afterwards and they both got tight and so there was no church in the afternoon.

Then we stayed with a fine old fellow right up in the north part. They let the prisoners out as servants, assign them they call it, and if they do anything their masters dont like they get sent straight off to the next majistrate to be flogged. By Jove some of them do get flogged. I heard of one brute who had two servants assigned to him one a young fellow and the other a woman and the brute wanted the woman himself but he found the man had got engaged to marry the woman so he had the poor beggar flogged so unmercifully he jumped into the river and was drowned. If some of the people who make such a fuss about niggers were to

come here they would be astonished.

We had awful fun shooting oppossums and kangaroos I wish you were here old fellow. All the native animals are night animals its splendid sport on a fine moon light night, the natives themselves are an ugly lot of beggars so lazy they wont work. My friend up there got one to work once and thought he was going to be a good sort of fellow to work but one morning he found him sitting on a gate as cool as a cucumber so he asked him why he was not at work and he said oh me too dam lazy to work any more and off he went and never came back. The bush rangers chiefly escaped prisoners are a wild murdering lot they think nothing of coming into your house and putting you with your face to the wall and one stands sentry over you with a gun and if you look round he shoots you as dead as mutton. They dont care much for shooting or hanging. A murderous brute went into an old mans hut at night down near where we were staying before we came back here and killed the old man and took all his money then as it was beginning to get light and he was afraid of being seen going away he hid in the garden and another tramp came along the road and seeing the door of the hut open went in and as he found the old man was dead and wouldnt want his clothes any more he thought he might as well take them so he did them up in his bundle and went away only he was seen going out from the hut and some people went in and found the old man had been killed so they caught the tramp and searched his bundle and found the old man's things there. Of course no one believed the yarn the tramp told so he was found guilty and hung and some time after the man who did it got ill and was going to die so he confessed it all in the Hospital.

Ive written you an awful long letter you must write soon Remember me to all the fellows at Upton if you are there still. We expect to start back next month.

Yours old fellow

F. LEWARD.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

HOBART TOWN, *July* 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER I havnt written to you for a long time but I got your last letter all right. I was very glad to get it. You were staying at Grandmammas. Poor old Kittos gone at last how fond I used to be of him."We have had splendid rides here. The Governor lets me have one of his horses whenever I like and I know a lot of people. I stayed at Government House for a week and then I and Jones went right up to the north to a place called Longford and a lot of other people's houses near there. They are very glad to see you here in the country and treat you awfully well. I do like Lady Franklin she gave me a lot of books to read one called Clarissa I like tremendously. I hate that fellow Lovelace and dont think such brutes ought to be allowed to live.

Edwards second mate has made a lot of money with his tobacco he is called baccy Edwards and has bought a lot of land and is going to build a house and is not going home with us. So Clark third mate is going to be second and Edwards told me the skippers going to make me third just for the voyage home which is awfully lucky considering this is my first voyage, what a swell I shall be. We are going to start next month nearly all our cargos on board only a lot of our men have run away they always do here. Theres a wooden legged fellow who gets them into his house makes them stump up all the money theyve made coming out hides them away somewhere till the ships gone and then they can make double as much as they can at home.

We shall have to go home round the Horn I believe its awfully cold there. First we have to go to a place called Port Philip a new place in Australia to get some wool. We had great fun in the north shooting oppossums they come out at night and you see the beggars on the trees and blaze away at them they always look you bang in the face and never move only if you shoot one the others go a bough higher up looking at you all the time. Some are called ring-tailed possums they hang by their tails to the branches. I shot one the other night and the beggar wouldnt come down so I kept blazing away at it and it didnt move so I went up the tree and crawled along the branch and it was hanging by its tail stone dead. They have jolly skins, awfully soft and warm I brought a lot back and Lady Franklin has had them made up into a rug for you. Some of the people are beastly cruel. I saw some young fellows get a white parrot with its wing broken and they hung it up by its broken wing to the tree the poor beast made a fearful swaking row and a lot of other parrots came swooping round it to see what was the matter and the fellows shot them as fast as anything. The rest flew away for a bit but soon came back again when the other parrot began swaking again and then a lot more got shot till I couldnt stand it and

shot the poor beast on the tree.

I hope Grandmamma will be all right when I come back she is more than 80 now I suppose.

We had a trip to Port Arthur the other day but I didnt like it, there are such a lot of prisoners and they seem so wretched it made me down in the mouth. The officers here are an awfully fast lot I have had dinner with them twice at the barracks. There was a big ball at Government House on the Queen's birthday Lady Franklin made me go but I hate dancing its such rot. The girls here are just like English girls only prettier. Jones was asked but wouldnt go hes awfully spooney on a girl here shes not a lady and he wants to come back and live here and marry her. Shes a very good sort of a girl. Thank you for the money it was very useful. I suppose I shant hear from you again before we start its a tremendous long voyage round the Horn.
I shall be glad to see you again. Your affectionate son
,
FRANK.Jones got a letter from his father the other day I believe he pitched into him tremendously. The poor beggar was awfully cut up when he read it and wouldnt speak a word all day.

Part III. *Home Again.*

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

THE SHRUBBERY, *Feb.* 15, 1840.

DEAREST MOTHER, My beautiful boy has come back, full of stories of that strange dark underworld where he has been, and so affectionate and true. Of course he is much changed and grown, but as noble and good as ever. I hardly know how to begin to tell you about it all. We hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when he walked in on Saturday evening, it seemed it could scarcely be true that he was back and that all I have suffered was over at last and I had my boy in my arms once more, never to go away again. He was very shy at first. You would hardly know him again, he is so changed, but when you are with him a little time you see the old look come back and it's the same dear boy again.

Francis is still away in London, and enjoyed seeing the marriage of our beloved young Queen to the good Prince, who seems from all the reports we hear from those who know him best, to be a perfect model of what a prince should be, in spite of all the small jealousy and meanness shown by some members of Parliament and even by some in the House of Lords. I was rather glad that I was alone when our dear Frank came back. I sometimes dread the meeting between him and Francis. Francis is so strict and has been brought up in a school with notions so different to those of the present day. Frank has become a thorough sailor. Of course his ways are different, and as so many young men do now, he smokes a good deal, which I am afraid Francis will object to. Still if other young men do it why should not Frank?

I was afraid he would have lost all his good manners, and look shabby, but not at all. He made enough coming home to get proper things in London, and when we went to church on Sunday, I felt so proud to take the arm of my fine sailor son, and oh dear mother the inexpressible joy when I knelt by his side and offered up the most heart-felt thanks that I think a woman ever poured out before the throne of God. I was very much affected who could help it at such a time. How often kneeling there had I almost repined against the divine will and now all is cleared up, and I sometimes think I can see it was ordered for the best. Yet still in our short-sightedness it seems strange to me that one who might have done so much and been amongst the cleverest and most useful should now fill so comparatively small a sphere as a sailor's must be. Still I think to be good and brave is better even than to be great and clever and my trials might have been much worse.

He has brought me a present of a rug made out of the skin of some strange animal. It is very warm and comfortable, and would be very handsome only Frank was obliged to use it coming round Cape Horn where it was so dreadfully cold to keep himself warm at night, and it got a good deal stained with salt-water and other things, but I shall treasure it as one of my greatest treasures because it was so thoughtful of him to bring it and because it protected him so often from the intense cold.

Good-bye, dear Mamma. I must bring Frank to see you soon, but he must not come without me I want you so much to see my boy. I hardly know how I have written this it all seems so strange and as though I was living in a world of happy dreams.

Your happy and loving

MARY.

Bantpton to Frank.

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD,Feast of *S. Chad*, A.D. 1840.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am so delighted to hear of your return after your peregrinations round the world. You have heard, I daresay, that I came up last October term. I wish you had stayed at Upton. You would just be thinking of coming up now, and you can form no idea of the beauty of Oxford, or the perfectly enjoyable life we lead. They say it is the happiest time in a man's life, and I do not think anything could be happier. The University is full of interest You remember how fond we used to be of reading about King Charles and the noble stand he made against schism and heresy. Here one seems to live again in that time.

Close by and nearly connected with Oriel is S. Mary's, with its porch and statue of our Blessed Lady just as it was erected by the holy Laud and once formed part of the charges brought against him on his impeachment, as it now shines out a special jewel in his martyr's crown.

New Inn Hall, though plain externally is full of loving interest, for there they turned the rich plate, the free offering of all the Colleges, into money to aid the good King in bis great crusade.

S. Edmund Hall takes us back to an earlier period, when the brave Edmund Rich of Abingdon gladly gave up the immense revenues of his see and went into exile rather than yield one jot of his ecclesiastic right, and was willing to lay down his life for the cause for which he fought, as his great predecessor S. Thomas of Canterbury had done before him.

You *would* enjoy too the boating. The river is alive every afternoon with joyous crews skimming the Isis with their boats, and we could make many pleasant excursions "rejoicing to Newnham and Godstowe."You must come up next term and stay with me for a week at least. I can get you a bed at my scouts.

Sunday is a perfectly peaceful day at Oxford. Not the morose Puritan's Sabbath, nor the noisy saturnalia of continental Sundays. We on that day enjoy the calm thoughtful repose enjoined by the purer catholicity of our ancient Church, and *inter pocula* do not disdain social gatherings and festal entertainments. How you would astonish our men at breakfasts and wines by your stories of the antipodes, kangaroos, and other strange sights you have seen on your travels !

I should like, too, on Sunday to take you to S. Mary's to hear Newman the greatest man of the age. You should see his face and hear his voice, you would be reminded of S. Bernard and S. Francis of Assisi He has been particularly kind to me and would be much interested in you if I was to introduce you. I am going in for smalls soon, so I am working for the schools, but at Commemoration I shall be quite free, and you *must* come to see me then.

Write soon and say you are coming. Meanwhile I am, and always shall be, your very affectionate friend
,

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

THE SHRUBBERY, *June* 1840.

DEAR MAMMA, Frank is away at Oxford, staying with his friend Bampton, for the Commemoration. After that they mean to go to Upton for the breaking up, and to play in a cricket match against the boys. I am glad Frank has this opportunity of a change, his life here must be rather dull, though he never complains. I am glad too he can be with his old friend, who is decidedly clever and original, though deeply affected I fear by the Tractarian movement. Francis you know has a great horror of it though for my part, if a young man is good religious and thoughtful, I do not think it matters much what particular form his religious views may take. Dr. Newman is no doubt very attractive to young men, but Francis declares he is purposely remaining in our

Church with the design of Romanizing it. I do hope Bampton will be staunch, it would be such a pity to lose him.

Frank and his father get on very fairly well together, though there was much embarrassment at first and Francis thinks he ought to have something settled to do. He has proposed to take a small farm for him, but Frank does not care about it, and he told me the other day if he took to farming at all it would not be in England. You can imagine how I broke down for I knew what he meant and I have ever looming before me the dread lest he should leave me again,

Frank and I hope to come to Claydon at the end of the month. I think sometimes Francis wishes Frank to be away when Arthur comes home, he is so particular about Arthur. I am looking forward so to coming with Frank to see you.

Your affectionate daughter

,

MARY.

J. Jones to Frank.

HULL, *July* 10.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Here I am, stuck up in this beastly dirty hole. I kept to the old tub as long as I could and then I went home. My governor was not so bad after all as I expected and said he forgave me and all that but I couldn't stand King's Square and the infernal dinner parties. I got rather tight at one and the next day the governor said he thought I had better get a ship and that he knew some of the big owners in the city and would speak to one of them. So I've come on a coaster as third mate and am reading like old Harry to pass for second but it's beastly difficult. What do you say when I get back to going out again to Van Diemen's Land? its much jollier than this old hole. My governor would give me something to take a small place there. I had a letter from Polly the other day she says she's been awfully good and wants me to go back. There will be a ship going to New Zealand in about two months which will put in at Launceston we could easily manage to get out in that Are you game? I am. Write soon care of Weaber Jones & Blogg, Throgmorton St London. The women are awfully ugly here and call the beastly place Ool.

Yours

,

JOHN JONES.

Mr. Saunders to Mrs. Leward.

BOWNESS, LAKE WINANDERMERE.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD, I must write to congratulate you on your son's return. It was a great pleasure to me and to all of us to see him again. He received quite an ovation from the boys. He is still the same genuine, modest fellow he always was, with all the old childlike simplicity of character we knew and loved so much. I was very glad to find he and Bampton were as great friends as formerly. What the one wants the other supplies. Bampton is thoughtful, erudite, and clever, intensely earnest, enthusiastic, and pious, but too much taken with externals, which seem to appeal to a certain feminine quality of his character, while Frank is a fine, strong young man, whose only fault is a tendency to despise conventionalities. The one will, I expect, broaden out into a remarkable genius, and the other, though so diffident of himself, if he will take the culture his friend can give, may become a most useful country gentleman, should his want of ambition prevent him from aspiring to anything higher.

I was grieved to discover, in a long conversation I had with him, that he is not satisfied with his present position, and that he meditates leaving England again. I am not surprised that one of his roving spirit should yearn to increase his knowledge of the world, a desire which, I have no doubt, increases with its being indulged in; and I believe his sensitive nature feels deeply the position in which he is placed, and if I might say so, the not altogether cordial terms on which he seems unfortunately to be with his father. I don't suppose he has ever even hinted at this to you, but I can see it rankles in him. The result will be, I have no doubt, that he will be anxious to emigrate altogether, or at least for a considerable time, and we shall lose one whom we so much

wish to keep here, and he will lose the opportunity of cultivating the tastes which he possesses. It is greatly to be regretted that something cannot be found for Frank to do in England which would satisfy his active mind and habits. Your younger son is now at the head of the school, and will, I have no doubt, if his health continues good, do very well when he goes to the University. He has mathematical abilities of a very high order.

I wish Frank and Bampton could have come with me to the Lakes, where I generally spend my summer holidays; but Frank was anxious to visit his grandmother, to whom he has a very strong attachment, and Bampton was, I believe, to spend some time with him there. I should like to have taken both to Rydal Mount to see Mr. Wordsworth. I was there the other day, and the great poet gave me the same kind, genial greeting that one always gets there. It made no difference to him that the day before he had entertained the Queen Dowager. I visited Southey, too, but his mind is quite gone. Frank would have enjoyed seeing these great men; for although he does not seem to read much, and certainly never quotes, he has a great appreciation of good poetry. While he was at Upton lately I read something of Wordsworth's to him, and he made a remark which, coming from him, struck me. He said he didn't like what people call sacred poetry, but he did like Wordsworth, because all his poetry was sacred.

I have taken the liberty of writing this long letter, because I thought you would like to know my opinion of Frank, and I was anxious to throw out a suggestion I should be so glad to see acted upon.
—I am, my dear Mrs. Leward, yours very sincerely
,
A. M. SAUNDERS.Mrs. LEWARD, Mrs. Herbert, Claydon, Bath.

Mrs. Leward to Mr. Leward.

THE GLADES, *July* 24.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—We have been spending a very happy time here. I wish you could have come with us. The only drawback has been mamma's rheumatism which often confines her to her room. She has aged considerably. The excitement of having us with her, and of seeing Frank again rather upset her at first. Frank is very good and attentive. Bampton came last week, and is a great addition to our party, he talks so well and is so clever and gentle and fond of Frank. I don't think he is nearly so High Church as people say, at any rate he does not show it. He is very anxious that Frank should work with a tutor and go up to Oxford. How I wish it might be done. I and Bampton have long talks together on the subject. My dear husband you little know our boy's affectionate and sensitive nature, or I think you would be more considerate to him. You are so much wiser and know so much more of things than I do I know but I believe Frank notices a coldness on your part, and that it pains him deeply. From what he has said to me and more from what Bampton has told me I am afraid he has made up his mind to emigrate. He says he hates an idle life, and never will be dependent on any one, and would rather go away to make a home for himself than be a burden upon you. I have told him he will of course succeed to mamma's property at her death, and that however much we all wish to keep her with us yet in the course of nature we must expect her to be taken from us before long and that we cannot hope that she will live many more years.

She I know has said much the same to Frank herself for dear Mamma does not fear the end—why should she? —she rather looks forward to it as to a happy release from the infirmities of old age and to the prospect of joining my dear father in heaven. *You* know how devoted they were to one another, and ever since his death I think she has regarded this life only as something standing in the way of a happy reunion with him she so dearly loved and loves.

Don't scold me dear Francis for what I have written. If you drive Frank from me again I think I would rather go with mamma and be relieved from the changes and chances of this variable world. I have felt for some time that the happiness I have had since Frank's return was too great to last and that I ought to expect some great overpowering sorrow to make up for it.

I forgot to mention that Mabel is here frequently, she and Frank are much together, and seem so happy in one another's company. Only the other day mamma and I were watching them from her window as they were walking together in the garden, and we could not help expressing what we had both so long thought how nice it would be if some day they were to become man and wife. I *know* she likes him and I believe he is very fond of her.

Write soon, and remember to tell us exactly how you are my dear husband.
Your very affectionate wife
,

Mr. Leward to Mrs. Leward.

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, *August* 2, 1840.

MY DEAR WIFE,—I have been sorely grieved, and I must confess astonished, at some of the remarks contained in your letter of the 24th ultimo. Frank may be affectionate to you; for me he seems to have but little affection. I speak not of outward protestations; those I neither expect or care for. I allude to those marks of affection evidenced by a desire to do that which he knows I wish. A more strict attendance on the ordinances of religion, a more appropriate seriousness of demeanour, especially on the Lord's Day; these would be among the evidences of real affection and regard for a parent's wish.

Besides this, there are the habits he indulges in, and which I particularly abominate—the smoking of tobacco, the familiarity with those who are dependent on us, and other such like things.

As to Frank's reading with a tutor with the prospect of going to Oxford, I must emphatically refuse to allow any such thing. In the first place, the idle life he has led for more than two years has quite unfitted him for such a career; and my wife should remember that I view the University of Oxford at the present time, whatever it may have been in the past, as the hot-bed of Popery, the very school of Antichrist. I should feel it as a sin, and a stain on my conscience, if I allowed any child of mine to enter there. That his friend Bampton does not make a show of his Popish proclivities in a Protestant household is not to be wondered at; such people never do. I am still more astonished at what you say with regard to the probable not far distant succession to the Claydon property. I, as your mother's trustee, have a right to know how that property will be devised, and I shall not scruple to give a decided opinion to Mrs. Herbert on that subject. I am well aware that your father had so firm a belief in his wife's discretion, that he refused to allow the usual restrictions on a wife's disposing power to be imposed upon her by his will; but although she is legally entitled to dispose of the property as she thinks fit, she is enjoined by his will to take the opinion, and to be guided by the opinion, of her trustee in so disposing of it. I have consulted my lawyers on this point, and they advise me that this injunction in all probability creates an implied trust on behalf of any person I may point out as the proper devisee of the estate; and although they do not seem certain about this, they have no doubt, if the property were thrown into Chancery, a long course of litigation would ensue, and that a Court of Equity would certainly order the whole costs to be paid out of the estate, and a very serious loss be made in its value. They give many reasons for this opinion, and quote several high authorities, which it is unnecessary for me to recapitulate now; and were I to do it, I am sure you would not understand them.

But however the law may be, I am sure your good mother will feel herself *morally* bound to follow my advice in the disposition of the family estate. As to the savings of her income, which ought to be considerable, she has a perfect right to do as she likes with them. She has not consulted me for some time as to their investment, and I do not know what has become of them. I shall take an early opportunity of seeing her, and enforcing on her the necessity of making a will at once, and of giving my opinion as to the appointments it ought to contain.

As to my own estate, I have long since determined which son shall inherit that. It has been so long in the family, that I am bound to be very careful lest its possessor should squander it away. Its respectable income I should indeed prefer to see in the hands of one who will spend it in a judicious maintenance of the dignity of our name, and in charitable and philanthropic undertakings; certainly not in the vagaries of a wandering vagabond, who seems, if he has any religious convictions at all, to lean to the side of that party whose extermination I consider it to be the duty of the State to secure, unless it wishes to see the evil days of the dark ages revived, and papal supremacy again paramount among us. Under all these circumstances, it will perhaps be better for you to undeceive Frank at once if you have really raised in his mind any serious expectations of succeeding to either property. I have already informed him that I am prepared to assist him in establishing himself on a farm, with the only proviso that it shall be situate at a distance of not less than one hundred miles from Southampton, and be at least equidistant from Bath; if, however, he prefers emigrating to a new country, I shall offer him the same liberal terms. I think the latter course would on every account be preferable. In a new country he would have a good opportunity of recovering that character which he has lost, and something of that position he has forfeited at home.

As to any fanciful attachment to Miss Grey, I do not for a moment suppose that her mother, from what I know of her, would consent to a matrimonial alliance with Frank, especially when she discovers, as she soon will do, the way in which the Claydon property is likely to go. I shall feel it to be my duty to put this matter

truthfully and faithfully before Mrs. Grey without any unnecessary delay. A mother, under any circumstance, is the last person capable of forming an accurate estimate of her son's worth; and in your case your small experience of the world and of character renders you peculiarly unfit even to attempt to do so.

I know you will readily submit yourself to your husband's will—a will you are solemnly pledged to honour and obey. And in conclusion, I must beg of you to be careful not to allow yourself to make an idol of your son. Children are given to parents to honour and respect them. If parents idolise their children, they may reasonably expect Heaven to visit them with those troubles and sorrows which *your* conscience seems to forebode as coming upon you. If such visitations do come, prepare yourself to receive them, and humble yourself under the chastening hand of God—He who is a jealous God, and wills not that we should make to ourselves an idol of any created thing.

—I remain, my dear wife, your very affectionate husband

,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

Part IV. *Off Again Round the World—New Zealand.*

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

LONDON, *Oct.* 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER It is all settled and we start in two days in fact we shall have started before you get this. I did not write before because I was afraid you would come up to London. You know I hate saying good-bye. It was bad enough to say good-bye when it was not settled, but I think you hardly expected to see me again for a long time. I could not stand the life at home any longer it was becoming to hard to bear. I could see Papa did not care to have me there, and it is better for me to have to work hard and get on as well as I can than to be idling about the place at home. I like travelling and in new countries there is so much more freedom. I could never have settled down in a farm in England. The only thing that has kept me at home so long is that I didnt like going away from you and you know better than I can say how much I dislike to give you any pain or trouble.

We have only joined this ship to go out in her. Jones is going 3rd mate, and I am 4th and we have a cabin to ourselves. He will stay in Van Diemens Land and I shall go on to New Zealand where there is a great opening. Cheer up dear old mother. I shall come back again some day rich and prosperous and always have a home for you and how glad I shall be to see you in it. Give my love to granny I hope she will be better soon and wont be angry with me for going and please remember me to Mabel.

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Write to me at Wellington New Zealand we shall only be a short time in Launceston.

Same to the same.

LAUNCESTON, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, *April* 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER We have had a frightfully rough passage out and got disabled just as we got here and only managed to get into this port. I am awfully unhappy and wretched and I have very bad news to tell you. I was still melancholy from leaving you and Mabel when an awful gale came on Jones was on deck and was washed overboard. When I heard of it I didnt know what I was doing I tried to get a boat lowered to go for him of course it was madness for the waves were breaking over the ship and we had no control over her and they made me go below. When I saw his badge cap lying on his bunk I was in such a rage I took it and threw it overboard. It was impossible to hove too the spanker boom was smashed and most of the canvas and rigging had carried away. However it bated a bit afterwards and we managed to get her in here. Poor old Jones he was my greatest friend ever since I first went to Upton. He was a silent sort of fellow and never said much when any one else was there though sometimes he talked a good deal when we were alone and this voyage it has always been about the girl he was going out to marry he was very fond of her. I must write to her now I suppose and tell her about it I hate having to do it I dont know how to begin. We had made lots of plans for the future. I was to see how we could get on in New Zealand and if I liked it they were to come there. If he didnt do ashore he could soon have passed as second mate and that pays very well out here and he would have got a ship in time, now its all over he died as silently as he lived and I am more lonely than ever.

I am going for a day or two to see my old friend near Longford but I shant have time to go to Hobart Town to see Lady Franklin. Then we shall start for Wellington I hope I shall get a letter from you there and that dear old granny is better give her my love and mind you dont forget Mabel.

—Good bye dear old mother

FRANK.

Same to the same.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, *June* 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER We managed to get here but it was all we could do its a very old ship and wasnt properly refitted at Launceston. I have left her here and I expect she will be turned into a whaler. This is a splendid country and I have been going about all over this part of it. It has been awfully mismanaged by the stupid missionaries they have done their best both to spoil the country and the natives. Their great object seems to have been to enrich themselves. The New Zealand Company might do a good deal if it wasnt for the missionaries who do all they can to ruin the company to stop them from disputing the right to the land the missionaries have secretly taken from the natives for themselves.

The Maoris are a curious lot awfully fine looking fellows and some of them not at all bad looking especially the young ones. I went with a man I met here right into the middle of the Island. He knew their language and we got on very well with them. If you are civil to them and treat the chiefs like you would treat any other gentlemen you were staying with they behave beautifully to you, it all depends on how you treat them. One place we got to called Ohinimuto on lake Rotoroa, that means the big lake, was the most curious place you ever saw. Steam all over the place that comes from a lot of boiling springs some just bubbling up out of the ground and some going right up a long way in the air. The Maoris come there from all over the Island to get cured of rheumatism or anything like that. Its the jolliest thing in the world to bathe in the hot springs. The water is so hot they do all their cooking in it without having any fires. Then we went on horseback through some pretty country to another lake called Tararoa and the Maoris took us in a big canoe over it. Its a long rough sort of lake with mountains all along and we put up a sail. They are tremendous duffers at sailing and a squall came along I saw it coming and just got the sail down in time or we should have capsized and all gone to glory. We landed at the mouth of a jolly little river and got into a smaller canoe and they paddled us up to another lake called Rotomahana, that means hot lake. At the end we came to there is the most curious sight I ever saw beautiful white marble terraces one above the other reach from the water of the lake a long way up and over the terraces comes boiling or at least very hot water, the terraces are really basins full of this hot water and you can walk over the edges of the basins from the lake right up to the top and the hot water comes over your feet. I cant discribe things I wish I could Im a dreadful duffer at that sort of thing you cant imagine how

beautiful it looked. Then when we had seen a lot of other boiling springs and looked down a beastly hole the Maoris call the Devil's Blow hole where there is the most frightful row going on we got into one of the canoes again and crossed the lake to the other side higher up it did seem funny if you put your hand into the water it was quite warm. As we were going across we came in sight of more terraces more beautiful if possible than the ones we had left perfectly pink terraces and quite smooth not rough like the others we walked up them with bare feet. When we got near the top we undressed and went into one of the basins Maoris and all it did seem curious to see the dark Maori girls swimming about among the men. They are so innocent they dont see any harm in it. They seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. It was jolly the water as blue as anything and perfectly blue sky over head and the jolly mountains all round. If it wasnt warm enough in the big basin you were in you could go up to the next one higher up and then we went into the one above that. That was fearfully hot. We stayed in altogether nearly an hour. The top ledge where the water flows from is boiling hot. You have the most delightful feeling all over when you come out a sort of splendid glow quite different to the feeling of coming out of a common hot bath.

The Maoris were very civil to us and said we were nearly the first pakehas that is white people who had seen these things. They wont let pakehas go there generally because they have been treated so badly by them and been so robbed. They catch jolly little sort of cray fish in one of the rivers near and cook them in the hot springs we eat a lot of them bathing makes you so hungry and you feel so well and good-natured. Then we paddled back over Rotomahana to the river we had come up. This river runs with so strong a current from Rotomahana to Tararoa there was no need to paddle. A splendidly made Maori boy quite naked stood at the bows of the canoe and steered it round the corners, and there was a girl his sister in the other canoe steering that one in the same way. It looks almost impossible to prevent the canoe being carried into the bank as you go round the corners but they keep it off by a single turn of the paddle in a very clever way. You sit at the bottom of the canoe not on seats but on dry fern leaves and so your head is almost on a level with the water and it feels awfully jolly as the water rushes by. I *was* sorry when we got to Lake Tararoa. We went back to sleep at a place called Wairoa, that means big river, and we slept in a whare with a Maori family. They were very glad to have us and I shall never forget my visit to the terraces as long as I live. The whares are not half bad places to sleep in. They are long sort of sheds with two long wooden walls at the side and one at the back and a slanting roof supported by poles in the middle. The roof and the side walls stick out in front some way past the enterance part where there is a door and one small window, and the roof and side walls in front of the enterance door make a sort of porch in which the men lie about smoking or sleeping all day and the women cook in front of that in the open air or sit squatting on the ground talking and laughing like anything. I send you a picture I drew of the one we slept in it was the biggest in the pan and the picture of a Maori man and woman who own it. They sleep altogether grandfather and grandmother uncles and aunts and heeps of children. They lie on fern leaves and cover themselves over with large blankets. They are just like grown up children and awfully merry. It was rather late when we got there. The chief who owned the canoe that took us hes not a big chief but a little one they have lots of chiefs owned the hut and led us in. It was quite dark only a small sort of charcoal fire in the middle of the whare and when we went in all the people sat up and asked what was the matter the man said Pakeha and they were astonished. The women got out their pipes directly, they smoke more than the men, and asked us for some baccy which we gave them and then they sat up talking and laughing and smoking till I dont know what o'clock. I was rather tired and was glad to lie down on my fern leaves. The chief was awfully hospitable and gave me and my friend the best place to sleep in and turned two of his wives out to make way for us. I didnt like to see them turned out but they didnt seem to mind much and my friend said the chief would be awfully offended if we didnt accept the bed he offered us. It was very warm and I was soon asleep. They dont get up very early. I could hear the children playing about soon after it was light and one or two of the women were talking and cooking outside but it must have been ten or eleven before the men were up. Then we all sat round a big fire outside and eat some fish they had caught in the river out of a big dish, you should have seen us all helping ourselves out of it with our hands. If the chief saw a particularly nice piece he would make us take it. Then we had some stuff they are awfully fond of and live on when they cant get anything else. It is made out of the root of the ferns. They roast the root and then grate it into powder with stones and then cook it and its not at all bad.

We stayed about there some time and got to know them quite well they seemed awfully sorry when we went away. I got to be able to speak a little of the language which is very pretty and easy to learn and I got to like the poor people tremendously. One girl the daughter of the big chief about there an awfully pretty girl and not half so dark as some of them got fond of me and asked me to stay and marry her but I told her I had some one a beautiful white lady a long way off in England I was fond of and hoped to marry some day she came and waved her arms about in the air as we went away I could see her a long way off I was awfully sorry to go I suppose I shall never see them again. They are a splendid race quite different to the stupid natives in Van Diemens Land if the missionaries would only let them alone and white people wouldnt teach them to get drunk

they would be all right. They are a quarrelsome lot amongst themselves. Though they dont exactly understand what we mean by owning land each tribe has a certain district they have a right to live in and if any other tribe comes on that land by Jove theres a row. Only the chiefs fight that is the free people slaves arnt allowed to. If a chief is once taken prisoner he cant be a chief any longer he becomes a slave to the man who has taken him, if at all a big chief is taken in battle it is a matter of honour to kill him so that he may not be a slave. They would rather die than become slaves. When there is a tremendous row between two tribes one will sometimes get the English to come in to help them exterminate their enemies.

Thursday. Weve only just got back to Auckland its been beastly rough travelling the rain has begun. I havnt settled yet what I am going to do. I have spent nearly all the money I brought. I think I shall go round to Wellington to try to get some land from the New Zealand Company and see what I can do with it. I had a letter from Lady Franklin just before we left Launceston asking me to go to see them but of course I couldnt. I saw Edwards Baccy Edwards in Launceston he is getting on very well and awfully rich. I hope I shall find a letter from you at Wellington with good accounts of you and Granny and all.

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Mrs. Leward to Frank.

CLAYDON, *January* 1841.

MY DEAREST BOY, I havn't had the heart to write to you before. I knew I should begin about my sorrow at your going away again, and I don't like to give you pain, you have suffered enough already and will suffer much more I fear when you read this letter. Poor grandmamma was dreadfully grieved at your departure, especially as you could not say good-bye to her, she knew then that she would never see you again. She became ill from the day she heard you were gone and took to her bed from which it pleased God she should not get up again. She suffered a good deal at first, and Aunt Jane sent for us before the end of November and we Papa and I were with her to the last. She was taken from us, sleeping peacefully a few minutes after twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve. Just as the village church bells began ringing for Christmas there came the most beautiful smile on her face and she passed away looking so happy again, quite as I can just remember her when I was a girl before papa died. Throughout her illness she was constantly talking about you and wondering where you were and thinking whether it would be possible for you to come back to see her before she died. If you could have done so how different things might have been. During the last month or two it has been very cold and she had much pain from rheumatism, and her mind wandered sometimes and then she seemed to confuse you with your grandfather and constantly I heard her say she hoped you would forgive her, and that it was not altogether her fault. I knew what she meant and I tried to comfort her by saying you were too generous to care much about money. And one night, just before the end, she told me a great secret which I must not tell you till you come home and settle down, no one knows it but me. I don't think I ought to have said anything about it

My dear boy I must now tell you how things are left by her will. Do not be angry, it was not her fault or mine, though I think it is very unjust. My father left everything in his will to grandmamma and though I knew he meant it all to go at last to my eldest son he did not like to fetter grandmamma's power of leaving it. From what she has often said to me he had told her he wished it to go to my eldest son unless there was any great reason for not doing so. By his will he made your father her trustee, because as perhaps you know he had a very high idea of your father's honour and business habits. Papa, I mean your grandfather, had not as a young man led a very strictly religious life and your father had latterly succeeded in making him see the errors of his early days and in inducing him to take a more serious view of things. For this my dear father was very grateful and, as I said, made him his executor and put in his will that he trusted grandmamma would be guided by his opinion as to whom she was to leave the property on her death. Now it seems this in law gives papa a right of saying who shall have it at least your papa's lawyers wrote a long opinion that it was so and that if grandmamma did not follow his advice it might all be thrown into Chancery and be swallowed up by legal expenses. I have seen this opinion but I confess I do not understand it.

Papa told all this to grandmamma while we have been staying here and read her the lawyer's opinion and told her a great deal more about your wandering and careless habits and that you did not understand the value of money, that she was in duty bound to follow the advice of the person whose advice her husband had so strictly enjoined her to follow and a great deal more, and at last though I could see only with a great effort and much against her own feelings and wishes she said, "Well you know best I suppose." So papa who had got the will already drawn up made her sign it, and Aunt Jane was the witness. She never looked so happy afterwards until all was over, and then it was no wonder for she was with my dear father in heaven. And there my dearest boy your poor mother often wishes she was too. Her mother gone her Frank away no one knows where and this question about the will has made a coldness between me and your father which I cannot quite get over.

I need hardly say the old Glades goes to Arthur. Papa is to be his trustee till he is twenty-one, then he is to have full possession but Aunt Jane is to live in the house, if she wishes to, during her life. I told Mabel about it when I saw her the other day. She seemed very much shocked, and said she did not think you cared much about money or anything else except travelling about the world.

Grandmamma gave me a number of messages to send you, but I cannot remember them now. Whatever you do don't say a word about the great secret 1 don't think I ought to have mentioned it to you. I hope I shall hear from you soon and that you are getting on well in New Zealand and making a great deal of money and will soon come back to your poor old mother. Do take care of the savages we hear such dreadful accounts of them, and that they are cannibals. Aunt Jane is very unwell. Nursing grandmamma knocked her up. I have made it up with her but I was very angry with her for helping papa to persuade grandmamma to make her will as she did. Your loving mother

,

M. LEWARD.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

WELLINGTON, *Aug.* 1841

MY DEAR MOTHER I got here the other day and found your letter telling me of Grandmammas death. It always makes me feel lonely and far away from home when I hear of any one dying there and especially dear old Granny. She is the first particular thing I can remember when I was a very small kid and she was always so jolly and kind I never knew her put out. I am afraid she had a good deal of pain before she died so I suppose it is all for the best. I am sorry she and you were bothered about the property before she died and you had a row with Aunt Jane. It doesnt matter much I never thought anything about it till you talked to me about it at Claydon the last time we were there. I daresay Arthur will manage it better than I should only sometimes I thought I should like to live there when I get old. I must work hard now and make some money but the thing is how to do it. Its difficult to make anything by the land unless you are accustomed to farm or have got some money to begin with. Some gentlemen who have come out here and taken land from the New Zealand Company cant get on at all labouring men get on very well I met Colonel Wakefield who is the head of the New Zealand Company he wants me to take up land here or at Nelson but he says the new Governor is such a fool he spoils everything and wont listen to any one except the missionaries and all they think of is keeping every one away so that they can get as much land as possible for themselves and their children. If I had £500 or £1000 to start with I might join with some one and get on all right. I am determined to get on somehow or other so I have agreed to join a whaler for a year at least It is awfully rough work you have to go about doing nothing unless you see a whale and then I believe its very exciting. We start in about a week and its time I did start Ive spent everything I brought knocking about at Auckland.

I dont like this place so much as Auckland though its rather pretty with the sea in a sort of basin just like a lake and mountains all round. I liked the Maoris at Auckland very much and got to know many of them quite well. Just across the water there there is a fortified pah with palasades and things all round it they used to like me to come to see them. You should hear an old chief called Waikipui. In the evening if its fine they sit in a ring outside their whares and some old chief tells yarns about his ancestors and what heroic things they did fighting some other tribes. They are awful beggars for fighting and tremendously strong. I believe they could easily lick the English if they would combine. Then another chief begins to yarn and so they go on all night. If it is cold they warm up one of the whares till its like an oven and all sit men and women huddled up together till it gets so frightfully hot I couldnt stand it long and it gets to stink so.

Good bye dear old mother very likely you wont hear of me again for a year or more unless we speak a ship. I never thought I should come to be a whaler its considered the lowest thing for a sailor to be. As I can take the

sun and work it out pretty well I am going second mate the Captain doesnt know much about navigation they say. We get lays that is we are paid in proportion according to the tons of oil we take when we get back.

Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Same to the same.

LAT. 50 S. LON. 170, *Feb.* 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER I make a shot at where we are because I am not always right and no one else on board knows much about taking our bearings. Theres no exam for whalers if there was they would never get any one to come. The boss knows his way about somehow because hes been so often before but I dont know how he manages it he can hardly read and cant write at all. We havnt had much luck yet only a lot of seals down off Campbells Islands and the Auckland Islands. At the Campbells Islands theres a lot of ice and the seals go about as if they were skating and the Maoris knock them over the head with a club. It was rum work getting there we had to get through the ice in a boat the Maoris went in front breaking the ice. At the Auckland Islands theres no ice but the seals get into caves and on the rocks and we had to go in after them. They bark something like dogs and sometimes they fight like anything its good sport Their skin is very valuable. We got one pure white thats very rare the boss wants it if I can I shall get it for you. The men on board are frightfully rough they were picked up at the Bay of Islands right up in the North of the North Island. The Bay of Islands isnt so bad as it used to be, in old times it used to be a perfect hell upon earth there was a collection of the worst lot in the world runaway convicts from New South Wales and Van Diemens Land and the worst of the natives. They made money whaling and sealing and used to spend it there and did just as they liked. Every house was a drinking place or worse and there was no one to look after them. The missionaries were supposed to govern the place and an unfortunate man named Busby who was sent by the English Government as a sort of consul to the missionaries. This old fellow the natives used to call a man of war without guns because when he used to make a row he couldnt do anything else. The missionaries werent much better than the rest and all they did was to get the natives to give them up the best bits of land which they took good care to stick to. Some of these missionaries are awfully rich now. The scenes that went on at the Bay of Islands were frightful. The whole place used to get drunk then they would begin to quarrel and fight and got mixed up with the Maoris anyhow. However its rather better now though Governor Hobson is a stupid old ass and does whatever the missionaries tell him, and the quarrelsome Maoris can insult the English as much as they like and hes afraid to interfere. We hadnt enough men starting so we had to put into a small place South East of the Middle Island and got six Maoris awfully fine fellows when we got them on board we had to land in a boat to get them and were just setting sail down came their wives one with a baby on her back they always carry their babys that way tied round them with a sort of shawl and suckle them over their shoulders. They made a peculiar wailing sort of noise throwing their arms about in the air and one of them went right into the surf and struck out for the ship. It was rough dirty weather and the sea running pretty high but one by one the others followed her and swam out to the ship. The skippers a determined rough sort of fellow and didnt like it and wanted to go on and leave them but the first mate and I made a row and the old man swore like a trooper but hove to and picked them up. The baby got drowned but the women got in all right. They are rum uns and sleep with their husbands on deck in all sorts of weather.

Im writing this in hopes of sighting a vessel homeward bound and then I will send it. Its a lazy nasty life with nothing to do but cruise about with a man aloft looking out for whales. We see them spouting in the distance but they are generally black ones and no good we want sperm whales. If we once get into a school of them we should do all right and go back to Wellington and make a lot of money and I shall have had enough of whaling. The men are the lowest scum of the earth. I have a few books Roderick Random and Tom Jones and some more but one gets so lazy you can hardly take the trouble to read and the ships so beastly dirty and the men and officers are worse.

Please remember me particularly to Mabel give my love to papa and all tell him if I once get back to New

Zealand I intend to settle respectably if I make enough to get some land. Mind and write to me at Wellington. We expect to be there in about a year Your affectionate son

FRANK

April about 12 ship in sight going to send this off

Mr. Leward to Frank.

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 31,1842.

MY DEAR SON,—We have just received your last letter, written to your mother, and dated February (the day of the month is not mentioned) of the present year, from lat. 50. S. long. 170, and apparently delivered to another ship about the 12th of April following.

I extremely regret that you should have found it necessary to engage yourself in the whale trade, which, from all I can hear and read upon the subject, seems to be a life of great hardship and privation. We trust by this time, or at any rate before this reaches Wellington, that you will have returned safely there, and have commenced pastoral or agricultural pursuits, or both—pursuits, I need hardly say, much more becoming a gentleman of your birth and station than those you have lately been engaged upon.

I understand from your mother that she some time ago, indeed immediately after the event, informed you of the demise of your venerable and venerated grandmother, and of the disposition which she made of her estate. You, my dear son, could scarcely have been astonished that she had preferred your brother Arthur to succeed to the Glades. Your wandering life, your nomadic habits, though think not I am casting one single stone at you on that account, rendered you, well, not so suitable a master of a landed estate as your younger brother is likely to be; while the early age at which you left school, the manner in which you left, though again, let me assure you, I am not seeking to upbraid you even for that on the present occasion, and a consequent lack of education, rendered you, although the elder by the accident of birth, inferior as regards, I may say at any rate, adventitious advantages.

Arthur, on the other hand, is all either she or I could have wished for, and we had every reason to suppose that he would make an admirable landed proprietor, a model of a Christian and Protestant landlord, an example of virtue and propriety, as well to his neighbours as to his dependants. He matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the commencement of last Easter term, after having carried off numerous prizes from Upton, and the goodwill and approbation of his masters. He has already distinguished himself at the University, both by his perseverance and industry, and by his vigorous efforts to induce a more evangelic tone amongst his fellow-students.

Though your grandmother declared by her will that Arthur should succeed to the real estate and heir-looms, she, after providing for an annuity of £300 to be paid to Aunt Jane for her life, bequeathes all the personalty to you, including jewellery and furniture, and all the money which she owned at the time of her death, both what she had in her own right, as well as that she received from her husband, and also all savings which she had accumulated since her husband's death. These accumulations ought to be considerable; but strange to say, although we have searched everywhere, and in every direction, we have so far been unable to discover what she has done with them, how she invested them, or where the securities are. Neither her solicitor nor her banker know anything about them. The latter tells me that she from time to time for the last ten years drew out various sums, which are not accounted for in any accounts she kept. We shall, however, continue the search, and I shall let you know immediately if we succeed in tracing them. As to the ready money found in her possession at the time of her death, I send that, together with an addition of my own, to enable you to buy some land in New Zealand.

At the time you wrote last, you had not so far succeeded in obtaining any of those fish for the capture of which your expedition had been fitted out. I will pause here only for a moment to point out some of the edifying lessons which even your then avocation would suggest to a thoughtful and *thoroughly* religious mind. The coin found in the fish's mouth and the lesson drawn from it, that we are bound to honour and do due reverence to the powers that be. The miraculous draught of fishes, teaching us that even sinners and those of

little faith need not quite despair, but may pray that their faith be strengthened and they *perhaps* be saved; also that those who *deserve* it, those who are amongst the chosen ones, those who work hard and faithfully for it, will have their reward even in temporal things and that to overflowing. You should also have been reminded of those sons of Zebedee who were found mending their nets, but who, when summoned, as even *you* at any moment *might* be summoned, left all to follow the voice of God. Simon Peter also and his brother Andrew were called when employed in a similar avocation by the sea of Galilee; and the missionary spirit, which was afterwards so abundantly shown in Peter especially, may perhaps instil in your mind, some day, the desire that among the savage tribes where it has pleased God your lot should be cast, that even *you* should some day work for the salvation of souls. Then you ought not to have forgotton how Jonah was mercifully and miraculously saved in a whale's belly for three days and nights, after *his* heinous sins of rebellion had, too, been so great that *he* had been cast out from the ship for fear that all in it would meet with a judgment You might also have been led to remember the crying sins of Nineveh, and that punishment of destruction which was denounced against her, and then you would, I think, strive to cleanse *yourself* from a too great love of the world.

You will find with this letter a bank bill for £500 to assist you, as I said, in your settlement in New Zealand, and I send with it a parent's blessing and prayers that you may be converted. With much love from your mother, who I regret to say has not been well lately, either physically or mentally, and from your brother, who begs me to tell you that he joins with me in my prayers for your conversion, I am always your very affectionate father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

To MR. F. LEWARD,

CARE OF THE AGENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND CO., WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Frank to Mr. Leward.

WELLINGTON, *June 1843.*

MY DEAR FATHER I have just returned here and received your welcome letter and your generous enclosure. You cannot tell how useful it will be to me. I cannot thank you enough for it. Our whaling was very successful we came upon a school of sperm whales South of the Society-Islands and the makings of the voyage will be the largest got for years. My share will be over £300 I expect. Our lays are divided according to the rank we hold. You may say indeed it is a life of hardship I didnt think it was possible for anything to be so bad and brutal. Its an idle lazy life. The ways of the men and even the officers are disgusting. At one time we were nearly having a mutiny. After we had got the whales and were boiling down the blubber a beastly business the men wanted to get back to spend the money they would get. The Captain wanted to stay to try for some more and the men threatened to seize the ship. We knew that meant the murder of us and all who wouldnt side with them. So while they were down below holding a sort of meeting the Captain said hed stand no more nonsense and battened them down. We then got all the guns and things and powder we could get and loaded. We had only the Captain firstmate one boson boat steerer and the six Maoris they were twenty with harpoons hatchets knives and one or two pistols. When they found themselves battened down they got furious and we could hear them trying to break through the bulk heads, thats the partitions that divide their part from the other parts of the ship. Of course if they got through the bulk heads they would be able to get to the afthatch they could take us in the rear while we were looking after their hatch in front which we had battened down. Or else they might get at the ships stores and spirits if they did that they were safe to get drunk and pretty sure to set the ship on fire. So the Captain to frighten them fired at their hatch and it so happened as luck would have it one of them had climbed up to the top of the hatch inside and was looking through a small hole to see what we were doing just as the Captain fired, the bullet went through his heart and he fell down dead amongst the others below. This frightened them so they holloed out a man was killed and said they would give in. So we let them out one by one and they went to work but we had to keep a sharp look-out afterwards. The poor fellow who was killed was the youngest of the lot and I liked him the best we did all we could for him but it was too late so we buried him

or at least put him overboard I read the service and all the others took off their hats. The Captain is to be tried for it here but of course he will get off if he hadnt done what he did I dont suppose we should have got back alive. As it was he thought we had better get back at once and secure what we had taken.

I met a man named Johnson here more than a year and a half ago he is a very respectable sort of man and has done pretty well on some land he took from the New Zealand Co, while we were away, he has just sold out of that because of the way the government have treated the Company. The government at home and the government here seems perfectly idiotic they listen to no one but the missionaries who are doing their best to spoil this splendid country. Johnson has offered to let me become partners with him and both of us to buy a much larger lot of land further up the country and stock it properly with sheep and cattle. It seems a good offer and I expect we shall take up about 10,000 acres from the government almost directly. Its quite in a new part where hardly any white people have been. I will write again when we have decided.

Please remember me to all and tell my dear Mother I am getting on well. Your affectionate Son

F. LEWARD,

Bampton to Frank.

PUMP COURT, TEMPLE, *May* 23,1843.

DEAR OLD FRANK,—I have been reading so hard ever since you left, I was obliged to give up all letter-writing. You will be glad to hear I was successful, and got, a first in classics. I did not attempt anything else. I shall not go in for a fellowship, because I know if I got one, the attractions of Oxford are so great I should be tempted to live there, and gradually become a musty old don. Besides, I am not sure I could conscientiously subscribe all the Articles. You know I used to wish to take Holy Orders, but I find I cannot honestly do so, although I can remain in our beloved Church loyally as a layman. Under these circumstances, I resolved some time since to go to the Bar, and I began to eat dinners accordingly at the Inner Temple a year ago while I was still at Oxford. I have now two years of reading and eating dinners to do, and then I shall be ready to be called to the Bar.

It was a dreadful trial to me to take the cold plunge and come away from Oxford. I am not reconciled to London yet. The life is so different. In Oxford I knew every one; all I met seemed to be friends, and trusted friends. I knew every stone in her beautiful streets and colleges, every tree in her gardens, every blade of grass in her meadows. Here I am a stranger amongst strangers. People seem to eye me with distrust; and London's dirty streets and smoky air strike dismay into my very soul. I believe the Temple is the nearest approach that can be found in London to the quiet of Oxford. We have at least gardens, some trees and a fountain, but yet it is so different. When we have dined in our snug little hall, for a moment, sitting over our port wine, I can almost fancy myself back at Oriel; but as soon as dinner is over, instead of the merry wines or musical evenings, we get lost in the rush and roar of Fleet Street, Chancery Lane or the Strand, and one's individuality is involved in the surging crowd.

The Temple dinners are curious assemblies. At the high table sit the benchers, just as the dons do at Oxford; at the left hand side down the Hall is a table for the barristers, where sit a few old men who have failed in life, and who come to get a cheap dinner and wine for nothing, and tell curious old stories of forty years ago, when, they say, there really were great men at the bar. Down the right-hand side are the students tables, where I dine, a perfect contrast to the old barristers. It is all noise and fun there, and few reflect that they may one day be sitting at the other table, white-haired old men, disappointed with life and everything else. How few among us I often think, will ever rise to any eminence in our profession; how many will give it up in despair.

We dine in sets of four, or messes as they are called. On the first night of dining, having first got two barristers to certify that you are sufficiently respectable to become a member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple and paid fees, no small sum, you knock at a curiously carved old oak door, bearing the date 1575, and go to a kind-looking old gentleman sitting at a desk in a sort of lobby. Lots of students and a few barristers are knocking and entering, and putting on gowns, which they are assisted to do by an old porter. The kind-looking old gentleman takes your name, and the name of the other students, and as it is your first dinner, demands seven shillings for a bottle of wine. When all the students are in, he takes you up the Hall, and introduces you to a mess not yet made up, unless you have your own party, as I had, and puts down your bottle of wine. Other students are looking out for their friends to make up their messes, and there is some noise and confusion. It is necessary to be in before grace is said, or your dinner does not count for keeping the Term.

Then some benchers enter by a side door, the head butler bangs a book upon the table, and the senior bencher, or if there are no benchers, the senior barrister, and he is generally very senior, says grace, and dinner begins—a solid, too solid dinner. The students get a thick potent soup one day, and a thick solid fish the other, never both. Then a solid heavy joint, and an equally solid heavy pudding, and then an excellent cheese. This substantial fare is washed down by unlimited Temple beer brewed in the Temple and truly delicious. Besides this the Honourable Society presents a bottle of either port or sherry. So you see on your first night you get as much beer as you like, and more wine than you can drink.

It was not so elegant a repast as some of the little dinners we used to have at Oxford, and I felt almost as if I had got back to Upton again; yet it was not unpleasant. It is the height of ignorance to begin to drink your wine until all four glasses are filled. The wine captain, that is the one who happens to be one of the first two in the mess, with his back to the Hall and not to the wall, fills his glass and passes the bottle to the man opposite, who is called the captain of the mess, who passes it to his right-hand neighbour, who in his turn passes it to the one opposite to him. Then the captain of the mess bows to the wine captain, then both captains bow diagonally and then laterally, and then, having all bowed to one another, you may begin to drink your wine. These are some of the rules of the Temple handed down from immemorial ages, and said to be a remnant of Knight-Templar times. Many other peculiar forms of ritual are observed of which it would be curious to trace the origin.

Borthwick, you remember him at Oriel, was with me and Truelove of S. John's; they had dined before, so we had a pleasant party and much talk and joke. I always get those two in my mess if I can manage it. The barristers have soup and fish, and the two top messes have two bottles of wine to each mess instead of one, which they seem to enjoy and always finish, while the benchers get all the luxuries the world can afford, and when they have finished them they retire to a sumptuous chamber, whose mantel-piece was carved by Grinling Gibbons, "that incomparable artist, "and there enjoy dessert and wine fit for the gods of Olympus. As for our mess we did not get through the fiery mixture which marked my advent to the first rung of the ladder which every student imagines will conduct him to the Lord High Chancellorship, Keeper of the Seals and Her Majesty's conscience, but the port was not bad, and as the evening light faded and left us there the last of the students, it was a scene and occasion I shall never forget. To enter a profession which may lead up to a position in the world as high as any can lead to, for the first time to find oneself among the memories of so many departed great ones, some of whose portraits look down upon us, and whose coats-of-arms, many of ancient date, surround the walls of the old Hall, cannot but bring to the mind interesting and hopeful reflections though with them are thoughts not untinged with melancholy. I could not drive from my mind a dear regret at leaving Oxford and so many old friends of that happy period of my life when work itself was very happiness. Amongst those friends, dear old Frank, don't think I forgot you in your far-off new home beyond the waters, or failed to wish you, too, might have been here keeping terms, not perhaps with a view of making a living at the bar, as I shall have to try to do, but at any rate of qualifying yourself for being a Justice of the Peace as so many country gentlemen do.

But to return to our muttons which are not finished yet. Soon however the old book is banged on the table again grace is said the benchers retire to their wine, most of the students rush off to theatres or other places of amusement, throwing their gowns at the waiters, here called paniers, as they go out; the grey-haired old barristers grow merry once again over their wine, and we, a few students, are left sole possessors of the now quiet Hall. This Hall is not architecturally fine,—not to be compared to the Middle Temple Hall, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, where the Midsummer Nights' Dream was first enacted in the presence of Her Majesty and the greater majesty of Shakespeare, the most perfect specimen I think of domestic architecture you can find in England,—but it is very comfortable.

So my initiation into the ancient mystery of the law concluded. Truelove and Borthwick had some engagement, and I wandered a little about the Temple and thought of Charles Lamb and his old benchers, of Dr. Johnson and his Goldy; then I strolled through the gardens and saw the heavy-laden barges going silently by with the tide down the river to their destination; and I looked at that river with astonishment when I remembered that this very same water had come from Oxford, and that it was there a clear joyful stream, but here so deeply stained with filth and dirt of all description. Often now when I look at it as I did on the first day I became a degenerate Templar, I cannot help a silent prayer in those quiet, almost deserted gardens, that I and those who have come up with me from our old Alma Mater may, through the defilements of the great world and the temptations and besetting sins of our profession, keep our consciences as pure and untarnished as they were when we were surrounded by the holier influence of our beloved Oxford.

But I almost forget I am writing to you of my first day in the Temple, and not, as I am now, a student actually working there. Well, old man, I went back to Oriel after eating my dinners, and as I told you, read hard and got a first. It was with a mingled feeling of pride and sorrow that I took leave of my old rooms and sold my things to a freshman—proud that I had succeeded, thankful to those from whom I had learnt so much, but with a very aching heart as I bid farewell to the old place, the old staircase, the old quad, the old chapel. I then

almost wished I could throw away ambition and go on living there as some of my best friends are going to do for many years, if not all their lives. Though the bar holds out great inducements, its prizes seemed small things to me if bought by years of dreary quibbling and dry reading of old musty precedents, narrowing the mind and limiting its charities; and if success is gained after years of struggling I fear it necessarily brings with it turmoil, envy, and jealousy. However, I made up my mind to it, so heart and soul I have gone in for it. I have a bedroom off S. James' Street, and I read from ten to five every day with a special pleader in Pump Court, one of the cleverest of his profession. It is impossible to explain to you what a special pleader is. As yet I am very new to the work, but I can already see it is a nice art, requiring a microscopic mind, and which like the art of logic as learnt at Oxford can be taught only by an expert and learnt by practice. At five I take a long walk, generally through the Park, and either dine out in the evening or at the club. Often I come back Templewards to very simple fare at the Mitre or the Cock and so to work again at law. One night in the week I go to a debating society, not quite so large or amusing as our old society, of which I became president, at Vincents, but composed of those who have more knowledge of life, more experience of the world. Sometimes I go to Cogers' Hall and hear the great unwashed spout liberty and revolution, and they sometimes carry me away with them, for I am becoming quite a Radical.

I have not heard a word from your mother since you left, I must write to her for news of you, for of course you never write to me. I had a letter from old Saunders the other day saying he means to give up at the end of this half and retire to a cottage he has somewhere in the Lake district, and asking me to go and see him there. He says he is tired of school work, and since we have gone, he doesn't take so much interest in it as he used to do. I shall perhaps go to see him in the long vacation.

Now fare thee well old man. I have written this at sundry intervals, when business has been slack, when John Doe has for a short time ceased to harass his inveterate debtor and unsatisfactory tenant Robert Roe, and the casual ejector has grown more casual than ever and has forgotten to eject.—Your true friend and well-wisher in the setting forth,

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

THE GLADES, WAIRAPA, NEW ZEALAND, *Oct.* 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER In my last letter to papa I told you I had arranged to take up land with Johnson. We had difficulty in finding any that would do, all the land near Wellington is either taken up or costs so much we couldnt afford it, so we got a lot of land from the natives through the government at a very low price and are putting up a small place on it and beginning to cultivate it and getting stock on by degrees. It takes a long time to get stock up we have to go to Wellington and drive it ourselves its very hilly round Wellington and we have to bear away to the West through a ravine covered with pine trees called by the natives Ngahauranga. Then there is a flat plane called Tawa and forest land chiefly pine trees with a lot of very thick undergrowth to Porirua harbour, thats about 12 miles from Wellington. The scenery is awfully fine from there to Pahutanui. To the east is the valley of the Hut river and you pass through Horokewi valley. About 24 miles from Wellington you come to Paikakariki mountain very high its awfully difficult to cross with stock but theres the most wonderful view from the top. On your left along side the sea with a funny looking island called Kapiti where there is the most extraordinary lot of fish. We go down there sometimes for a change and get over in an open boat and you can pull up the fish as fast as you like awfully fine fish. Then you can see the whole west coast line a tremendous way and on a clear day right over Cooks Straits to the Middle Island and Mount Egmond 200 miles off they say more than 8000 feet high and always covered with snow. Then theres an enormous plain to the north stretching right away to the Manawato river. As you come down Paikakariki you see the shore and you can go along the beach if you like for miles. The sand is as firm as anything and it is rum to see the seagulls and a lot of other sea birds getting the big shellfish all along the sand. They take the shells in their beaks up a good height and let them drop that cracks them open and then the birds swoop down and eat them.

The sheep and cattle tread the ground in wet weather into a sort of bog and then it is almost impossible in some places to get along. You should see me and Johnson in our red shirts riding after the beasts with stock whips nearly six yards long. In fine weather it isnt bad fun only you have to go so slowly it gets tiresome after a bit. At night we have to sleep as well as we can, we make a fire and one sleeps while the other looks after the stock. We have a blanket each folded up and tied round us over one shoulder and round the waist lengthways,

besides that we have waterproof bags under our saddles to sleep in if its wet at night. Its getting fine weather now so we shall push on I hope and get a lot of work done. We are only putting up a wooden place at first and we shall enlarge it by degrees. Nearly all our capital is gone in buying the place and the stock and the wages of two men who help us. When we get settled we can borrow enough money to get some more stock on and do a little fencing. The Maoris have been very good to us so far but they are awfully lazy. They dont care a bit about saving up. As soon as they make enough to live on till the end of the year they stop work and go off and live on it in perfect idleness. Idleness is what your Maori thoroughly enjoys. You see it in the chiefs more than in the lower ones that work for us sometimes. Wages are fearfully high ten shillings a day for most men. However I expect by this time next year we shall be well off and making a lot of money and then I know what I shall do. We have over 1000 sheep now and 200 head of cattle and what with their own increase and others we shall buy if we can raise £2000 more from the bank we shall pay our debts off and get more men to work and we shall then do very well and in two or three years I expect we shall be awfully rich. I must finish now I dont get much time for writing nor much paper to write on. Your affectionate son FRANK.

P.S.—My dear Mother I write this on a separate sheet because I dont want anyone but you to see it. Will you do something very particular for me and give the letter to Mabel yourself when you see her at Claydon. Mind you give it her yourself I know I can trust you more than anyone in the world and I dont mind you knowing it, but I wouldnt have anyone else know it for anything. Go to Claydon soon and give it her theres a dear old mother. Im awfully sorry youve been ill lately cheer up now.

Mrs. Leward to Frank.

CLAYDON, *May* 20, 1844.

MY DEAREST BOY,—I have just got your letter written from your new home, the first I have had from you for so very very long. If you only knew how I treasure up your letters, and how many times I read them over and over again, until I think I know every word of them by heart, you would try to write to your poor old mother oftener. It's all the pleasure I have on earth since mamma has gone, and when I am not doing that I hardly know what I am doing now-a-days. I used to be so happy and light-hearted when you were here ever since that happy day when you were first given to me. How I remember when they brought you to me, looking so innocent and peaceful, and fast asleep, and when you woke up there was such a look of trust in your eyes, I thought we should always be all in all to one another, and ever since then, dear Frank, you have been the one thought of my heart and the whole object of my existence. Perhaps I have been wrong. Papa often says I am doing very wrong, and that I must expect to be punished for it; but when I kneel down at night and try to remember all my sins and shortcomings, I cannot find it possible to say from my heart that I believe it to be wrong. God seems to have appointed me to watch and pray for you, in spirit at least, if all others forsake you.

Indeed, Frank, those who ought to help you seem to be plotting against you. My dear boy, was there ever anything seriously between you and Mabel? Of course I could see she was fond of you, and you were always glad to be with her. From the time you were children you used to agree so well together, and seemed, I used to think, made for one another. She is indeed a charming, beautiful young woman, and would make any man happy, if she really loved him; but at the same time she is entirely under her mother's control, and partly from a natural dread of offending her and partly from a high sense of duty, I believe she would implicitly obey her mother's wishes even in the choice of a husband. We are all staying here now with Aunt Jane, she was anxious for us to come as she has been ailing lately and low-spirited. Papa and Arthur were anxious to be here, and Papa has to manage the property till Arthur is of age, which will not be till next October.

Arthur has been staying with the Greys, but is back with us now. He is doing very well at Cambridge. Mabel is often here to see Aunt Jane. My dear boy, I don't know whether I ought to write, and I hardly know how to go on. I gave her your letter when we were quite alone yesterday. She grew very pale and trembled all over; I thought she was going to faint. I am not pleased with her. I sometimes feel as though I could rise up and denounce them all, but that would be so wrong in me. Perhaps my suspicions are ill-founded. They seem to keep me in the dark, but I can see there is some great plot, and they don't want me to know what it is. Oh what a world this is, and what will not people do, even the most religious, for money and estates! I was very cold, I am afraid, when I gave your letter to Mabel. I cannot write any more. There seems to me to be a rumbling in the earth, as though the foundations of the world were getting loose. I wonder whether it is your spirit in New Zealand fretfully remonstrating against treachery. Alas! alas!

God bless you, my own darling boy.—From your loving mother,

M. A. LEWARD.

Arthur Leward to Frank.

TRINITY COLL., CAMBRIDGE, *June* 15,1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I write at once to announce the good news I have just received, and which will, I am sure, be particularly pleasing to you. Mabel has accepted me. I had her mother's consent, some time ago, to ask her daughter's hand, but it was only to-day I received a letter from Mabel, giving her formal promise, and assuring my happiness.

I know you, my dear brother, will rejoice in this fresh manifestation of the Lord's good-will towards me; this new proof, if proofs were wanting, that those who fear Him, and walk in His footsteps, will be watched over by Him as the apple of His eye.

Our father wrote some time ago, I believe, informing you of the disposition of the Glades estate by our late lamented grandmother, and you will remember the Greys property joins the Glades. We long to hear news of you in your new home, which, I have no doubt, will suit you well. I must not write at greater length at present, as I have so many kind Christian friends to inform of this happy intelligence. The wedding is not to take place until after I have taken my degree, by which time I shall have also attained my majority.—I remain your affectionate brother,

ARTHUR CHURCH LEWARD.

Bampton to Mrs Leward.

PUMP COURT, TEMPLE, LONDON, *July* 4, 1844.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD,—I heard only quite recently of the death of Mrs. Herbert. I knew some time ago that she could not be expected to remain with you long, and I was therefore not unprepared for the sad intelligence.

How strange it seems, though, to hear of the death of any one we have known and loved, even when we are aware that the news must come before long! However prepared for it, it always seems to take us by surprise. When I remember Mrs. Herbert's gracious ways, her kind consideration for all about her, her cheerfulness even when suffering pain, her quiet but great contentment when her guests were enjoying the hospitality she so bounteously afforded, even when she was no longer able to add to their pleasure by sharing it with them, her genial good nature, still as lively as ever when I saw her last, though she was then confined to her own room, and with it all a certain reminiscence which still seemed to breathe around her of the past, as though she remained with us a connecting link with the times that are gone, with its tender grace and the peculiar spirit which we in these days can only faintly imagine as lighting up the life of our ancestors, but which we can so inadequately realize; all these reflections make it hard to me to bear the loss of one whom I knew only as a kind friend; what must it be to you who have lost not only a friend, the truest friend, but a mother—a relationship which to me, though I never was allowed the extreme happiness to know its value by my own experience, has always seemed to be the purest and most perfect that imperfect man can know in this world.

Though I dare not enter into the thoughts that must have crowded on you, of all she had been to you from your earliest childhood to that supreme moment when she was taken from you, yet I can, I think, form some idea of what my friend felt when he heard of it Next to yourself, I know of no one now whose loss he could more deplore. I know the tenderness of his heart I believe more than any one. A friend opens his heart more to another friend than he does sometimes even to his nearest relations. There is something so solemn in the nearness of the family tie, it seems to forbid sometimes an indulgence in a mutual admission of love. Just as we know ourselves least and are ignorant of the existence of feelings which others see we possess, so it is often, I am sure, between parents and children, brothers and sisters.

Pardon me for not having written sooner to condole with you on such a loss, and pardon me, too, if what I

am going to say should appear to be officious. I heard at the same time that I heard of Mrs. Herbert's death, that all her property had been left by her not to your eldest son, as I had always supposed it would be, had not even been divided between your two sons, as perhaps it might have been, but that the whole had been left to the younger brother. I cannot help saying, though I should not say a word if Frank were here to speak for himself, that this extraordinary proceeding needs some explanation, and I should not be acting loyally to my friend if I did not ask for some explanation. It may be said I have no right to interfere, and without authority from Frank I shall not interfere, but I should be unworthy to be considered his friend if I remained quietly by and was silent.

From what I heard when we were last at the Glades, and even from what Mrs. Herbert said to me herself during that visit, and more than once, I know she then intended to leave all to Frank. More than that, she even did me the honour to ask me if I did not think she was morally bound to follow the known wishes of her husband, and leave the property, as she told me it had been left for generations, to the eldest son, there having been, it appears, no entail or settlement. Of course I told her I thought she ought to do so. She gave me no particular reason why she should ask such a question, but I could not help suspecting she had some reason. I can see it all now only too plainly. During the absence of the right inheritor, and in defiance of her husband's wishes, and I believe in defiance of her own true wishes, his interests are set aside when she was on her deathbed, when her body was weakened by suffering and her mind engrossed with other things, in favour of a younger brother.

As to the value of that younger brother when compared with my friend in *every* way, I have had many opportunities of judging. I have known them both from boyhood. It would not be right for me to state to *you,* their mother, what my opinion is. If I did, it would not be favourable to the younger; and my opinion, I know, would be supported by every one who knew them both at school.

I did not mean to say so much on this subject when I began to write—perhaps I have said too much. As for money, I know Frank's nature so well I am afraid he would be sorry if he knew I had said anything about a matter he values so little. He is utterly careless about such things, and I have no doubt he feels more the loss he has sustained in the lost confidence in human nature which must ensue when he finds his near relations acting in this way towards him in his absence, than the loss of all the estates in the world, or all the vulgar reputation their possession may bring with them. But this very carelessness on his part should make others more careful for him, and therefore I have presumed to say so much, and I will say no more on that matter.

But there is another subject which I cannot let pass in silence, however painful it may be to express my opinion on it to you—a subject and a wrong, I know, will cut him so far more deeply to the quick, and go so much further to break his heart than the being cheated out of his inheritance by his father, that the other will soon be forgotten. If ever there was deep reverent love, pure and unalloyed, that a boy, a youth, a young man has ever felt for a woman, it was Frank's love for Miss Grey. I have known of it for years. We all knew of it even at school. So great was our respect for him, that beyond a little boyish banter, occasionally indulged in by the least reflecting, we never, at least latterly, alluded to it. It had grown with his growth and strengthened as he grew. He never confided in me as he did in poor Jones, for I was a year his senior, and a year makes some difference in boys at school, but I knew enough. Could I see them together as I did at Claydon, on my visits there, and especially when I last saw him there, without knowing what it was? Could I help noticing that both you and Mrs. Herbert knew it well? Could any one who saw them together have any doubt of her affection for him, and the struggle that was going on with him between staying idly to dally at her side or going forth into the world to make a home worthy of her acceptance? Poor Frank, he had such confidence in mankind, which he judged of by himself, I don't suppose the slightest suspicion ever crossed his mind that any one could attempt to supplant him in his absence, most certainly not one in whom above all others he ought naturally to have been able to trust, even without the affectation of religion which that other put on.

I hope I have not said anything unnecessarily to cause you pain, but I could not any longer hold my peace. Pray show this to Mr. Leward if you think it well to do so.—I am, dear Mrs. Leward, yours very sincerely,

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Mrs. Leward to Bampton.

THE SHRUBBERY.

DEAR MR. BAMPTON,—I am so thankful to you for your kind letter about my dearest mother, and all you so truly say of her; but it is indeed painful to read the latter part and hear such things said, though I know they are

only too true. I have always tried to act impartially between my two sons, I have so strong a repugnance to injustice of any kind. Now when I think of the Glades all going to Arthur, which ought to have been Frank's, when I see that Arthur will some day have all the Leward property as well, the undoubted birthright of the eldest son and he the rightful heir far away working like a common labourer for his livelihood, and worse than all having to do so with a broken heart, while she he so dearly loved is being forced into the arms of his younger brother, just because the lands she will inherit join those which Arthur ought never to have had, I feel I can scarcely bear my existence any longer. What can I, a poor helpless woman, do but lament in vain. I cannot even write to Frank for fear lest the condolence I must send if I write might only aggravate his sorrow. Such griefs are better left in silence and those who cause them remain unnoticed, but they gnaw into my mind, and sometimes I feel it whirling about I don't know where I am, I begin to wonder who I am, I sink into a stupid lethargy, and when I get better, I know exactly all that has passed before me and around me, though at the time I am quite unconscious that I take any notice of what is going on. I feel now while I write to you that I must not forget it is my husband, whom I am bound to honour and obey, who has done this thing, and I do not know what to do. I don't know whether I ought to send this letter to you, though I must tell you I received yours, and I cannot honestly pretend your strictures on those you speak about are not deserved. I did not mean him to see your letter, he is so nervous about such things, and has become very suspicious lately, but he happened to read it accidentally, and it had a bad effect upon him; he has been laid up ever since. I have not been at all well myself for some time. I long for a letter from Frank, and yet I dread receiving it, for it will be the first I have had from him since what has occurred. Sometimes I feel inclined to leave them all here to themselves to escape from my present restraint, and rush off to join him in his hard solitary work in New Zealand forests, but I suppose I must remain with my husband and respect him all I can.—I am, very sincerely yours,

M. A. LEWARD.

Frank to Bampton.

WAIRAPA, NEW ZEALAND, *Jan.* 1845.

DEAR OLD BAM. Its a long time since I got your jolly letter telling me about your leaving Oxford and going to the Temple. I often wish I could have done something of the same sort myself for I get tired sometimes of this kind of life and I have lately lost all heart in the work and I dont seem to care whether we get on or go to smash. This country is so miserably badly managed by the people at home or at least allowed to be managed anyhow by the missionaries out here. I daresay the missionaries who came out first meant well and did to some extent civilise the natives and taught them something and the Maoris were clever enough to see it was to their advantage to learn what the missionaries had to teach them. Only these missionaries I mean the Church missionaries, for the Catholics have always been very different and have done a great deal of good in their way, petted a few of the most designing beggars who were the sharpest of the lot and pretended to be converted, but as for the rest they are so simple-minded they would believe anything anyone told them and can understand as much about being Christians as an old cow does about dancing. Well these cunning beggars got to know a good deal and one of them a chief named Hongi who had a mortal enmity to another tribe that was too strong for him laid his plans very deeply. He professed to be anxious to improve his mind by going to England so the missionaries sent him home as a specimen of what they could do with the natives, they had him presented at Court, invited to dinner by the Church Missionary Society, took him to meetings and made him pray in his own language and all that. Hongi pretended to be very anxious to collect bibles for his people, and quietly kept a sharp look-out for guns and ammunition of all sorts. When he came back he armed his tribe with the best muskets he had been able to get taught the people how to use them and soon made an example of the other tribe got their land and had many a festive meal on the fattest of them, till one of them happened to get hold of one of his-muskets and shot him with it. Thats the sort of fellow the missionaries get taken in by. The fact is the Maoris are like a lot of sharp children, submissive to anyone who knows more than they do awfully quarrelsome among themselves and like children they are sometimes horribly cruel. The Europeans who came first and settled at the Bay of Islands were chiefly whalers escaped convicts from Sydney and Van Diemens Land and they were a bad lot about the lowest form of beasts in human shape it is possible to imagine and they no doubt did the natives a great deal of harm and undid what the missionaries were trying to do. Then the missionaries decided to stop as far as they could all emigration whatever instead of trying to get a good style of emigrants. It is curious that the Church missionaries always seem a stupid set of men, most of them here are

narrow-minded uneducated and not gentlemen at all, but they have enough sense to manage to get hold of the best bits of land for themselves privately from the natives for nothing.

The missionaries having got a good hold over the natives and enough land from them persuaded the English to recognise a few of the chiefs as an independent people while they really governed the place just as they liked themselves. If it hadnt been for the New Zealand Co. which had taken up land about Cooks Straits and has brought out a lot of emigrants of the right sort the French would have had the place long ago and made it a penal settlement and soon have turned the missionaries out neck and crop, so the missionaries really owe all they have to the Company. Then the missionaries got up a treaty they called the treaty of Waitangi the most ridiculous thing you ever heard of. It was written by one of the missionaries and most of the big words used the natives could not have had any idea of because there were no words in their language they could have been translated into. The missionaries went about the country getting the chiefs to sign it by giving them blankets and a lot of other things the regular price was a blanket a signature though some insisted on some tobacco and rum being thrown in. The poor people are so childish they would give all the land in the place for a gun or anything else they happened to want for the moment. I dont believe they care a bit about the land really only they dont like other tribes to come on to their preserves.

So Governor Hobson who came to take possession under this precious treaty and the missionaries who had got as much land as they wanted for themselves, one had got 11,000 acres another 40,000 another 50,000 and some more even than that, took care not to allow any one else being allowed to buy land except through the Government, and they managed to take away land which the Company had bought from the natives and which was gradually being cultivated by the emigrants the Company had brought out. For these missionaries hate the Company like sin, because it brings decent sort of colonists to the place and Government at home backs up the missionaries in everything they do, so that the people here hate the very sound of the name of Lord Stanley. When the natives began to see the land was worth something and they could get things in exchange for it they came before a thing here the Government have set up called a Land Court with a Mr. Spain at the head of it to try whether the land had been properly bought from the natives or not and put in all manner of claims to land they never thought of before. I dont believe they had any idea of owning land beyond what they were actually using and that was precious little, though they had certain boundaries into which they wouldnt let any other tribes come. You see a Maori is quite a different kind of creature to anything a white man has known anything of before. They are very quick and clever in their way and one of their peculiarities is never to grow more than they want immediately for themselves. They are not naturally a greedy race unless they are spoilt by the Pakehas and they have so few wants they are easily satisfied. A Maori lives almost entirely on potatoes and fish if he is anywhere near the sea. As soon as he has planted enough potatoes to last him for the year he wont bother to do any more work, and hes right I suppose if he likes doing nothing and doesnt care about anything besides potatoes. Some of them will go in summer down to the sea coast and take just enough potatoes with them to last the time they are away. Then they will fish and as soon as they have caught enough for the day they will spend the rest in laughing and talking and sleeping.

Ill give you a specimen of the sort of yarns the missionaries tell. There was a German traveller wanted particularly to go up Mount Cook in the Middle Island nobody had been up it before but the chief there wouldnt let him because he said it was the back bone of an ancestor of his, a pretty good sized ancestor considering it is more than 8000 feet high, unless he paid him a lot of money in gold. The missionaries got hold of this and sent home a yarn that the chief would have let the German fellow go up if he had given him a lot of bibles. One lot of land the Company had to pay for to an old chief then another tribe came and put in a claim to be paid for it because it had been theirs before the old chief had turned them out and Spain made them pay for it over again then the slaves of the second tribe came and declared it was theirs before the second tribe came and made slaves of them so the Company had to pay a third time to the slaves. Another chief came down to this Land Court and claimed a lot of land that had been sold and paid for and got it too because he proved that he had killed and eaten the tribe that had been there before. The fact being that none of them would ever have thought of claiming land at all or would have made any use of it until this splendid Court was set up. This is the way the Company which might have been the making of the country is treated and the people they have brought out are being ruined. These people bought land from the Company at 20 shillings an acre and have been at work at it for some time and have turned it in many places into good flourishing farms instead of its being a wilderness of ferns as it was before they came. They are turned out now and the land is given back to the natives who had nothing to do with it before and dont know what to do with it now except to sell it over again. Thats what they call British justice.

III tell you another thing this first governor did. He made Auckland the Capital of the whole country though its right up in the North and away from all the best land and the principal part of the population Now why did he do it simply because the missionaries told him to and they told him to because they had got all their land up there and having the Capital there increased its value. You will see it only wants a right sort of governor to have

Wellington made the Capital instead of Auckland but I suppose we shall have to wait a long time for that.

Some one ought to take the matter up at home for a lot of fellows who were doing well here have been ruined and many have been obliged to go away after having lost all they brought with them. If the government had really wished to do good to the natives and had not been afraid of offending the missionaries they would have allowed the colonists to take up good land wherever they found it and there are millions and millions of acres of good land utterly waste now and they would always have kept a reserve for the natives along side. In this way the natives own land reserves which they ought never to have been allowed to sell under any consideration would have become very valuable and they would have learnt by degrees to cultivate their own land and I believe a good feeling would have grown up between the two races. Now at any time the Maoris may come down upon us exterminate us carry off our stock eat the friendly natives who work for us and take our land and we have no protection. You may depend upon it there will be rows innumerable between the English and the natives and very likely big wars and I shouldnt be surprised if the English get jolly well licked. This new governor Fitzroy has prevented us from even forming a sort of voluntary militia to protect ourselves goodness knows why unless he and his missionaries wish to see us driven out.

So you see old man were not in a very comfortable position. I called our place the Glades in memory of the old place but its name only brings melancholy thoughts now and sometimes they are worse than melancholy. I have written a lot about this place and I don't suppose you care twopence about it but out here its all people have to think about'

Good-bye old man were getting on pretty well though its rough work—Your affectionate friend

F. LEWARD.

Bampton to Frank.

GARDEN COURT, TEMPLE, *June* 20, 1845.

DEAR OLD FRANK,—Your last letter from New Zealand, written in January, was very interesting to me. My friend Charles Buller, M.P. for Liskeard, takes a particular interest in New Zealand and everything connected with it. He was one of the promoters of the New Zealand Co., and has often talked to me about it, so I took your letter round to Hare Court to show him as soon as I got it. He was very much pleased, and said it would be of great use to him in a motion on the subject he was going to bring on during the present session in the House of Commons. Buller is a clever and rising man, a pupil of Carlyle's. I suppose, by the way, out there you never get Carlyle's books. I must send you some, and mind you read them and inwardly digest; they will open up a new era in English literature.

Well, Buller's motion came on at last on the 17th. I was there right through it. The debate lasted three nights. I often go to the House, and I was particularly pleased with this debate, partly because so many good speakers took part in it, but more on your account, old man. Buller spoke magnificently, and didn't spare your friends the missionaries; indeed their own chief supporters seemed to give them up as a bad lot, for whom no excuse could be made, and the present Tory Government came out of the debate anything but well. Buller went at Lord Stanley in fine style. "If for once Lord Stanley could have laid aside," he said, "that unhappy spirit of pugnacity, which has been throughout his life the bane of every public interest with which he has been brought into connection; if he could have surveyed the interests of New Zealand with the spirit of a statesman and the anxiety of true benevolence, there can be little doubt that he would have seen that, whatever were the strict legal rights of the case, this was no occasion to be splitting hairs and bandying subtleties, and that he would have complied with our request for the one simple laudable object of saving a colony from dissension and ruin."

I can't help giving you one or two more bits of his speech, which were particularly telling. Speaking of a Mr. Clarke; who it appears joined the business of a gunsmith to that of a preacher of peace, and whom perhaps you have heard of, and who, it seems, had declared the Maoris are as intelligent as the Saxons in England were, he said, "When on such authority I am gravely asked to believe that the New Zealanders, without either written language or hieroglyphic, or any single device for preserving a record of past events, by means of nothing but oral tradition transmitted amidst wars that have over and over again shifted the possessions of every tribe in the islands, have preserved an accurate knowledge of the boundaries, and succession of every portion of the soil for the space of thirty generations, or eight or nine hundred years; when, on the same authority, I am asked to believe that the tribes of New Zealand, clothed in mats, ignorant of the use of any metal, feeding on rats and fern roots till Capt. Cook gave them potatoes, and scattered in filthy huts, present an aspect of equal civilisation

with our Saxon ancestors when they had laid the foundations of half our ancient towns and cities, covered the land with those churches of which some still remain to excite the admiration of our architects, and divided the country into our present division of shires and hundreds and parishes, who possessed the foundations of our Parliamentary government, of our common law, and of our jury trial, for whom Alfred and the Confessor had legislated, Bede written history, and Dunstan had reared an ecclesiastical polity; when such propositions as these are gravely offered to the House of Commons, I can but admire the simplicity of my honourable friend in affording us so decisive a test of the credulity that could swallow all these monstrous fictions which missionaries have invented for the sordid purpose of making out that the natives possessed and could convey to them a freehold tenure in the land."

Then he went on to show how small a number of Maoris there were compared to the large extent of the land, and broke out in a declaration of what always seems to me to be the true principle of colonisation and our excuse for occupying the lands of savage tribes. "It is preposterous to expect that the existence of such a population on portions of the soil of a vast country ought to exclude the rest of mankind from turning the unoccupied soil to account. God gave the earth to man to use-not to particular races to prevent all other men from using. He planted the principle of increase in us; he limited our existence in no particular soil or climate, but gave us the power of ranging over the wide earth; and I know of no principle of reason, no precept of revelation that gives the inhabitants of one valley in New Zealand a right to appropriate a neighbouring unoccupied valley in preference to the Englishman who cannot find the means of subsistence at home."This hit had a tremendous effect, and I thought I could detect something of Carlyle in it. At one time, when he came to speak of the treaty of Waitangi and how it was got up, and all the other rubbish the Government and missionaries went through, he denounced it all in the words of his master as "foolery, lies, and shams."

Hope your member for Southampton and under Secretary for the Colonies made a weak defence of Lord Stanley, and tired the House. The next night, a Mr. Barkley, a new member on the Conservative side, made his first speech, and a very good one too, taking the side of the New Zealand Co. against his own party, and finishing with these remarkable words, which, possibly, will some day be remembered, after the prophecy has come to pass:—"Make them (the New Zealand Co.)—make them your instrument in advancing New Zealand towards that height and importance among the civilised nations of the earth, which I believe her, under God's providence, to be destined to enjoy during future ages, when, perhaps, the history, the institutions, and the language of this now mighty empire of Great Britain may be indebted for preservation to the gratitude and veneration of her descendants planted by their efforts in what now strikes some of us as a few unimportant isles at our antipodes."

The debate was not over till three o'clock this morning, and I am so tired that though I could not refrain from writing to you about it while it was fresh in my mind, I cannot write more fully about myself or my late movements since I was called. When I go to the House I get so excited by the debates, and a tremendous desire to take part in them, that I generally suffer for it the next day. I wonder whether I shall ever be making my first speech there, and if that should ever come to pass, whether I should do so well as Barkly did.

Good-bye old friend for the present, I will write again soon,

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Mr. Saunders to Bampton.

WOODBINE COTTAGE, RYDAL WATER, WESTMORELAND.

MY DEAR AND LEARNED FRIEND,—I saw your name a short time ago among those who had been called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, and I now write to offer you my congratulations. Buried here in this quiet lovely spot, the only link between me and the outer world is the following the career, as far as I can, of those whom in early years I helped in a humble way to educate; and it cheers my solitude if any of them ever give me any sign that they have not quite forgotten poor old Saunders.

I need not tell you, my friend, how noble a profession that one you have entered on, I was going to say, is; I will modify that statement, and say, may be made, and often has been made, by those who follow it worthily. I need not remind you of the splendid names that adorn the roll of English advocates—Lord Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, Somers, Holt, Mansfield, Erskine, and so many more of whom you know, I daresay, much more than I do, and of the part some of them played in "Baffling crowned and mitred tyrants of yore." Nor need I mention the names of those who disgraced their brethren; nor how and why they came to do so. *You* need not be told of

the high sense of honour, the unswerving integrity necessary to make the worthy lawyer, nor the almost universal knowledge required to form the perfect jurist.

I saw in the same paper that you had taken some prize at your Inn of Court, and I was rejoiced to see you take an interest in your new studies; if you do that, you will be sure of success. In my younger days, I confess, I had myself an ambition to enter the forensic lists, but pecuniary circumstances at that time made me give up the idea. However, I have always taken an interest in jurisprudence. As far as my little knowledge of the English system goes, it seems to me to be emphatically slipshod and unscientific; admirably adapted, perhaps, to meet the varying phases of modern society and commerce, but wanting in a recognised foundation on which to build. I imagine, speaking with great diffidence, that a student's principal studies, before he begins the practice of the law, should be a work such as Justinian's Institutes, if he is lazy; or the Pandects, if he is laborious, with some of the commentaries on them by either an Italian or Dutch civilian, of which, I believe, a great number exist. Of their respective value, I, of course, can give no opinion. Gibbon's forty-fourth chapter is the extent of my knowledge on the subject. If our judges and legislators had been trained in this way, or if such studies had formed only a small part of their training, it occurs to me that we might have had the science and precision of the French code broadened out, and strengthened and adapted to the vicissitudes of our rapid changing era, by the peculiar temperament of the English Judicature, an adaptation which is the only legitimate boast of our present system of law. Perhaps you will laugh at my crude notions of what law ought to be, just as you used to be amused at some of my fanciful Greek derivations; but come soon, as soon as your professional duties will allow, and talk over the matter.

I should like to talk, too, of another matter which lies very near and very heavily on my heart, of our old friend Frank. From such rumours as reach me here, I fear he has been greatly wronged. But how to apply a remedy, or what remedy to apply? The fact that he thinks so little of monetary affairs should make his friends look to it that he is not imposed upon. I fear he has not only been imposed upon, but something very much like swindled out of that which was his own, and by his relatives. Such a possibility seems hardly credible. But it is no use sitting here and calling people names; I want to consult you as to what, if anything, can be done.

How he will take the other outrage on his affections and feelings I cannot tell I could not help writing to him, but I am not sure he will not be angry at my writing, and possibly he will take no notice of my letter. He will sit, I fear, and brood over his wrongs, which he will feel too much even to complain of. There are some griefs too deep for human sympathy; they can tell themselves only to the Christ. God grant his faith may let him find there that consolation I know he is in his solitary hut pitiably crying out for. It isn't to breed sheep and cattle, to grow corn and hay, that our dear boy has gone to New Zealand. It is to find some outlet for the energetic push which could find no escape here. He knew not what to do in his home with its surroundings. I believe he sought hard, with all his carelessness, some scope for employment, and he found none.

"Oh that indeed the arms were arrayed, oh joy of the onset! Sound thou trumpet of God, come forth, great Cause, to array us. King and leader appear; thy soldiers, sorrowing, seek Thee."

This is the cry of half the world, and the other half, if it hears it, heeds it not Does God hear it and heed it? that is the question—*Ecco it gran problema.* These are the thoughts which storm, like thunder of Mount Sinai, round my head as I, almost bereft of faith, take my solitary walks amongst the everlasting hills of Westmoreland; and lo the Valleys, standing so thick with corn, they seem to laugh and sing, Grassmere and Rydal Water lying at my feet answer, Peace be with you—wait!

But Frank has been doubly wronged, for it has been done by those against whom he cannot complain, because of the very heinousness of their treason, because their nearness of kin would make any complaint against them rebound, as it were, against himself. This is indeed a stifling sorrow. You remember Dante, in the 33rd canto of the Inferno, imagines, as one of the greatest punishments in lowest depths of hell the misery of weeping, while the cold freezes the tears before they are shed, so that the condemned there weep inwardly; you remember, "Weeping itself permits not here to weep."

"Lo pianto stesso 1i pianger non lascia E 'I duol, che truovà 'n su gli occhi rintoppo, Si volve in entro a far crescer I'ambascia."

Now don't let this autumn pass without coming. A little rest after your labours at Westminster and on Circuit will do you good. A little unsophisticated innocent recreation may do you no harm after a London season. And if you wish it, I can offer you country walks in the purest mountain air, and even the companionship of some not unintellectual friends, if you want that, and if you do not despise us because we do not live in London, though when they do come to us we expect London barristers to teach us something, and so repay (one of us at least) the lessons they learnt when we were able to teach them in years gone by. Your very affectionate friend

A. M. SAUNDERS.
July 3, 1845.

Bampton to Frank.

WOODBINE COTTAGE, RYDAL WATER, *September* 3,1845.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Here I am, sitting down to scribble away to you at New Zealand in this perfect little abode where reposes the best of men, after years of hard work and endeavour to instil, sometimes without very satisfactory results, into the minds of little boys the rudiments of Latin Grammar; while all the time his heart was far away with Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and this his delectable cottage near Rydal Water. At any rate, he is now near the scenes of his various heroes' exploits. Wordsworth is still at the Mount, though Southey is gone, and so is Coleridge, but their memory haunts the place, and to our old friend renders it classic ground. Then there is Foxhow, not far off, where Arnold, greatest of schoolmasters, lived; and Miss Martineau, prophetess of infidelity, is near at hand. The memory of the one assures him schoolmastering is the noblest work to which a man could have devoted his life; the other tries to certify his still wavering unbelief that no faith is better than the highest faith of all. As to the prophetess, I cannot help loving her, she is so nice and sensible, and so good, despite her infidelity. I don't suppose she will ever really persuade the human race that annihilation is to be preferred to immortality, nor that she herself, after her good kind virtuous life will not one day be received into some quasi-paradise.

Now to return to history. My last letter was so taken up with New Zealand and the New Zealand Co. debates, I had no time to tell you anything about myself. In Easter term last I was called to the Bar. This was achieved by entering in procession with about twenty other happy students about to be immortalised, into the awful ante-chamber of the Benchers. This ante-chamber for ordinary mortals one would have thought to be a chamber, and so it is, but not for the Benchers; to them, even with its Grinling Gibbons incomparable artist carved mantel-piece, it is only an ante-chamber. There we mustered. The kind old gentleman before mentioned placed us, in gowns, white ties, and bands, in due position, and said, "As you stand now you will take precedence at the Bar. "He then made a short speech, and concluded thus, "As you are now out of my hands, I bid you farewell, and hope you may all be successful," and so left us to that higher state of existence just about to dawn upon us, while he returned to deal again with poor ordinary students. Dear old man, in my three years of studentship I had got very fond of him, as all students, barristers, and even benchers are at the Inner Temple. His great boast is that he knew several Lord Chancellors when they were students. No one quite knows how long he has been here nor how old he is; one thing is certain, that he will last as long as the old Hall does—perfect specimen of the old-fashioned gentle official without pride or jealousy of those above him as he is without fear or reproach, mindful always of doing his work in the best way possible and in a way that will make all he has to do with as happy as he can.

But I am keeping the mighty potentates awaiting, and procrastinating on the threshold of the new life about to dawn upon us. Though for that matter they can afford to wait, "For they he like gods beside their nectar." At length we filed into their sanctum, a splendid apartment, profusely lit by wax tapers; ancient plate shone on the table, fruits rich and rare piled themselves up on crystal dishes, luscious and other wines went round. We were introduced to the assembled gods and stood mute round the festive conclave, "like ghosts come to trouble joy." The treasurer or head bencher for the year made a neat speech; we were asked by the head butler what wine we would take. The wise amongst us said Madeira, and it *was* Madeira. Then as we stood, glass in hand, our senior, who had obtained a prize, after I may add a longer period of reading than I had, made our reply, and very well till at the end he thus concluded, "And when you are rotting in your graves, perhaps we shall be sitting in your places." This unfortunate peroration caused a slight murmur of disapproval from the gods. Some turned round and looked with astonishment at the audacious young man who had thus dared to remind them of that which many of them would fain forget, and it threw a dustified mustified air over the whole transaction. I who stood next the culprit could hardly re- strain a smile, and a gentle titter ran through the standing array of neophites.

Awful oaths of eternal fidelity to the Queen then followed, and others more awful in their stern denunciation of the Pope, and having sufficiently sworn against that ancient enemy of England we were bowed out, the gods appearing not sorry to be rid of us and especially of that harbinger of woe, who like the death's-head at Egyptian banquets had bid them remember even they must die. How many of those good old god-like souls will be sipping their wine there that day forty years hence? how many of us will be really sitting in their places ?

Thus I became a full-fledged barrister, and next morning with wig and gown and bands already sometime

previously procured, proceeded to Westminster Hall, whose noble tribunals I ceased not to attend till the courts went to London. To London I followed them with ease, on Circuit with more difficulty. However, I was, on the motion of the leader, made a member of the mess of the old Northern Circuit, and joined at York.

At my first appearance at the Court in York Castle I had some sort of expectation that a frantic attorney might rush at me, as I entered, with a big brief, which, upon opening, just as the case was called on, should disclose a long course of systematic fraud and persecution by the other side against my new but unfortunate client, whom I by splendid eloquence, attracting the eyes of the court and of England fascinating the judge on the bench and the ladies in the gallery should wonder- fully vindicate, and at the same time draw down upon myself glory honour wealth and renown. I was disappointed. On entering the court I found four learned gentlemen engaged in actual work, seventy or eighty barristers looking on all in the same plight and I daresay with the same hopes and many with the same expectations as myself. Through my stay of three weeks at York the same four gentlemen monopolised nearly the whole civil business of the assizes. It was Mr. C—— and Junior A——for the plaintiff, Mr. D—— and Junior B—— for the defendant in one case, Mr. D—— and Junior A—— for the plaintiff and Mr. C—— with Junior B—— for the defendant in the next. And so on, turn and turn about for days and days. To make the changes quite complete in one big case, the biggest at the assizes, Mr. C—— and Mr. D—— with Juniors A and B—— were all engaged for the plaintiff. One would have supposed in any other walk of life that here at any rate there would have been a chance for some glowing intellect of which there were many doubtless looking on in forced idleness quite as capable of doing as Mr. C—— or Mr. D—— or Juniors A or B—— and ready to enter the lists on the other side but no, two very big wigs, Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor-General, were both brought down specially from London with enormous fees for the defendant. Certainly a learned sergeant and another Junior were with them, but they were dumb before the great men and never opened their lips. And by some strange rule, we who had thus been done out of our rights, our only opportunity of showing what was in us, and we all know we could have done better than either Attorney or Solicitor-General if we could only have got the chance of showing it, we had to invite them both to our mess and laugh at their jokes afterwards.

This mess is not an unpleasant part of Circuit. We dine in the large public rooms and have a very tolerably good dinner. We have our own cellar where has been stored up for many years the wine of the Northern Circuit, and we bring our own butler with us. The senior Queen's Counsel or serjeant present takes the head of the table, and the junior barrister who is called the recorder, sits at the other end. A good deal of mirth and jollity generally prevails. Various bar offences, breaches of bar etiquette, and such like, have different penalties. These offences are tried and the penalties adjudged at what is called a circuit court, and which is generally held on the first or second day of the assizes immediately after dinner. The recorder prosecutes. If the unfortunate man against whom a charge is brought is condemned a fine of one guinea is the usual penalty inflicted; if however he defends himself successfully his friends are so delighted at his acquittal that they are apt publicly to congratulate him on it, a congratulation costs two guineas. All the fines go to the wine fund. Any act of puffery or quasi puffery is indictable, thus leaving your wig at a barber's shop to be done up where it may possibly be seen by a passing attorney is gross puffery. Travelling in a public conveyance is an almost capital offence, so is entering an assize town before the judge. To get a red bag from a Queen's Counsel to get married to get any appointment, all these are matters for congratulation.

One poor gentleman a friend of mine who had notoriously devoted years of hard work to a particular and very important case in which a fair and rich widow was his client, and to whom my friend had been of signal service, but in whom it was rumoured he took more than a professional interest, was solemnly arraigned before this court for having thus taken advantage of his position. He defended himself with warmth, and refused to take the matter as a joke and showed how damaging such a charge even when meant only as a joke might be to him in many ways, so as he appeared to be in earnest he was acquitted. At the next circuit court he was indicted for *not* having taken advantage of so favourable an opportunity of gaining the lady's affections. To this, remembering his previous defence he had nothing to say and was fined in a penalty of double the amount he would have had to pay if he had pleaded guilty to the former charge.

After these dinners the grave bar often indulges in childish and innocent recreation, and not the greatest lawyer but the man with the best voice especially if he is clever at singing extemporaneous hits at his brother advocates becomes the hero of our postprandial amusements. I often notice the hardest worked are on these occasions the lightest hearted.

But dinners like assizes must come to an end at last. So after a pleasant three weeks I went to my uncle's, and thence found my way on here. Good old Saunders is in some ways a different person to what he used to be. The free life and exercise among the hills, the greater opportunity of reading and seeing people other than schoolmasters has given his mind a larger horizon, and the getting away from schoolmastering and the sway of old Pott, who is likely I hear soon to go whither his name imports, has caused it to take a bound into heights I never suspected it was capable of. He is the most pleasant companion. We take tremendous walks. He knows

every spot about here worth seeing either for its scenery or its interest in other ways. We have visited Gretta Hall where Coleridge lived for some time and set up a printing press, with which however he didn't print much, and where Southey lived and died, and Crosthwait Church where he lies buried. I have had long talks with. Wordsworth or rather listened to him talking as he walks about his garden and shows his terraces and the spots where such and such a poem was written, and views which inspired this or that poetic thought. He can talk of little but himself and his poems and I doubt if he often thinks about much else. Now and then he breaks out into strains which show he must have had, and perhaps on occasions still has, great conversational power. He is over seventy-five, and the most benevolent perfect-looking old gentleman I ever expect to see. He is full just now of a great tour through Yorkshire he is going to start on in a few days. It is astonishing what knowledge he shows about things in general when you can get him to talk of things other than himself, for he never seems to read and has hardly any books in his house. Speaking of Wordsworth recalls to my mind the delicate De Quincey whom I should much have liked to meet here in the home of his happiest years, he is away now living at Edinburgh. You should read his charming sketch of Wordsworth's poetry just published in *Tait's Magazine.* Hartley Coleridge is still here living close at hand at the Nab Cottage lapped by the gentle wave of Rydal Water. I have been to see him several times, and I met him once at the Mount. We have long talks of Oxford and especially of Oriel of which for one short year he was a fellow, and they turned him out. Poor old drunken Hartley Coleridge much very much of a genius much indeed of a poet as weak as water against him all the world—has been sinning nearly all his life. I can't help thinking the sons of such a one as his father was should if necessary be taken care of by the State, just as it gives pensions to great conquerors and mighty chancellors not for their own lives only but to their children after them. My pleasure here has been clouded by the sad news I had from an old friend at Oriel that there is now no doubt Dr. Newman has decided to leave us. The decision of such a one is irrevocable. I have had a dread for some time it must come to this but now it has come it is a shock to one's faith in the old Church of England that I have endeavoured to stick to and stick up for so long. I know his desire and heart-rending earnest struggle all through the last three years to find some honest and firm ground on which he could stay within her fold amongst those friends in whose love he lives, and parting from whom he must feel as though he was starting on a long weary journey in a foreign land, with none but strangers for companions with other ways and other thoughts and feelings different to those of the dear companions he must leave behind. His consolation is he knows he has striven with all the power of his logical mind and the fervour of his devoted soul to find the truth, and in his strong belief that in the new land whither he is bound there only this truth can be found, and that in going he fulfils the will of God.—Now fare thee well old friend, from yours

C. AUGUSTIN B.

Bob Olditch to Frank.

MAISTER FRANK,—I doo thankee for the ten pun note as missus give I as you sent an we bee trooly thankful to eer ow you be a gettin on in them forein perts. Things aint a been a goin on strait like eer iver so long not rite sin you been gone away. Missus she be scared like an she go a moanin an a moanin about the place. We noed as ow you was to a been marred to that eer nice lookin yung lady over by Berth were the missus praperty lay I well remember she wen we was over there years agone an we sed as ow you was a carryin on wi eer then. Now Maister Frank u wont be angry wi old Bob as as noed u well iver sin u was a kid an you used to go about wi to see mi ones an such like an we used to like u all on us sarvints did. We keep tould pistol as u give me over the mantel mi missus she wont let none tuch it but er. Niggers this niggers just like tould bitch as you used to be fond on u were old Suso lord ow i remember that ere dog when you was a little kid taint that nigger as was er pup but ere pup we cant call it nigger afore tould maister as e tould we not to but be twixt ourseln like. Well now maister Frank as i was a goin to say we allers think o u as a yung genelman tho it be a mity long time sin u been gone away to them savage perts so u wont be angry like at wat i be a goin to say. Well things beant a going on rite an square like an wen the yung maister camed ome e an tould maister an the yung lady as you was a goin to marry so we eered tell we didnt think it all squar particlar as we eered too as u ad been done out o the foine praperty as goed rite to missus from eer mama an as foine a lady as iver was an as *give* i one poun wen we was there. Ole mother Vamperly she up an let out as we seed the cerridge a drivin up wi tould maister an yungun an is yung ladi our missus didnt stare out for that eer wedin not she she sat like a goast up in eer room al the time as they was gone an mi missus she were up arter tould sow as ad 13 in a litter al that nite an she seed our missus a sittin at er winder in er nite gownd an lookin for all the warld like a mad thing so she sed well as i was a goin to say ole mother Vamperly she flinged er ole spare arms about cuss o God on yer she cried out as they was a gettin out o that eer cerridge cus o God be on yer for takin the maister Frank's

yung lady sed she as bold as culd be an u bee a trien to take is praperty too sed she but ye casnt doot its hareabel praperty it be an take it if u can an yung maister eel be a comin ome and get it fram ye yet an the yung lady too cus o God be on yer sed she an all the like on yer ud be a takin the poors bred out o there mouths I de as leeve be the scrapins an the leevins o the warld as sich as u be said she Lord forgi er for speekin so o the quality. Now that yung lady she looked as pale as deth wen she eered al that an i thought as ow shed been a goin to drap but ould maister e eld er up an I seed is and a shakin an yung maister ee went a smilin an a smilin as tho ee didnt care nowt about nothink. Now some as eered old mother a sayin all that began to tittle round were i were a standin an one e sed gi it em mother an tould maister ee looked rowned like an e seed me an e scowled an next day e says to me Robert says e e alias calls i robert Robert says e you can go says ee i sarved u faithful these thrutty eer says i an be i to go like that yes says e like that. Missus next day she tells i as ow we was to ave the little cottage up the ill but as ow the maister wont let we wark for ee about the place no more an ees got a smart sort o chap from Lunnon so we be a bit put about but eer we be an missus she be very koind an offen she brings we things an money an now sheve brort the ten pun as u send from them foren perts out yonder an says as ow u be a gettin on furst rate. Now maister Frank we be shut o this place an we eer tell as ow a man can make is 9 or 10 shillin a day out yonder or can git is own land an is boys can git wark as well now me an mi 3 boys culd git on a bit if we camed out yonder. But may be youll be a comin ome to claime yourn soon an rite gled wel be to see ye for we do luve ye dearly maister Frank an no time as can iver come ull make we to forget yer an they doo say as ow that eer praperty o the missus mamma be hareabel an as yung maister Arter ee cant tuch toot. There be lawyer Bluck in town ee be clever e be an gets the poor people there rites but ee do take a site o money ee do now if it be money for lawyer Bluck there be a gude few poor folk eer as ood like to see ye rited an if it cost ten pun or 20 pun theyd sell there bits o things to see ye rited an weed reather stay eer than go to them savage perts were they say as ow they eets men. My missus ood be ritin too ee too but she baint no scholard like i not she an i been an forgot most wat i larned. Maister Frank we allus thinks o u as a foin yung genelun tho may be u be a grate genelum now but u wont be ard on me for wat i rote i now remain your affectionate sarvint

ROBERT OLDITCH leastways Bob as was

Bampton to Frank.

GARDEN COURT, TEMPLE, *May* 25, 1846.

DEAR OLD FRANK,—What a long time it is since you wrote! I suppose you are so busy now with your oxen and your sheep, your corn, and all your pastoral pursuits, that you have no time to trace words on paper with black fluid. "Happy the man whose constant care," &c. How free your life must be in your splendid climate! How different to mine cooped up here in London breathing the impure air of close Westminster law courts all day, poring over miserable books at night, or wasting strength and pampering appetite in London dinners and ballrooms! What would I not sometimes give to spend a few bright days amid the pine forests and refreshing breezes of New Zealand I I have, however, discovered the most charming place in London, and here, as I must for the present live in London, I have settled down. Garden Court sounds pretty and it is as nice as it sounds. My windows look out on Middle Temple Hall. At the side of them there plays a delicious fountain, in front of me and right down to the river is Middle Temple Garden. There is the old tree where Queen Bess rested. Not far off my window must have grown the roses which Shakespeare says were there plucked long before great Eliza was thought of.

"And here I prophesy this brawl to-day Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden, Shall send, between the red rose and the white, A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

Close by in our own garden is an old tree somewhat shaky grown and propped up by many a kindly crutch, under whose shade on pleasant summer evenings ere London grew so smoky good Samuel Johnson used to sit and talk to his gay plain-looking smartly dressed Goldy. The old Doctor lies not far off in S. Paul's. Goldy is buried outside the Temple Church, where I generally go on Sunday afternoons. "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith" is the simple inscription on his tomb.

I have just come back from Quarter Sessions in Yorkshire and there I really did get a brief. Awful moment when, at my hotel in the evening, the waiter roused me from a somewhat somnolent reverie and said a gentleman wanted to see me and in walked the clerk to my uncle's solicitor, who is also clerk to the Petty Sessions in those parts, and handed me a brief. I was very polite felt quite a friendly feeling towards the clerk

and his master and more affectionate than ever towards my uncle. All my hard work was now to be rewarded, an opening had at last come. I retired to my bedroom with the brief for fear I should be disturbed in my careful study of its contents. I locked the door. I put it on my bed and drew a chair up to it. I gazed at it, it was tied with red tape. "Easter Sessions, North Riding of Yorkshire. Felony. Regina *v.* Bowlby. Brief for the prosecution. Mr. Bampton 2 guas." Then came the solicitor's name at the bottom.

I knew what the two guas meant for the clerk had put the sum of two pounds four shillings and sixpence into my hand when he handed me the brief,—my first fee. Years of toil at school, expenses at Oxford, fees at the Temple, 100 guineas to special pleader, 100 guineas to conveyancer with whom I afterwards read, fees on being called, £200 already spent on going circuit, more than £100 for law books, what's that? Two pounds four shillings and sixpence actually earned! But who is Bowlby; what's he done against our sovereign Lady the Queen her crown and dignity that she so gracious should have to prosecute him for felony. I conjured up all manner of the most awful crimes secretly hoping his might be one of them before which Catiline's offences would appear harmless amusements. I was rather sorry when I remembered none of these could be tried at Quarter Sessions. I untied the tape slowly. I opened out the ample sheets upon my bed. "Case." It was in a few succinct lines. I was disgusted to find Bowlby was a woman. Crime, theft of … a leg of mutton. Oh dear! The proofs only the prosecutor a butcher, and the constable. How short a time it will take I sighed. But I must do my duty. My republican sentiments were forgotten. An advocate knows of none other than his client; my client was the Queen. Property must be respected. A telling sentence for my speech against socialism and equality occurred to me. But first to think what the defence might be. An advocate should always be prepared to meet and parry the sophistries of the other side. What had been Bowlby's defence before the justices. "The prisoner when asked what she had to say in her defence, said—Nothing." Evidently a most hardened villain. She had learnt from long experience how to spring some artful defence suddenly before the jury. She wouldn't let the prosecution see her hand. I read the proofs over and over again. I got them pretty well by heart, I could examine the two witnesses without looking at the brief. I looked up the law as to larceny. I went to bed and dreamt of Bowlby, who appeared in my dream as a witch riding away on a broomstick, surrounded by legs of mutton, laughing at me hideously as she rode off pursued by butchers and policemen. Then I dreamt of an immense court, something like one of Martin's pictures, with hundreds of judges tiers upon tiers of judges tiers upon tiers of jurymen endless rows of wigs before me and around me, and I standing in the middle of them vainly attempting to speak, not a word would come while Bowlby the witch was all the time laughing hideously at me from the dock, and I woke. I could get no more sleep. In a feverish way I made up the most polished oration *contra* Bowlby, most of which I afterwards forgot. I pointed out to the jury how offences though small apparently in themselves must if not immediately and firmly prevented soon and inevitably lead to more atrocious crimes till the social compact would be disregarded and become a thing of nought. I made quotations from Vattel Blackstone and Pothier to the jury. How much better one can speak in bed under warm coverings and all alone than when confronted with the cold reality of everyday life and unsympathising audiences.

At length I got up, read the brief once more, put on my wig and gown and rehearsed my speech before the looking-glass made a few more notes dressed and waited till breakfast was ready. I could eat nothing, the little piece of dry toast I attempted to swallow stuck in my mouth and would not go down. So I went early to court and forgot my brief after all, and had to come tearing back for it. I got to the court at last, my robes had not come though I had given them to the boots more than half an hour before I started with strict orders to take them at once. Stupid man there I was in my anxiety lest they should not come in time forgetting all my speech and getting hot and restless. At length he came. I robed with care still thinking of my speech trying to recollect it and must I confess it with one or two glances at the small robing-room looking-glass to see how I looked.

Then other men came in, noisy and careless. They had no briefs, and were jealous, "B. old fellow got a brief?" said one. "How on earth did you manage it?" said another. "Uncle's a beak" said a third; "what's the good of having an uncle a beak if he don't commit some one for you." "Ah," said a fourth, "that unfortunate prisoner wouldn't have been sent for trial if his uncle hadn't known Bam was coming." A miserable envious fellow growled out "That's the way the public money's wasted."

It all seemed very foolish and flippant to me and I tried to look as if I didn't care and as good-natured as I could. All this time these briefless sarcastic people were carefully eying the door at every knock that came hoping if perchance some good fortune similar to mine might happen to them, but every knock was an attorney's clerk with another brief for the leader of our sessions, a fat clean-shaved snuffy old man with very high collars and large white cravat who had already got his bag full of them. Then we were summoned into court, we went according to seniority—I almost last. I tried not to look nervous and to remember my speech. The grand jury came in with one bill. The clerk of the court looked at it and said "Gentlemen of the grand jury to a bill of indictment against Ann Bowlby you say a true bill." My heart gave a great thump. Mine was the first case. "Place Ann Bowlby in the dock" said the clerk of the court.

I called on all the powers that had so often aided me. I reminded myself I had been president of the greatest

debating society in the greatest University in the world, and of msy orations at Cogers' Hall, and all my successes there. This was a new arena, it seemed so different, and I caught sight of my uncle's face among the magistrates on the bench looking anxiously at me and it made me nervous. "Tell them you're for the prosecution" shouted out half-a-dozen of my learned friends, these briefless men are always giving advice when it's not wanted. "I know how to conduct my own case" I said getting angry and feeling I was rather pale. Still I did get up and informed the chairman I was for the prosecution. He looked at me, as though he meant to convey to me and every one else that he didn't much care whether I was or wasn't. "Allow me to take the prisoner's plea" said the clerk of the court, so I sat down again feeling rather confused. "Don't be afraid old man" said Byng the wag of our Sessions bar "she can't get at you she's got two peelers to hold her." I looked at him angrily and tried to smile. "You are indicted for that," began the clerk, and read the indictment. "How say you; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty if you please my lord" said Bowlby. All my hopes were gone. Where was now my opportunity of showing how I could go to a jury? The chairman was going to sentence her right off when the prosecutor, the butcher, came forward with his thumbs stuck up somewhere at the top of his waistcoat and asked to be allowed to say a few words. The chairman not very graciously consulted. The butcher said he wished to recommend the prisoner to mercy. From what he said in a jerky manner I gathered that during the evening after his property had disappeared from his shop he got indubitable evidence that Bowlby was the thief, so with the constable he went to a solitary room the poor thing occupied, and where he found five starving little Bowlbys eagerly devouring the smoking mutton while Bowlby herself looked on so pleased at the unaccustomed sight she forgot to partake of the feast though, as the butcher said, he didn't think she had seen roast meat for many a day.

The scene had affected the heart of the good butcher, in whom all tenderness had not been quite destroyed by his business of slaughtering of calves and lambs and sucking pigs, and he begged she might be leniently dealt with and stated he had heard her husband, unable to keep his ever-increasing family any longer on fifteen shillings a week or to get higher wages, had emigrated to New Zealand there I suppose to find a home where at least he need not see Ms children starve before his eyes.

This pitiful tale touched all of us I think except the chairman who spoke sternly to the prisoner on the crime she had committed and gave her the short sentence of six months on account of the recommendation to mercy, and told her if she came there again she would be transported. So Bowlby retired between the policemen weeping bitterly thinking no doubt of her five small unfed urchins at home. I confess a misty sensation came before my eyes and not mine alone I expect. And this was the Catiline against whom a more than Ciceronian eloquence had been about to fulminate.

Then the grand jury came in again with other bills, and other cases were called on, but I had lost all interest for a time in them. I couldn't help thinking of Bowlby. When I went out to lunch I met the butcher, still with his thumbs at the top of his waistcoat, on his way to spend his pay as a witness at the nearest public and I asked him to look after the little Bowlbys in the absence of their mother and I gave him to his great surprise as a subscription towards that charity exactly the sum of two pounds four shillings and sixpence. So ended my first and perhaps my last case and that's what became of my first fee.

It is very late, early in the morning in fact, so dear old man I conclude. Do write to me if you can spare the time if it's only a few lines to say how you are doing and how your new governor gets on. Charles Buller wants to know particularly.—Yours, my dear Frank,

C. AUGUSTIN B.

Frank to Bampton.

WELLINGTON NEW ZEALAND *Feb.* 1847.

MY DEAR BAMPTON I feel your kindness in writing so often and giving me so many details of your life. I know you do it in hopes that it will take my thoughts away from myself God knows they are sad enough and could not be taken from a more wretched individual. Though I don't write often its not because I don't think about you. About the only thing I look forward to is hearing all about you and how you are getting on. Its some consolation to find every one is not so miserable as I am.

Don't be discouraged about briefs they'll come fast enough too fast soon I expect I shall see you Attorney-General of England yet I know, I suppose that's the height of your ambition. As for me I've no ambition. I go on doing what I've got to do in a poor sort of way. Its the same thing year after year. Our places

are improving by degrees but at any time the Maoris might get troublesome and do us a lot of harm. It wouldn't be our fault if they did nor theirs either. They are sometimes shamefully treated and robbed by the English, you cant wonder at their retaliating sometimes. If one tribe is badly used at one end of the Island they know of it all over the place directly and though we have got on very well with those about us I can see some of them look suspicious sometimes. We are the first Pakehas who have been in this part and they think we have come to make way for a lot more. Still if you do them any little kindness they are awfully grateful. I believe I might walk out of my place and be away for weeks and come back and find everything there just as I left it.

My partner wants me to buy him out he thinks he could do better right down in the South where they are opening up some very good land. I suppose I shall have to raise the money and take the whole place over and live quite alone. I could easily get the money from the Bank but we already owe a lot and the interest is so high it takes away most of our profit. However I shouldn't like to keep him here if he wants to go so I suppose before long I shall be left alone to muse on nature by myself. You may well talk about the fresh breezes its a wonderful place for them. You never saw such a place as Wellington where Im staying just now for wind its blow blow blow all the year round. I shall be sorry to lose Johnson though we havn't much in common hes not a bad sort of fellow. All his talk and all the talk of every one here in Wellington is wool wool it's the one perpetual subject of conversation that and grumbling at everything.

That debate at home did us a lot of good. The new Governor Cap. Grey is a fine fellow stands no nonsense from the missionaries or any one else. He's a liberal-minded energetic sort of man if he had only been here before things would have been very different. Theres a jolly old French priest comes along here sometimes. He left France Lyons I think some years ago he and about a dozen more they've done a lot with the Maoris. They scarcely know a word of English but speak Maori quite well. We couldn't get on much together in either French or English so we always talk Maori together. Doesn't it seem rum two people Pakehas as they call us coming from two places so near together in Europe and having to talk together in the unwritten language of these poor people. You may call it unwritten but these French priests have translated their prayers and hymns and things into Maori and taught a lot of them to read it and learn them off by heart. It did seem odd when I went with the Frenchman to the pah near our place and he had his service in the big whare where they meet to have their councils and big feasts and their sort of religion surrounded by the most curious carvings you ever saw awfully rough and ugly and a lot of them with meanings I suppose the good priest didn't understand for the Maori has a different sort of idea of whats proper and what isn't to what we are supposed to have. They went in for the prayers pretty well a few awfully religious and they sang out the hymns and things like anything to their own tunes some of them rather pretty tunes but when he began to preach the children began larking about the women began suckling their babies and the chiefs lay flat down on the ground and went bang off to sleep and snored loud enough to wake the dead there was no mistake about their being asleep and no rotten pretence they wern't asleep. The young fellows went bolt outside and stopped there yarning when they had enough of the sermon and didn't come back till the singing began again and then they came in like a shot. The old priest went on and didn't take any notice of it but cut his sermon rather short. He is a good old fellow perfect gentleman and although he's lived so long among them just like one of them and has to wash his own things he's as gentle and polite in his ways as though he'd lived all the time in a big town. I met the French Bishop in Auckland when I was there Monsignor Pompalier I think his name is an awfully polite hospitable old man I used to like to see him he looked so jolly and did a tremendous lot of good. But the man I like best of all out here is Bishop Selwyn my Bishop I call him to the French priests he's an awfully fine fellow. He was staying at our place lately he hadn't been in that part before and I took him right away up the country and had tremendous long yarns with him. I didn't say much about his missionaries to him nor he to me but I dont think he cares much about some of them. He's as strong and active as a well-bred horse and all the go in him of one. He's as different as possible to the whimpering missionaries. You should see him take off his toggery do it up on his back and swim a river and some of these rivers are no joke to swim over. The worst of it was when he went away I'd got to like him awfully I thought I could do any mortal thing for him but you can't tell a man that well. It was the best time Ive had for a long time when we were riding about together he can ride like anything. There was something to look at in him and listen to as different as possible to what there is in most of the people out here. I should like to have given the whole thing up and gone after him when he went away.

I think your friend Buller is too hard on the Maoris they are much better than people think. I have changed my mind about them a good deal. It's very difficult for outsiders to understand them. If you cheat them, theyll cheat you if whites lie to them they'll tell you lies. Pakehas sold them gunpowder which they're very anxious to get and give a lot for and put powder at the top and sand all the way down. Maoris couldn't understand it at first but when they found they were being done they began to cheat the Pakeha. And so it goes on. We killed and outraged a lot of them and they retaliated but never began it. They are perfectly just among themselves and if any one of them does do anything they think wrong they punish it directly. The tribe you see is something like a big family with a lot of land and servants in common if one happens to make anything or gets some money by

working for the Pakeha all the rest of the tribe think they've a right to share it with him. So some people who dont understand them think theyre thieves among themselves. They are awfully pure and good in that way among themselves. Its hardly known that any of them interfere with another's wife if one does the two are both killed straight off. The only thing I cant get over among them is the careless way they treat the old ones their father and mother. When they get old they turn them out to do as well as they can for themselves. I saw an old couple one day half starved living in a beastly sort of place trying to get fern roots to eat and I said to one of their sons why dont you look after your father better all he said was "Oh he too old he no good." As to their intelligence Buller isn't quite fair. Put a Maori boy and an English boy to school together and you'll find the Maori boy will learn much quicker. Some have been tried and got on wonderfully but they always go back after a bit to their wild way of living. I darsay they're right taking it altogether, anyhow they're happy and jolly all day long and awfully healthy.

Do you know Ive got awfully studious. Ive a Shakespeare and one or two more books and I read like anything. I want yon to send me an Italian dictionary and grammar and one or two Italian books. I promised Bishop Selwyn I would do something of the sort and I dont care about French it's too fiddle de de if you know what that is. Saunders is always at me to read Dante. Poor old Saunders I was awfully glad to hear your account of him, he sent me the kindest letter you ever read a long time a go and Ive never answered it I will some day I wish he would write again.

It isnt often I can rouse myself up to write and now Ive done it I feel all the better for it, and perhaps you will wonder when Im going to stop. Mind if they dont soon make you Attorney General at home you come out here. There's a lot of work for a good lawyer they say and you would soon get to the top, and when they begin to govern themselves as I expect they will some day you would be head of the lot I know. Now I must shut up.—Yours always old man,

F. LEWARD.

P.S. I had almost forgotten what I wanted to ask you or at least I didn't know how to do it, to get me some news of my mother. I have not heard for so long I dont know what has happened. The only news I have had was from our old man Bob and that nearly drove me mad I think I was mad for some time afterwards. I could only rush out by myself and stay out in the bush all night.

Bampton to Frank.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE, *Oct.* 5, 1848.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—How I wish you were with me here. For the first time in my life I am away from England and amongst castles of eld and mountains and Rhineland. I wonder whether there is any pleasure like this getting away from hard work in London and on circuit and going over with an amusing companion straight to Ostend and finding yourself in a land where all things are different to, and more interesting than, that you have been accustomed to all your life. We, Normanby and I, having looked on in luxurious donothingness for a short time at the assembled crowds at Ostend came on to lazy Bruges. There for three days we sauntered about the Grand Place and looked at the old red brick churches and the beautiful Memlings in the little room at the Hospital of S. John, where the good nuns nursed him and he repaid them in the best way a painter could by leaving them such works as raised my grovling soul heavenward, and appeared to be for richness and purity the noblest paintings I had ever seen. Then you know I have seen little besides our National Gallery and Lord Northwick's at Cheltenham. Lord Northwick's had too many Venuses and Cupids and allegoric paganisms to please me much. His dried-up Salvator Rosas did not interest me, only in spite of Ruskin whom I would generally follow as a humble disciple, I could not but admire his S. John the Evangelist by Carlo Dolci. But Bruges is Mediaeval and Christian and Catholic. When you see the good folks come to worship at the churches you see religion is a part of themselves, not as with us a something added on. How it goes along with them from their cradle, in every important act through life it comes in to sanction it and accompanies them shrived, made partakers of the highest mysteries, annealed with ceremonies used only at the final moment, and therefore the more solemn, to the tomb. And thus forwarded on their last journey it leaves them not alone, faith love devotion follow their departing souls and seek them out wherever they may be with unwearying prayer and cry after them for mercy, forgiveness, and delight. How different to our formal Protestantism which consigns good and bad alike to the grave with the same unmeaning words of praise and false comfort, which nobody believes, and goes away as though it dared not follow them, and as though the quality of God's mercy *was* strained and

could not be appealed to just then when it is most needed.

We listened to the Carillion ringing out nearly all the whole day long from the top of the tower where the golden dragon used to be before the men of Ghent ran off with it, as we took our cafe at the Panier d'Or, having generally dined at the Fleur de Blé. How the quiet place takes you back and back to the olden time to all the fuss and bustle of the fourteenth century when Bruges was one of the world's busy places. How come they on the scene again the old burghers, the Van Artewelds, their friends and foes. Froissart comes back once more enjoying his good cheer again and chats familiarly to us. Then to Ghent with its Van Eyks at S. Gudule, how satisfying! If I began about Brussels and all the other places we went to in Flanders I should never stop, so I had better not begin. After all the old pictures and buildings I wanted to go to Spa but Normanby scorned the idea. He said there was a double zero, which was something in his opinion so terrible I gave it up at once, and we went on to Aix la Chapelle and so to the Rhine at Cologne. Aix was full of people and some gambling was going on. Normanby went to see it while I visited the tomb of Charlemagne. Ruminating there on his life and death and burial it struck me what an epic might be made on such a subject as they put him, just where I was standing, in a palatial vault seated on his antique throne, in all his panoply of state, the gospel book open before him, a golden lamp to light his darkened eyes great hero of a vanished age, with his good sword *joyeuse* at his side. I limned in my mind heroic staves and had got to the actual entombment:

"And by his side they buckled on *joyeuse*,

But never more from out thy glittern sheath Shalt thou be drawn, O flashing sword. Thee shall no weaker arm than his e'er wield, So lie thou there and rust."

I got so far with my epic, to be entitled "The burying of Charlemagne." I don't suppose I shall ever get any further, for at that point came Normanby muttering something about double zeros and dragged me off to Cologne. I was disappointed with Köln and with its church. Too large and glaring it seemed to me to lack the spirit which generally consecrates mediaeval architecture—a spirit of modesty and gentle resignation, yielding to the world the palm of worldly excellence, while it retires from competition content to do good to be good and by God's help to make beautiful and useful things for His honour and the good of poor souls, to try tenderly to lift them up above themselves and right to the skies, if they will only assist a little in the effort. At Köln there is too much self-consciousness attempt to excel to make something larger than others have made. The result is German vulgarity and glare clothed in Gothic form. The tender grace of our unknown benefactors, who laboured all their lives to make something worthy of Him who made them, is wanting. As a retribution the thing that was to be perfection is unfinished, and appears to be-likely always to remain unfinished, unless some heretic power in the pride of wealth, with the spoils of better people and with a disdainful patronising air, comes and finishes it for them. This would be a fitting end of a bad beginning, it might be for a good warning, and teach a lesson to those whose object is not to be as good as they can be, but finer than others.

Perhaps this is all prejudiced rubbish. I confess to having got a little bilious over the Rhine wine when I was at Köln, and I do not like the North Germans. They are too much like the English, and I came away for a change. I get enough of the English at home. When I got on one of the new packet-boats which navigate the Rhine I soon recovered. Bohn with its studenten I did not care too much for, but then came Coblentz and we went right up the banks of the blue Mosselle on foot to Treves, and stayed at the Roth House. Then back again by boat. A far-off look lighted up old Normanby's eyes all the while, as though he had further distant projects ahead, all too deep to allow him to take a more than passing interest in the sights we saw. He looked on me as one on pleasure bent, while he had the business of life before him; something more real, more earnest, than the mere wandering pleasures of the tourist. He didn't say much, but I could see there was something great in his heart. I suspected what it was, and would not be hurried on too fast. Not Ehrenbreitstein, not even Lorlei nor all the other historic memories of the Rhine, could get from him more than a portion of his regards. So we passed them all. Asmanshauser, Johanisberg, Rudesheim, clothed with their vineyards, indeed did arouse for a moment his attention as though they were in some way connected distantly with his mighty projects, but the Schloss Rhinestein, whose massive walls, its miniature gardens, chapel, and fountain, the most complete specimen of feudal fortress, interested me more than I can say, were of small concern to him. We strolled, or at least I should have tried to stroll, through the Niederwald, if he hadn't forced me into a rapid pace, and then passing loved Bingen we came to Maintz. At Maintz I firmly insisted upon bathing in old father Rhine's rushing invigorating waters. We took a boat and plunged into its ice-cold stream, carried onward carried downward in its torrent delicious ineffable. We rose some two hundred yards below where we had plunged. Who wouldn't be a German and love the Rhine! From Maintz we went over the bridge of boats and drove to Wiesbaden. There we emerged from the Middle Ages and became modern once again. Normanby grew frantic with delight and I did not ignore the fleeting pleasures of the world, the open-air concerts, the warm autumn weather, even the dinners. We lived in the open air except when Normanby dragged me into the salons. What a scene! Men and women, old and young, many nations, crowding round the green cloth tables while the chink of money drove away thoughts of other things. Their faces what a study! Greed, avarice, lust of gold. Some seeking distraction

from themselves. "Trentesix rouge pair et passe." "Treize noir impair et manque." Such like cries all day long from the employés. Normanby did not play, though there was not a double zero; but he produced a large book in which, whenever I went into the spacious decorated rooms, I saw him working endless problems. I did the first day venture two or three thalers for amusement. At first I won, then I lost, then I gave it up. After three days of problem-working Normanby came home rather late and flushed and said he had found it. "Found what!" I said. "A system perfectly certain, but let us leave here." So we left next day. We walked right over the Taunus Hills to Hombourg, passing some pretty pastoral and mountain country, the people most courteous and polite. At Hombourg we found more open-air concerts, better dinners, larger crowds, finer Casino and other gambling saloons. Normanby produced his big book, which with our baggage had come round by Frankfort. Next day as I watched him I saw him stake and win and loose considerable sums. I got tired and went out to hear the band play and enjoy a refreshing bath in Hombourg waters. At dinner Normanby came home happy eager excited and ordered a grand dinner and insisted on having the most expensive wines, which he told me were all to go down to his separate account; of course I didn't object. Afterwards he let out that he had won considerably hinted that his fortune was made and held out hopes that I should not be forgotten. As we drank our café and smoked our cigars on the terrace looking out over those fine gardens whose illuminations were almost eclipsed by the full autumn moon I could almost fancy myself in fairyland so pleasant was the scene. There Normanby his honest old face lit up with a curious look like a mild Mephistopheles tempting Dr. Faustus revealed the secret of his success and discovered the talisman that should change his 300 a year into a fabulous large fortune. When he had won a little more he would increase his stake and make 400 a day easily. My non-mathematic mind could not follow and certainly could not refute his system, or understand the process by which he worked it out. Then he ordered more Schloss Johanisberger at the restaurant, and we returned to our inn to bed. His mind was too excited to play any more that night, but next morning after coffee and a bath his system was to be enforced coolly yet with vigour.

At dinner next night he came back looking fagged worn and old but quietly jubilant. Again he had succeeded. More Steinberg Cabinet and Johanisberg and another quiet evening. He said his calculations required so great an effort he could not play after dinner. Before we went back to bed, as we sauntered through the rooms among the crowd of gold-seekers, he pointed out one man with immense piles of gold before him, and told me his name which I forget. This man he said had several times broken the bank and had made enormous sums by his play, but though he had watched him carefully he could not discover what his system was. Perhaps he hasn't got one, I suggested, but that only showed my ignorance he said. In passing the Trente et Quarante table Normanby casually threw down a few Frederick d'or and invariably won, either he had the philosopher's stone in his pocket or his luck was extraordinary. "You see, old fellow," he said as we walked home, "how easily a mathematician can do it. After two or three months of this I shall most likely take a little schloss near here or perhaps at Baden-Baden and drive over for an hour or so every day, that will be time enough to win a hundred or two. Of course I shall spend the season in London one can't be working one's brains in this way all the year round. There will always be a room and a horse for you old fellow at the schloss Normanby and there's some fine deer-stalking at the Duke of Nassau's place. I expect too I shall want a little box in Paris, it *will* be jolly when you come over there to see me. By Jove, what dinners we shall have." "That comes from being a senior Op.," I said, "but don't make my water too much, I feel hungry already," so he insisted on deviled chicken and champagne and then we went to bed.

Poor Normanby he was at his post next morning with the punctuality of an old Roman soldier, but with different thoughts. Whether it was that he thought too much of his schloss on the Rhine or the little box and dinners at Paris I cannot tell, but about four o'clock in the afternoon when I had finished my reading for the day and was walking about the gardens I came upon the most forlorn wretched-looking Normanby that ever was."His eyes of all assurance razed," as Dante says, in idiotic despair. I couldn't help laughing heartily in which he joined wildly it was so absurd. I saw it all in a glance. It wasn't necessary to ask a question. I took his arm and after a little I ventured "All gone!" "Every stiver" he said. "What all the winnings of these latter days?" "Every stiver and that's not the worst all I brought has gone too." Then he ranted at everything, he hadn't kept to his system, he had made a mistake in his calculations, he thought there must be something he hadn't anticipated. He cursed his luck, he used very strong expressions about his luck.

So we went home early. I advised him to lie down and sleep it off, so he laid down and didn't come to dinner. I had only a modest glass of German beer that day, poor Normanby had no dinner at all, his appetite was gone as well as his money. Next day I got up at six ordered our bill and had to pay after all for the splendour of the last day or two, which came to a considerable sum. Then I roused Normanby and never shall I forget his look when he sat up in bed. In dreamland he had forgotten his losses, there he was still a Fortunatus and about to be the lord of chateaux and horses and happy shooting grounds, but when he was quite awoke and the reality of his situation came upon him all at once he groaned and laid down again. "We're off to Frankfort," I said, "I'm going to pack up your things." "Thanks" old man "let us get out of this place" he said, and dressed most

disconsolately, "but how about the bill?" he said. "Paid," said I. "Thanks old man," that was all he could say. So we left the dazzling scene, and I suppose the same whirligig went on and other Normanbys would come to forge as gorgeous visions of pleasure and splendour without toil, fair fleeting dream, to go away as sad at heart.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, this old free burgher town, is an interesting place, with the kaisers hanging round its Römer walls, an irony in the republican city whence old kaisers have long been banished, as I fear they must be from all the world some day. I have heard here for the first time in Germany the great school of German music, and I look with reverence and love at the house where Mendelssohn enjoyed much happy time. Great Mendelssohn, little more than two years ago I saw him at Birmingham conducting his new oratorio, the greatest work of genius I think this dull earth has heard for many a day; will it ever hear such another? And why should such a man just showing us what he could do, just rising to the maturity of his power, giving the highest delight to those whom his early works had educated, why should he just then be taken from us, and leave us so inadequately to imagine what he might have done? I remember how a tenor solo towards the end of the oratorio was being sung by a young singer Felix was so moved he could hardly go on conducting. Only such minds as his can realise and appreciate the sublimity of such productions. I had the pleasure and honour to meet him afterwards privately and heard him play, and accompanied him on my violin while he played a German air I am very fond of. Though he must have known the grandeur of his compositions and have felt the divine afflatus that inspired them, he was the most modest of men, charming companion, happy and genial. What would one not have given to know him well, to have been his friend!

Oct. 6th.—I had almost forgotten in my description of old towns and modern gambling places, and reminiscences of Mendelssohn, to tell you how things have been going on with me since I wrote last, and how it is I can afford to take this pleasant holiday. It is then in this wise. After I had gone Circuit some time and had got to know some of the leading juniors well they occasionally asked me to hold their briefs, or as the saying is to devil for them at Westminster, when having three or four cases on at the same time they found it difficult to attend to them all themselves. On one occasion I had been engaged all day in this way in a big case in which a good firm of solicitors were instructing my learned friends, and I had examined one or two witnesses, while the said friends were all out of court attending to other cases, and one of the said firm at the end of the day, to my great surprise, asked me where my chambers were, and said he wished to send me a brief in the morning so as to be certain of some one who would not leave him in the lurch, and in the morning sure enough the brief came with a respectable fee marked on it and I took greater interest than ever in the case. It lasted three days more, and afterwards they sent several instructions for pleadings and some briefs and I suppose were satisfied with my performances and perhaps mentioned me to other firms, for from that time briefs came in at shorter and shorter intervals. But the crowning point was on circuit when a young man and his wife, a delicate-looking young woman, were charged with murdering an old man and were undefended, and I happening to be in the criminal court the Judge asked me to undertake the defence. It certainly did look a bad case as the evidence for the Crown came out. The prisoners lived near the old man on a wild almost uninhabited part of the Yorkshire moorlands. It was known that he was miserly and had stored up a considerable sum of money. The young woman and the old man had been on rather intimate terms while her husband was away at work at a place about eight miles off. On the evening of the murder, according to the dying depositions of the old man, the young woman came into his cottage disguised and stayed there for some time talking, and while she was there a man, whom he believed to be her husband from his voice, came and knocked at the door and while the old man was opening the door he received a blow from behind on the back of his head which knocked him down and partly stunned him. When he came to he found the woman kneeling on him and to stop his cries she rammed her own hair down his throat with a short stick. The stick was afterwards found in the cottage, and was produced in court, covered with blood and with some hair sticking to it. The two people then went off, taking with them what money they could find and leaving the old man dying. In the morning some one passing heard his groans and having given the alarm his depositions were taken and he died. The female prisoner next day changed two cheques which it was proved the old man had lately received, and several pounds were found in the cottage where the husband slept when at work, and one witness swore that he had seen the male prisoner near the old man's cottage about four o'clock in the morning after the affair. This was the case for the prosecution, and it took all day. After it was concluded I saw both prisoners separately. He seemed a goodnatured stupid sort of fellow. She was a weak nice-looking young woman of 22, apparently incapable of any act of violence, and was nursing her second baby a child of not quite three months old. The man declared he had slept at the place where he was at work all the night of the robbery, that it was harvest time and two men slept in the same room with him, both of whom had come up voluntarily to give evidence, and that his employer saw him at work at five in the morning. He accounted for possession of the money by saying his wife had given it him when he went home on the Saturday night before to pay their rent with. The woman said she had found the cheques next day near the old man's cottage when she went, hearing he had been attacked, to see how he was, and as she was being pressed to pay a bill, when she heard the old man was dead and no one was likely to claim the money, she

used the cheques to pay it with.

The next morning I proceeded with the defence, and called the two fellow-servants of the man, who proved as he had said, then I called the employer, who proved he was up at five in the morning and found the prisoner at his usual work. The female prisoner's father, a respectable sort of man, proved that he had given his daughter ten pounds a few days before to help her pay her rent that was in arrear. I had got out of one of the witnesses for the crown who knew the poor old man that some strange woman had been seen about his cottage a little time before, and I made the most of that. I saw the employer's evidence had got rid of the case against the husband, and I made the most of the point that if the evidence against him which had seemed so strong had been shown to be unreliable, so the evidence against her should be looked upon with suspicion. As to the possession of the cheques, which was the feature in the case the most damning, what more probable that the real thief should have got rid of so dangerous a piece of evidence as a cheque as soon as possible by throwing it away as soon as he got outside, and what more likely than the female prisoner's story that she found them there, what more, conclusive proof of her innocence than the very fact that she dealt with those very cheques immediately after the robbery; would, I said, one with a guilty conscience have done so? If too I said you are of opinion that the man who was admittedly there just before the blow was struck was not the husband of this woman, and who can say he was, after the evidence of the two men who slept in the room with him all that night, how could the woman have been my client, what male accomplice could she have except her husband. I did on the whole pretty well, and what do you think old man I quoted that curious instance of hanging an innocent man on mere circumstantial evidence which you told us of when you were in Van Diemen's Land. I had to put it as a supposititious case, but trusting to your great discretion and veracity I added suddenly, "That once actually happened, and by a British jury sitting as you are now that man was judicially murdered." I think the jury was struck by it and they acquitted both prisoners, which I confess was more than I expected. The Judge was very complimentary in his summing up, and afterwards I got a good many defences. Thus in less than three years since I was called I am earning a very tolerable income and one that is likely to go on improving.

I must now stop this unconscionable long letter. Tomorrow we start homeward down the Rhine, then to Antwerp, where I look forward to seeing Rubens' great picture (how I dislike all I have seen of his yet!), and so back to London fogs and hard work. Write soon old man I want particularly to hear how you are getting on.—Yours as ever,

C. AUGUSTIN B.

P. S.—I have not been able to get any news from Southampton yet. I will do so as soon as I can and let you know.

Part V. *California and Australia.*

Frank to Bampton.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, *April* 1849.

DEAR OLD BAMPTON I feel more like myself again and more nearly happy than I have for years. Im writing from one of the most beautiful places in the world I should think. From the Heads to Sydney you are surrounded by jolly looking country. I don't know what the Bay of Naples is like Ive been reading about lately, but I dont believe it can be more beautiful than this. There are bays running up from the river all the way along and they are beginning to build houses among the green tropical looking trees all about and the jolly air and blue sky and fine weather is splendid. There are the most tremendous lot of jelly fish you ever saw in the water. Its a flourishing place and before fifty years are past I expect all these hills and bays will be covered with villas and houses. Now I must tell you how I come to be here. I was sold up at last. After Johnson left as as I think I told you I had to go on by myself. I paid Johnson £1000 besides what he put in and got it from the Bank. The improvements we had made were really worth more than double that. Then a drought came for once in a way it didn't rain up there for ever so long and the grass dried up and then the sheep died and the corn went off and the Maoris were starving and went off with a lot of the cattle that were left and the bank heard of it and got frightened and sent to say I must pay off my mortgage about £4000. So I went and saw the manager who put on a very long face and said his directiors had told him to get the money at once, or do something or other a word I

forget but I daresay you know. I hadn't had a good laugh these seven years or more but I really did laugh out loud right in his face. I fancy he thought my losses had turned my head he didn't know the relief I felt when I knew it had actually come and what I had been looking out for for some time was going to happen and I was going to be let off leading the life I had lead the last seven years through no fault of my own. It was like what I fancy a prisoner feels when he is let out of prison. So they took the place and when the drought's over and places go up the beastly bank will make a lot out of it. God bless them I look on them as the best friends I have had for a long time. Johnson when he heard about it came to Wellington. He is doing very well down in the South and offered to help me pay off the mortgage but I said no thank you Ive done with New Zealand in this world. He even wanted to return the thousand which was very good of him for a thousand to him stands for double that to most people hes awfully fond of it. Hes a very good sort of fellow though and will some day be a rich man out here.

The Bank gave me *£60* to go on with and after a bit when I had seen my men and boys were all right I joined a ship getting up a crew and cargo for California. I suppose you've heard all about the rush of people there. They say they are starving in the midst of gold. You can get pretty nearly anything you like for corn or potatoes or any mortal thing to eat. I joined as first mate of this old hulk the Sandfly they call her. You know Ive no right to go first mate but you can go as anything you like to California. The Captain is an old fellow and must have been a smart sailor in his day and a gentleman hes been dead drunk the whole way so far and hes drunk now below and Ive had to take charge of the old tub. We've a rum lot of sailors thieves from all parts and we've called in here to get some more.

Our cargo is peculiar, rice from India and rum from Demerara via Hobart Town potatoes from the Huon in Van Diemens Land corn from New Zealand live stock and anything else we can get here.

We put in at Aukland and Bishop Selwyn came on board to say good-bye. What a good man that is. I was a little sorry to leave some of the people I had got to know at Wellington but the Bishop seems to belong to an old lot at home and like a sort of link with a life I might have led. He came to see me off at five in the morning and went a little way with us. Even our crew blaguards as they are gave him three cheers as he went off in the pilot boat its wonderful how the lowest blaguards in the world respect a thorough bred gentleman. While we were going down the bay he went up to the bosun the only respectable sailor weve got who was at the wheel and asked him how the wind was. The simple old ass has a tremendous respect for any sort of parson he was in the navy once but he had never spoken to a Bishop before and got as red as fire and didn't know what to call him, he knew the Chaplain was your reverence but he didn't know what a Bishop was so he gave him the highest title he could and stammered out "Sou sou West my Lord Jesus Christ" to the great astonishment and horror of the good Bishop. I soon forgot saying good-bye when I was once more at sea. By Jove how jolly to feel yourself afloat knocked about by the waves and going right ahead with the breeze. I almost forgot the bothers I had had in New Zealand when the fresh spray and the jolly wind came bang in my face and we scudded on the old tub creaking like anything. I felt something like what we felt when we first left England when I and old Jones ran away. I wish he was here I often wonder where he is now poor old Jones. Say what you like old man this is better than farming or law either, and I bid farewell to New Zealand I hope for ever. It will be a great place in time but not for me. Some latin lines I learnt by heart at Upton came back to me as we stood out from Aukland from Horace arn't they about Teucer and Salamis, Cras ingens iterabimus aequor and auspice Tevcro and all that and founding a new home somewhere else. That reminded me I had tried and failed and I wasn't sorry I had failed. Now old man good-bye we are off again for California in a day or two in the meanwhile I have my time pretty well taken up looking after the old man and the sailors. Ive got the Italian books you sent and mean to go at them if we are becalmed in the tropics. I will write again from San Francisco.

Dont forget my request in my last letter I cant hear anything Yours

F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October* 1849.

DEAR OLD BAMPTON Just a few lines to tell you we have got here for a wonder for I had to do all the navigating myself the old man wasn't the least use. It is smooth almost all the way. We went close by the Navigator Islands a bleak rugged looking place from the sea. After we got through the tropics pretty well we put into Honolulu. That is a jolly little place the people are the most simple easy going race you can imagine

they came down to the ship with garlands of yellow flowers round their hats. We were introduced to the King Kamehamehamehaw or something he is as black as ink but very polite. I and a young fellow on board took a trap and drove right across the neck of land where the Town is and came out on the top of some high land and had a splendid view of the flat country and the sea on the other side. All the way along were bananas, the same we got in Demerara or something like them when I was there and guavas growing wild and the people all seemed pleased to see you. The women on horseback like men. Then there were cocoanut-trees and a lot of other tropical trees looking awfully pretty and cool. When we left a lot of dark well made boys swam out after the ship to say good-bye and dive for the money we threw them. I was sorry to leave them and promised to go back some day.

I suppose that beautiful Island will be spoilt before long if California goes on increasing. The girls are very simple-minded they come out at night and dance their native dances and are almost too good-natured considering the set of men we have on board. The language sounds very much like Maori and some words are the same.

It took us a month more getting here. This is a strange place it beats everything I ever saw. It was founded by Spanish Missionaries who came to convert the Indians and built churches and convents and schools and taught them to plant vineyards and orchards and corn and did a lot of good they say. It belonged to the Spanish Mexicans then now it's part of the United States and a nice sort of government it is. Its chiefly canvas very few wooden houses are up yet but they soon will be. It's the highway to the gold fields and filled with an extraordinary crowd of all the neer do wells in the world and some pretty clever people too who might do well if they liked. I suppose I'm in the first lot so I must adopt their ways.

Our men have all bolted and left the old man and myself and the old bosun to take care of the ship. It's impossible to get any sailors here they only laugh at you if you try and if we could there's no cargo to take back. Everything that comes here is greedily devoured and nothing goes away but gold so we are going to lay the old tub up and look out for ourselves. We made lots of money on the trip and I got a share. The captain I expect will stop in town till hes drunk all his money I dont know what he will do then. The bosun says he hates landsharking and such a beastly lot of gold and he'll soon get a ship somewhere. As for me like every one else Im off to the diggins tomorrow so good bye for the present. If Im alive and not shot III write again when I get a chance. If you send a letter to the Blow House San Francisco, it is a blow house, I may get it when I come back. Do send me an answer to my question. I feel almost happy again at the thought of going to Sierra Nevada and new country Yours

FRANK LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

MONTE ROSA, SACRAMENTO, CALL. *May* 1850.

DEAR OLD BAM YOU should see me here it beats everything such a pandemonium. It's a good thing I got accustomed to pretty rough work on the whaler and in New Zealand this is worse you never saw such a lot of scoundrels. We had to get from Frisco to Sacramento as well as we could the river's beastly unhealthy and a lot have died from fever. Then up the Sierra Nevada and to work in the gullies. Hundreds of roughs with their boxes getting alluvial dirt and panning it off or with cradles. It's rum how rough the work is and yet they don't loose half as much as you'd think. If you come on anything good you must keep it to yourself or your nugget your tent and all your worldly goods self included will be gone somewhere by the next morning. It isn't so hard to get it it's the keeping it when you've got it makes the difficulty. You can make from one pound to a hundred a day according to your luck but what to do with it is awkward and to get food. We're all under canvas and when it rains it does. Sometimes you cant get food for love or money. Then we have to go down to the nearest place and there are scenes good God not a woman in the place. I should like Normanby to see the sort of gambling here. Faros the game they like thats very simple but there are a lot of others played. In Faro a pack of cards are laid on the table the banker has another pack in a tin sort of box back upwards you put your money on any card you fancy on the table and the banker turns up a card from bis pack for himself and then one for the players. If you have your money on a card the same as the one he turns up for himself you loose and he takes your money if it's on a card like the one he turns up for the players you win and he pays you. The chances are very nearly

equal if it's square but very few tables are square. It's curious what excitement gets up and what rows go on besides all the yelling and swearing pistols generally add a good deal to the row and harmony of the proceedings. I've known lots of men who'll work like anything for a month and make a lot up to their middle in water all day pretty near and have hardly anything to eat and go off and loose every penny in one night and come back as cheerful as possible and go on again the same way for another month and so on month after month. They go on playing the whole night till broad daylight and the fellow who keeps the room will keep ordering liquor and cigars and anything you like all the time and its handed round freely. I could give you a lot more descriptions of the scenes that one sees about and the shooting and fights but I don't suppose you would care about them they are not the best specimens of men here though Ive met with some very good fellows with awfully rum histories. It does seem strange sitting round the fire outside our tents hearing some of them talking of their people at home and what they've seen

I must stop now I only wrote this to tell you where I am in case you have any news to send me Yours old man

FRANK LEWARD.

Miss Herbert to Frank.

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—It is such a long time since we heard anything of you we hardly know where you are or what you are doing. It is only through Mr. Saunders, your old master at Upton, that we understood you had left New Zealand, where we thought you were getting on so well, and had gone to California.

My dear Frank, I have very sad news to tell you, and I pray that you may receive it submissively, and that it may be allowed to be the means of chastening your spirit and of directing you to take a more serious view of life and of its responsibilities. Your good father and my long revered friend and brother departed this life on the 7th of this month. He had been in a feeble condition for some time, and the recent outrageous attempt of our ancient enemy the Pope, assisted by that bad, vile man Cardinal Wiseman and all the Jesuits, who I have reason to know are now swarming over this devoted land in a hundred different disguises, to forge anew for Britain the yoke which our Protestant ancestors threw off for ever, caused him the greatest horror and dismay. Weak as he was in health he roused himself in spirit, wrote constantly to the Protestant press throughout the land, corresponded incesantly with the evangelical clergy, summoned meetings in this town, and contemplated heading a deputation of Protestant laymen to Lord John Russell. That nobleman's glorious letter of the 4th, in which he showed that though all other craven politicians might be under the dread spell of the Papacy he was not, and in which he vindicated the cause of right against the machinations of the evil one, rendered the deputation unnecessary.

On the 5th, a day ever to be remembered by all true Christians, the feeling of the land had been thoroughly aroused. Meetings were held here, at which strong resolutions were carried, your father being always the leading spirit; and at night, in spite of cringing people in authority who endeavoured to prevent it, effigies of the man of sin and his scarlet cardinal were privately burnt All this virtuous excitement and righteous indignation was too much for your good, dear father; he was seized with a fit on that night, was worse next day, and on the 7th he expired, as truly a martyr to the cause of the Reformation as those whom the Inquisition burnt at Smithfield. He was unconscious for some time towards the end, but his last feeble words whispered to me were, "Jane, man to man, shoulder to shoulder." However much I must deplore the loss of this noble-minded friend, I feel he could not have died in a nobler cause, and I trust that upon *both* his sons his prophetic mantle may be allowed in a large measure to descend. Your mother is now inhabiting the Glades with me as she has done for sometime past, and whither I must now return. She, poor thing, is quite unable to realise the loss she has sustained. Your brother Arthur and his wife are overwhelmed with grief, the more so as there had been latterly some coldness between them and your father, owing to Arthur's opinion that it was inexpedient to take active measures against the Romanists at present. For my part, I cannot understand such lukewarmness in such a cause; were I a man, I would be the first to fire their idolatrous temples.

Arthur has just returned from the funeral which was largely attended. On Sunday last Mr. White preached a magnificent sermon, in the course of which he alluded to your father and all his acts of philanthropy and said

that in the cause of the slaves he had been as instrumental as many whose names were more often heard of in connection with that noble work, and that in these days of timid Protestants and bold papists, we could ill afford to loose such a champion of pure Protestantism.

I hope, my dear nephew, we shall hear from you soon, and that you are leading a more settled life. Beware, O my child, of the Jesuits, who I doubt not glide insidiously about even in the wild regions of California. As for us here, I do not think we are safe for a moment. Our lives are in our hands, and the whole island may any day be sent into the air. I *know* they are planning some such scheme; even in our beds we are not free from fear. Pope and inquisition at full work in Protestant England haunt our dreams. Our only hope is in the wisdom and firmness of Lord John.—I am, your affectionate aunt,

Mr. Saunders to Frank.

WOODBINE COTTAGE, RYDAL WATER, WESTMORELAND.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Though so far away you are not absent from my thoughts, and though you never write to me I often hear of your wonderful migrations and doings from Bampton, and right glad I am when I do get any news of you however strange the news may be. We did think you were settled in New Zealand becoming a Cræsus of the new world, I may say of the very newest world, and suddenly we find you delivered over to the extortioner and obliged to fly on woven wings over the warm Pacific amongst South Sea-Islands and brown islanders to what used in my young days to be called the new world before such people as you went about discovering newer. Whether my boy you are in the old world with us or seeking golden ore in the new with a reckless band of wild adventurers believe you have always warm friends waiting anxiously to hear from you and ready to welcome you when your return.

Bampton is getting on splendidly. I met one of the leaders of his Circuit who was passing this way lately, and he told me Bampton was looked upon as one of the most promising juniors, and whenever I hear from him he seems labouring under a burden of briefs. I saw him in London lately. He is comfortably settled in charming chambers in the Temple, and though overworked by day and not averse to society at night, I found he managed to do a great deal of good privately, and there is scope for that in London.

After I left him, I went to Bath at his request. He thought I might be able to fulfill your mission better than he could. My dear boy it was a sad mission. I suppose you have guessed the whole truth before now. Your mother has been living at the Glades with Miss Herbert for some time. I had a long interview with Miss Herbert. Then I visited your mother in her room. She was looking well but she did not know me. For a moment when I spoke of you and how I had known you from your childhood and of your school-days at Upton she looked up wistfully, as though some cord in her heart had been struck, then she burst into tears and I was obliged to leave. The scene was extremely affecting.

In fine weather they say she sits for hours in the little summer-house they call the Hermitage which looks over the plain, with Bath in the distance. She will not allow any one else to come near it. She says she is keeping watch there for her son who has gone away but is coming back. This idea seems to have taken possession of her mind and only when spoken to on that subject will she converse. At other times she is silent.

Miss Herbert gave me a bad account of your Father's health, you have no doubt since heard of his death. *Nil nisi bonum* Frank remember he was your father.

Your brother prefers to live at Southampton, and that arrangement seems the wisest.

I am afraid this letter will seem most mournful, but truth is better than lies, and I have told you all.

"O, nostra vita, ch' è si bella in vista,
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'aquista,"

Have you read any of Petrarch's sonnets in *morte di Madonna Laura?* Shall I send you them? They are very beautiful. Do try and keep up some little love of literature, it is such a comfort in loneliness and sorrow to have the great souls of the past come forth from their stillness to talk to you, and they are so generous they will do it for the asking. Farewell my dear boy never let too long an interval pass without writing either to me Or to Bampton.—Your old and affectionate friend,

A. M. SAUNDERS.

25 *Nov.* 1850.

Frank to Mr. Saunders.

SAN FRANCISCO, *June* 51.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS I have just got your letter and others from Bampton and Aunt Jane. Letters are very irregular here and I havn't been to this place for a long time. It was the first I heard about my Father the mixed feelings it brings makes me feel rather wild. I am going to leave this place I have got beastly tired of it and made more money than I know what to do with. I don't think I should ever care much about money especially now. I am going to send it to Bampton to give away if he likes to people who want it more every body's got as much as they want here, or to lay it up for my old age or partly the one and partly the other just as he likes.

Many thanks more than I can say for your kindness. I had guessed the truth about my Mother now what shall I do. Is there any use in my coming back to see her. I am afraid she wouldn't know me that's what I dread more than anything. I wouldn't mention it to any one else. It's all my fault what a happy life she might have lead if it hadn't been for me if such a worthless beast had never been or if I hadn't gone off from school. What shall I do? The only time I ever feel happy now is when I'm afloat. I'm going to get a ship and go from here. There are lots of ships come in from Australia and the difficulty is to get any one to take them back. Fancy I'm 29 and I don't feel a bit older than when I was at Upton though they say I look double as old as' I am. It's difficult to get any one here to navigate a ship. I shall work at navigation on the voyage and try to pass and perhaps take up with the sea altogether and go again to civilized parts for a change. Any one can do pretty much what they like here they don't ask questions but they are getting awfully particular in British dominions. I havn't forgotten my Italian I'll tell you why up at the diggins you can't get books but there are some Italians my aunt Jane would be in an awful funk if she knew because they are Jesuites. I should like her to see the difference between them and the Church Missionaries in New Zealand. The priests are always welcome because they're such jolly and sensible sort of fellows. We used to talk Italian at least they used to talk to me and taught me. They don't seem to mind what they go through so long as they can do any good and the old Spanish Missionaries are just the same they live like the poorest people and don't want anything for themselves and don't bother you about things like those beggars in New Zealand were always trying to do.

I hope you will write to me again soon but I don't know where I shall be for a long time.—I am yours very affectionately,

FRANK LEWARD.

Bampton to Frank.

GARDEN COURT, TEMPLE, LONDON, *May* 1, 1851.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Saunders told me he had written to you, so I thought it unnecessary especially as there is not much news except what you will see in the papers about six mounths after the events they record. I am never quite certain either that anything I write will reach you. I send this to San Francisco perhaps if you have left California they will send it after you. The great Exhibition is the great topic of conversation here, opened to-day. A frightfully ugly building in Hyde Park spoiling the look of my only exercising ground, and filled with all manner of ugly things. Old Sibthorpe of Lincoln has been abusing it in the House splendidly, he is one of those who are said to be behind the age, and so he is a long way too, and I wish I was still further as far as art is concerned, for if competition is to be the motive power of art one must give up hopes of beauty, and without beauty I know not of what use art can be. You know I am not a Tory. I am sometimes charged with being a utilitarian, and in many ways I am one, but if this must be a utilitarian age, and there is no use running your head against the spirit of the time, all the more need of hightest art and truest beauty to come in to gladden what would otherwise be a sorry world indeed. Now to get true art and highest beauty we must look to the past To

the present and the future perhaps for our utilitarianisms and sciences, but for the elevating forms which we want more than ever, and must go on wanting more and more, for that we must look to the past, and to recall even in the faintest way the vanished beauty of old times we should endeavour to imitate the spirit which inspired it. That was not the spirit of great Exhibitions and emulation but of quiet thought and true holiness. "There can be no music in the soul of a man who is sinful" said an old monk whose old book on music I happened to come across once, so there can be no beauty in competitive exhibitions. Very useful perhaps for machinery, and many modern useful manufactures, for drains and chemicals and such like, but when your painter your decorator your sculptor or your architect exhibits in a Crystal Palace side by side with his rival, the result is a mediæval court debased statuary and a vulgar glass fountain.

I got a ticket however for the opening and saw the lords and potentates of earth from our Queen downwards and heard some execrable music. It has been a beautiful day and coming away rather tired and weary, of it all, through the park swarming with people of all nations, I met Macaulay who was good enough to stop to speak to me. He was walking with a great swell of the *beau monde* one Greville by name, Punch Greville, called by his familiar friends and clerk to the Privy Council—a man who knows everybody living, and has known many people who are dead and sometimes well-nigh forgotten. He is going they say some day to publish his experiences, and some expect we shall read of not a few funny things.

I had not seen Macaulay to speak to since I met him last in poor Charles Buller's rooms three years ago shortly before his death and I didn't suppose he would remember me. However he greeted me most affec-tionately, recollected exactly where we had met before, and spoke of our friend and of all the hopes that lie buried in his grave. I walked with my head somewhat higher after talking with the great-little common-looking man. It was amusing to see Greville listening to him something like Boswell and Johnson.

I have not much time to write now but to-day is a holiday. I am as busy as possible, overdone with work. I have only time to send you these few lines to show you we often think of you, not that I suppose you want any evidence of that. I am such a big person now I keep a horse and ride in the Park every morning before breakfast, it's the only exercise I can get. To-morrow is your birthday indeed perhaps as where you are you are a day different to us they say, and things get so altered when people like you go so far away, it may be your birthday now; whether it is or not and whenever it may be that you may have many happy ones, happier in the future than I fear they have been lately in the past dear old man and that before long we may meet again is the frequent hope of your old friend,

C. A. B.

Frank to Bampton.

COCKS CAMP NEAR BALLARAT AUSTRALIA, *Christmas-day*, '51.

DEAR OLD BAM We've knocked off work on this broiling hot day and I'm sitting down to write a few lines at our beastly dirty rickety small table covered with pannikins and tin plates out of which we've just drunk our tea and eaten our Christmas plum dough. The other fellows are asleep outside the hut in the shade. It's so long since I wrote I forget where I was Frisco I suppose. We got to Melbourne in October and found a devil of a row going on worse even I think than they were in Frisco in some ways. I put in there once before in 39 I think on our way back from Van Diemens Land the first time. There was only a small bit of a place then which had been started a year or two before by a fellow named Batman from Launceston. Now its covered with buildings of all sorts and new ones going up as fast as they can put them up. The place is swarming with emigrants coming as fast as the ships can bring them, and the poor beggars don't know what to do when they get there most of them have nowhere to go to theres no room for them anywhere, a good little merchant turned his store into a sort of sleeping-place and I saw I should think 50 families all huddled up together on straw anything for a night's lodging till they could get up the country you never saw such a sight in your life. I had lots of money so I got a bullock cart and six good bullocks and started over the bush for this. I managed to take two families just out and some young fellows only the women and children allowed to ride the rest had to walk. I had done something like it in California so it was nothing new to me, and we had lots of rations. At night we rigged up a tent and made a fire and damper and boiled our tea in a tin billy and got on splendidly. The men had to sleep under the waggon. Any man with a waggon and team of bullocks who knows how to get along a bush track such as it is can make a lot now. Its awkward when you come across a big gum tree over the track you must go round it if the scrubs too thick for that or other trees are in the road the only way's to stop and cut the tree up

that takes a tremendous time.

Every one's off to the diggins. There are a lot of old chums about from Van Diemens Land and New Zealand so I'm quite at home. All Van Diemens Land seems here or coming even old baccy Edwards is speculating in land and lending money to the people in Melbourne to help them get up here at a hundred per cent he's making a tremendous lot of money, then he gets the gold from the diggers and stops the pay if they owe him anything till its cleared off and takes it down to Melbourne with a lot of peelers and gets about 50 per cent on that but of course he's liable to be stuck up any day.

The diggins are carried on just about the same as in California. You shovel the dirt into what they call a cradle and throw the water on the top with a billy and rock the cradle and that washes the dirt out and the gold sinks to the bottom of the cradle. Sometimes you just put the dirt into a pan holding about twenty pounds and you let the water run over it and give a peculiar shake you can only get by practice a sort of roundabout lateral motion and you let the water wash away the dirt or if it's stony you throw away the stones and you find the gold at the bottom left behind in the pan. A pan of rich dirt will give as much as an ounce of gold. It's awfully exciting work going out prospecting sometimes you come on big nuggets and sometimes you dont find anything for days together.

Its a free jolly sort of life under canvas but awfully hot just now and all the grass is being dried up everything looks parched up and the dust when there's a hot wind by jove its fearful they call it a brick fielder it seems to blow red hot pieces of red brick nearly as big as a pea right into your skin and the dust in your eyes makes them swell up you can hardly see out of them. We shall be stopped soon I expect from want of water and have to shift our camp nearer the stream.

We're making a lot of money and most of them spend it as fast as they make it. The chief object with most is to get down to Melbourne to have a spree that means getting drunk till its gone then they come back and do some more work. Australia's a wonderful country. I am going to get Edwards to send you off another lot of money to do the same with as before. I can't write any more now its so beastly hot and I'm so sleepy Yours old man

FRANK.

Same to the Same.

BENDIGO, AUSTRALIA, *May* 1853.

DEAR OLD BAMPTON It's my birthday so to keep it I write to you. I'm 31 and nothing done but get a lot of gold I dont want. I'm going to send it to you to do with as you did with the last. When land round Ballarat was getting pretty well used up we had a tremendous row with this beastly government. They wanted every miner to pay so much down every year to them for the right of mining. Now if it hadn't been for the miners the place wouldn't have been in existence at all. The miners made the place and now they are to be made to pay for doing it to the Government who are too lazy to work for themselves. We've had all the hard work and made the place and now they are to have all the profit. Besides that it's the way they do it. The miners wouldn't mind paying a pound or two if the Government are in want, but they send up a lot of loafing impertinent brutes of police who can stick you up whenever they like and if you don't happen to have your licence as they call it about you they can march you straight off through the place and put you in the lock up. I saw three of them taking one Irishman like that. They had got him down and handcuffed him, he kicked and swore like anything and I told them straight out I wouldn't stand it and a lot of Irishmen, they're the best lot out here, got together and went at the peelers and got the fellow away. There was an awful row we had to defend ourselves as they got a lot more peelers down and one Irishman an awfully clever fellow got his arm shot off. Then I had to clear out, so I came on here and this place is richer than the other. The soil about here is poor sandy sort of stuff but in some of the parts we passed through coming from Ballarat its very good country.

This colony will be a splendid place some day if it's properly managed. Besides the gold, it will be a great place for sheep and corn. I expect too they'll find gold a long way down when they try far enough. All we find is alluvial on the surface or a short-way down and the nuggets are worn by water showing they have been washed down from somewhere. I shouldnt be surprised if the ground under us is full of quartz. If it is there is no end of gold in the place.

Im getting rather tired of gold mining and I expect I shall start on my travels again before long Yours old man

FRANK LEWARD.

Bampton to Frank.

THE TEMPLE, *Oct* 31, 1853.

DEAR MANIKIN.—Only manikins now in this world time was when there were men now only diminutive little men, grotesque little men, great men gone, fled away into clouds, got buried in earth and not come up again in any form. Lying little men too most of them as it seems to me sitting in courts called legal hearing them lie poor manikins. Not lying either like harlot Rahab for sake of others, to save them, these lies only for small advancement or imagined gain to the hurt loss ruin and destruction of other manikins, these lies in courts called legal. One Saunders greater manikin than most, diminutive sometimes almost disappearing there, and leaving man or its resemblance—such an one hath lately read to me missive or despatch of thine sent over liquid combination of things called gases by manikins for want of a better word, which gases when combined in certain quantities also called water, floating about on small globular surface orange shaped and more less indented, and thought to be large by manikins, small really, only large compared to manikins, from other side said globular surface hath come missive or despatch of thine writ in other fluid, colour black.

And so poor Manikin to grey moist matter shut in thy dome of bone called skull to thy convolutions of grey matter called will and sometimes hope and wish and sometimes fear and dispair when other liquids colour red cause by their rush grey matter to set a working, sometimes also called thought and life, this said life hath seemed not to have been made much of, quite thrown away and gone all these cycles of thirty periods of days containing three hundred and sixty-five days each, more or less, nothing to show to self or gazing crowds for all these days uncountable by me having to read many lies so that the "me" may arrange them well and make them seem not to be lies at all but true. For in Courts called legal sitteth manikin dressed in red robe sometimes and sometimes grey and sometimes black having hair of horses on his head to hide his own hair of asses and near him sit twelve other manikins in common dress no hair of horses stuck on them only their own asses hair as all may see. And before these so covering their nakedness must come this manikin and another like to him having robe always black and horses hair upon their heads, and in return for certain golden counters placed or to be placed in palms itching for such like, say, and try hard to make red robed manikin believe, and the twelve black-clothed believe, that he who hath caused said counters so to be placed hath not lied and that other non-giver he lieth furiously.

Alas poor manikin so groping just beneath outside or rind of orange shaped globe seeming large for stuff whereof said counters be made, stuff looking yellow and being less pervious to certain acids than most other stuff, all this is as nothing to thee, though thou findest much hidden there—placed there indeed for thee to find perchance—mere wasted time, utter nothingness, not to be spoken of, quite gone passed away, forgotten. What then shall we say of this poor manikin. To make twelve manikins in a box believe one manikin lieth not who lieth terribly, or perhaps that other lieth who lieth not; whats that?

But to our business. Thy twice one thousand pounds weight of silver or thereabouts expressed mostly for sake of brevity by said golden ore stamped upon with female effigy representant of majesty and glory and government of Britain, counter so stamped representant too of other gold fumbled for and found by thee on other side globular orange shaped floating mass of something somewhere, hath lately gone to swell thine already swelling hoards of gain. One thousand pounds weight in silver hath also gone in aid to small Welsh manikin for sake of distinction there foolishly called Jones, most other manikins in that small portion of globe being likewise so distinguished or attempted so to be by other manikins mostly fools, as must be evident to thee. Such Jones not much more or better distinguished by the prefix or addition Lloyd, and living in a still smaller sub-division of said smaller portion name quite unpronouncable and unwritable by me. This Jones is thereby and by thee aided in his constant efforts to bring to light from out dirt or stuff by which said portion of globe is covered more green coloured vegetables, afterwards turning yellow and then cut down having first pushed forth from end or head thereof certain bunches or so called ears of seed by manikins too called corn. Which corn being crushed or powdered produceth a whitish flour much helping manikins to move about their

forked and other contrivances and altogether prevent them from becoming mere stinking nothingness masses of corruption and skeletons. Said Jones to return every twelfth month forty five pounds weight of silver as usufruct of said one thousand pounds for the use of a manikin to whom I indite this letter. Other one thousand pounds at the same time entrusted to me for expenditure for his or other's advancement in this world or next, hath all been delivered without requirement of usufruct now or hereafter, at least in any metal form, to society or club of manikins feeling strongly said "ikin" dogging them about and hiding out of sight the man, and trying hard to shake it off so as to leave them merely man, and wishing that their time of moving forks about said orange shall not be passed in vain, help manikins living for the most part in aggregation of small brick huts most unwhole-somely, huts not large enough for manikins, and for what proceedeth or is exuded out from same, in place called London mere collection of ant hills, and living chiefly in part called East end thereof, to quit forever said huts and going into boxes made of cut down trees cunningly put together so as more or less to keep out intrusion of water, which boxes being placed on aforementioned water and manikins being entered into them certain other fluids floating more or less quickly over head sometimes one way sometimes another shall perchance in time push or carry with them webs of canvas seeming large and extended on seemingly tall other trees cut down and stuck up and out of above mentioned boxes, and pushing them shall push and push till they shall have pushed webs sticks boxes manikins and all to other side said orange before spoken of—so that they do not push too hard and overturn boxes and cause poor manikins to find their forks and other portions of that which goes to make them what they are sinking helpless in said underlying fluid sometimes also called water.

For manikins finding it hard to move forks about in East end from want of enough flour there, and much of the rind projecting hereabouts called England being altogether taken by a few manikins called landlords, to exclusion of all others, and who have already too much corn and will not hear of others who have none, not being landlords, nor having gold or silver, coming to grow a little for themselves, so such not being landlords must go in boxes over sea till they be pushed to other lands projecting forth from other portions of said sea where there be fewer landlords and all be able to get corn and flour, and masticating too the carcasses of brute beasts and gulping down result of mastication become more strong of arm and strong of fork having now within them portions of the strength of said brute beasts a thing unheard of here by any not having taken other's land nor possessing gold or silver.

Thus thy life oh little man hath not been altogether wasted, hath not at least been spent in Courts called legal, but hath enabled many and their wives and childern to seek for happier shores, and thus thy fruits of toil fumbling about beneath the rind of earthy orange hath not all been used upon thyself but much on others, and so thy breed of barren gold grows big with blessings.—From a tired sleepy foolish manikin called for distinction

C. A. BAMPTON.

Frank to Bampton.

ALEXANDRIA, *Feb.* 25, 1854.

DEAR OLD BAM Only a few lines to let you know where I am now and what I am going to do next most likely. I thought you would like to know. As I told you I got awfully tired of Australia and as I made enough there to live on for some time besides what I sent you I thought I might as well see a little more of the world. I came in a sailing vessel to Ceylon and then came to Suez by steamer, as a passenger. I amused the sailors awfully I couldn't help thinking I must go up on watch or be hauling away at the ropes, it did seem odd being a passenger. Its a lazy life a passengers is on a ship doing nothing all day but eat and sleep away as much time as possible. At night I was always up for the first watch. It was splendidly fine in the Indian Ocean and we had a good monsoon. It was fearfully hot in Ceylon. I like Colombo pretty well something like the Sandwich islands only hotter I don't think I could live there long. I didn't care much for the P. and O. steamer from Ceylon though there were a lot of officers going home from India.

Since we have been here we've been excited by news of war with Russia and yesterday we heard 10,000 English troops were on their way to Constantinople. This looks as if we really meant something and though I dont know much about the wrongs or rights of it I should like to go and see whats up in Turkey.

The Indian officers on board ship said it was to protect India, to me that seems all rot. Whats Turkey got to do with India. If you are so anxious about India take this place and govern it properly. I don't think the people here would object, and you might let the Russians do what they like with Turkey.

I hope I shall be able to get a passage on to Constantinople soon. I will write from there. I've no time now to tell you anything about what I've seen in Egypt though I might write lots, I will some other time. —Yours old man

F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

MISSERIES HOTEL, CONSTANTINOPLE, *Aug.* 1854.

DEAR OLD B. Im still in this place and getting beastly tired of it. I left Alexandria in March and I've been knocking about here ever since. I thought I had never seen anything look so splendid as this did just as we came round whats called Seraglio Point where you first see the beginning of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. But when you land its the dirtiest beastliest place in existence and you loose all the jolly feeling that you are coming to a beautiful place. You have to go through streets more like long pools of mud with dead dogs and cats lying about and all manner of nasty things. Beastly half starved dogs lie about all over the place asleep in the day and at night they go about in troops and pick up anything they can get to eat There aren't so many now as there were when we first came because our sailors and especially the middies go about at night knocking them over the head with clubs. They say these brutes are useful because they eat up all the beastliness lying about but they are a great nuisance and if it wasn't for them I suppose the Turks would have to become their own scavengers which might be a good thing.

Of all the low greedy stupid lot in the world commend me to the Turk to beat them all. They will rob you and abuse you and havn't the slightest gratitude to us for coming to help them. Better let the Russians or any one else have the place than these Turks. If the Russians aren't so good as they might be any sticks good enough to beat a dog as they say though for my part I think its a shame to call them dogs I'd rather be a well-bred retriever or mastiff any day than a Turk.

They were beastly impertinent too at first, used to spit on the ground when any of us went by and wouldn't let us go into their mosques and places but were knocking all that out of them pretty fast. I don't think they care much about our coming now to tell you the truth. One old Pasha said the other day he'd like the Russians to come or any one else if they could only get rid of the English and French.

I've seen a good lot of the country both on this side and the other over by Scutari. Then I went to Varna where most of our soldiers and the French are but the cholera was so bad I went on up to see the Turks on the Danube I went with a man on the staff who had to take despatches and things to Omer Pasha the chief of the Turkish army. We had an awfully rough ride wet through most of the time and no place to sleep in at night. Sometimes it was raining awfully and the roads fearful no road at all most of the way. We had a guide who didn't seem to know the road much more than we did. When we got up to the Turkish army we were very well received. They are a much better lot than those in this place. We got to Silistria after a lot of tremendous bothers where the Turks had been fighting like anything and got the best of it too. They aren't half bad soldiers when they have good officers. That's the difficulty. Under Omer Pasha, who is not a Turk, and some good English officers like Butler to lead them they do all right but most of their own officers are as ignorant and cowardly as can be. Its the rotten way the Pashas govern the place that does all the harm. If you want to keep the Russians out get rid of the Pashas govern the place properly and there will be no fear of the Russians getting it. When Turkish soldiers find they can trust their officers they fight very well. I believe some of the Turkish gentlemen and merchants are just as honest as most English and French are but the Pashas who get into being Pashas any how ruin the whole thing. They have all the appointments and shove their boys pipe bearers coffee makers and the devil knows who more than any one else I should think into being officers and whats the result just what you would expect. The soldiers are most of them poor ignorant peasants dragged away from their homes and licked along the road but awfully superstitious and when they are told they are going to fight the enemies of their religion they get excited and can fight as well as the same sort of most other countries, but they see their officers know nothing about the business are lazy and cowardly so they loose heart and run away on the first opportunity.

Still I say on the Danube where they have had some decent officers they have shown they could fight very well.

I suppose you have read all about Santa Sophia and the other mosques of course you have and if you hadnt I couldnt describe them. The first lot of English soldiers that came here found nothing ready for them and didnt

know where to go to and had to stay some time on board ship. Most of them are now at Varna where the cholera is fearfully bad its bad enough here but worse there. Heaps of our men poor beggars have died in hospital before they had a chance of fighting. What on earth weve been doing all this time I cant make out. If wed had a good army ready to send out directly war began and went straight into Russia by the Black Sea or any other part before they knew where they were what could they have done. In my opinion its a great mistake the English and French going together. We ought to take one part and the French another they will never do together I can see already. As it is most of these splendid-looking troops have been loafing about doing nothing here or at Varna in beastly unhealthy places and lots of them have died already.

Now weve got to go to the Crimea where we ought to have been last March if we were to go there at all and I suppose we shall get there just as winter begins and one half will be frozen to death and the other be killed off with the wet. All this time the Russians are fortifying Sebastopol and filling it with ammunition and provisions and by the time we get there we shant be able to take it in a hurry if theyve got anyone who knows how to defend it.

Its all rot thinking we can storm it with our fleet. We cant do anything of the sort. I took a short cruise round there in a small coasting vessel last May and you may be sure our ships will never take it from sea and by the time we get there at our present rate it will take us all we can do to take it from behind. If we had gone at it at once we might possibly have done that without much loss.

However I believe we are to start directly so Im going up to Varna again. Ive got to know a lot of naval officers and Im going in one of the ships. They are awfully jolly fellows without the airs some of the soldier officers put on. Im to pay my share of the mess of course.

I will write again if I get to the Crimea all right. Yours old man

F. LEWARD.

Part VI. *The Crimea.*

Frank to Bampton.

BALACLAVA, *Oct.* 20, 1854.

DEAR OLD MAN Here I am awfully tired and disgusted. If I began at the beginning and went straight through I should have to write such a lot you would soon be tired of reading it. I suppose you read all about it in the newspapers only the newspapers make such a lot of mistakes it makes us laugh sometimes to read accounts of things from their special reporters that never happened and a lot of others that happened just the other way on. Russells the best in the Times an awfully jolly Irishman but he often gets taken in by fellows who tell him a lot of lies for a joke. I got here all right in the Beagle. I enjoyed the passage from Varna tremendously. It was one of the most splendid sights you could imagine to see both armies set out. The French hadnt enough steam ships so a lot of their men had to go in sailing ships they went off splendidly. Ive never seen ships better handled. Next day September 7th we went off with all our men about 27,000 in steam ships and got up with the French next day the 8th and went along in fine style the whole sea seemed covered with ships of some sort or other.

On the 14th September we began to land at kalamita Bay. I don't think the Russians thought we should try to land there they didn't attempt to prevent us if they had I dont know how we should have managed with our ships crowded with soldiers and they had a splendid fleet at Sebastopol.

We made a mistake in not getting tents landed and other things as soon as we had a small force on shore so all our men had to sleep out in the wet for some nights. The Turks and French managed better and got their baggage on shore as fast as the men. I send you a very rough sketch I made of the part of the Crimea where we are now for you to follow as I cant well explain what has happened since without it.

I have not appended this sketch, which was very roughly drawn, as plans of that part of the Crimea have since become so well known to all Englishmen.—C. A. B.

On our march South we were about 27,000 English and 37,000 French besides some Turks chiefly under the French towards the river called the Alma on the way to Sebastopol. It was dreadfully melancholy work to see such a lot of men falling out of the ranks and wriggling about in dreadful pain and then dying from cholera.

We had to leave them behind and get on as fast as we could and as near the coast as possible the ships keeping up with us and signaling whenever they could.

On the 20th early in the morning we were up to the river and could see a tremendous lot of Russians stuck about in great force all over the bills on the other side of the river evidently determined to stop our coming on. I went up to where Lord Raglan and his staff were tremendous looking swells on a sort of hill overlooking the river and there were a lot of sight-seers who are here and want to see all they can.

It was a strange sight these two armies close together and going to pound one another directly they could. Certainly we began it as it were and they were only defending their own country. Im getting pretty well accustomed to it now and when your accustomed to it you dont think so much of a battle While its going on. The excitement the row and the fuss make you forget it you cant think of anything but what youve got to do at the moment but before it begins when you hear the guns booming away in the distance and your coming on to it and you dont know whats going to happen next as you come nearer and nearer it makes you feel awfully queer I can tell you. Standing on that hill looking at the English and French on one side and the Russians in their ugly grey coats and heavy looking caps on the other just going to begin this stupid struggle I shall never forget it.

While we were standing there up comes a man on a poney at a tremendous rate and rushes right through where we were standing past Lord Raglan and all the swells bis poney had run away with him but it didnt go very far luckily for him before over he went right over the poneys head and rolled over on the ground it did make us laugh. Lots of men who were dead before night had their last laugh then. It was a man named Kinglake an awfully clever fellow who wrote a book I read in Cairo called Eothen and liked awfully they say hes going to write all about the war when its over and he was so anxious to be there in time he was nearly taken too far by his poney.

Then came the first shell from the enemy and bounded not far off where the staff was and went off and so did the lookers on pretty quick myself included. However I managed to get a good idea of the battle. I was riding about all day taking precious good care to keep out of the way of the shells which were bursting all over the place. A lot of French went too far to the right and got on to the sea coast and did nothing all day. General Bosquet with about 8000 French of course I don't know exactly how many got over the river lower down than where we crossed I expect and got round by the left of the Russians our right you know he couldn't do much there but it kept a lot of Russians looking after him and took them away from us.

As our men were crossing the bridge the Russians kept pegging away at them from a battery they had got to protect the river and our men had to lie down as soon as they crossed till a lot were over then about 3000 made a rush for the battery the cannon balls coming down on them and bullets like hail nearly a thousand were cut to pieces but at last the Russians cut and run taking their guns with them all except two. The Duke of Cambridge was still on the other side of the river with about 10,000 men he ought to have come up to support those who had taken the battery but for some reason or other he didn't and the Russians after a bit formed up again and made a rush for the battery and our men who were there had been so reduced by the constant fire on them they were overpowered and had to retreat. It was awfully exciting. Once or twice I thought it was all up with us though with the French we were double the number of the Russians yet they had such a splendid position and had got their guns ready it made up for their want of numbers. They would have sent us to smithereens if they had been properly managed. We weren't particularly strong in that respect ourselves but they were worse and that saved us. They were commanded by a couple of great swells princes both of them and I always notice when great swells have the command there is sure to be a lot of mistakes made. As it was the whole of the Russian cavalry stood off at our extreme left all the time and never did anything but run away when it was all over. Prince Napoleon with 10,000 French wasn't any better they weren't allowed to do anything at all. In fact the French didn't do much fighting at the Alma. Marshal St. Arnaud was frightfully ill but didn't like to give up the command and I suppose nobody could take his place. So most of them stood looking on while our men were fighting like old Harry. All the French did as far as I could make out was to take a hill called the telegraph hill or station or something. They drove the Russians off and got a commanding place there and then as they wanted to do something and didn't know quite what to do they went on blazing away for a long time at nothing at all.

In the middle of the fighting Lord Raglan with his staff somehow by an awful fluke I expect got up on a low sort of hill right in the middle of the enemy just at the time they were getting the best of it and that so astonished them they didn't know what to make of it because they thought he wouldn't be so foolish as to go up there without a strong force behind him. Then he managed very cleverly to get a couple of cannons up there too which pounded away into the Russians and by degrees we got a lot of infantry extended right over the hill in double line. But what really won the day was the splendid steady march of the Black Watch and two other highland regiments they came on like a wall against the immense columns of the Russians. The Russians fought all day like men but when they saw the Scotch coming on like that with their curious dress and their wonderful caps with splendid ostrich plumes among all the smoke they thought they were something unnatural so I heard

afterwards from a prisoner. They had expected red coats but these highlanders with their big head-dresses and big bodies looking bigger as they came out of the smoke and went on steady like a ship under full sail were too much for them and they turned tail and went off as fast as they could go.

By jove if we had only followed them we should have been in Sebastopol in two days. I rode over the ground next day where they had run off and I saw how they had gone thinking we were after them. All along the place was covered with helmets caps pistols cartouche boxes dress of all kinds great coats and guns they had thrown away to get off as fast as possible. Most of the guns were old ones some marked 1834 old flint and steel converted. The French lost only three officers and not many men we lost over 2000 altogether and they say the Russians lost 6000. The French wanted to go on at once and follow the enemy up but Lord Raglan was afraid he said he had lost such a lot and the cholera was so bad he daren't. Hes an awfully good man the kindest hearted you ever knew and everybody likes him, besides he has seen a lot of service and knows all about it in books and all that and very good at writing they say hes at it all day but the general opinion is hes not the man to lead an army hes too timid and cautious not about himself but about his men. His great fault as a general is exposing himself too much, and although it may have saved the battle as it happened he had no right properly upon that hill by himself. I've seen him come out of the hospital when hes been to see the wounded with tears in his eyes and thats all very well but if he had pushed on after the battle the Russians were so terrified nothing could have stopped us and how many would have been saved who have died since and how many others who must die before Sebastopol is taken now. We should have got the North side of the Town with hardly a stroke and destroyed or perhaps taken the war ships in the harbour and that as far as I can understand it is half the whole thing. You may be sure the rest of the town wouldn't have held out long I should think no one was more astonished than they were when they saw we were not going to follow up our victory.

Some say Lord Raglan wanted to go on but St. Arnaud wouldnt thats all very well after every one sees it ought to have been done. From what I can see of the two men I have no doubt the Frenchman wanted awfully to go on but the slow cautious Englishman wouldn't besides one of Lord Raglans staff told me that was how it was. I hear the newspapers have got a splendid account of how we did go on and took the place just what we ought to have done and just what we didnt.

I was up pretty nearly all night and helped as well as I could with the poor beggars who were wounded trying to get them away from those who were killed right out. I couldnt attempt to carry them off or look after the wounds the doctors were doing that like trumps so I got a couple of buckets and kept going down to the river for water that was what they were all hollowing out for. I was at that pretty nearly all night. Some poor beggars had got their faces and mouths so shot away you could hardly find a place to pour the water down. At last I couldnt stand it any longer and laid down on the ground and went bang off to sleep and didnt wake till it was getting light

By God what a sight as the sun rose and I got up almost half asleep and aching all over surrounded by dead bodies. Im getting accustomed to it now but that was the first time. Lots of the men had fallen down dead shot just as they were taking aim themselves and lay with their arms stretched out sticking up as though they were asking for something. They werent half so badly off I expect as the wounded. The dead men looked happy many of them with a sort of smile on their faces but the wounded suffered horribly and a lot had died in the night from cholera. It seemed hard for them after fighting like they did all day and coming out of it all right to die from cholera directly after.

All that day they were carrying the wounded down to the ships. About a thousand sailors came on shore to help they did work as gentle as women taking care of the wounded soldiers. The second day I got rather knocked up and an officer on the Beagle made me go on board and got me taken there all right so I dont know of my own knowledge what happened till we got round to this place on the 26th. Im told on the 22nd our army marched on over two rivers and through jolly orchards and vineyards and the men eat such a lot of unripe fruit they got worse with the cholera. Do what they would they couldnt keep the men from the fruit many of them are quite young fellows. By a stupid mistake of Lord Lucans who has command of the cavalry Lord Raglan was very nearly being taken prisoner he was riding along with his staff when they suddenly came on a lot of Russians marching out of Sebastopol who were so astonished they could only fire a shot or two and make off while the cavalry which ought to have supported Lord Raglan was ever so far away. The cavalry seems always making mistakes I was dreadfully disappointed with them. They may be just as brave as anyone everyone here is French Russians and English theres not much to choose between them as to that but our cavalry officers dont seem to have much sense. They are always making mistakes.

I didnt land here till the 27th we could see the Russians working like ants men and women all over the batteries especially on the White Tower. I should think there were as many as 1500 men constantly at work on the White Tower alone. If we had gone at them at once I dont see how they could have stopped us because they werent ready for an attack from the land. Instead of that we waited about day after day dragging the guns up from the ships. There were so few horses to draw them the sailors had to come on shore to pull them. It was

absurd to hear the blue jackets swearing at the guns abusing them fearfully because they wouldnt come along as if they could help it.

The French got their trenches done first but they arent so well made as ours I never saw anything finer than the way the French worked under fire all the time. Our sailors were in a tremendous rage waiting about with nothing to do. Sir Edmund Lyons wanted the soldiers to make an assault on the land side at once before the Russians had time to get their batteries ready while the fleets attacked the ports from the sea. I am chiefly in No. 5 battery at our extreme right. Both French and English opened fire on the 17th at daybreak you never heard such a row in your life. The fleets ought to have opened at the same time but the French admiral changed all the plans at the last and put them all out. The ships didnt begin till after one o'clock and as the French had a magazine in their battery blown up at half-past ten which shut them up for the next three days the fleets werent much good. The French admiral for some reason or other wouldn't go right in against the forts so our fleet had to stop outside too and pound away as well as they could from a distance except old Lyons who went in right up to one of the forts with two other ships so close one of them got aground. Strange to say the ships that went close in and did most damage didn't get so much knocked about as some of the others.

It was all rot they stopped firing soon after five and suffered more than they did damage. The use of the fleet was supposed to be to draw the enemys attention from the land attack but as they didn't begin till about seven hours after and not till after the French had shut up they didn't do much good. I heard after a prisoner said if Lyons had gone on at the battery he was going at about an hour more he would have shut that one up.

About three in the afternoon of course I didn't keep a very particular account of the time one of the Russian batteries blew up by Jove it did make a row beams rafters barrels and men arms and legs goodness knows what sent into the air altogether you never saw such a sight and didn't our men cheer when they saw it. We silenced that place at any rate but it didn't do much because we didn't follow it up with an assault the sailors from their battery wanted to make a rush but they wouldn't let them. So the Russians went to work all the next night and by morning had pretty well put right all the damage we had done. They must have some wonderful good engineers they can generally do up at night all we can undo by day.

I went about as much as I could all that day but I was chiefly in No 5, where the Beagle men are. That battery suffered most from two men of war right up the harbour splendidly managed they kept turning round discharging broadsides at us and it was difficult to hit them we couldn't get a chance at them but we managed to smash one of them pretty well at last.

Our sailors in the trenches were as cool as anything all through. Right in the middle of it I heard the Lieutenant sing out "Now then second relief fall in you others can go and skylark" those were the ones who had been working like anything ever so long. They did go and skylark and whenever our battery sent a shot they would jump up all over the place to see what effect it had on the b——Roosians as they call them and a lot got knocked over at it.

All the firing stopped when it began to get dark and the French have only begun again to day. Weve been at it all the time. Theres some row between the French navy and the army. The army are all for the new Emperor but the navy are for the old French kings.

Im pretty comfortable down here on the whole much better off than most at any rate as Ive got part of a sort of room and Im often on board ship or else up in the trenches. Its seven miles from here at least to No. 5 battery and the roads getting bad. I must stop now and send this off Ill write again soon if I can. Yours old man,

F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

BALACLAVA, Nov. 2.

DEAR OLD MAN I daresay you are tired of reading my letters but its a sort of consolation to have some one to write to to tell some of the things one thinks about. I suppose you read all that rot about me and the shell in No. 5, as though any one else wouldn't have done the same if he cared a lot about his life even and his precious self and you know I care very little about either. I often think I might as well get rid of both if I could do it in a way that was all right and not cowardly.

When I begin to write I always want to begin at the end instead of the beginning, and tell what has just happened instead of what happened just after I wrote last. Things have been going so fast lately I cant always remember how they came. I think I finished my last while we were pounding away at this beastly old town. On

25th of Oct. the Russians made an attack on us near here. They got at the Turks whom we had for some reason or other left to take care of four small forts called redoubts and the guns that were in them. The Russians came down on them like one o'clock and the Turks fought like anything in the first one I never saw any one fight better nearly two hundred of them were killed before they would give in then the rest in the other redoubts as soon as they saw them going went off too without striking a blow their officers setting them the example. These poor Turks you see can fight as well as possible sometimes but you cant depend on them they fight well when they have good officers but when they see their officers are no good they get like horses without riders and don't know what to do. They ran like mad but took good care to take their beds and other things with them right down to this harbour shouting out "sheep Johnny sheep" meaning they wanted to get on board ship and get away from the enemy, they always call the English Johnny. The Russians got seven of our guns the Turks had been left to guard which is beastly humiliating to us, however if we had managed properly we might easily have got them back again.

While all this was going on Balaclava was only guarded by a small force of Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell and a lot of Russians came at them. "You must die where you stand" I heard Sir Colin Campbell cry out "Aye aye Sir weel do that" said the Scotchmen. It was the same 93rd that did so much towards winning the Alma. They had to he down on their faces while the Russians were coming up and when the enemy was right up to them they jumped up and astonished them. They were going to make a rush at the Russians who would have overpowered them but Sir Colin called out "no dam that" and stopped them. They gave the Russians a good volley however and the Russians turned off to try to take them in the flank. Then the 93rd wheeled round just as though they were on parade and gave them another volley and off went the Roosians as my sailors always call them. If we had put a man of war right up across the harbour at Balaclava it would have protected the place but as usual no one thought of that till afterwards.

You would have laughed to see the Turks as they came helter skelter down into Balaclava. Theres an old Scotch woman lives there near me who doesnt like the Turks much more than she does the Russians. An awfully big strong boney woman. When the Turks came running down she thought they might be going to steal her things so out she came with a stick and laid about her like anything. I saw her catch two or three and give them a most tremendous drubbing amidst the cheers of the 93rd.

Then I went upon the height over what they call the Coll to see what was going on and got to where there were a lot of French and English looking on at a sort of thing Homer describes going on down below. There stood the Russian cavalry in strong force and against them our heavy cavalry under Scarlett and I saw him charge be had about 300 I suppose against 3000. He was followed soon after by the Enniskillings and the Scots Greys and when they got up to the enemy and were closed in by them we could hear a sort of roar going on where we were more than a mile off but we couldnt see what was up till we saw the Russians going off beaten. Our men were too few to follow them so after all we didnt get much by all that bravery and loss of life. Just as it seems to me it always is with us. It did seem strange that a lot of us should be looking on while these few men were fighting in that way but the strangest thing of all was to see Lord Cardigan with the Light Brigade 11th Hussars 17th Lancers and part of another regiment close by looking on too, many of the men not even in their saddles. The French who are awfully particular to do everything right couldnt understand it they couldnt make out why the light cavalry didnt go to help Scarlett or at any rate have a go at the Russians when they were running away. No more could any one else I should think. I was told all Lord Car digan said all the time was "dam the heavies dam the heavies" because Lord Lucan wouldnt let him go at the Russians too. Why he shouldnt no body can tell except your precious government who had put at the head of the cavalry a lord instead of a proper general. Then began the most senseless thing that has happened even during this stupid war. I hardly know how to write about it I feel so savage. Lord Raglan sent orders to Lord Lucan to stop the Russians carrying off the seven guns of ours they had taken from the redoubts defended by the Turks. Captain Nolan took the order in writing. It could easily have been done. Nolan who was an awfully good fellow delivered the paper to Lucan who was so stupid he didnt understand it and was beastly rude to Nolan and Nolan told him pretty plainly what it meant. From where Lord Lucan was he couldnt see the Russians going off with the guns but Nolan pointed out the direction to him. Lucan who is an ill-tempered overbearing sort of man went off in a rage to poor Lord Cardigan who had still got the 11th Hussars and 17th Lancers ready to do something anything you liked pretty well. Hed not been up in time for the beginning because he sleeps on board an awfully swell yacht hes got out here and not in camp like the others do and so wanted some chance of distinguishing himself now. Well Lord Lucan told him he was to take the guns—take the guns? said Lord Cardigan meaning about twenty big brass cannon the Russians had got bang in face of him about a mile or a little more off. Yes said Lord Lucan those are my orders from Lord Raglan and shrugged his shoulders and went off. He must have known it was a beastly lie because Lord Raglan never could have been such a fool as to send such a ridiculous order and even if he did believe it it was so absurd he ought to have sent to Lord Raglan to see if that was what he really meant. Besides these guns bang in front the Russians had other guns on each side of the valley along

which our men would have to go as well as a lot of riflemen all along and behind the big brass guns there were a lot of Russian cavalry. No one but a fool would ever have thought of going for them because even if by some chance you could get up to them alive it would do no good. But Cardigan hadnt the sense to see that. He must have known it was a mistake but he wanted to do something grand and didnt care whether he was killed or not as long as a lot of people were looking at him doing it. So he turned round and told his men to charge. I daresay I'm all wrong. I would have a go myself at anything I'd got to go at as long as it was all right as I suppose most other people would but if I had been one of that brigade I'm blessed if I would have budged an inch. They were all supposed to be reasonable men and knew what they were told to do was ridiculous they knew some horrid ass was going to sacrifice them for nothing and I say they ought to have refused to a man and said to Lucan or Cardigan or any other Lord go yourself on your fools errand we wont. If they had done that before the rumpus was over orders would have come to say they were right and Lucan was wrong.

As it is I believe he is to get into a row for it. In my opinion he ought to be hung as many times over as men who were murdered by his wickedness. And your splendid government ought to be hung too for putting such a man at the head of the bravest lot of idiots who ever lived and made us the laughing stock of all the other nations who were looking on.

As it was on they went and if it hadnt been so beastly sad we should really have laughed to see them go. You know how they got butchered not one of them would have come back alive if it hadnt been for the French cavalry who made a charge round one side of the valley up which our men had gone and dispersed the enemy there who were waiting for our men as they came back. One couldnt help seeing the difference between the two. We went like a lot of blockheads and lost a great part of our cavalry we are tremendously in want of all for nothing and the French quietly did a lot of good work and sent the Russians off with small loss to themselves and allowed Lord Cardigan and what soldiers of his were left to get back alive. And the guns we went for we had to leave behind after all.

It wasnt only the stupid waste of life but if Lord Lucan had done what he was told he would have got back our seven guns the enemy was carrying off. As it is the Russians got them and they are now in Sebastopol showing the victory the Russians gained over us on the 25 th of October 1854. The Russians kept possession of our four redoubts too and will cause us a lot of bother from them. Although I daresay we astonished them when Scarlett went at them and drove them back and when Lord Cardigan threw away the lives of all those men we lost tremendously by that days work in the eyes of everyone.

Cap. Nolan soon saw the mistake Lord Lucan was making and did his best to stop the disaster. He rushed across in front of the Light Brigade as they were coming on pointing with his sword to where the Russians were taking away our guns to try to make Lord Cardigan alter his course he knew what must happen if he went on in the way he was going. But at that moment a shell burst close to him and a bit went right into his heart and killed him on the spot his sword fell from his right hand and his horses bridle fell from his left and the horse plunged back with Nolan still sitting upright in his saddle amongst the cavalry now going at full trot. Even after Nolan was dead they say he did his best to stop them and yelled out in the most unearthly way. They couldnt understand what he meant but he made the most terrible row they all said after he was dead. I can quite believe it Ive seen something of the same sort myself. I believe if a man dies with some tremendous thought or bother on his mind he can make a row or make some unnatural effect on people immediately after he dies.

The result of what they call the battle of Balaclava is ever since the Russians have been cock a whoop instead of being down in the mouth as they had been ever since our beating them at the Alma. They were so cock a whoop next day about 12 o'clock 3000 came right out and attacked us. We had our infantry ready under General Evans and gave them a good licking and as they went back down by what I call my battery Hewett opened on them with his Lancaster gun the only one there then and smashed them up awfully. I dont think they will try that again with such numbers.

However our side by Mount Inkerman is very much exposed and every one says if the enemy came up there in large force it would be touch and go with us. You see we are trying to besiege a place without being able to surround it. We have about 20,000 men left and the French about 40,000 and theres a road open through the place from Sebastopol right into Russia and they can get fresh troops into it and provisions as fast as they like, they have taken their men off the Danube and the best of them are all here now. They say they have 120,000 men in and about the place. We have very little defence on our right and if the Russians came up there in force I dont know what would happen.

Ive been most of my time lately taking up food to our No. 5 battery where the men dont get too much to eat Ive got a small Tartar pony I gave a blue jacket a pound for he said he found it goodness knows how he came by it really and you should see me any day on it with a lot of hams and bottles of pickles and bread and bottles of beer it would make you laugh. Its rather difficult to carry bottles on these poneys. It reminds me sometimes of that night at Upton when I smashed the bottle of beer over old Pott they are always going off with a bang.

Send me some money old man foods awfully dear in Balaclava. A lot of Maltese and Greeks and goodness

knows who have set up shops and charge a tremendous lot for everything.

You should hear the cheers when I get up to the camp on old Bango as they call my poney it would do you good and it makes up for all the bother. Write soon as soon as you get this I shall be getting hard up. Yours old man

F. LEWARD.

Bampton to Frank.

THE TEMPLE, *Dec.* 7, 1854.

DEAR OLD FRANK.—It is strange indeed to be hearing from you from that strip of land on which our thoughts are fixed and to which so much of our attention has for so long been turned.

When once upon a time I was excited about New Zealand I received forthwith an account of the place and its people not gathered through the cold medium of books as Lord Erskine once said, but from your own experience of the men and the scenes the actions and the sufferings. Then when we half incredulous were hearing strange tales of Western America and New South Wales, of magic wealth surpassing golden dreams of Alchemy's imagination, suddenly there came letters from no dreamer of dreams but from a hardy workman, a digger and a delver, on the very spot, and brought our flighty souls back from aerial nothings, to tell us only of hard facts.

So now again when all the world seems gone war mad and we are bewildered with accounts of what has happened and is happening in the East, while we are still asking ourselves what made us go to war, knowing though only too well alas what the war has cost and what our brave actors have endured upon that theatre pending the answer to that previous question; while we are mystified by conflicting reports of battles and sieges, lo come again letters, written by one Frank friend of our earliest happiest days, telling us much travelling much enduring man, telling us of what is going on there under his very eyes.

It may be my conceit but I have thought from the first I could see my way through the darkness which for more than three years has been gathering round Europe. I admit the right which nations have to interfere in the management of other nations when that management becomes so bad that it molests the peace of others and threatens to become a nuisance. If a thing is dead and becoming rotten the kindest office the living can bestow is to bury it. Turkey has been politically dead for years is becoming rotten, let it be buried. From ten to fifteen million Christians have there for four centuries been living under a system so fundamentally different to their own that the ordinary followers of the once conquering system cannot understand the other. Christians have for all those years been suffering great wrongs. Now the Conqueror is no longer quick, and the Christians turn to the head of their faith and pray to him for bis protection. He is a man full of ardent sympathy and ecclesiastic zeal, he determines to protect his children. He poses before the world as the champion of the old orthodox Eastern Church. A meddlesome evil genius in France seizes that very time to interfere and for a pretended zeal for the Church of the good old Franks, in which he does not believe, in monkey spite humiliates the Russian.

The Turk cares nothing about these things, but how he must secretly laugh at this unhappy split between east and west which enables him to trample on so many Christians so many million crosses. At the same time the upshot becomes no laughing matter for the Turk. He finds this quarrel places him in an awkward fix. Can he refuse the request the Frenchman makes to be allowed to put up a silver star, with the arms of France, observe, engraved upon it, over the manger where slept the Holy Child who was to bring peace to the earth and to men of good will. The Frenchman you here see well typified in his star, emblem of that one which appeared to light the Gentile kings to the King of Peace, to Light itself. It is not for the star of peace the Frenchman cares but for one graven with the arms of France to show who did it. This the star of murder and destruction. Can you not here read a lesson and see how changed an act becomes when instead of being pure it gets for its object the exaltation of self the glory of the Ego.

But the Turk dare not refuse the French, still supposed to be the great military power of the earth, and to whom he may some day have to look for protection against his overpowering Russian neighbour. Certainly too he must not offend that neighbour to whom fourteen million Turkish subjects are daily on their knees praying him to come over and help them. He durst not offend him. So he vacillates and up goes the star with its French coat of arms, and some concessions are made to the Greeks.

But the head of the Greek Church fumes. He in his majestic pride on the shores of the white Baltic finds another champion of Christendom in the heart of France and concessions wrung from Islam not by the might of

Russia's Czar, and the power of the head of the orthodox Church, but by an intriguing knave at Paris, nephew too of that Napolean who once defied a Czar and dared to pierce the side of Holy Russia. In his agony he appeals to England to Russia's old ally. He makes what appears to be a strange proposal. One at which all timid minds stand aghast, which future statesmen will see ought to have been accepted. He offers nothing less than the partition of Turkey. Should we have been justified in accepting it? I think we should. That statesman who can see furthest ahead of him is the greatest, and who ever looks ahead must see Turkey cannot stand. Her doom is fixed. Aided by a scheming Frenchman we may prop her up for a time we cannot prop her up for ever. A falling body must fall to the ground sooner or later. She deserves to be allowed to fall. Our interests in Turkey are only selfish interests, but if while acting patriotically, that is selfishly, we could also be doing good to the world so much the better.

Egypt and the mongrel inhabitants of Egypt call on us to come and save them. They say we have shown by our Government of India that we can govern an Eastern people well. At any rate we have learnt such experience in India as to teach us not to repeat in any other Eastern country the errors and the crimes we committed there at first, and which would be committed again should any other power get Egypt. I say we are called upon by Providence to protect Egypt from her Turkish tyrants. If we could only look upon that protection as a sacred trust what an amount of happiness we might be causing what misery preventing, while at the same time we might be consolidating and strengthening a beneficent Empire in the East.

By no means let us touch it unless we are resolved to do right. Let right not self be the motive. Let all the fertile lands of that rich country be held by the state for the use of the peasantry, for the tillers of the soil. Let each one capable of ploughing sowing and reaping hold a portion inalienably, let him have the right to hand it down to his children after him with its improvements so long only as he or they pay some small rent to the state and make the land yield its due produce. Let a small but firm army be embodied, for protection not conquest. Let it be well paid and well disciplined, let it be officered at first by English, and we have plenty of men who have not been crammed up to the proper standard for our army who would be glad to serve there and are as capable of serving as many of those who have reached the standard of cram. Let us look to India at first for the higher civil servants and especially to our intelligent native civil servants there, who understand the Eastern character and are well versed in the language and laws of the Arabs. What a new leaf it would be in a statesman's book, what a binding force it would have on our Eastern Empire if we offered our well informed able Mahometan civil servants in India high posts of rule over this new province of their co-religionists in the old land of Egypt, almost the cradle of their creed and race. Let there be no insular and insolent pride allowed, no British domineering, and above all let the people by degrees get a right to take part in their own government and in time really govern themselves. Keeping as of necessity only a connecting link with the great British Empire of which they would form a part, but making all their own internal laws, joining in all the greatness the glories and the strength of an Empire not great by force of pressure upon slaves but in the unity of a diverse but truly united commonwealth.

So would you found and encourage a flourishing country which with the rents of the public lands, and all lands must be public, and with the proceeds of an income tax, to be levied only on the rich, would more than pay the expenses of an economic government, and you might teach the old learned land of the Pharoahs the modern advantages of free trade.

Then the Czar demanded full protection over the children of his Church. Let him have it. Haters of Russia say he would soon have got Constantinople. If he did I agree with you it wouldn't matter much as far as India is concerned, as long as we were in Egypt. If it did matter strengthen Austria in the Principalities, let France and Austria have the joint protection of Turkey proper and the Turks. So would the old disgrace of Christianity after four hundred years of servitude be wiped away, so would the wounded feelings of the Czar be assuaged, thus would the French Emperor keep his star with the arms of France, the Latins would be protected in the due worship of the faith at Bethlehem, Austria would be content and all the world be better governed.

But these proposals were not even listened to. Lord Aberdeen the most timid ruler who ever ventured to hold helm was horrified at the idea. Trembled all over with fear. Hid his face in his hands, wouldnt even look he was so shocked, and error No. I was committed.

A long interchange of diplomatic notes goes on. The Czar assures us, and we have no reason to doubt him, that he must and will protect his Church. He sends Prince Mentchikoff as his ambassador to the old city of Constantine to tell the usurping and degenerate Turks that if they still continue to do the Christians wrong they had better look out for themselves. For now mixed feelings rise within the breast of the Russian Autocrat. It is no longer the prime Head of the Greek Church who speaks, again the Ego intervenes and the man Nicholas appears, and we instead of assuming the splendid role, perhaps yet to be the great part to be played by our Church of mediator between East and West, when our Head at Canterbury shall become the true Pontifex, the bridge which shall span the chasm between Greek and Roman, instead of choosing the part of peacemakers, we deliberately do our best to lacerate the wounded vanity of the Czar and send to Constantinople to meet Prince

Mentchikoff and to bully the Turk, the man most hated by the Czar. A man whom the Czar personally dislikes so much on account of his bearish manners that he refused to receive him at St. Petersburg as ambassador from England.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is a man of strong will and considerable ability; but of an arrogant and contemptuous sort; one who prefers the pleasure that comes to small minds from getting their own way to that higher happiness of knowing he is promoting the public weal. He domineers in the East and accelerates the war.

Error No. III. is the most curious of all. Whatever interests we may have in the vexed question Austria has obviously more, and Prussia has as much as France. So the wise Germans seeing how the French Emperor was pushing us, for his own purposes, into war, and threatening the peace of Europe, propose a conference. The conference is held at Vienna. A proposal is made by the great powers, wise, calm, and sufficient. It is accepted by Russia, we are satisfied, Austria is satisfied. There the matter at least should have ended and would have ended, had not Lord Stratford been at the side of the Turks, and had not the French emperor wanted to fight. So the Turks secretly counselled refused the terms and the laborious councils at Vienna go for nothing. We deliberately throw away the immense moral support a consensus of opinion of two at least of the great powers would have given us, a support strong enough to have obtained for us all we wanted or ought to have demanded, and this most senseless most unintelligible war is made inevitable.

Senseless indeed to all but the French emperor. He and the few who govern there were naturally anxious to keep the eyes of Europe from looking at the crimes which got them their power. *They* wanted no conciliatory councils) they *did* want England's respectable alliance, and a war, any war which would divert men's thoughts from their origin and their guilt. So the weak Aberdeen, well meaning and determined to avoid war in all events, adopts the very policy which lead to war, allows himself to be hurried by Louis Napoleon away from the just councils of Vienna, from the honest support of Prussia and Austria, into a separate premature alliance with France. Was there ever anything so absurd? Austria close to the scene of action, able to pour in her hundred thousand men any day, complete master of the situation, before whose order the Russian must at once retire and leave Turkey and the Principalities alone, we forsooth, separated by seas and continents must leave Austria wisely deliberating, and rush in to take the quarrel off her shoulders to put it on our own.

Nor are these all the errors we committed before the unjust war began. We had a Prime Minister whose one idea was peace and not war, his one achievement war and not peace. The Czar looked upon Lord Aberdeen as the spokesman of England. He heard him preaching peace. He saw he was making no preparations for war. He imagined England would not fight and so grew bold. Had we shown a firm front there would have been no war. The poor stand we made by which we misled the Czar into acts menacing Turkey was error No. IV.

Then long before war was certain, but long after it was imminent, instead of getting our troops well together, dispatching couriers all over the parts likely to be attacked by us in the event of war, to discover by every possible means the strength of the probable enemy there, the resources of the country, its ability to afford means of transport and forage to an invading force, we do nothing but move some ships into the Hellespont and so break the treaty of 1841 put ourselves in the wrong and do the very thing to irritate most the already overstrained feelings of the Czar, and to precipitate a war we were not prepared for. Then we further bring up our fleet to Constantinople and leave it there idle while Russia declares war against Turkey destroys the Turkish ships at Sinope and four thousand of the subjects of our worthy good ally the Sultan. These were errors five and six.

After these six great errors before the war began had all been committed, we begin to show fight. What blunders have been committed since you know better than I for you have been the sad witness of them. Much as I was against the war still if it must be waged it should have been done well and have been promptly ended. Russia should have been attacked in her most vulnerable part, who can doubt where that is. Our sins are sure to find us out. That is as true of nations as of individuals. In this way Russia in the East is strong in her firm determination to uphold what she believes to be the faith, and the faithful who are under bondage. Poland is Russia's weak because her sinful point. If Russia believes in her old orthodox Christianity, so do the Poles in theirs. Russia not only has waged long and race exterminating war against the faithful Poles amidst deeds of such gross cruelty as has no other example in the history of Europe with the exception of our own dark page, our own nation and creed exterminating war against Ireland. As we determined years ago to break Ireland as a nation and as a means to that end have attempted for centuries to stamp out her faith because we saw her faith was her one great strength as a nation, so has Russia done, so is Russia doing in Poland. As Ireland is our weak point so is Poland Russia's. Our sins will find us out, and as surely as a sinful nation refuses to repent and do justice so surely will it be punished. Had we attacked Russia through Poland we might really have seen in our arms the just judgment of Heaven. We might be freeing Poland while fighting our own battles. We might be restoring her to the free nations of Europe. While we were diminishing the overgrown size of Russia we might be restoring to Poland the right freely to worship according to the faith of her fathers. We might indeed be making Russia really more happy instead of as we are doing now merely helping to keep a few dishonest lazy

profligate Turks revelling in the spoils of a ruined people.

As I took my morning ride last February I saw the Guards, starting for the East, march past Buckingham Palace and our good Queen came out and her ever thoughtful Consort came out and the young Princes all came out to wave a kind adieu to the strong brave men passing on to fight for us in a quarrel that was none of theirs, nor none of ours, one I knew in my heart to be wrong, but I couldn't help a feeling of enthusiasm as the great cheer rose from a thousand defenders of our honour, those morituri who then saluted our kind-hearted Cæsarine as they went forth to leave their bones to whiten on that inhospitable chersonese, as I cannot now restrain a feeling of anger when I think of the way in which those lives have been sacrificed to stupidity and sloth.

I was indeed glad old man when I heard of my oldest friend distinguishing himself as he has done in saving lives at his own life's risk, and I know that recorded act is only one of a hundred others unrecorded by which our poor men have been comforted and saved by you. Go on with your good deeds and your letters unless you are getting tired of war and wish to come home at last to enjoy your well earned peace.—Farewell old man. I send you some supplies more soon. Yours

CHARLES AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Mr. Saunders to Frank.

RYDAL WATER, *Jan.* 1855.

DEAR FRANK I have been going to write to you for a long time to tell you how delighted I am to hear of your prowess in fight against the Muscovite upsetter of the peace of Europe. What nonsense it seems that because one man is proud and vainglorious three or four several peoples must array themselves to blow one another into space or make them individually hobble about ever after upon wooden legs. The dear old Bampton lecturer as I sometimes call him knows nothing about these things. His prophetic soul is here grievously at fault. Saint Augustin has proved himself to be fallible. He has got into his pious mediæval brain some curious ideas about the Eastern Church with which he Bampton sole infallible representative of Christianity in the West is to coalesce and teach the Pope a lesson. The Pope not being infallible only Bampton incapable of error. Do write to him and tell him what I say it *will* make him angry. He hardly ever writes to me unless I do or say something to rouse him from his all engrossing briefs, and I do enjoy his wrathful epistles, it seems so funny to be lectured and scolded by an old pupil whom once I could have birched if he made a mistake.

I sometimes think angelic essences, or whatever goes to make angelic beings that which they may be, I sometimes think it would make them laugh were they to behold two small men about to blow one or both of themselves into space because of an idle word, or some supposed insult, which might easily be explained if either had the sense to do it—what shall we say about war—no laughter then I apprehend among angelic quires, only tears to see thousands blowing thousands away, not for any misunderstanding of theirs, but for the pride and anger of some one else who is not blown away at all. And then these thousands, Frank, after hard lives and little sport, and much suffering, to be finished up at last only by the cannons power to blow away. Are they compensated afterwards in that place whither they are blown or elsewhere? Bampton has no doubt at all and confidently says yes. Would that I could too with equal certainty.

I do believe this that the belief is implanted in the minds of ordinary people for their good by a wise design of Providence. The question is does it end there? I have no doubt the great end of that wise Providence in all its laws is our present happiness. To the great Supervisor of the Universe it may matter little whether we small men and women doing our small businesses on this small earth should lie to one another or tell the truth, but to the small people it matters much for if they lie they are unhappy if they always are truthful they may be glad. Therefore is it made a law and supposed to be punishable to lie. So of thieveries, robberies, murders, rapes, and such like. Our greatest enemies are ourselves in our conduct to one another, we are for ever destroying true happiness, there must therefore, if true happiness is to be secured, be found some potent force to keep those in order who would not do right purely because it tends to happiness to do so, who cannot see clearly enough, and far enough before them, to perceive what is for their own good, who foolishly imagine they will get greater good to themselves by doing harm to others, therefore is it made an implanted idea that they will be punished or rewarded in a future state according to whether their actions have tended towards the happiness or the grief of their fellow-creatures. And to make this feeling the stronger the more complete and perfect the implanted idea

is that whatever the future lot may be it shall be eternal.

This idea is no new thing nor is it peculiar to Christians. The Greeks and Romans believed in some dim island of the blest where great heroes, heroism as shown in fight being their idea of goodness, dwelt and enjoyed some sort of everlasting existence without pain. The Red Indian has a similar belief, and I suppose your friends the Maories are not without it. Zoroaster taught the Persians a doctrine almost identical with Christianity. Hasn't the Buddhist something of the sort. The Musal-man certainly has as he willingly gives up his life for his faith exclaiming "here is our field of labour" and pointing to his pictured Paradise, as most of the best of us often point "there is our rest". The quiet German draws the distinction "Earth is our Fatherland Heaven is our home". The Brahmin has the same general idea, though with him it is an ocean of Brahm or love in which he hopes to loose himself some day. A future state of eternal happiness though individually unconscious. Con Feu Tseu taught his Mongolians the same. His was the idea of Joss the Deity, as a great policeman ready to take up and punish for ever those almond eyed Mongolians who interfere with the happiness in the land of flowers of their brother Mongolians. And why all this? Does the universality of the belief prove its truth? Rather does it not prove a design of the great Designer that the unthinking populace should believe it in order that they may be made to behave the better on earth and, so be happier during their short sojourn upon it.

Shake not then their faith but be reasonable. To the higher kind I believe the very doubt of a future must tend to make their lives more glorious, so that they may at least exalt themselves while they do live above the mere instinctive animals, and some day going leave a trail of glory behind. And when the time comes for them to depart gently to yield up that which a good God has only lent not given, allow it, not without a sigh perhaps, but without a murmur, to return to Him who lent it, and thank Him for the Joan. Feeling that though this life has had its dark days and has not been without its troubles joy has surpassed pain, and though there have often occurred to their minds many problems they would fain have solved, though they would e'en have had answers to many questions that have never been explained, and knowledge of phenomena now surrounded by mist, and light on a path often obscure and dark, yet that but for the giver of all good they never would have known anything at all, or tasted of any of the joys the love and affection so freely provided for the sons of men. So, thankful for what they have had, and feeling they have no right to complain of the want of that which they desire and have not, they thankfully yield up their lives like the olive tree, as Antoninus says, yields up her fruit and blesses the hand that spoils her.

Think of these things and tell me what you think, but an if you doubt feel your doubt to be sacred, breathe it not to the uninitiated, thwart not the will of God.

"To see the children sporting on the shore" to the poetic mind of our greatest poet may bring an intimation of immortality, the philosopher too may "hear the mighty-voices" —will they for us be "rolling evermore"? "Ecco il gran problema."

Go on oh hero of a hundred fights amongst your heroes fighting for liberty against tyranny and despotism, and let us know often of all you do and see, and when the fight shall be over come back to us poor quiet peaceful folks shoulder your crutch, if you have one, and show how fields were won.

I have seen some of your letters to Bampton. I want your account of Inkerman I cannot understand that battle. I am my dear boy your affectionate friend

A. M. SAUNDERS.

Frank to Mr. Saunders.

BALACLAVA, *May*, 1855.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS,—It was very good of you to write I wanted to hear from you very much. It was a long time since you had written and Im afraid I didnt answer it. I am beastly lazy at writing though when I once begin I can go on like anything. I dont quite understand you now nor a letter I got a little time ago from Bampton which he wrote ever so long ago the most curious letter you ever saw. It went to Australia and then followed me here round by Egypt and goodness knows where. You and Bampton are too clever for me I cant make it out sometimes but you must remember I have been knocking about wasting my time while you have both been working hard and have read I suppose nearly every book there is. I wish I had more time to read because though you wouldnt think it I like it awfully supposing Ive got something worth reading and not rubbish.

I cant understand what you mean for my part I feel as sure we shall live forever as I am we are living now. I know Bampton thinks so too and you know hes as clever as anybody. Its awfully rude of me to say so and I shouldnt only you told me to say what I think I generally think when I hear people laughing at our religion or doubting about it that it comes from weakness in their minds or else from pride because they think themselves cleverer than others or want to look as if they were. As though what they know was anything really cornpared to what they dont know. I believe sir weve got leading lights to steer by and if we dont keep to them we may be getting upon shoals very likely.

As to Inkerman I cant describe that well because I never could quite make it out myself. I didnt see much of it it was so dark all you could see sometimes was the flashes of the guns in the dark. I wasnt up there at the beginning and so Ive only got what people have told me to go by and I dont believe any one knows much about it or ever will. It was so dark people could only see what was going on close to them and such a lot were killed who were the only ones who could explain what happened near them they could get no accounts from many places.

General Troubridge I believe was the first to see or hear the Russians coming and he lost both his eyes shot out soon after but wouldnt go till some one had come to take his place. What we chiefly know is that our men fought splendidly and the French didnt except the Zouaves. I think we quite made up for what we lost at Balaclava, It showed more than ever our men out here are not enough to do the work. Its all rot trying to do a thing of this sort unless youve got enough men to do it.

It began so early in the morning scarcely any one was up except those who had been up all night. Lord Cardigan was asleep on board his yacht as usual and didnt know anything about it till it was too late and so the remains of his light cavalry about 200 didnt do much. We had about 15, 000 infantry about the place altogether but I dont think at the most we ever managed to have three thousand engaged at one time and a part of the time not so many as 900.

The enemy had about 62,000 altogether but 22,000 of them were under Prince Gortchakoff and didnt do anything. The other Prince MentchikofF or whatever his name is wasnt allowed to have anything to do with if that day hes such a duffer.

A lot came up on our men over by the other side of Mount Inkerman about six o'clock in the morning beastly dark drizzling raw morning the clouds were so low down over there our men couldnt see how many were coming at them and that very likely was a good thing. They didnt see them at all till they were just up to them. It seems Col. Egerton of the 77th with about 300 men happened to be about there and beat back a lot of the enemy and followed them some way while in another place as 6000 of them were creeping along Col. Mauleverer jumped over a wall followed by 200 men and went at them till they ran and then up came Gen. Adams with about 500 more and actually licked the lot of them and 9000 more of the enemy seeing the others going off went off too without striking a blow and by half past seven in the morning 15,000 out of the 40,000 were on their way back to Sebastopol quicker than they came and stopped there the rest of the day.

Then they say at least 7000 Russians made for what we call the Home ridge if they could have got that they would have got round on our camp and goodness knows what we should have done. Then General Adams with his 700 kept what we call the sand bag battery till the Duke of Cambridge came up with the grenadiers but their guns were wet and wouldnt go off so they had to keep charging the enemy and every time they drove them back but couldnt follow them up they were too few, so on the enemy came again and that went on for a long time. Besides a lot of the muskets being too wet to fire those whose guns were dryer soon got to the end of their amunition. That kept happening all through the day and then they had to stand looking like fools and being fired at except when they were allowed to charge. Why their amunition fell short I dont know some body's blunder I suppose.

So it seems it went on for a long time our men in parties of 100 or even only 20 all over the place coming up suddenly and keeping back tremendous numbers of the enemy till the French came to support us. But for the French we must have been surrounded before long. Only when the French came they didnt do much except keep our retreat open and prevent the enemy getting round us. Our men naturally thought when they saw the French coming they would charge like anything directly as we had been doing and they gave three cheers for the French. But when they saw them halt and the French officers wouldnt let them go on our mens remarks werent at all complimentary. One of our officers asked a lot of them whether they really were the same nation that fought so well against us in the Peninsular he was in such a rage. The men are all right and so are most of the officers as dare devil as any one only a little too stuck up and fond of bragging and beastly conceited, its the generals who are such a lot of imbeciles from the commander in chief downwards, no earthly good. I never saw finer men for a charge than the Zouaves. Some of them were so disgusted at not being allowed to go at the Russians they got over to our men somehow and got led by one of our Generals by Jove they do go at a peg. Lord Raglan got a couple of 18 pounders on the ridge splendid guns. I got up just about when they opened on the enemy and saw the cannister tearing away through the Russian columns thats what drove them back at last

those two guns.

I cant make it out though how it was the Russians didnt manage to get up to them there were such a lot of them and many of them are as brave as any one. In one part they did get right up to some guns of ours and about thirty got inside the breastwork right up to the mouth of the cannon and got blown away they found bits of them sticking to the mouths of the cannon not one escaped and the others came on and got on the bodies of a lot who had been killed and potted away at our artillery men till they were shot down themselves, it was as good a thing as anything that has happened here yet every bit as brave as our wonderful charge at Balaclava you are all making such a fuss about and much more meaning in it. Their officers are good too. Ive seen a young Russian officer rush out before the ranks urging his men to come forward and come right at us and get killed rather than go back when his men hesitated.

Early in the day one Russian division coming up to prevent our getting reinforcements on to Mount Inkerman lost its way and got round by my battery and got tremendously peppered they retired with a run if it hadnt been for that they would have prevented the others of ours coming up to help the few at Mount Inkerman and they must gave been smashed.

It was all over soon after eleven o'clock the last of the Russians who could go were on their way back by that time and I say considering everything I cant make out how we managed to do it. Most of our men who had the hottest work to do had been up all night and had nothing to eat nor a drop of water to drink and were pretty nearly in rags thanks to the government at home. You should have seen the difference between the French and even the Turks and our men about that time. They looked tolerably smart and clean while our men with their gaudy looking uniforms worn out with holes in their boots and rags on their backs were the most miserable looking lot you can imagine squalid and dirty. Many of them for want of better were obliged to wear ugly Russian caps they had taken from dead Russians.

As soon as the enemy was in full retreat Lord Raglan wanted Canrobert to go after them. He had 20,000 men he could have spared all fresh and willing but he wouldnt unless the guards went too. Lord Raglan wouldnt let them they had been up all night and had done a tremendous lot of work fighting and beating over 20,000 Russians since half past seven and were dead beat. So the French wouldnt go and we lost another chance of getting Sebastopol. If the French had followed the retreating Russians into the town they could have taken it easily. Polish prisoners and deserters have told us since they thought we should have been sure to come on and that if we had the enemy was so stupified at being repulsed like that nothing could have stopped us and with our fleet banging away in front we must have taken the place. Canroberts a driveller no earthly good. He stops everything we want to do. In my opinion its all rot two armies going at one place. The French would do very well by themselves in their own way and they can get enough men. We should do too if we had enough men of our own or others under our orders but its no use having two heads. When anything is proposed by us Canrobert refuses to do it, or if it is done its not till after a lot of palavering between the two commanders in chief and it isnt done till its too late instead of being done right off. The French ought to have come here alone or let an English army of 60,000 come and the other attack Russia somewhere else then it would have been all right and we should soon have shut up the old Czar. Now goodness knows what we have suffered no tongue can tell that or ever will and we dont seem to be much nearer the end than we were before we began.

I may say all that suffering began after that battle and weve had little peace since how any have lived through it I sometimes wonder. Of all the horrid scenes Ive seen yet the first few days after what they call Inkerman though the battle wasnt fought at Inkerman beat them all. Our men wouldnt have the Russians put in the same grave with ours. The Turks had to bury the Russians and we had enough to do to look after our wounded and dying. The Turks got ropes and tied them round the bodies of the Russians and carried them off that way and werent particular whether they were quite dead or not I believe heaps of wounded Russians were buried before they had died. Our dead were put rather more decently into carts and taken to the big graves where there were always men below to pack them properly. How those men swore when there came a body twisted about at all that wouldnt pack straight, it was a horrible sight. Bodies lying about without heads or legs smashed in all manner of ways and then the poor beggars of wounded Russians with their bags of black bread under their heads for pillows it seems thats all they get to eat and they were awfully frightened we should come and take that away from them. One of our men who had been taken prisoner and come back said the common Russian soldiers who get precious little pay and hardly ever get anything but that black bread to eat got up a subscription amongst themselves for our men who were prisoners to get them white bread because they knew our men couldnt eat such beastly stuff.

It would be impossible for me to go on and give you a full account of all the misery that has happened since. We have suffered far more from disease and want than from all the fighting there has been or is likely to be. First came the fearful hurricane nine days after Inkerman. It blew over Balaclava like a whirlwind. Twenty one of our ships of one sort or another went to bits and lots more got dismasted. Trees were blown up by the roots and knocked over like ninepins. Tents all over our camp were torn, to rags and disappeared for ever.

Thunder lightning hail rain and at the end snow came to make it worse for the poor beggars who had nothing to sleep under. The Hospital tents were the first to go and left the wounded and the men dying from cholera and other things exposed to all the storm. The trenches were filled with water and it was impossible to get any fire lit in the whole place to cook by. Barrels of food came bounding along like cannon balls horses with men on them were blown clean over you never saw such a sight. If you wanted to keep on your legs you had to lie down as an Irishman said to me afterwards. The shipping was the worst. I saw the Avon a transport blown into the harbour go cannoning off the other ships all the way up. The worst of all was the Prince going down with all the winter clothing for the whole army and all manner of other things tremendously wanted on board.

Any one could have seen the storm coming yet the Prince with its priceless cargo was allowed to stay outside with only one anchor and all because the harbour was full of ships that had unloaded and stopt there. With proper management every ship as fast as it unloaded would have been made to go out and let others come in. It seemed to break the mens hearts when they found the ships with all the things they wanted so much had gone down. They became down hearted and looked careworn as well as cold and wet and ragged after that

Then the road from here to the camp you should have seen it. One mass of mud thick clay mud that stuck to you you couldnt get along and carts and waggons and all sorts stuck in the mud all the way along up there. Besides we wanted the road then more than ever because the hurricane had swept away all the reserves of food up there and for a long time they could only get what we took up day by day and had often to go off on night duty in trenches half full of water with nothing to eat. Instead too of having proper cooks to cook the food it was served out raw and the men were often too tired cook it themselves or to get wood to make a fire so they either eat it raw salt beef and pork or shied it away and did as well as they could with biscuits and rum. And all this time at least from the beginning of January there were not only necessaries but all manner of luxuries lying in the harbour which we couldnt any how get up to the camp. So before long scurvy broke out and what with that and the cholera our hospitals have been overflowing though as many as a hundred a day have been dying in the hospitals there isnt proper room there for half the men in them.

Between November and February nearly 9000 died in hospital and besides that close on half the army over 13,000 were laid up. The Fusiliers had only about 100 left able to go on duty Another regiment had only thirty and the 63rd that came out over 1000 strong at one time had only seven men effective, and yet numbers of men who were as bad as they could be wouldnt give in and go into the hospital. It wasnt the fault of the people here. Lord Raglan did his best so did his staff and the commissariat as far as the stupid rules and regulations would let them it was the bungling at home did all the mischief. I thought at one time the whole army would disappear. It wasnt the cold so much though that was bad enough if you hadnt proper clothes day or night it was the bad management. In all the wet men were going about in boots with holes in them because the government had sent cheap boots out that werent big enough and the great coats that ought to have been here at the beginning of winter didnt come till it was getting warm and they werent wanted and were a nuisance.

Even the hospitals hadnt decent provisions. Scarcely any beds most of the men though so awfully bad had to sleep on the bare ground and you would hardly believe it there werent enough blankets. No one got more than one over him and none under him on the most freezing nights. Lots of the wounded and ill might have pulled through if there had been enough blankets. And when they were moved off from here to go to Scutari or other places near there there werent enough ships to take them and hundreds were thrown over board on the short passage who had died because there wasnt proper room on board.

Then the Government wouldnt even send hay though we had been sending for it ever so long so the horses died off from starvation and one pitied the poor brutes that didnt die more than those that did they were so overworked and underfed. Even a tough old soldier killed himself one day he said he couldnt stand it any longer.

If your Government were sensible and let us have a proper supply of men instead of sending them out by dribblets we could get nearly all the food we want in the Crimea itself. Theres plenty of corn and hay and sheep to keep a much larger army but the Russians have really all the time had complete control of the Crimea and we have only held a confined bit of land just round one part of Sebastopol and they get all the produce of the place. If we can fight as well as we did at Inkerman as they call the battle on Nov. 5th and we had enough men we could soon turn the Russians out of the place. Its amusing to hear the sailors talking in the trenches sometimes. They say if all their men were allowed to land from the ships they could go and take the place themselves in no time. These trenches of ours are not very successful they are much too far off many of the guns wont carry to the walls and are no good. The French are licking us hollow now at this kind of work. They are getting cross ways made and covered ways pretty nearly up to the walls working awfully pluckily. Of course they suffer tremendously from the fire from the batteries but its nothing to what it was in the winter. The men in the trenches were sometimes so numbed with cold at night the Russians used to come out and stick them while they were asleep or take them off prisoners and the mortars.

At the end of January we at last began a railway from here to head quarters what we ought to have had at

first if we were going in for this siege. As I had got some experience at pick and shovel work in Australia I volunteered and became a sort of ganger over a lot of English navies they got out. In February the weather was fearful while we were at work. Snow and hail bang in your face all day and then it froze and your beard became a mass of ice as hard as iron. On the 6th of last month we opened our splendid railway it was rather disastrous the first train coming down with a lot of the 71st ran off the line and a lot were hurt and a few killed they were got to the hospital as soon as possible, now its going all right. Then there came a water spout I had seen them at sea but never on land before it did make one feel queer and it did a lot of damage and tore up a lot of the line so we had to set to work, again.

On the 10th the bombardment began again four hundred guns going all day the enemy directed most of his attention to the naval brigade and thats been going on on and off ever since. We silenced Malekoff once and there was to have been a final assault on the 24th but Canrobert changed his mind at the last moment and wouldnt. He never knows his own mind long together lots of the French are in a tremendous rage with him.

Now its getting jolly and warm again and the officers are getting gardens round their huts and cocks and hens theres a tremendous row in the morning from the crowing of cocks. The hens are not particular where they lay and if you find an egg on your bed you are supposed to stick to it. When the Russians found after Inkerman it was no use attacking us in the open field they gave up the idea and set to work to make the fortifications on the land side stronger than ever and still more since they found we managed to survive January and February. So it is more difficult to take than ever. Besides the Russian artillery is now very good so is the French I cant say so much for ours. We arent doing half as much as the French now.

Its my birth-day tomorrow Im 33 getting quite an old man and Im going off on an expedition to Kertch and the sea of Azoff where a lot of our ships and French ships are going to cut off Russian supplies from there. I must conclude Im afraid I havnt written very intelligibly its difficult to write here, at any rate Ive written enough I never wrote such a long winded affair in my life. Ill send some more soon if theres anything worth writing about.—Yours very affectionately

F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

BALACLAVA, *Sept.* 16, 1855.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS,—I am going away from the Crimea tomorrow for good very early so as Im not going to turn in to night I spend it in sending you a short account of what has happened since I wrote last in May I think just before our false start for the sea of Azoff. Thanks for your jolly letter and account of Bampton. I got one from him too last month. I have done what you said and kept a sort of journal of what goes on most days but its been written on scraps of paper and put into my pocket any how and some of its got lost some how and others I cant very well make out. After I wrote last we went off to Kertch some of our ships and some French and after three days sailing the French said they had orders to go back at once and off they went we waited about sometime and then as we were too few to go alone we had to get back to Balaclava awfully provoking. It seems Canrobert after agreeing to the expedition got frightened and sent to tell them to come back. He resigned soon after and General Pellisier was appointed and there was a great improvement at once.

We made another start about three weeks afterwards and had a good cruise. There are big villas and gardens along that side of the Crimea some splendid houses. Wherever we stopped we had a tremendous blowing up of all the public buildings and things for ships and stores. At Kertch where the people were in an awful funk we did a lot of damage blowing up batteries and burning ships you could feel the shock four miles out at sea. It seemed poor sort of work destroying property hardly defended at all but I suppose it had to be done. Then we went into the Sea of Azoff and took a place there and destroyed all the public property but spared private houses as much as we could. Altogether I believe we destroyed 300 ships during that expedition and a tremendous lot of grain and military stores as much as it would take a lot of labour for a long time to replace. Why we couldnt have taken a lot of it back with us I dont know.

We got back June 15th and three days after a lot of our sailors under Cap. Peel went at the Redan and the French at the Malakoff what we used to call the white tower. You should have seen the middies and the blue jackets going at the Russians but it was too much for them and they came back licked at last They say we lost 1500 and the French double the number and I suppose the enemy more still. With half that loss we might have taken the whole place last September before they had fortified it as they have now. Our officers get too much to

the front they dont like looking as though they were keeping out of danger and so a tremendous number get killed and the command falls on young ones who dont know what to do or what the plans of the days attack were. Col. Yea one of our best men who had done pretty nearly every thing all through got killed that day at last pointing to the Redan as he died. Its rather melancholy to see a fine man like that who had gone through such a lot and escaped so far killed just at the end. On June 20th Lord Raglan died and I shall never forget the scene when they took his body down to the harbour. No one knew he was ill he wouldnt give in. He was a splendid character and awfully beloved by every one. I saw the new French Commander coming out after he had been to see him dead crying like anything. The wory of all this time was too much for him I suppose and the difficulty in managing things here and the government at home and the French and preventing a row with them. And though I always blamed him for not making a push right on directly after the Alma he did his best to make up for that as well as he could especially after Inkerman by trying to get Canrobert to go on and I suppose altogether he was about the best general we had to send out.

The French English Turk and Italian commanders in chief walked at the four wheels of the gun carriage that carried the body of the general down to Balaclava to be put on board the Caradoc and all the guns stopped firing even the enemy's out of respect to him. It was awfully affecting to hear the bands playing. I knew him only by constantly seeing him doing his work people who knew him well were awfully fond of him.

I forgot to tell you a lot 15,000 Italians or Sardinians as they call them came in May and made the place much more lively. They are awfully jolly fellows. I like them better than the French and they seem to take to us more than they do to the French. The harbour here got quite lively looking with such a lot of different uniforms and people talking all the languages under the sun pretty nearly. Maltese Greeks Croats Tartars French and Italians. I have made friends with a lot of the Italians and Ive promised to go to see them in Italy. The Russians made an attack on them a month ago and La Marmora and the rest went at them splendidly and drove them back and right over the Schernaya and took a lot prisoners. I wish wed had them here before.

On the 8th the French made their last attack on the Malakoff and took it in grand style the best thing I think thats been done through the whole campaign they had to go through a tremendous cannonade before they could get it. We were to have taken the Redan at the same time but we didnt we sent as usual too few and most of them recruits just come out who hadnt fought before and didnt even know their own officers many of them. They didnt fight well Im sorry to say. It was difficult to get them to go forward at all. They could scarcely be got out of the trenches. It made the old hands savage to see the officers obliged to pull them out by their belts and when they got them out they stood doing nothing and wouldnt move forward they were in such a funk. Some of them ran away and the officers had to threaten to cut them down and those who were made to go up against the Redan tried to hide themselves there anywhere they could and they wouldnt put up the ladders. More officers were killed while trying to make the men go on than they were going at the Redan, 150 officers were killed and wounded altogether.

However the French got the Malakoff and the enemy didnt seem to think it worth while holding out any longer and at four next morning the Redan was blown up with row enough to wake the dead. Then the town burst into flames battery after battery went into the air like church towers of smoke rising up in the air it was grand and when it was over and the smoke cleared away a bit we could see the strong place was deserted all the ships were burnt or sunk and the people going over to the north side of the river. What a lot of time and money and men and misery it has cost us to take a place we might have had with scarcely any of these things.

Next day I got into the place and I think the sight there beat everything even that Ive seen out here. All the time we have been envying them and thinking they were so comfortable they must really have been suffering worse than we were. The town was in a fearful state two thousand in the hospital dead or dying some fearfully mangled they hadnt time to bury the dead or take the wounded away with them. Some had crawled along to get water and had died before they could drink it. Underneath there were a lot more dead and two hundred dead officers in coffins they hadnt time to bury. The hot weather we have now they say its been the hottest summer they recollect here makes it awfully bad.

For some reason or other our men werent allowed into the town so the French got all the booty there was. It certainly wasnt much but it made our men discontented. I got some things that came out of a church I am going to send to Bampton.

To-day the naval brigade left the camp. They were played out by the bands as well they might be for they have done as much as anyone and you never heard them complain and to-day they looked as jolly and smiling as though it had been all fun instead of the fearful hardships they have had to endure.

As my sailors have gone Im going too. Ive done what I said I would and seen Sebastopol taken at last. So Ive said good bye to a lot of friends here and I wonder if I shall ever see them again for Im off tomorrow today really for its morning now. Its just a year since we first landed in the Crimea. No one will ever know except those who did it what its been. As far as we were concerned the first part was pretty glorious I wish I could say as much for the end. People forget Alma and Inkerman and only remember the last disgrace. The Turks say the

French beat the Russians and the Russians beat the English and they look upon us as an inferior nation.

Ive been rather done up lately and feel about twenty years older so Im going to Egypt again for the winter to get better. I dont know what I shall do then I should like to come home but you know how I dread that. Goodbye sir for the present yours affectionately

F. LEWARD.

Part VII. *Egypt and Italy.*

Frank to Bampton.

CAIRO, *June*, 1856.

DEAR OLD B. Im awfully sorry you couldnt manage to come to see me here its the jolliest place to spend the winter in there is I feel sorry to go away and leave it. The Arabs you meet in the town and about it are as different to what you generally imagine Arabs to be as anything can be they are as quiet and peaceable as possible and dont seem to think about much except making a little money or getting backshish. All the Egyptians want that from one end to the other they are like the Turks in that. They cant do a thing for you without yelling out for it. Its the most corrupt government you ever saw. I have made friends with an English merchant here an awfully rich man. He went in for buying all the government sugar for the year and bid a million for it and got it, then he said began the bother though he had got the contract he wasnt allowed to have the sugar till every one of the Pashas had got his whack out of him. It took him months arranging the amount. Every day he had to go to their houses and was up half the night bargaining with them trying to see what he could get off for and they trying to see how much they could get out of him. As fast as he settled with one another came on and made more demands. Of course as he said if it hadnt been for all this time and money he could have afforded to tender a lot more for the sugar. So its the unfortunate people who have to pay after all.

Youll never do any good in this place till you get rid of the Pashas. If the people had any go in them they would turn them out or hang them up and have no more bother with them. I suppose some day some one will rise up to do it. The Viceroy isnt much better he squeezes as much as he can out of the people and builds tremendous palaces he doesnt want and some of them he hasnt ever seen.

Its the unfortunate country people who suffer most what they call the feelahs. They work small bits of ground and have tremendous taxes to pay and if they plant a few palm trees or do anything to make the land a little better down comes the tax man and makes them pay double taxes for it. Yet they seem a happy jolly sort of people on the whole and live in sort of mud villages and wear awfully pretty dresses. I dont think I should ever be tired of sitting about in Cairo looking at the people in the bazaars. Thats what I did chiefly when I first got here from the Crimea. I was awfully bad when I got here hardly able to do anything I thought it was all up on the voyage the Crimea took it out of me fearfully. A beastly fool of a Greek doctor here made me stop in bed for nearly a month and said if I got up I should kick. So when I did get up I was as weak as a cat. When I first got up I could only manage to go about the streets at a walk on old Bango I brought him here because I knew hed be so badly off if I left him behind. The Arabs were awfully astonished at him hes such a rough looking blaguard. Its mostly donkeys here some awfully fine well groomed sleek ones with splendid harness and things and saddles something like the Mexicans have in California. I had a dragoman who went about with me on a donkey. Bango didnt like the donkey at first but hes used to it now. I could hardly get along at first and had to go at a walk but the jolly weather soon put me to rights and I could go all over the place. It was jolly when I began to get all right like a new life. I thought at first Id send to tell you I was bad just to make you come but I thought it would be a shame because I knew you would come and you might be busy so I didnt. I wanted you awfully or old Saunders or best of all both to be here all the same.

I dont think there can be anything jollier than a ride in the morning when your just getting better I felt as if I could do anything. It would have been jollier if you had been here you would like this country tremendously. What do you think when I was ill I began to read Herodotus again I found I hadnt forgot so much as I expected Greek seems to have stuck to me somehow. I like him better than I used to although I was supposed to be awfully bad I couldnt help laughing at some of the things he says. Hes much better than most of your new histories.

The Arabs in the desert are awfully fine fellows splendidly dressed some of them and splendid horses. When I went to the pyramids a tremendous lot of beggars came and bothered me they begin long before you get there but I put Bango at them and kept scattering them. I didnt care much about the pyramids I couldnt see any use in them but I could fancy the poor brutes who had to work at them for nothing being licked if they got ill or couldnt work hard enough. The sphinx is different I liked that theres something in it looks cool and indifferent looking over the desert goodness knows how long and will go on looking till goodness knows when I suppose.

Then I went up the Nile as far as the first cataract in an extraordinary Arab boat it just suited me as I wasnt up to much and still rather weak on my pins. We went awfully slowly and I could land now and then and have a shot at the quail awfully good shooting. We passed along by a tremendous lot of old places temples and things I was tremendously interested what a wonderful country it must have been. The ruins of Thebes beat them all. Theres a sort of town up on a sort of hill. I cant describe all the things I saw there. The two statues of Memnon sitting by themselves in the desert look something like the Sphinx calm and sedate and colossal. They are said to be statues of Pharoah I dont know.

Its about the richest country along the Nile I suppose in the world if it was properly governed. What with the land and the river the people would be very well off and prosperous if they only had a chance they are very industrious too and want precious little to eat except rice. Poor beggars they often cant get even that they are so robbed.

Its very fine in winter and hardly ever rains and they dont know what snow is and Ive almost forgotten its so many years since I saw any I used to like a jolly English winter I wonder whether I should now. Its getting too hot now and I must clear out I want to come back some day and get right up the Nile to see where it really does come from. I dont like coming home so I shall go to Italy I think and stay there a little. I always wanted to go there and theres such a lot of Italian talked here I can get on in it pretty well now Good-bye old man for the present

F. LEWARD.

Frank to Mr. Saunders.

NAPLES, *Jan.* 1858.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS I was very glad to get your last letter you dont know how jolly it is to get letters from people in England when youve been living a long time among people who dont speak your language. I thought you and Bampton would have come to Italy in the Autumn I was looking out for you all the time. Not but what Ive got a lot of friends in Italy and I like Italians very much but not these Napolitani they are the lowest scum of the earth no good whatever almost as bad as the people at Alexandria I think they are the worst. Whether these Napolitani are really a different race or Whether it is because of their bad government I dont know but they are low cowardly treacherous and worse even than that. As to their government poor brutes bad as they are its too bad even for them. From the king downwards a bigger lot of nincompoops never breathed. The king though hes only a young man seems worn out and his ministers are a lot of intriguing brutes. If now and then there rises up from the common dung hill any one in whom the old Greek spirit remains at all and tries to liberate them the Government sticks him at once into a beastly fetid dungeon huddled up with a lot of others and lets him die *of* rot. I was reading Gladstones speech about it the other day given to me by one of the patriotic people here on the quiet and was awfully pleased he had spoken out about it. Id never heard of it before I so seldom read the papers. Its every word true. I wish some one would come and put a stop to the whole business. I suppose in time if they got a chance the people would improve and be able to govern themselves decently. Now everything is done to demoralise them and keep them down.

I landed here when I first came to Italy from Egypt but I didn't stop long it was too hot so I went to the lakes in the North and wandered about Como and the Lago Maggiore all the rest of the summer and autumn I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. You know them well so I wont try to describe them and you know how stupid I am at describing things. Then I went about the old towns in the North. I think I liked Verona the best till it got too cold and I went to Florence.

I got to know a lot of Italian families in the North from meeting my old Sardinian friends who were in the Crimea they seemed glad to see me and gave me introductions to people in Florence. By Jove how they curse and swear up there at the Austrians. They mean to have a go at them before long I should like to be there when they do. Though the Austrians arent bad sort of fellows and all the officers I met at Milan were thorough

gentlemen still what I cant help thinking is what right have they got to be there at all. They arent Italians why cant they keep to their own country. They seem to have enough to do to look after that without mismanaging the people of Lombardy and others. If they go on much longer at it they will have to take the consequences and a people fighting for their own country on their own ground are stronger really although they may seem weaker than foreigners who may seem stronger and are trying to keep the others down.

Im getting to like the Italians more and more. They have been very kind and obliging to me and seem to wish to make one happy. I dont know they should be so jolly to me but even the women are as kind to me as possible. I suppose it is because I was with their friends in the Crimea.

I did like Florence I got tremendously fond of going about seeing the pictures especially in the Ufizzi gallery. I didnt care so much about the Pitti ugly grim heavy stone place I didnt think the pictures there so good. But I dont know much about them and never saw any before that I know of. I wish you and Bampton had been there to show me what was good. On jolly warm spring days I used to loaf about the Piazza Signoria under Orcagna's alcove place where the statues are it used to be awfully jolly in the morning reading there. I think that statue of Perseus with the Gorgons head by Benvenuto Cellini is the most graceful thing I ever saw. I read a lot of your old favourites I had no idea they were so jolly. I got to like Tasso most of all but Petrarch is awfully beautiful sometimes and I used to roar sometimes over Boccacio though its beastly broad I got to like them much more than I expected. I can read and talk Italian now almost like English. I dont quite understand Dante I suppose hes above me. If you would only come and explain it it would be all right. I dont think most of the Italians themselves know much about him.

We used to have long walks generally on Sunday I and one or two Italian officers to Fiesole and other places and good lunches but very frugal with a flask of splendid Monte Pulciano or Chianti on the table for nothing. These officers are as different as possible to the English and French awfully simple in their ways of living. After dinner sometimes one would buy a soldo or two worth of hot chestnuts and we used to go into a wine place and have some splendid wine for a lira or so and eat the chestnuts awfully good fun we had and we could go to the opera for ninepence and hear very good music. Then I went to Pistoia for a little time they say they speak nearly the same language there as Dante wrote. I read Dante with a man they call a professor of Dante but I thought he was rather a humbug. Now Ive come here for the winter and Im going on to Sicily. The people here seem worse off than ever. There are a few like the people in the north who are determined to get rid of this degraded government but not many.

I must send this off now if they open it they wont let it go and they often do. Next time I will tell you about Pompeii and other places here. Yours very affectionately

F. LEWARD.

Part VIII. *With Garibaldi in Lombardy.*

Frank to Bampton.

VARESE, *May* 24,1859.

DEAR OLD B. I take the first opportunity I have had to let you know where I am and what Ive been doing lately. It would be difficult for me to tell you of all that has happened since I wrote last. Im fighting again harder than ever this time in a cause Ive no doubt about at all and Im serving under one of the most splendid men there ever was its a pleasure to help in any way. I had heard a lot about Garibaldi when I was up about here before but I never saw him then. They all told me what a wonderful man he was and about his life and extraordinary adventures and travels in South America and all over. Then when I was in Florence at the beginning of this year I got quiet hints something was up but it was kept awfully dark. I met one or two men dressed up as pedlars in the rooms of some of my Italian friends they were going about enlisting people who wished to join a rising against the Austrians and giving them tickets sort of passports and sending them up one by one to the North. I got one and soon went off to Turin. There I first saw Garibaldi. He was coming out of the Kings Palace with the Marchese Pallavicino who was in prison at Spielburg goodness knows how long with Silvio Pellico you know who wrote the book about his different prisons under the Austrians. Garibaldi had got a loose pair of bags on like a sailors and his red shirt and a sort of Spanish poncio and a big hat like the South

Americans wear you never saw such a difference as there was between him and the dressed up swells who were round him. Theres something in his face I cant describe a sort of calm determination mixture of modesty and self reliance quickness and restlessness and repose about it and strong will with a simple kind sort of look as though he wouldnt hurt anything if he could help it. Hes not a big man rather short about 5 foot 8 but awfully wiry and strong looking you seem to be before a giant although hes not big. Every day you get to respect him more and more its more than liking him its a sort of trust and devotion all his men and officers and every one who is with him feels.

I was taken to see him afterwards by Bixio who was in the Crimea as a lot of the men who are with him here were. I believe a lot of them went there to see a little fighting first Bixio was for a long time on board an English man of war and hes a regular sailor so is the general as they all call Garibaldi. He seemed awfully pleased to see me and almost shy and said hed heard about me what it could be I dont know. He said he was awfully glad molto contento he said to see Englishmen come to help but he was afraid some of them would find it rather a rough kind of fighting and the food not very good but he supposed I shouldnt mind as Id been in the Crimea and a lot of other places. He has a most polite way of saying things. I dont mean fashionable sort of compliments but a natural kind of way of making people feel all right. He said he was particularly glad I talked Italian because so few English did and the thing he regretted most of all was he hadnt learnt to talk English properly and it was too late to begin now. I think hes the most perfect gentleman natural sort of gentleman I mean I ever saw.

While he was at Torino his volunteers Cacciatori delle Alpi they are called were collecting about Cuneo. There was a tremendous excitement all over and every young Italian whod got any pluck in him was going either with Garibaldi or volunteering under the Piemontese government at Turin. An old priest came all the way from Venice while we were there with a lot of young Italians of his parish as volunteers the old man had the greatest difficulty in getting there and I was awfully glad to see the priests taking it up because they can do a lot if they will.

Garibaldi asked me to go to Cuneo with him and from there we all set out for Casale. On the way we met the priest from Balzola a tremendous patriot ready to fight himself if necessary. An awfully learned man he wrote Don Mandrino you know and a lot of historical books you should read Don Mandrino if you havnt and he told us all the priests in Lombardy were with us in heart only they couldnt do much till Garibaldi got there and he said we must be good boys and not too Mazzinian. He meant we musnt keep away from Church and do all we could to stop private assassination but as long as we fought honestly and openly all the priests and a lot of the Bishops in Lombardy would be with us. We had a slight brush with the enemy near Casale but it wasnt much and only a few were wounded. It was beastly wet and it was amusing to see the General on the way he had got on for the first time his uniform as an officer in the Piemontese army it kept bothering him all day especially the silver mounted thing on his head kept going from one side to the other at last in a rage he shied it away and put on his old broad hat and his Montevidean Poncio.

It was so beastly wet it had been raining five days we went by train to Biella and got there on the 18th the general was received by the Bishop who would like to have done a little fighting himself. It was rum to see Garibaldi having breakfast with the Bishop next morning. We stopt there two days to get the men in order nearly 3000 of them and went through a lot of exercises and on the 20th marched on Gattinara and found fifty horses there. The enemy might easily have stopped us if they had tried. At Gattinara there was a great supper given to the officers by a tremendous clerical swell called the Archpriest it was an awfully grand supper the best I ever saw I think and splendid wine. The general wouldnt come he goes to bed early and gets up at four so we had a festive time the Italians are awfully good fellows but it didnt make us inclined to turn out early next morning. However we had to and we crossed the river the Sessia. Garibaldi is the most temperate man you ever saw eats precious little and the simplest things and can go without for as long as you like nearly and never drinks anything but water. He often sleeps on the ground in pouring rain in his poncio and hangs his red shirt and it out to dry in the morning and sits looking at them thinking while he smokes cigars thats his only luxury and he does smoke a lot of them turning them round and round in his mouth like a sailor chewing his quid.

The Austrians had bolted over the Sessia and the beggars had broken down the bridge after them which stuck us up for a bit but the country people made a sort of flying bridge so we managed to get over to Borgomanero. Weve got to travel light and the general sets the example we shied away everything except what we could put up in a small bag.

The day before yesterday we got up to Arona and at last crossed the Ticino at Castelleto where Simonetta one of Garibaldis best friends had got a lot of boats ready for us and we crossed over into Lombardy. It was a jolly night with a full moon and we went over as quietly as possibly you could hear nothing but the splash of the oars and jolly nightingales singing I couldnt help thinking of other things. We got to Sesto Calende you know it where the railway is at this end of the Lago Maggiore. The enemy was swarming all over the place and had the railways and might easily have stopped us if they had been up to much.

We are getting recruits in all over. We should do ever so much more only this Piemontese government which doesent seem much better than others is suspicious and jealous of Garibaldi and swells in the army say in a supercilious sort of way "Chi é Garibaldi" as if they didnt know he was worth fifty of them. They promised to have some cannon and a lot of horses to meet us there but neither came and we cant possibly do much without them. However the go of the people makes up for a good deal. We got here last night about 10 o'clock it was a dark wet night again but you should have seen the people. The whole place seemed alive and to turn out to come and meet us. Some on foot and a lot in carriages the rummest looking carriages you ever saw with lights and flowers and the devils own row. Hugging kissing every one especially Garibaldi who didnt seem to care much about it. A lot more recruits have been coming in but theres no guns for them. The people here know what it is to have lived under the Austrians. We expect to have a fight to-morrow so I must conclude this.

We are well off here Im staying in the big house where Garibaldi is the first dry bed Ive had for some time or chance of writing.

Ill write again soon if everything goes right. I should like to see this campaign out and the Austrians kicked out of Italy. Yours old man

FRANK LEWARD

Same to the Same.

BRESCIA, *June* 14, 1859.

DEAR B. If you only knew how fearfully done up I am you wouldnt expect me to send you a long letter Many thanks for yours. The march of the last two days has been almost more than anyone ought to try to do or else Im getting old and worn out. We marched two nights and a day straight on forced marching here from Bergamo and no rest to speak of. I havnt half as much to complain of as most as Ive had Bango who doesnt seem to mind how far or how long he goes so long as he gets plenty to eat. Hes getting spoilt and when he gets hungry he comes to a dead stop and no power on earth except food can get him to go on. He is a rum un a regular Tartar you should have seen his rude behaviour to his old friends the Italians who knew him and respected him in the Crimea. They were so glad to see him they tried to put their arms round his neck and kiss him didnt he let out with his hind legs and try to bite them. He doesnt care much for those sort of attentions. How the young fellows have managed this last march I cant tell. I believe nothing but their tremendous devotion to the cause they are fighting for could have kept them up.

I wrote at the end of last month didnt I. Weve had nothing but marches and fighting ever since we left Varese and so far I have got off all right. Chiefly I expect because Ive kept near the General and as Ive got a pony Ive been a sort of aide de camp to him.

General Urban with about 6000 Austrians came down on us at Varese the morning after I wrote and our General managed his small army splendidly. It wasnt half the size of the enemys and I dont believe any commander ever made so much of his men and when you remember most of them were quite young fellows almost boys who had never fought before and were excitable Italians their conduct was wonderful. Garibaldi told them to keep quiet and not to fire till the enemy was within fifty yards. I was awfully afraid they would not be able to resist the temptation to have a shot too soon. Lots of them had suffered and seen their families and friends suffering from the cruelty of these Austrians all their lives and now was the first chance of a shot in return and for their liberty and nothing but their trust in the General could have restrained them. They kept as quiet and firm as could be and not till the enemy was right on them and the word was given was a gun discharged. Then they gave it them well all round and the Austrians though they fought well at last made off and right away to Malnate where Simonetta received them and drove them from there. They got off to Salvatore as strong a position as they could wish and were drawn up in the form of a horseshoe and there were only the Genovesi Carabinieri to go against them. These Carabinieri are splendid shots mostly of old Genoese families but the General when he heard how the enemy had taken up their position was afraid his Carabinieri would be cooked so he went off with two hundred men as fast as he could to support them on their left wing and Major Bixio and I were sent to the right and had a tremendous struggle and at last the enemy retired beaten to Camerlata. And we went back to Varese having had enough of it for that day.

The Varesini received us back with even greater joy than before but we couldnt stop long in la Citta dei

fiori as they call it, and after one or two other fights on the way we got to Como on the 27th and all the people there rose and joined us. Poor Carlo de Christophoris was our greatest loss. I was very fond of him he had been waiting patiently all his life for this struggle. Once he had been obliged to leave his own country and become a teacher of languages at some military College at Sunbury I think. He was one of my greatest friends in the Crimea and many a night weve sat out talking of jolly scenes on the Thames and all about England and of what his people had gone through in Italy from the Austrians. He told me then of his determination to die if necessary doing his best some day to turn them out. He said he wished for no better death than to die while doing it. He got his wish and was killed fighting splendidly we took two guns from the enemy and we left altogether a thousand of them dead on the field. It all the same seemed sad that he should be killed just as he was flushed with happiness as he saw what he had hoped for so long was really being done. His brother an awfully clever doctor with a big practice has given it all up like a lot of others have to join the ambulance. When he came to his brothers dead body he clung to it for a moment and then with a sort of groan went off to look after the wounded.

Next day the enemy cleared out of Camerlata and we entered. Then Garibaldi went off to Laveno on the Lago Maggiore strongly held by the Austrians that was the first and so far the last repulse we have had. It was far too much for him to attempt without artillery. I and Major Bixio were sent round to the other side of the lake to Istria to get the people to rise and to seize the boats and get reinforcements across the Lake to Laveno. We got one boat off when down came a lot of the enemy in a ship and opened fire on us and we had to get ashore as best we could and set off as quick as possible we were precious near being caught as it was. We came up with Garibaldi at Cittiglio, and I never saw him so put out he was like a lion in a rage foaming about the place Andate was all he could say.

Then we went round again by Como and up to Lecco in boats the people all helping us as much as possible and about a week ago we got to Bergamo. There had been 8000 Austrians there but they went off when they heard we were coming and we nearly caught a lot in the train only they jumped out and ran off. The General did an awfully sharp thing there he seized the station and the telegraph office before the enemy knew we were there and kept telegraphing all over the place as though it was from one of their own generals and got answers back telling him exactly how many men they had at different places and what they were going to do. As soon as we got possession of Bergamo the people rose and formed a national guard. We stayed there three days getting them in order its a jolly place to stay in awfully well placed with splendid views of the plain of Lombardy. You can see this place and right away to Milan you can see the duomo distinctly and there are jolly walks round it under Accacia trees. Then we marched right on here and got in before ten o'clock in the morning.

We were received here with more row even than at Varese. The chief people came out to meet us and the women threw garlands of flowers at us and nearly covered us with flowers as we marched into the town. They were all dressed in the national tricolour it was awfully exciting. They seem awfully pleased to see an Inglese as they call me. They are a fine strong lot of people here and awfully jolly. We found some cannon and ammunition the enemy were good enough to leave behind just what we wanted.

The great secret of Garibaldis success is the way he puzzles the old duffers of old fashioned Austrian generals by the quickness of his movements. Before they know where he is hes down on them and when theyve just found out from their spies hes in one place he suddenly appears in the opposite direction. His cheek is tremendous he generally rides with some of his friends a good half mile ahead of the rest to see for himself where abouts the enemy is and how they are placed and sometimes the enemys outposts are astonished to find come on them not the vanguard of the Cacciatori but the general himself questo diavolo rosso as they call him. Then hes got some thundering good officers. Theres Medici who was with him at Rome in 49 and was all about South America with him and Corrano on old officer of the Neapolitan army and was so disgusted with it he threw it up and besides Bixio theres Cosenz and Arduino and a lot more who understand his ways thoroughly. Peards a rum un an English gentleman awfully pluckey and looks after the general like anything. I must shut up now I am awfully tired I expect well have another scrimage tomorrow near here yours old man

F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

LOVERE, *July* 29, 1859.

DEAR OLD BAM.Here I am and its all over for the present but I suppose I must begin at the beginning. We were pretty nearly smashed up at Brescia or rather near what they call the tre ponti by there after I wrote last. One of these Ponti is Bettoletto Garibaldi marched off there and I with him on the 15th of last month an awfully hot dusty morning and about eight in the morning we came on the enemy who were all about the place and drove them over the river the Chiese and held it although they were much stronger we kept them off. Col Türr an' Hungarian who hates the Austrians like sin had been sent with a lot more of our men to Rezzato a few miles from Brescia on the road to Preschiera and a battalion of Austrians came at them but Türr sent them off and was so excited he followed them up too far and fell into a sort of ambuscade they had waiting for him and he got awfully cut up. However he managed to keep the enemy at bay for some time. Castenodolo the place was called I think Türr lost a heap of men. The Italian army wasnt far off and the King sent a message to Garibabdi to keep firm in the position he occupied and hed come directly. But what position was the question considering we were trying to hold two and couldnt keep either much longer. The General was in an awful stew I wanted him to let me go off to tell the King how we were placed but he sent his son Menotti and made me go with him to Castenodolo. On the way we met Türr badly wounded in an ambulance he was very bad but tried to sit up and sang out viva Italia then we met a lot more wounded being carried off Bronzetti an awfully fine fellow among them—one poor beggar awfully badly hit when he saw the general coming called out feebly viva Gari and died before he could finish it. The General was in a rage for all that when he saw a part of his Cacciatori were retreating but just then up came General Cialdini with a lot of regulars and brought us off safely.

On June 17th I had to go with Major Bixio to Salo on the Lago di Garda an awfully pretty lake and next day the General came and was splendidly received there. On the 19th a steamer full of Austrians came up and we opened suddenly on them and smashed the steamer and the Austrians retired to the Mincio. Garibaldi was awfully anxious to follow them up and drive them over the river and right out of Italy altogether but we got orders from Cialdini to go up and occupy the Valtellina to stop the enemy coming over the Stelvio pass from the Tyrolese side. It was reported the enemy had got 30,000 troops there. We had to set off on the 24th, and after a lot more tremendous marching we got through to Sondrio and to the Ponte del Diavolo as they call it on this side its the Teufels Brücke on the other. On the 27th I went on with Bixio and Col. Medici to hold the Alta Valtellina with 1200 Cacciatori against 7000 of the enemy at least. We had small skirmishes with them every day and now and then a few of them would come within shot of our outposts near S. Antonio. A lot of them went down to Bormio to levy contributions and the people sent to Medici and he went to Bormio with as many as we could spare and the enemy retired without striking a blow. It seems strange we should be able to keep them off like that with much smaller numbers and our men not properly armed while they are but you must remember we are fighting for liberty with tremendous go while I suppose the Austrians dont care very much about it and a lot of them are Italian speaking people and their sympathies are with us rather than against. At Magenta they say when they had to charge the French a lot of Italians who had been put in the front rank deliberately laid down and let the French fire at the men behind. The Austrians are good soldiers but you cant expect them to do much under such circumstances.

As soon as we entered Bormio the Town declared for Victor Emanuele. The enemy was close by at the Bagni nuovi and might easily have come down on Bormio which wasnt defended on that side at all. So the few engineers we had set to work to throw up some defences and the school boys had to come to help and worked like anything. At another place near there I forget the name the priest turned out with all his people to make fortifications and Medici who isnt very fond of priests awfully prejudiced against them had to thank him publicly for setting such an example. Then the enemy went off to the Bagni Vecchi smashing the bridge after them.

The general got to Bormio on the 3rd and I saw him going about with the priest of the place to see the fortifications and have all the enemys strong positions pointed out to him. It was plucky of the priest because they had been under the Austrians so long and not far off in the Tyrol they are all for Austria and we cant be here long to protect them. He had his breviary in his hand with his fingers between the leaves just like Don Abondio is described in the Promessi sposi.

We swarmed out in different directions all over the place. Our army partly made up of boys from fourteen to sixteen some in very ragged dress and some without shirts on or shoes. Garibaldi is awfully fond of his adolescenti as he calls them and says he did more with his boys at Rome in 49 than with the men. He held a grand review of our troops at Bormio it was rum to see our ranks boys without any uniform and in all manner of different dresses and he made them an awfully good rough sort of speech telling them of the necessity of discipline and all that. They are honest hardy good sort of boys and awfully attentive at church. I used to go with them on Sunday because the others wouldnt although I dont understand their religion. Most of the officers wont thats the worst of them. I say its all very well freeing them from the cruelty of the Austrians but if its only to give them up to the devil I dont see what good you do. I told the General so once he only laughed and said all the English were afraid of the devil. It was fearfully cold up there in some parts thick with snow. Bixio got up

on a tremendous high rock about the highest point commanding the road to Stelvio.

Its the most rugged country as silent as the tomb and nothing seems alive but the eagles it looks awfully grand and solemn. We were some time making fortifications so as to make it as safe as we could from the enemy lots of the adolescenti working in the snow without shoes. I was sent on with the best shod to Sponda Lunga to see where the enemy was and we were pretty warmly received with cannon shot and nearly got into a mess but Bixio came up round by the left of the enemy and took their attention off us and got on to a splendid position. That was on the 7th I think and next day a lot of Austrian Tyrolese Carabinieri splendid shots came up but we went at them with the bayonet all along their line and I dont know who would have got the best of it when an Austrian officer came over to us with a flag of truce to say an armistice had been signed between the Emperor of Austria and the French Emperor and Victor Emanuel.

By Jove what a rage we were in cursing and swearing not at the Austrians now but at the French. They all say its the French who did it. Napoleon never liked Garibaldi and I dont believe he ever really wished to turn the Austrians out of Italy altogether only to get a little glory and something for his army to do. He nearly got licked over it as it was at Magenta. They say he was pale with funk there. I believe myself he got us sent up to the North to get us out of the way while he was making overtures for peace.

So we had to retire from the Stelvio pass by what they call the horror of Bormio a sort of great rent in the rocks the road is over 8000 feet high they say the highest road in Europe it goes in zigzags through long galleries to keep the snow off and at last I got here up at the North end of the Lago d'Iseo and found the General ill in bed reading Caesars commentaries. It was the peace made him ill more than all hes gone through since we left Cuneo in May.

The King received him well at Bergamo they say but I dont trust that King. He owes a lot to Garibaldi but I dont fancy he cares much about him. With the people the General is more an idol than ever. He has asked me to go with him to Tuscany where they are going to look after things so I suppose we shall start soon. When I said good-bye to Bixio he said we shall meet again soon and every one seems to think there will be/more fighting before long.

Its been hard work but now its over I feel sorry. When it was fine it was very jolly marching through the fine country especially by the Adda. The country there is awfully rich with splendid chesnut trees and a lot of others and a tremendous lot of wild flowers by the river side. I never saw anything like it I think except at St. Helena. The villages used to turn out to welcome us and when we camped for the night the people brought us food and wine and cigars. Then we used to go foraging about the big farms for eggs and poultry and things so we werent badly off on the whole.—Good-bye old man I'll try to write again from Tuscany. Yours

FRANK LEWARD.

Frank to Mr. Saunders.

GENOA, *May* 2, 1860.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS.—Ive been leading an idle life lately and was very glad to get your letter. It reached me at Caprera where I was staying with Garibaldi. I was there a long time. Hes a curious man I suppose there never was such a one to lead an army or a lot of ragamuffins as we looked all round about in the most circuitous ways and hes got the luck of some one else. We ought to have been smashed up lots of times by the rules of war but somehow we werent. Take the General out of the field and hes the biggest fool on earth. He lets me say anything to him and Ive often told him so and advised him to have nothing to do with politics. When we were marching on Como the first time surrounded by the enemy on all sides and I was in a beastly funk as to what might happen up there comes tearing along on horseback a sort of amazon a fine looking woman though I didnt much care about her face. She said she must see Garibaldi at once as she had most important news. Garibaldi is awfully fond of women and he has a most polite courteous way of treating them a sort of defference natural kind of politeness so although he was fearfully tired and wanted to go to sleep he said she might come in. She said she was the daughter of a Marchese somebody or other and had intercepted some important despatches or letters of the enemy. Garibaldi was excited by the story and I left them together what happened I dont know. She gave him the despatches but whether they were genuine or not I dont know either. When we were in Tuscany after the fighting was all over I saw there was something up he seemed restless and said at last he was

going up to the north to get married I couldnt say much except dont so he went. I didnt see him again till I went to Caprera in October he seems to have got married to the lady with the despatches and then left her.

Caprera is the most extraordinary place for any one to choose to live in you can imagine. Its up the North East coast of Sardinia and I suppose take them altogether Corsica and Sardinia are the least attractive places I was ever in. As you get to Caprera it looks like a great granite walled place and I should think it about the most sterile and bleak you could choose exposed to all the winds that blow. Hes built a one story house and hes making a road. A lot of his old officers came while I was there and we had lots of fun he set us all to make a beastly stone wall round the most melancholy looking garden you ever saw. Theres good fishing and we used to sit on the rocks to fish but he wont let you kill any thing on the Island except some wild bulls awful brutes. Garibaldi takes them himself with a lasso like the South Americans keeps a little to eat and sells the rest to a man who comes over for them and brings letters from Madalena.

I dont think Bampton would like the food the cooking is not luxurious awfully rough and wholesome and the wine by Jove. He always drinks water himself but unfortunately he has planted some vines and makes his own wine. Its nearly the only thing he shows pride about. When he gives a glass to a new arrival and asks him how he finds it you should see the faces they make over it. Its a regular old Roman Spartan sort of life he leads. His small bed is bang over a cistern. Another subject of pride are some candles sent him from New York from a place where he worked once making candles.

I wish he was more sensible about the religion of the people he has done so much for. Without it they would be much worse and not half so happy. I keep preaching this to him but he only laughs and says I dont know. Hes got a small stable where he keeps a donkey and I got into a fearful rage when he said to me I call the stable il Vaticano and the donkey Pio Nono after your friend. I told him right out Pio Nono was a better man than he was and if some of his friends had been a little more morally decent Pio Nono would have been the first to help them free Italy from her enemies as he showed he was at one time till he was so disgusted with the heathenish ways of a lot of his so called liberators he was obliged to give them up as any decent person would be let alone a Pope. I made him awfully wild by quoting some of a letter he once wrote to Pio Nono himself in 47 I think. I happened to come across it once when he offered his "sword to his Holliness and his arms willingly to the service of one who had done so much for our country and our Church" and how it "would be a privilege if he was allowed to offer his blood for the head of the church" those were his very words and he was awfully wild when I asked him why he wrote them if he didnt believe in the Pope. I said "you were willing to do anything for him most submissive as long as he agreed with you and now when your friends have so disgusted him by their conduct and have taken so often to assassination and secret murder that they have obliged him to take a different course you turn on him and abuse him. He might just as well get a donkey and call it Garibaldi only he wouldnt be such a fool or he might call his stables Caprera only most likely theyd be a great deal more decent to live in. "We had a regular row and he told me Id better go if I didnt like it and I said I wouldnt so he walked off. He came back afterwards and shook hands and said I didnt know all and I told him to stick to fighting and there was lots to be done yet and not bother about politics or the Pope and the priests would be his best friends as they were in Lombardy.

When I was in Rome they took me to see the Pope and I dont think I ever saw such a kind benevolent looking man anywhere. He was awfully civil to me and said he liked to see Englishmen especially if they talked Italian. He was writing away in a little room like an office with a snuf box in his hand. Of course I dont mean to change I dont believe in changing but if anything could make me it would be the looks of the old Pope.

Poor old chief though hes had enough to bother him without me making it worse. I shall never forget it when he heard that Nice was to be given up to France. Its his birthplace you know. It was a mixture of sorrow and the most tremendous tearing rage like a wounded lion to think that after all hes done for Italy his own place in his own country is to be given away and he as he said to be a stranger in Italy. He went up to Turin to have a go at Cavour for doing it but hes no good in politics they say he cant speak a bit its not his line.

There will be more work for us to do directly and were quite ready. Garibaldi has been asked by a lot of people in Palermo to come and help them and were off there in a few days. He doesnt care twopence for the King. Victor Emanuel pretends hes got nothing to do with it but whatever Garibaldi does he does for the King and Victor Emanuel is precious glad to get the benefit of it as he was in Lombardy. Bixios here again and lots of the old Cacciatori are collecting near here at Quarto and we shall have some excitement in a day or two.

I did think you and Bampton would have been able to come out here last Autumn I was awfully disappointed. At Christmas I took a walk by myself from here to Nice along the Riviera its splendid scenery most of the way especially along the Corniche road right up sometimes overlooking the Mediterranean and with palm trees and orange and lemon groves all along. I slept at a lot of curious old towns you would have liked them—Ventimiglia Mentone Monaco and a lot more. Monaco is the most curious of all built on a bit of land high up jutting out in the sea and the waves beating all round and a beastly old Palace takes up nearly half of it where the Prince lives hes an absolute monarch there. Id got my Cacciatore dress on and was awfully well

received all along as though I was a sort of hero especially by the women. I came back from Nice in an open boat with a boy it was awfully rough and I thought we were done for once or twice however we managed to get in all right.

I wish you would write soon though I dont know where I shall be or what may happen next month—Yours very affectionately

F. LEWARD.

Mr. Saunders to Frank.

RYDAL, *June* 17, 1860.

MY DEAR FRANK I am indeed sorry I have not been able to join you in Italy but if the truth must be told I am getting old and I have not been much accustomed to travel on the Continent. I have only been to the ordinary places in Switzerland and the Italian lakes, and though I have few greater pleasures now than reading Italian I have found when I have attempted to speak that language my efforts have not been very successful. Bampton talks both in French and Italian as he does everything else excellently well but he couldnt come. On his usual visit to me at the end of August he was worn out with work on circuit and I could see any further mental, or even physical strain would be too much for him. Sometimes I think he will have to take a prolonged holiday. To his active mind the idea is intolerable. The repugnance to it comes a good deal from the dread lest rivals in his profession should get his work, such an apprehension would spoil the enjoyment of any holiday beyond the limits of the long vacation.

As it was, after he had rested quietly here for some time in perfect repose, we managed to take a short walking tour through some of the old Midland towns, and most thoroughly enjoyed it. You get far more peaceful holidays in such old world places than in all the busy resorts where tourists most abound seeking for pleasure and often failing to find much of it. At Warwick with its old almshouses at Kenilworth where we read Sir Walter again, at Ludlow where we stayed at the Feathers the most perfect specimen of an old English hostel, at the Raven at Shrewsbury we luxuriated in old memories and quaint houses. We even saw the very tree from whose branches Owen Glendower watched the battle of Shrewsbury.

We thought much of you all the time and of the day now we hope not far off when you, after all these years of wandering and adventures, will return to England, and we shall have you as the companion of our rambles. But you must be quick my boy for old Saunders is really getting old now and he would like to have you somewhere near him when the lamp burns dim and the forces of life are failing. So do be careful and do not expose yourself unnecessarily. I see by my weekly paper you must be in the very thick of it again fighting against enormous odds and I fear your ranks have been terribly cut up by mercenary troops in Sicily.

But what a glorious fight it is you are engaged in; even to end all there would be a hero's end indeed, better than "a dull stale bed." It is those you would leave behind would be the loosers, and I have a sort of presentiment you are in greater danger than ever. Sometimes when I think of what you have done in Northern Italy and are doing in the South battling tyrants and letting in the free air of liberty, the true air of Heaven, to be breathed by people who when once they enjoy it will never suffer it to be taken from them again, it seems to me there can be no work so glorious as that. How it rises above wars that are waged for vulgar conquest, as a high and noble principle of action rises above brute force. When I consider all this I feel I could almost come out myself and old as I am try to wield a musket. Only I am afraid when I was really face to face with the foe I might act like Horatius at Philippi and run away. Things are very stirring to read about and grow enthusiastic over at home at the fire side or sitting under a honeysuckle covered porch, but to have to sleep out in the rain all night, with the chance of a bayonet coming through you in the morning, or a bullet between your ribs, it so alters the complexion of things.

"When I Achilles hear upon the stage
Speak honour and the greatness of his soul
Methinks I too could on a Phrygian spear
Run boldly and make tales for after times.
But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death mars this bravery, and the ugly fears

Of th' other world sit on the proudest brow
And boasting valour looseth his red cheek."

Now tell me who wrote that.

Talk about Homeric heroes beating a town to pieces because one little woman had been run away with by a man who happened to be a King's son, whats that compared to fighting for liberty and for all that enobles us and raises us from narrow minded slaves into self governing thinking acting men. Had your campaign been fought two thousand years ago and had you a bard such as Agamemnon had how would the deeds of your chief, of your friends, of yourself been handed down to all posterity.

"It seems so lovely what our fathers did
And what we do, as it was to them
Toilsome and incomplete."

Write again at once or at least on the first reasonable opportunity either to me or Bampton. It doesnt matter much which for we both see whatever you write.

I think Bampton will come to see you in the Autumn if you are still in Italia would that I could come too. I must wait behind to welcome you both back to my cottage, and when I do that it will be one of my very happy days.

Farewell for the present my dear old pupil. Yours very affectionately

A. M. SAUNDERS.

Part IX. *With Garibaldi in the South.*

Frank to Mr. Saunders.

PALERMO, *June* 5, 1860.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS I write to tell you I have got through so far safely. After I wrote last we had very exciting work and heaps of the friends of our Volunteers came to see them off. The Italians are so awfully demonstrative and so impulsive in their feelings a lot who had only come to say good bye got so enthusiastic in the cause they came right on with us too. Then I had to take part in a wild sort of adventure. Major Bixio was sent by sea to Genoa to seize two of the Rubattino Companys steamers it was the coolest thing you ever saw. Im supposed to be half a sailor still thats why I suppose I always get sent on anything connected with the sea or sailing. I felt like a bold buccaneer or pirate boarding the big ships at dead of night with our pistols loaded and swords ready. Luckily for both sides they didnt show fight so we went off with our prizes the Lombardo and the Piemonte. I believe the company got paid for them afterwards and we were obliged to take them that way to get our volunteers to Sicily.

On May 5th we got all our men on board. Bixio took command of the Lombardo. I went on the other with Garibaldi and after stopping at one or two places we appeared off the norwest coast of Sicily on the 11th. It was a risky job getting into Marsala and required a lot of care. There were the Argus and Intrepid English men of war there they didnt bother about us, but there were some Neapolitan cruisers about too and we didnt care about falling in with them with our decks blocked with men. However at 2 o'clock we ran in splendidly from the norwest. The people of Marsala didnt quite know what to make of it. Most were for us but a lot were afraid. We bivouacked outside the town.

I dont know whether the stupid Neapolitans were afraid of us while we were on board ship or why it was but they never attempted anything till we were all landed and then they came down and took our ships. The peasants headed by the monks and priests were awfully enthusiastic as we went on and a lot of the peasants rose and joined us. We landed with about 1000 of the old Cacciatori and officers they are worth all the rest and wont take a penny, they pay their own expenses but the people we have come to liberate want their pay regularly before fighting.

Next day we marched on Salemi and bivouacked about there. All along we were threatened by the enemy who kept hovering about us and at one place we were nearly caught where the road goes between some hills the

enemy appeared on the top of them and had a great advantage but the General was always to the front and sent a lot of the squadri the Sicilians that is round to outflank them and the Neapolitans went off like a shot. Then we went on to Calatafimi and a whole lot of the enemy came down on us there. It was the biggest fight weve had yet how I got off all right I dont know. It lasted three hours they had six times our numbers and were in a splendid position on the hill with a lot of cannon. The old Cacciatori behaved splendidly went right up the hill and routed the enemy at the point of the bayonet. I never saw anything finer but we lost tremendously. A lot of my old friends who were in the Crimea and all through last year in Lombardy fought their last fight that day and we had to leave nearly four hundred of them behind awfully good fellows. We drove the enemy off and had a sort of triumphal thanksgiving. Padre Giovani Pantaleone a tremendous patriot met the General at the door of the Church with the Sacrament in his hands and offered thanks for the victory. This padre went along with us and carried with him a huge wooden cross which he waves over the heads of the Sicilians when they are going to fight. Its a great thing for us to have such a man with us it gives a sort of religious feeling to the expedition and the Sicilians are awfully superstitious and some people who dont like the General have told them he has come to destroy their religion.

The enemy returned to Palermo sacking a small place called Massa Quarnero and massacred the inhabitants with beastly cruelty and set fire to the place for some reason or other I suppose to make the people fonder of the Neapolitan government. Then we came on towards this place passing the smoking ruins of Massa Quarnero and on the 19th we were on the heights over Monreale about three miles from Palermo. I had been there before so I knew the country pretty well. The enemy had 24,000 troops in and about Palermo. We expected the people would rise when we came as they had invited us there are about 200,000 of them here altogether but they darent do anything. They are awfully good at talking and making speeches in their clubs and meetings but when it comes to action its all effervescence and goes off like smoke and most of them are cowards. The enemy might easily have defended Palermo if they had been worth anything. Its surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills with Parco and Monreale to protect it from the land side and the Castello and men of war to defend it from the sea. They ought never to have let us take it. When we bivouacked up there the first night I was almost in despair. The general wasnt at all just the same as ever and he managed it awfully cleverly. No general ever circumvented a stronger enemy better than he did.

We made a lot of fires all along the heights to make it look as though we had more than we really had when we found the enemy held Parco and Monreale and then we pretended to retreat and divided our forces. Bosco the Neapolitan general came after us with about 8000 chiefly Bavarians Bavaresi as they call them and Swiss and we led them a dance. We must have gone thirty miles over the mountains where there were scarcely any paths or even tracks carrying what small cannon we had in our arms by Jove it was hard work. When we had drawn them a long way from Palermo we doubled back to where we had left about 2000 Picciotti as they call the Sicilian Insurgents who have joined us went as quick as we could go made a sudden attack on the town forced the guard at the Ponte Ammiraglio and entered Palermo. General Bosco had told the people he had licked us and that his army was in full pursuit of us so they were rather surprised to hear we had suddenly come down on them and were right in their midst as right as possible in the middle of the night and when they got up next morning they found barricades going up all over the place the Italian national flag flying from the Cathedral Garibaldis troops keeping guard and Garibaldi in possession.

Then began the most beastly piece of brutality I think I ever saw. Marshal Lanza who had come expressly from Naples still held the fort Galila and he began in sheer spite to bombard the town because we had taken it. It didnt hurt us much but the unfortunate people suffered fearfully and it smashed a whole quarter of the city and whenever what they call the Regi that is the troops of the King of Naples caught any of the people they were brutally treated and a lot violated and massacred.

All this brutality did us good and as the Picciotti who had been scattered about the hills began to drop in one by one with stories of ruin and violence they had seen even these Palermitans became roused and the rising against the Neapolitan government became general. Admiral Mundy who was off here on the Hannibal did all he could to stop the bombardment and at last got the Neapolitan general to meet Garibaldi on board the English flagship and an armistice was agreed to for three days and it was afterwards prolonged to the fifth and then the regi evacuated all the forts they held about the place.

As soon as the regi marched out the people set to work to destroy the citadel that had kept them under so long and when they saw the Neapolitans had really gone they broke out into tremendous jubilation. Public thanks were given at the cathedral. The General went in state but wouldnt have anything to do with the grand cushions and things they had put for him and knelt on the bare pavement. He took up his head quarters here at the Palazzo Pretorio and assumed the government of Sicily provisionally as dictator. All the town is covered with bills "Vogliamo l'annessione al regno constituzionale di Re Vittorio Emmanuale" but I suspect these placards were quietly brought over from Genoa. We have had reinforcements which we very much wanted as four hundred at least of our old cacciatori have been killed since we landed at Marsala.

The people must have suffered frightfully under the Neapolitan government and especially since the army occupied the town against us. Some splendid churches have been destroyed by the Neapolitans and all the old documents and things at Santa Maria Incorronata they thought so much of were completely sacked. Some of our men I am sorry to say behaved badly to the Jesuits. The monks and priests have been working at the defences of the place since we came splendidly and making their people work too but our men somehow have an especial dislike to the Jesuits. Why I don't know I always find them the most gentle and learned of the lot. The other day I heard a row near the Jesuit College and I went in to see what was up and I found some of our men ransacking it. There was a very old priest over 70 awfully learned in natural history who had made a wonderful collection of shells they say the best collection in Italy it had taken nearly all his life to make it. One man had taken the drawers with the shells in out one by one and smashed every blessed shell in them with the butt end of bis musket. I was too late to stop it and the old priest never made a complaint though he had been obliged to look on and see all his treasures destroyed. Next day I was down by the shore and I came on the old man beginning his collection over again. I must stop this tremendous long letter now. Bixio will go south and Türr through the middle of the island I expect and we shall go round to meet them about the North East point near Milazzo most likely.

I will write again as soon as I can. Yours very affectionately

FRANK LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

SALERNO, *September* 7, 60.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS. It would be impossible to give you a very clear idea of our progress since I left Palermo. I was there for some time after I wrote last the General wanted me to help him look after some things he was expecting from England and we didnt get on till the 18th of July by a Scotch cattle ship with an old North country captain an awfully rough specimen and landed at Patti and got on to Milazzo by Barcelona.

We found Dunn and Col. Wyndham had been having a lot of skirmishes with the enemy and had kept them off but their men had got awfully demoralized and there was precious little discipline among them. It was only the arrival of Garibaldi and his great influence over them and their hatred of the Neapolitan government kept them together at all. The feeling of devotion and trust in Garibaldi is greater than ever since all the success he has had lately.

We fought them at Milazzo on the 20th the Neapolitans under Bosco had 7000 properly armed and twelve guns we had barely 4000 most of them Sicilians precious little use and a lot of them only small boys. The General was as cool as anything all the time leading his men on most of the time with his stick in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth. While the fighting was hottest and I was beginning to think it was going against us I came on him quietly sitting by a small stream where he had been washing his shirt and was looking at it hanging up to dry I never saw such a man. The Swiss and Germans under Bosco fought well as long as they were under cover but they were no match for our men when it came to an open tussel and the Neapolitan soldiers and officers are the verriest scum of the earth no earthly good and almost bigger cowards than the Turkish officers I think. Garibaldis own men fought grandly but theyd have been licked if it hadnt been for Dunn and Wyndham who turned the tables on the enemy at last.

On the 22nd two days after that the Old Aberdeen came in the only ship that dare come because of the Neapolitan ships which fired on them if they came. The old Captain said he didnt care a dam hed got to land a lot of ammunition for us from Palermo and he was paid for doing it and hed do it and dam all the firing and as soon as he had landed his cargo he went back to Palermo for some more.

Soon after that the Neapolitans began gradually to sneak out of Sicily giving it up to the Dictator. The King wrote to him thanking him for what he had done and accepting Sicily but begging him not to go over to the main land. Hes a cur that King I dont like him. As though the General would have done all he has to leave the Neapolitan government as strong as ever in Naples to go on with their tyranny and brutal cruelties. The Generals answer was awfully good he showed it me before he sent it hed made his program he said and must

carry it out. Francesco Secondo wrote to the General too the other day he seems in an awful funk and wanted to buy Garibaldi oft He said he would give him twelve million francs and 50,000 men to go against Venice or the Pope. Thats the style of man supposed to be awfully faithful to the Pope. Hed see him driven out any day or any one else either if he could only get rid of our General.

On the 28th of July we entered Messina the people in a tremendous state of excitement our men especially the adolescenti kicking up a tremendous row. Padre Giovani as they call our fighting priest with his black cross in his hands and a couple of revolvers in his belt preaching like anything at the Cathedral and finishing up by calling for three evivas for Garibaldi three more for Victor Emanuel and three for La Madonna Santissima. It was awfully exciting. We were all the time making the best preparations we could for crossing over. We didnt however get across till Aug. 18th and then we could hardly get boats enough. We started from Taormina in the Franklin. The captain said she wasnt ready so the General took it across himself. He and I were engaged plugging a big hole up in the bottom most of the time she leaked fearfully and was covered with men swarming all over her. I thought we should have gone down once or twice. However we landed all right at last at Capo d'Armi the south spur of Aspromonte.

I got your letter and one from Bampton while we were at Messina. Im awfully glad Bampton's coming I wish you could come too. I dont know about my coming to England though. I must stop here and see this out first but I told the general if we kick Francesco out of Naples Im not going on with him to Rome if that's part of his programme. I feel sometimes as though Id rather finish up fighting than come to England at all.

It was curious to see the difference between the Calabrians and the Sicilians. In some places we have come through they are sort of Greek and speak Greek and wear a sort of Greek dress and look much more Greek than Italian. They were awfully pleased to see us and a lot joined us at once.

Next day after we got across we set off for Reggio. We heard there were 12,000 of the enemy there and I was rather in a funk. It looked awfully lovely though as we got near Reggio its built on the shore sloping down from the Castle with its jolly gardens behind and the bay of Catania and Etna with white smoke going up in front There wasnt much cause for fear as it happened because as we entered the people received us awfully well and the national guard joined us and we caught a lot of the enemy going down to a fort on the shore. The rest with the stupid old general Gallotta shut themselves up in the Castle. We had a go for that the next day and they defended it well for them but we took it at last by one of Garibaldis flank movements and surprised them so they didnt know what to do. Their poor old general was almost crying and all he could say was "Io aspettava che Garibaldi miattachasse d'avanti ed invece é venuto di dietro." So they capitulated and were allowed to go without their arms and we found a lot of ammunition there. In my opinion that old Gallotta or whatever his name is ought to have been shot by rights or hung for as soon as we entered the town he imitated Lanza at Palermo and began a senseless stupid fire on his own town and people. Its just like them when we enter a place and the people rise and join us the Neapolitan government shows its spite by destroying their own people they are supposed to protect.

From Reggio we went on to Bagnara by the sea coast and it was awfully pretty. Churches vineyards terraces and palaces right up the mountain sides. The General was awfully particular to keep good order among the men they werent allowed to touch a thing. He had some men shot for taking grapes as they went by a vineyard. At Bagnara I slept on the sands and then we went on again. These people are ever so much finer than the Sicilians and their love and devotion to the General seems to increase every day they are determined to make Italy a free nation under Victor Emanuel.

As we got near Palmi I thought the view beat every thing I had ever seen. We went through forests of chestnuts and olives and sometimes we had the coast of Sicily in view and the islands out at sea and when it got dark Stromboli sending up flames and smoke and to the north the Gulf of Agioia and Capo Vaticano it made a splendid picture.

On the 28th we got to Nicolera in a broiling heat then to Militto where we heard the enemy was only four miles a-head of us shying away their arms and going off as fast as they could and that they had shot one of their generals General Briganti so as to be able to say they had shot somebody I suppose.

Milittos an awfully curious old place built a tremendous time ago and full of churches and priests. They all turned out priests and all to welcome us and seemed awfully glad we were come. We got on to Monteleone at night and the view there seemed better still its up a good height and we could see all round in the morning as we went down to Pizzo. The General was surrounded there by a lot of people who have come to meet him and bother him fearfully. At one place Curinga the people called him "II nostro secondo Gesu Christo" very different to his enemies who tell them he has sold himself to the devil and cant be hit and shakes the bullets out of his shirt when he goes to bed.

Peard was a little way a head of us with a few men and they came on *7000* of the enemy and called out to them to surrender as cool as possible and they all surrendered like a shot you never saw such fools. I cant describe all the villages and places we came through in a sort of triumphal progress. Castrovillari was one of the

nicest of them much better streets and awfully welllpaced and cleaner than most. The people there seem to have suffered more than anywhere from the Neapolitan Government. They told us every tenth man at least had been stuck in prison for something or other by the government. They all rose and received us splendidly as they did all the way along the priests at the head of them. They are a very religious people there. Then we went through the Bassilicata and Rotondo. I went on a head with Col. Peard and got here the day before yesterday. There were about 12,000 Neapolitan troops here but they went off as we went in and the town surrendered to us.

It was the greatest joke you ever saw the people thought Peard was the General He is like him and has the same sort of dress and all the swells of the place came the Bishop Judges Municipal swells and all to have an audience with him. He received them as cool as anything and listened to all they said without theyre having any idea it wasnt the General till up came the General himself in a carriage and saw what was up and called out like the rest when he saw Peard viva Garibaldi and everybody roared.

Ive been up early this morning writing all this rigmarole as I expect we shall be off soon for Naples. I wish I could remember all that has happened. There are a lot of people swarming in from Naples to see us by Jove I believe thats Bamptons voice

8th. It was old Bampton not a bit changed I was glad Ive just got time to shut this up were off to Naples Yours

F. L.

Bampton to Mr. Saunders.

NAPLES *Sep.* 10, 1860.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS When I got here on the sixth I found all bustle and confusion. On the way I met conflicting reports it was difficult to get any information I could rely upon. At Turin they told me the Piemontese army was marching on Naples to relieve Garibaldi, others said to protect Francesco secondo from Garibaldi. Some said Garibaldi was in danger, others that he had been defeated by the Neapolitan army and was flying, others that he had gone further than Cavour wished and others again that the King of Naples had massed his troops north of Naples and intended to give him a crushing blow there, that he had allowed him to come on so far without offering any but a nominal resistance intending to catch him in a trap.

At Florence I could see there was great anxiety and different stories were told varying with the political opinions of those who told them. But I passed on. At Rome the anxiety was greater. I restrained an ardent wish to see all that there is to be seen at Rome or at least some of the greater sights and again pushed on keeping my purpose fixed to reach our old friend and if possible bring him back with me. If we could start in time we might see something of Rome on our way back. The feeling among the people at Rome seemed on the whole sympathetic with Garibaldi, but doubtful of his ultimate designs. I fear lest with success he will grow more and more hostile to the Church. I fancy he has been playing a masked game getting all he can out of the Church while secretly determined to undermine it if not openly to attack it. The Italian character is complicated, convoluted, it hath many folds and is not simple.

The journey from Florence to Rome was difficult. But at length as all things have an end we got to the frontier of the Papal states situated in a barren cold mountainous country. So at least it appeared to be to me when at dead of night we arrived there in the dilatory diligence after hours of excruciating torture by the way and in utter destitution as far as the animal was concerned within, making me more than ever convinced that nature never intended me to be destitute of anything.

At the frontier the good paternal government insisted upon our being fumigated before we were allowed to enter the States of the Church. Infection of liberalism or protestantism or both I suppose being dreaded in the Holy City. I pleaded guilty to the first heresy but stoutly denied the latter. I told the grim official of the Pope half a fumigation would be enough for me "nonsono Protestante sono lnglese e Catholico ma liberale" I said. He didnt see my point looked doubtfully at me and not liking my jocular air and wishing also I have no doubt to show off his French as I had been to show off my Italian, replied "Monsieur c'est grave."Grave it was standing in a small room half suffocated with the fumes of some abominable chemical compound, trying to breathe in a thick fog of nearly the same density as we enjoy in London every morning from November to March. Our baggage also was similarly fumigated to prevent the taint of light literature, but only the topmost things could have been much affected by the process the fumes could not possibly have reached far down among the under strata of shirts and trousers. This farce being over we escaped to have our baggage overhauled by other

officials. I soon got over that ordeal having nothing to conceal. Two fat degenerate monks fared worse a bottle of something probably Chartreuse verte was found upon each of their persons. They not having the means of redeeming them had to leave them behind a perquisite I presume for the officials.

At last we got to Civita Vecchia and then to Rome. It is very disappointing to one who has thought much about Rome, its ancient splendours, its mediaeval glories, and all its antiquities to discover you are really there, really at Rome itself, by seeing "Roma" written up in the most prosaic way in a railway station. I could scarcely realise so much of my pilgrimage was done when aweary and half asleep I was roused by a porter shouting out "Roma" and I looked out and there I really was. I had seen no Coliseum no Cupola of S. Peter's no Vatican, not one of the seven hills, not even the English burial ground where Keats lies buried in "a spot so sweet it would make one in love to be buried there," nor had I passed through one of Roma's many gates, but there we were in an ugly station just as one would be at Birmingham or Leeds or at any other unromantic unhistoric place, and I was told that ugly modern station was Rome, the eternal City, once mistress of the tangible world still mistress of the better part of the world's spirit How short of expectation fall the dull facts of life.

Still resisting all temptation to loiter by the way I hurried on and got at last to the dominions of worthy King Francesco and found that amiable monarch bidding adio to his people in what was really a very dignified address. Who wrote it for him I can't tell. I can hear of no one among his ministers capable of forming or expressing such ideas, and he certainly couldnt himself. If he had only been made to act during his reign in anything like the tone of it he might still have remained King of the Two Sicilies. We met him going, like Hannibal, to Capúa, and I afterwards heard in spite of all his affection for his people, and the promises of reform contained in his address, he had not omitted to shoot a Parthian arrow at them by ordering both the Castello del Ovo and the fort of S. Elmo still occupied by his artillery to bombard the town if Garibaldi attempted to enter it. This seems to have been the general programme with that effete and monkey government, to retreat for fear of blows, and retreating to fire on their own towns and people, so as to get a small revenge.

Had this wretched order been carried out a worse destruction might have fallen upon Naples than if hot cinders from Vesuvius had surged up to and over the devoted city. For despotic governments however feeble in their proper art of governing are generally strong in providing means of destroying the people who are unhappily within their clutches. Naples was in a curious state scarce knowing what to do. Rid of a nightmare in the person of their king, hearing Garibaldi the deliverer was near at hand, but tremblingly afraid of S. Elmo and not knowing what brood of chickens in the shape of shells and curses Castello del Ovo might bring forth. But Garibaldi I heard was already at Salerno and I knew Frank was with him so I got up early next day and was off by train before breakfast. All was silence and expectation. As I passed Vesuvius with its thin curly cloud of smoke ever ascending it seemed a type of this great city. No one could tell for no one knew what would happen next yet all did know that fires lay there ready to burst forth and overwhelm kings and tyrants if there was any one to cause sufficient friction by giving the necessary push. And as I went along near the spot where cities lay buried it seemed an awful power that had been given to this one man, this new Napou leon this lion of the desert. And would that providence which has evidently raised him up to fight give him wisdom and strength in council that he may turn his victories into lasting blessings for the people, or must a foolish policy turn them to the destruction of the bad old systems only, leaving nothing better in their place?

These thoughts were speedily dissipated as we got near Salerno. There I quickly jumped out and from among an idle crowd of sight seers and lion hunters forced my way to Garibaldi's head quarters, forced my way in and up stairs though some resistance was offered. I thought if I could find an official about Garibaldi he would be able to tell me where Frank was. I was arguing with a good natured red shirted fellow with a gun in his hand ready to go off and shoot any body, I had just made him comprehend who I wanted when at that moment a door opened and there stood Frank. I glared at him and he glared at me. What dull cold unimpassioned beings we are. Had we been Italians, French, Spaniards even Germans or Russians we should have rushed into each others arms and in a long embrace poured out all we felt and which we two had no idea how to express. We only looked and were silent To shake hands and say how do you do is the Englishman's greeting when he meets another after any interval. It is what we say every where to every friend we meet whom we meet every day, and I believe it was what I said then to Frank. I hadn't seen him for twenty years and I know what I meant was not how do you do, that I could see, I meant how have you been all this time? what change has taken place in you what change within as well as without; are you the same? Not how do you do but how will you do? will you be the same, or have these changing years made you some other, with other interests and affections, shall thieving time prove himself to have been a robber of what we knew and loved when we were young and could know and love? that was what I meant by my prosaic how do you do. I think Frank said nothing at all. I remember he took me by the arm and led me to a chair and I sat down. It was a large barely furnished room after the Italian fashion in a big house or palace. As far as I remember there were only two or three chairs in it. Frank had been writing at a table in the middle of the room when he was interrupted by my altercation with the sentry. He sat down at the table put his elbows on it and his face in his hands. Those brown

curls you remember were grown black but more grey than black. He had a short beard very very grey,

"As though the sorrows he had known
Had stolen half his life away."

He wore the ordinary red Garibaldian shirt a big pair of boots loose trousers and beyond that I dont think he had anything, unless it was a broad scarf which helped to keep together the large collar of his red shirt but not very closely. His face was tanned by many suns and marked by many storms, but though it was a dark brown it still kept something of the old delicacy of complexion. If I had met him in the street I should not have known him but I think I should have stopped to look at him, as long as he was in sight, as one looks at a fine strong ship that has been tossed about in many seas and has weathered many storms, and has got to look oldish and weather beaten, but interests us more than the light luxurious pleasure crafts that sail more gracefully by.

At last he said I must take you to see the General. How curious it is, what compound creatures we are and what small creatures too we must be. I had been looking forward to this meeting for many years, often coming often put off, and now here it was and we had met under most strange surroundings, I had travelled far and fast to see him, put up with many inconveniences, and now when I heard the great dictator was going to have breakfast and I must come too, I felt glad. I had got up very early and come some way by train and had not broken my fast and was hungry, still I think nothing on such an occasion ought to have made me feel hungry. No sooner it seems do we meet an old friend after many years absence than we ask him to have something to eat, or we expect him to ask us to feed. I fear we are only animals indeed, with strong affections but also with strong appetites, only animals and not quite such fine ones as some of those we conceitedly call the lower animals. Did you ever meet an old dog who had been yours once and had loved you and looked upon you as his master and you had ruthlessly given him away or sold him and after a long time had gone to see him or casually met him, and uttering a low sorrowful whine as you patted him did he put his head on your knees and look up into your face with feeling too deep for utterance, and did you then offer him a bone or something else to eat especially beloved by dogs? If you had done this to one worthy of the name he would have stayed gazing with his sad eyes right into your face wondering that he must part from you being only a dog while you in his imagination would go on forever, and he would have let any cur come to take the bone away then, a thing not to be endured at any other time by dogs.

So we went into the presence of the dictator. Franks own description of him is the best. Not big but robust with a diffident manner but frank and noble, rough as could be with a gentleness that is indescribable. I thought I had never seen so curious a mixture or a more extraordinary man. There were several others with him but he seemed glad to see Frank come, he is evidently fond of "Franko" as he calls him to me. He was very polite because I was Frank's friend "il mio amico fidelissimo" said Frank. I thought I could detect a little tinge of jealousy on the part of the dictator as though he didn't care about any one coming who might take him away, but he was extremely courteous and talked to me much about the English Government and asked me how the popular feeling was in England about recent events in Italy. We had a long talk, and he treated Frank with something like deference and with a marked respect and consulted him on different matters, and asked his opinion as to the best time and how to enter Naples, and so on. It was a regular Italian collazione but the General eat little and drank only water. He seemed anxious to get to his coffee and cigarettes. I was not sorry to retire either and go out with Frank who made holiday for the rest of that day.

It was a warm jolly autumn day, more than warm but not too hot. The ice was broken and as we sat in a cafe with our excellent coffee and smoking our Cavour cigars, and then in our leisurely ramble over old Salerno ancient seat of medicine when Greek, Italian, Moor, once led the van of that empiric science which has made so little progress since the day its university was founded, we discoursed of many things that had come to pass since we two met last. It was not a day for gloomy thoughts, it was that delightful day that comes so seldom to us poor mortals in a lifetime, it will never fade from my memory while memory is.

He didn't speak then as he has since of his own sorrows, all seemed bright and happy, and the blue waves that washed the beach seemed to have a lulling sensation. We sat and gazed at the water and at the distance beyond. He spoke at last of his mother, I told him all I knew and of his aunt's and his brother's death, and that it seemed to me to be clearly his duty to come back to look after his mother and nephew, and that anything else would be a selfish cowardice.

We wandered back when it was getting dusk and sat out again in the evening viewing the joyous scene. Caffés filled with sun-burnt warriors and a people just freed from an intollerable rule and knowing not how to express their joy. They somewhat resembled Frank and me I thought. We had many thoughts crowding on our minds which we could not express. Those poor people had been liberated by these good warriors and now they could hardly realise that they were free nor knew how worthily to celebrate the event. We went early to rest and

to think over the events of the day and of all we had been talking of.

It was well we did retire early for at day-break every where was bustle and confusion, and after a slight repast we started in a special train for Naples. Garibaldi made Frank go in the carriage with him and Frank got me in too. I felt I had no business there but I wouldnt have missed the sight of the dictator's journey and entry into Naples for a great deal. There were only four carriages in the train but steps, roof, everything was crowded by eager veterans going on to the goal of their campaign. It was a flowery procession. At each station we passed crowds came down for all knew the dictator, the liberator, was passing through. We were smothered in fragrant flowers. Even the engine heaved beneath its burden of roses. At Portici we came to a standstill the people must and would see him and if possible shake hands. The way was blocked by cheering happy crowds we could hardly get along, and when at last a way was cleared we could only go at a walking pace amidst the shouts and cries and evivas of joy all along the way.

How shall I describe our entry into Naples. For some time I had been a little anxious lest all this garlanding should be but a decoration of the victims going to slaughter. For if S. Elmo or the Castello had obeyed the king and saluted us with bursting shell immense destruction must have followed, and we knew what orders had been given by the kind retreating monarch.

But the whole world seemed mad. It was frantic jubilation at Naples. Those foolish people unable to keep up a feeling long enough to make them fight for freedom are just the ones to make high holiday when anyone else has won it for them. When the dictator got out of the train the shouts the screams the yells of joy were piercing. He was hardly allowed to get to the carriage which was waiting for him. The carnival that followed was mere childish foolery. They took him to the Toledo Palace and crowded the streets outside. He made Frank keep by him and Frank made me stay near so I saw all, and I noticed the weary look which after a time came over the wonderful man. He longed for rest. He had been up at four as his custom is and he invariably sleeps in the middle of the day. But all that day the people thronged the Toledo. Mazzini was there to join in the triumph and was requested to leave the city at once by the dictators dictates. Old Dumas was there living in a royal palace as fussy as a fly round a sugar basin, and a number of others who know how to share in a triumph better than to fight for one.

The day was spent in wild huzzahs and frivolous tokens of delight. Only one piece of restraint I saw. When the general could stand it no longer and insisted on some repose an officer went out on a balcony of the palace and called to the roaring crowd "il dittatore dorme" they were hushed in a moment and went off to other parts of the town where they could make as much noise as they pleased.

I must finish now. There is more hard work a head for the fighting men yet I can see. As to the general his difficulty lies not in fighting but in being wise in his political management after victory.

I will write again in a few days to say how all goes on. I must get back soon but I wont come without Frank. Yours very affectionately

C. A. BAMPTON.

Same to the Same.

NAPLES, *October* 14, 1860.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS Little more than a month is passed since I wrote last and our joy has been turned into sorrow. Frank has been badly wounded and very dangerously ill. I have not written till the crisis was over and I could send some cheering news. How soon does great joy grow weary of amusing us.

After all the triumphs came the difficulty of turning them to good account. Frank was often consulted by the dictator but he said that wasn't in his line. I did my best through Frank to advise but the great general unmatched in quick bold guerilla warfare did not prove a wise politician or governor. Truly he had a difficult part to play. There was the Neapolitan fleet at his disposal he gave that to Persano, and that offended many; there was the English fleet to manage, that luckily was friendly; but then there was the French fleet which was hostile. The traditions of the French navy are monarchic, they hate republics and dont see that to support a fool in the fashion of a King is to bring discredit upon monarchy and to hasten its end. Worst of all there was the wretched Piemontese government to keep quiet. Pallavicino, who deserved it, was made pro-dictator during Garibaldi's absence, and that gave offence to others. This Cavour government must be formed of a lying lot of

scoundrels most unworthy rulers from the king downwards. Garibaldi as you know was unsuccessful at first at Capua but completely successful on the 1st at Volturno, where Frank was wounded. I saw the other day in a copy of the Turin Gazette the following statement in an account of the battle "Les Garibaldiens etaient battus quand les Piemontais arriverent et les sauverent." There wasn't one of the Piemontese army there. Then we have evidence, conclusive evidence that Cialdini has telegraphed to Louis Napoleon in a cringing cowardly spirit "Nous marchons avec 40,000 hommes sur Naples pour mettre Garibaldi et ses volunteers a la raison." But perhaps the worst of all for low heartless insincerity and meanness is Victor Emanuel's own letter to the French minister a copy of which Garibaldi has, and which the King wrote while Garibaldi was exposing his life for that miserable Savoyard, and winning Sicily for him. He then wrote thus "Si les croiseurs Napolitains pendaient mon pauvre Garibaldi ce serait sans doute un grand malheur, mais ca simplifierait bien des choses. Quel beau mosaulée nous lui ferions éleven" Did you ever read of such disgusting double dealing, and what can a government formed of such materials be worth. Garibaldi has saved millions from cruel tyrannies and a degrading despotism, will he be able to govern them much better, or find a better government for them? I fear judging from their personal character and conduct the new governors will only tend to sink the people they come to govern still deeper in the slough of a nasty sensuality.

There is a semblance still but I fear only a semblance of conforming to the old religion of the country. On the very day of arriving here Garibaldi attended the devotions that were then going on. On the 19th the blood of S. Januarius, I was glad to hear, not only grew liquid but began to do it earlier than usual, showing the saintly Patron is not averse to the new regime so far. Frank had soon to go off on duty again and I had many opportunities of seeing the Garibaldian camp. It was curious. The English are not popular there as a rule and I dont wonder. The English portion of the volunteers are insubordinate and rowdy. A train used to leave here every day to take sight seers, and it was generally crowded, empty headed English tourists, as is their way, being most conspicuous noisy and vulgar. I thought it was not my place to be there at the engagement on the 1st so I stayed about in the streets at Naples in some anxiety. The day began in a thick mist it was then that Frank was shot going with the general to reconnoitre the castello. He was knocked over by a ball in the leg. They say the general gave a sort of howl when he saw Frank fall thinking it was a fatal wound. He was carried off the field but I didnt hear of it till the evening when the wounded were brought in. He must have suffered terribly all day and fearfully on the journey back. I received a message sent specially by Garibaldi telling me they were at last successful all along the line and they had completely routed the enemy, and taken Volturno, but that my friend was gravely wounded, and asking me to look after him. I couldnt find him till nearly eleven o'clock at night in one of these wretched hospitals. I got him removed at once to the hotel. The Neapolitan hospitals are a disgrace to a civilized country. Corruption here is so universal even the nurses rob the unfortunate patients of things that are ordered for their comfort. They are dirty and badly managed, and the Neapolitans themselves are so abominably selfish they would not take in or assist in any way those who had been wounded while fighting for their cause.

I got him to the hotel where I am staying and into the best room they had, and sent for the cleverest surgeons in the place. I am afraid my training fits one badly for emergencies like this. I hadnt the slightest idea what to do. Frank was too weak to speak above a whisper, and I got into a feverish anxiety a sort of fussiness, trying to do all I could but fearing I should make mistakes. The surgeons came and examined him. Frank was perfectly sensible but I thought he was sinking, he was evidently getting weaker, I suppose from pain and loss of blood. He had been very roughly bandaged up on the field at Volturno and the examination by the surgeons made him worse. They said it would be dangerous to extract the ball till he got over the shock, but they would come to see how he was next day. Frank never complained, only once or twice as he was falling asleep he groaned, while he was awake he never uttered a sound which could show he was in pain. I knew the Neapolitan doctors were bunglers, and early in the morning an inspiration came over me, Frank was asleep, I went out quietly, and after some trouble got a boat off to the largest English man-of-war and asked to see the doctor. I told him what I wanted him for. He was a jolly, good natured genial man, and promised to be here before eleven the time the Neapolitan doctors were to come. I shall never forget Frank's look when the English doctor walked in, strong happy and smiling, bringing a ray of sunshine with him into the sickroom. They took to one another at once. He soon saw Frank had a splendid constitution and was in perfectly good condition and hardy, it was better he said to get rid of the ball at once and trust in providence. When the Neapolitan doctors came the Englishman, accustomed to wounds of all sorts, quietly put them on one side, made one hold his leg and the other his hands "just to keep him steady" he said. Frank refused to take chloroform "right" said the navy man "right you are we will soon get this little gentleman out." Poor Frank didnt seem right at all to me but the doctor soon discovered the whereabouts of the ball and set to work in a businesslike way. I went to the window and looked out, I am such a perfect coward in these sort of things. Frank did give one or two suppressed cries and then a sort of laugh as though at his own weakness.

It seemed hours to me and I can remember now every thing I looked at in the bay of Naples, it all seems to

have been engraved on my mind, though I was not conscious at the time I was looking at anything. He lost a great deal of blood and when they had bandaged him up properly the doctor came to me and told me the chief danger was now. He said he would be very weak and ill for some time and must be kept perfectly quiet or he would not answer for the consequences. He said too his pulse was getting weaker but with plenty of proper nourishment he might pull through. So began my labours. For the next ten days he was very bad. We got a good sister in to nurse him, she was half French no one can ever tell how good and useful she was or what we owe her for all she did. But for her I dont know what would have happened. He grew feverish after the operation and the fever went on increasing and we could hardly get him to take anything. How he wandered all that time especially towards night. All the stirring scenes of his life seemed to come before him.

Often he was back at school. Names of boys I had quite forgotten, scenes I could just remember when he talked about them in bis delirium. Poor Jones he often talked of and his mother mixed up with recent fights in Sicily and events that took place in the Crimea.

Garibaldi sent constantly to ask how he was and wanted to come to see him. I went to call on him once when the crisis was over and told him he might come when Frank got a little stronger. I thought it might do Frank good to see his General again.

The poor General too looked terribly worn and bothered. The political intrigues of the last fortnight have made a change in him. He talked a long time about Frank and told me of many of his heroic exploits he had witnessed himself. He said there were few who could inspire his men with the fire of bravery as he did both during the last campaign and in Lombardy. He said he had a certain quiet way of leading the men on "tutto particolare." He told me he used at first always to put him in the fore of every dangerous attempt, because he seemed happiest then, but latterly he had tried to restrain him as much as he could for fear of losing him. He was afraid, he said, "Franko" had some great trouble on his mind which made him reckless of his life.

When Frank did begin to pick up a little I sent for Garibaldi. It was a curious sight to see the old weather beaten veteran by his bedside. The rough big paw taking the weak hands of Frank which have like his face recovered much of their original delicacy since his illness. The General was a good deal moved. Then he told of all that had been going on since the battle at Volturno, and how he hoped soon to go on to Rome, and that Frank must come too; but Frank shook his head and said "you have done enough for the present think next of Venice, there I will go too if I get all right again."

To-day he is much better and to-morrow we hope to get him into an arm chair. The good navy doctor has been as kind as could be and has been every day. I dont know what we should have done without him.

I am getting urgent letters from my clerk who says I must come back at once for a very important matter, and Frank has promised to come with me. He couldnt manage the diligence over land so we shall come by sea to Marseilles and thence by train. He likes the idea of a short sea voyage. I wish you could meet us in London as I shall have to be busy when we get there.

Frank sends his good intentions as he is not able to write. Yours very affectionately,

C. A. BAMPTON.

Part X. *Home at Last.*

Bampton to Mr. Saunders.

ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON, *Nov.* 2, 1860.

DEAR MR. SAUNDERS.—I am writing this from Frank's rooms. Come as soon as you can. We managed the journey very fairly well. Frank's wonderful constitution pulled him through more quickly than the doctors thought possible. A few days after he was up he began to get strength again, and we left on the 21st. A large number of his old comrades, many of whom had been wounded too, came to see him off. Even the General at the last moment came rushing down stick in hand and cigarette in mouth to say adieu and Frank made him promise to come and see him in England. So we got off amidst the cheers of the Garibaldians. Frank was on a long deck chair and looked happy and pleased as we left the beautiful bay with its blue sky and blue water and

green hills, and Vesuvius smoking away as ever, and ragged Neapolitan boys looking lazily on as we steamed away.

Frank wouldn't keep below on the voyage. He said he couldn't stand the cabins, and even at night would stay up lying on deck and keeping me looking after his wraps and things. He has got quite the air of a pampered invalid, and he used to laugh at my exertions in looking after him. We had one or two very jolly evenings though when the water was smooth and the air warm and I was not sea sick.

We got up to Paris in a comfortable coupé and so to Calais and then on here. I had written to my clerk to get rooms in the Adelphi and everything in that Frank could want, and here he is installed for the present. It is a convenient part because it's on my way back from Westminster and I shall be able to look in every afternoon for a few minutes and I can spend most of the evening here.

I am very busy so come if you possibly can, you can come with him for a walk in the Temple Gardens when it's fine, when it isn't you will be very comfortable with him in his spacious lodgings and we can have long talks, I have plenty to tell you.

It is the first day of term and there wasn't much doing in court to-day so I have had nearly an hour here this afternoon. He says you must come. Yours very affectionately,

C. A. BAMPTON.

Mr. Saunders to Bampton.

RYDAL WATER, *Nov.* 5, 1860.

DEAR BAMPTON. I am coming to-morrow. I should have come before only I have been laid up with an attack of rheumatism and they wouldn't let me go. I am afraid now you will have two invalids instead of one to nurse, but perhaps the sight of our old boy will do me good and make me forget my aches and pains. I shall be in London I hope by 10 o'clock to-morrow night. Yours affectionately,

A. M. SAUNDERS.

Same to the Same.

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, *Nov.* 18, 1860.

DEAR BAMPTON. We arrived here all right on Saturday. Frank was in good spirits on the journey but I could see his anxiety increased as we got nearer our destination. The housekeeper was most thoughtful and had everything ready for us, but she told me she thought it would be better to wait till the next day before Frank met his mother. She quite understands the situation.

"We met Mrs. Leward yesterday afternoon in her chair coming from the Hermitage. She turned away her head at first when she saw us, but made no objection to Frank walking by her chair and even taking her hand. He had nerved himself to this meeting but his hand shook painfully. It was a curious sight to see poor Frank walking with his stick by his mother's chair. It was the first time he had walked without assistance.

Since then he has been out with her every day. She doesn't say anything but the nurse thinks she is better in her mind. She never would allow anyone else to go out with her before. Frank is a good deal too in her room, she sits and looks at him and sometimes seems inclined to speak and then she gives up the effort as though there was something restraining her, and she shakes her head and sighs.

I am much better and enjoy my visit to this pleasant place. Frank is much more cheerful than might be expected and is getting stronger. I think he is not without hope.

When can you come I suppose before Christmas.—Yours very affectionately

A. M. SAUNDERS.

Bampton to Frank.

In Court, Westminster, (and in a hurry) *December* 15, 60.

DEAR FRANK. I have just heard I am to have silk. I hope to get down in a few days to see you in the old house. I received a letter from Cheltenham this morning. Mrs. Leward says she has given orders to the steward at the Greys not to interfere in any way with the Claydon property. She particularly requests that you will undertake the whole control of that and see to all your mother's wants and wishes and look upon the property as your own. She makes only one condition, one which it certainly would not be right or generous in you to refuse, that you shall take sole charge of her son and undertake the whole management and expense of his bringing up and education. She even adds that she will not make it a point that he shall be allowed to see her sometimes, if you insist that he shall not be allowed to do so. She has an idea that you will object to his ever seeing her.

This is a matter for your consideration. I must say to me it seems that although if you accept the offer it will be greatly to the boy's advantage, yet that the latter part of the condition is unreasonable and would be too cruel should you insist upon it.

You can form no idea of her love for Herbert, it surpasses even a mother's ordinary love for an only son, or what the trial will be to her to part with him. It is, however, clearly for the best that you should accept the responsibility, as he is liable to be spoilt at home and he is a boy who requires proper looking after and a manly bringing up. We will talk over the matter fully at Christmas. I expect to be down with you on the 20th by the evening train.

Tell Mr. Saunders they are at me to go into Parliament, and as a feeler I am to make a speech at a big political dinner early in January. Nothing is definitely fixed yet. It will be for the intelligent and liberal electors, after my performance, to decide whether I am to be their candidate at the next election or not.

Fare thee well old man and mind you are as cheerful as possible when I come. I want some quiet amusement I am aweary of these Courts.

Bampton to Mrs. Leward.

THE GLADES, CLAYDON, *Christmas Day*, 1860.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD.—You would not regret your noble conduct if you could have seen the effect it had upon Frank. He is a different person since he heard he was to have Herbert to look after. He is doing up the old house and getting Herbert's room ready for him, and has bought a pony already, though I told him Herbert is not yet eleven, I believe that is right, and had better not leave you for six months at least. He saw the wisdom of that at once but said he wished the six months were over.

Don't think for a moment though that there is any fear that he will spoil the boy. He is too good and sensible for that. He asked me at once, before I suggested it, what school I thought he had better go to. I thought Eton, what do you say?

Mrs. Leward is about the same, quiet and unemotional. Mr. Saunders our old friend is going away to-morrow to his cottage at the Lakes, and I have to get back soon and go to my new friends the liberal electors. I don't know what your political opinions are, but have I your good wishes?

I have attended to your business matters and had long conferences with your solictors at Bath.—I am Yours very truly

C. A. BAMPTON.

Mrs. Leward to Bampton.

LANSDOWN CRESCENT, CHELTENHAM, *June* 15, 1861.

DEAR MR. BAMPTON. A thousand thousand congratulations. When your telegram came, Mabel and I couldn't let the servant go to the door we were on the watch for it and rushed down ourselves to get it and tore it open. We *were* delighted at your *splendid* success and only wish we could have been there waving at you when you made your speech after you were declared elected.

We liked your speech very much so does every one here we have spoken to about it. Thank you very much for all your kind attention to my affairs. I don't know how you could have found time to think about them in the midst of all your work and excitement.

Now I suppose the time has come for us to part with Herbert. It is better he should leave the care of women, and there is no one so noble and true I could entrust him to as the one to whom he is going. Whatever I may suffer I shall take as a punishment for my great fault.

Please will you come *yourself* for him. We would rather you than anyone else should come to take away our boy. Both Mabel and I particularly wish *you* to come.

Will you come on Saturday in the morning. We shall be quite ready. You shall see how brave we can be.—I am dear Mr. Bampton, yours very sincerely

MABEL LEWARD.

Conclusion.

MY collection of letters to and from my friend ends here and I step out, as it were, from my office of writer and collector of letters to give the reader, who may have followed my friend so far on his journey through life, a few notices of its concluding scenes.

I did take the boy "the young un" as Frank always called him to Claydon, and his bright and happy boyhood helped to cheer and light up the old place; even poor Mrs. Leward seemed to take an interest in him and used to sit looking at him, or she would stroke his hair and smile as he stood by her chair.

However he was soon packed off to school. He used to spend the greater portion of his holidays at Claydon but always some part with his mother. Frank and he became inseparable friends and the young un was never so happy as when he was up with his uncle in his sanctum, at the top of the old tower, among his curious collection of guns and pistols, relics from the Crimea, tomahawks and spears and bows and arrows of fearful size and shape from the South sea Islands, boomerangs from Australia, and Mexican saddles and trappings, and red Indian dresses and pipes from aboriginal America.

The young un is now a rising officer in the army, but one of Franks greatest pleasures while he was at school was to go up there to see him and get him to dinner with some of his particular school friends at Eton. I well remember one time when I was summoned by the boy and dare not refuse, though in the midst of very heavy work, to assist at one of these festivities. Herbert did the honours with Frank at the other end, and I and the other boys sitting on either side. It was a merry meeting and did both old men good, and when the boys had gone back in good time for fear of a switching, we strolled about enjoying the beauty of the old place, till I had to get back to Town, and Frank went off in the other direction to Claydon.

I never could get him to town except when Garibaldi came in 64, then he came up for a day but was disgusted with the fashionable fuss people made about his old chief. He said he believed Mr. Gladstone was about the only sincere admirer of the rough hardy general out of the whole lot of big people who courted him. He was however perfectly happy when he got him down to Claydon where he was received in triumph, and through triumphal arches, though he could only stay for a night.

Mrs. Leward the elder soon after that began to fail and Frank sent suddenly for me one day saying she was much worse. When I got there I found she was sinking, and less conscious apparently than ever of what was going on around her. In the evening of the next day we were alone in her room, the nurse had gone to lie down, we sat silently watching, and I thought I could feel the kind angel of death descending, when a gentle voice in a

tone which made me start, for I could recollect the kind deep affectionate voice of other days, said "Frank I am going." He went, almost sprang, to her bedside and took the hand which I could see was held out to him. Hitherto, ever since his return, though she allowed him to take her hand, she had never offered it.

I dare not lift the veil from off that leave taking. I left the room. It was a meeting and a parting that required no witnesses. I waited in the ante-room and stopt the nurse from going in. He called me in after a long interval; all was then over, her troubled spirit had fled, and his feelings were too deep for words. In that last hour's conversation, he afterwards told me, the clouds which had for so long hung round about her mind had completely cleared away. She knew him again. All the years that had passed since her great affliction came on were as though they had not been. He was her boy once more, the same to her as though he had never gone away, and all that had passed since then was forgotten. "I knew you would come back before I died" she said, "what message have you for my mother." He told me they talked quietly together all that time on many subjects, he trying to persuade her she would now recover, telling her she must not go, that he could not spare her, she only shaking her head knowing she must go. When he told her how he was back again in the old glades and was to live there all his life, she smiled was again happy and contented, and so she passed away.

When I went back there was a peculiar joy lighting up Frank's face at having once more listened to his mother's words and at having received the tokens of her love and forgiveness, but the joy was mingled with the most intense emotion at losing her just at the moment when she was given back to him.

I could not leave him alone with such a grief so I stayed till he had laid her at rest by the side of her father and mother. As we walked about in the afternoon in the lovely spring weather he told me she had mentioned a curious circumstance to him at their last interview the "great secret" as I see she called it when writing to him after her mothers death, but which he had since forgotten all about. It was only that Mrs. Herbert had it seems for some years before her death noticed Mr. Leward's partiality for his younger son, and partly also from her own ardent and touching affection for Frank, whom she could see was not one who was likely to look well after himself or his own interests, she had laid by for some years considerable treasure for him. This she had in some mysterious way deposited underground in the Hermitage. It is very improbable that the old chest in which this treasure was concealed could have been taken to the Hermitage or buried there by Mrs. Herbert herself, or by her orders without so many knowing of it that the secret must have been divulged.

I think the probability is that it had been placed there some generations before and most likely during the troubled times of Charles the first when the Herberts stood for the Stuarts. The date of the chest itself strengthens the probability of this surmise. It may have been that she heard a tradition from her husband that such a receptacle was there, in which the old plate of the Herbert family had been placed, to save it from Crom-wellian despoilers, and that she remembered the tradition when it seemed to her to become necessary to make a secret provision for one of her descendants. The curious way too in which the keys that opened the chest were also concealed, and which was evidently of very ancient date, would possibly lend an additional interest to the secret, and surround it in her mind with an air of romance. At any rate Frank told me, as a curious fact, that his mother had directed him to look for a secret place concealed by one of the panels in the library behind Mr. Herbert's, his grandfather's, portrait. That there he would find, she believed, a bunch of keys, though she had never dared to look for them herself, possibly thinking she had no right to interfere with what concerned the remnant of her son's inheritance, and also from a feeling of certainty that he would return before she died. These keys so concealed, she said, would open an oak chest that he would also find buried beneath the floor of the Hermitage. We sauntered back, and though I confess I somewhat suspected these curious revelations were the result of some strange fancy on Mrs. Leward's part, yet I did suggest we should try to find the sliding panel. We entered the library; there hung the old portrait of Mr. Herbert painted by Romney, in the dress of the latter part of the last century, on the old wainscoted wall above the mantel-piece. I couldn't help noticing then, as I had often done before when Frank was younger, the extraordinary likeness the picture bore to him, although it was the portrait of a polished gentleman of the old school, with carefully powdered tie wig, abundance of lace, and the most elaborate coat and waistcoat, and though it had an unmistakable air of a man of the world, there was the same natural look of simple quiet refinement and of a modest diffidence no one could help noticing both in Frank and in his mother, and which all Frank's rough fare in life and all his hardships and exposure had never altogether effaced.

We put the picture slightly on one side. Frank thought his mother had said the right-hand side, but we could find nothing there. Then we tried the other side by the window, with no better success. We were almost giving up the search when I said it would be better to take the picture down and try thoroughly. So we rang for Olditch, the old original Robert Olditch, "Bob as was," who directly after Frank took possession of the Glades had been sent for from Southampton and installed at Claydon as gamekeeper, head gardener, groom, coachman, and general factotum. Bob soon got us some steps and took the picture down, and stood scratching his head in blank amazement, while I mounted and felt about all over the wall, with my face close to it, trying to discover if my rapping produced any hollow sound. What was his astonishment when a small panel flew open and hit me

full in the face and nearly knocked me off the ladder, but he only said "Lor." I found a bunch of very old keys, three of them much larger than the others. We closed the panel, replaced the picture, and told Bob to follow us. He in his sober suit of black did so shaking his head and evidently thinking the whole affair was not quite canny, but not uttering a word. I suppose the greatest secret might have been entrusted to Bob if it concerned" the young maister," as he still called Frank, though in reality we had nothing we wanted to conceal.

We went to the Hermitage but could find no indication of anything unusual there. Still what I had heard from the old housekeeper, and from others, of Mrs. Leward's habit of sitting there day by day, and of her extreme jealousy of any one else being allowed to go there, as well as the fact of the keys having been found where she said they would be found, gave (I thought) a strong corroboration to the story. Bob was sent for some tools and both he and Frank set to work. It reminded Frank he said of the diggings in Australia:" do it sir" said Bob in astonishment and trepidation, not knowing what might happen next, and expecting every minute something too jump up and hit him in the face, as the panel had done to me. "Eres somat ard" said Bob after a little time "somat werry ard," his voice slightly trembling with fear. They cleared away the earth and we could plainly see the top of an oak chest which, after a good deal more hard work and the help of some ropes and a little engineering and leverage, was got to the surface by our united efforts. As I said it was an old chest of the time of Charles the first and had been luxuriantly carved. It was bound with steel bands and was fastened by three padlocks, rusty as may be imagined. We succeeded in unlocking them at last with the three larger keys. It contained a number of smaller boxes and jewel cases which all yielded to other keys. "Lor" again said Olditch with his hat on one side "who'd a thought it," as he saw the treasures unfolded. They were really of very considerable value and consisted of Mrs. Herberts own family jewels and those of her husbands family, besides a quantity of gold carefully packed and stowed away, and even a large packet of bank notes. We got these valuables back to the house and I suppose no one cared so little about them as Frank.

One day some time before this when I was down there for a short visit Bob came up to us with a queer expression on his face, "please Sir" he said "I eer tell as ow old Mother be bad and be took to the wukus." He was sent off immediately to look after her, charged with full powers to supply all her wants. When he came back he described the scene in his own inimitable language. He found she was indeed in the workhouse, and amused us by his description of the way she received him and behaved when she got outside its doors, insisting upon dancing in the street, though now over eighty years of age. She refused to come away from her old home, she said she would'nt leave the sea where all her boys were lying. So Bob having put her old cottage in order and filled it with everything that could cheer the heart of an old woman, and having arranged that she should get week by week enough to supply all her modest wants left her" a croanin over the fire."

Frank generally met me at York at the end of the summer assizes and he became a favourite with many of our men on Circuit, whom he used to meet at dinner at the de Grey rooms. They even suggested that he should get called and be their junior for once, but he always had a sailors distrust of lawyers. Then we used to go up to Westmoreland, and the jolly quiet times which we spent at Rydal water could scarcely for complete happiness be surpassed. The fresh quiet morning air as it came over the lake and stirred the clean white curtains of our bed rooms, the perfect liberty of the cottage and its garden, the time for talk, for walks, for short excursions, for reading up the pile of books my laborious avocations accumulated for my reading in the long vacation, the peaceful country and still more peaceful reverend looks of our good old friend, who seemed at last almost to live on the anticipation of these annual visits of his two old pupils, all these delights, realised our anticipated dreams of happiness in a way which so rarely I fear in this world come so literally to pass.

But time was hastening on and old Mr. Saunders grew ready for the event which he seemed to look forward to with curiosity; and which would solve for him, as he used to say, his great problem. Both I and Frank were able to be with him when it happened. He left his books, his greatest treasure, between us two, and what small fortune he had in two equal portions to be divided between the poor of Rydal, Grassmere, Ambleside, and in founding some scholarships at Upton. He left no relatives behind. We buried him according to his directions in Grassmere Churchyard near where Wordsworth is buried, "but not too near at a respectful distance." Several other old Upton boys came to the simple funeral, and we sang a hymn of Mendelssohn's over the last remains of our dear old friend. The school children came out of their village school hard by and stared at us with wondering eyes as they saw us, now growing grey haired men, singing over the grave of our old master.

Soon my parliamentary and professional work stopped my going circuit, and prevented my giving more than a small portion of time to my visits to the Glades, and then only in the long vacation. But what a relief it used to be after the bustle of a London season, legal work, political work, political harangues, and bothers of all kinds, to wake up in the morning and find oneself comfortably in bed at the Glades, and not obliged to get up or do anything. Frank used to be up always at day light looking after all manner of things about the place and making many improvements, and he never could understand why I wasn't up too. To me to be roused early and deliberately refuse to stir, to read the lightest of light literature, even a French novel, and then to turn over and go to sleep again, is the perfect idea of luxurious rest after endless trouble and fatigue.

If I didn't join him in his morning walks we had many a pleasant afternoon stroll and splendid long evenings together, after our frugal dinner and over his eternal pipe. The young un often got a short leave to come and entertain us then and grumbled dreadfully at our dinners and breakfasts, and generally before he left effected a small revolution, much to Frank's amazement, but with no great objection on my part. Most of Frank's afternoons though were spent in the antique library, for he became a great reader and really a considerable authority on some old classic Italian works.

Sometimes, however, short fits of gloom would come over the old traveller. "It little boots it that an idle king" he would say in the words of my favourite poet, who there seems to me to have caught the spirit of the great Florentine, or he would quote the words of the great Italian themselves, our old master's favourite author, where I think in the most touching lines I know Dante meets the great Ulysses who confesses that after all *his* wanderings he thought had come to an end for ever, and he had at last got safely back to Ithaca again, neither his affection for his son, nor duty to his father, nor even the love which ought to have made him stay at home for his wife's sake, could conquer in him the wild desire to have greater knowledge of the world, of the evil and the good in man. When I argued with him once on the right he had to rest after his troubled life, and of his duty to stay at home to look after his dependants and the place, and the necessity of combating the desire of change he broke out, the only time I ever remember him breaking out into an invective quotation, and he became almost eloquent and scornful with the words of the same canto of Dante,

"Considerate la vostra semenza;
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per sequir virtute, e conoscenza."

At such times I could see his thoughts would be far away back in old days, in careless school days, in stormy voyages, or in the short happy time he spent in Tasmania, and whither he would sometimes say he must go again to look at that beautiful Island once more before he died, or in some other of the eventful adventurous and suffering scenes of his life.

We did manage once to get as far as Northern Italy and took the young un with us, and went over the battlefields where the Cacciatori delle Alpi fought so well, and it was most interesting to me and to the young military man, whose sympathies I could see however were Austrian, to have all the spots pointed out to us where the heroes fought for Italy's freedom. We talked of going to the Crimea in the same way but I never managed to find time enough for that. In one of his fits of wander-madness he once did go off to South America without telling any one he was going, but he didn't stay long, and he confessed to me when he came back he had got too old for travelling. We picked up Bango when we were in Italy and brought him back with us. An enthusiastic Italian lady, living near Monza, had kept him all that time as a relic of the mysterious Englishman who had come to fight for her country against the hated Austrians. Bango knew Frank directly he saw him indeed even before he saw him, when he heard his voice he gave a sort of satisfied neigh, but showed his satisfaction at seeing him again by making efforts to bite him, and he astonished the good people at Claydon for some years afterwards by his eccentric conduct, and he now lies not far off the white slab which still marks the spot where Kitto was burried. Bango, even Bango, though not till after a hard struggle for life, and many a dangerous kick, even Bango, like so many of the personages who have come before us, even he at last had to yield to the grim Sergeant.

It has been a great pleasure to me, though sometimes a melancholy pleasure, to collect from various sources, these memorials of my friend. And it has been a work of greater labour than would perhaps at first appear. Some old letters I have chanced upon in a curious way. For instance the one from Mr. Jones to the late doctor Pott. I was anxious to find out if Mr. Jones, who afterwards became senior partner of the old, but inharmonious sounding, firm of Weaber, Jones, and Blogg, had ever expressed any feeling to anyone on receiving the news of his sons disappearance from Upton. It so happened that this very respectable firm of solicitors became clients of mine, and it occurred to me one day at the end of a long conference with one of the partners to ask him if he could discover in any old letter books they might have of about the middle of June 1838 any letter or letters from the late Mr. Jones on the subject of his son's flight. I received in a few days a copy of the letter of June 18th from Mr. Jones to doctor Pott, together with some memoranda of fees paid to certain police officers in London.

These labours are now at an end. They have occupied much of my leisure time through several long vacations. While so occupied my thoughts have reverted to the old old days that are gone. Then the fuss, the trouble, the gaieties, the luxuries, and the pleasures of the present, pleasures now at my time of life consisting chiefly in the small triumphs of party politics, and perhaps sometimes in the consciousness, or belief at any rate, that one is taking one's part in the government of a great country and doing one's best to help to direct its

destinies aright, are all forgotten. Then I see the old times rise again, for a moment I live again in them. I recall the happy boyish days when the great glories of the ancient literature first dawned upon my astonished and perceptive mind in all their splendour, in the spring time of life. And then my Oxford days of repose and calm, peaceful and studious, when we, as it were like youthful gladiators, prepared ourselves for coming fights, before the less human studies of the law "hardened the heart and narrowed the intellect." I feel again the painful anxiety lest I should fail and be stranded, a feeling too often forgotten by those who have not failed. I see again before me the faces of those I loved with an open hearty unsuspecting love, the like of which can never quite be felt for friends, however worthy they may be, that we make in after life. An indescribable desire to grasp the hand once more of those dear ones steals over me, to fade away again as I wake up to the reality of active life.

In that life I have indeed succeeded far beyond what I ever in most sanguine moments anticipated,

"But the beauty and the joyaunce
Of those boyish days is o'er,
And many of the beautiful
Lie quiet in the grave,
And he who comes again
Wears a brow of toil and pain
And wanders sad and silent
By the melancholy main."

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