

lively portrait of the noble gentleman her father. It is historical, inasmuch as political events enter both as motives to the actors and as facts influencing their fortunes, and because historical personages are brought upon the scene: both as necessary elements in the career of a gentleman and a soldier, but neither forms the staple or the main object of the book—which concerns itself with the charters and fortunes of the noble family of Castlewood, of which Henry Esmond is a member. The period embraced is from the accession of James the Second to the death of Queen Anne, and the manners depicted are those of the English aristocracy.

Our first quotation is from the introduction by Colonel Esmond's daughter, and is a description of her father's character.

'And it is since I knew him entirely, for during my mother's life he never quite opened himself to me—since I knew the value and splendor of that affection which he bestowed upon me—that I have come to understand and pardon what, I own, used to anger me in my mother's life-time, her jealousy respecting her husband's love. 'Twas a gift so precious that no wonder she who had it was for keeping it all, and could part with none of it, even to her daughter.

'Though I never heard my father use a rough word, 'twas extraordinary with how much awe his people regarded him; and the servants on our plantation, both those assigned from England and the purchased negro-obeyed him with an eagerness such as the most severe taskmasters round about us could never get from their people. He was never familiar though perfectly simple and natural, he was the same with the meanest man as with the greatest, and as courteous to a black slave-girl as to the governor's wife. No one ever thought of taking a liberty with him (except once a tipsy gentleman from York, and I am bound to say my papa never forgave him): he set the humblest people at once on their ease with him, he brought down the most arrogant by a grave satiric way, which made persons exceedingly afraid of him. His courtesy was not put on like a Sunday suit, and laid by when the company went away; it was always the same, as he was always dressed the same whether for dinner or ourselves or for a great entertainment. They say he liked to be the first in his company; but what company was there in which he would not be first? When I went to Europe for my education, and we passed a winter at London, with my half-brother my Lord Castlewood and his second lady I saw at her Majesty's court some of the most famous gentlemen of those days, and I thought to myself, none of these are better than my papa; and the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who came to us from Dawley, said as much, and that the men of that time were not like those of his youth: 'Were your father, Madam,' he said, 'to go into the woods, the Indians would elect him Sachem; and his lordship was pleased to call me Pocahontas.'

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: A TORY SKETCH.

'Our chief, whom England and all Europe saving only the Frenchman, worshiped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony—before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered as the door of his burning hovel—before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like Fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling, barking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest act of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain in the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of their, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or, when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish, or a sparrow fall, with the same

amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up his reserve at the proper moment of battle; and he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you, whenever he saw occasion)—But yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face and felt that his will made them irresistible.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as he bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family-devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependents would have him sit for ever, while they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery; so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire, all the high-flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in severing it; and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray; and in a word, if he had a loving wife, had a very jealous and exacting one.

Then he wearied of this jealousy: then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings, not the more pleasant, because they were unuttered, or they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us, and so she looks into her heart, and lo! *vixit sedes et irania ardana*. And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and intuition removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'my dear' and 'my love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as every thing else is over in life; as flowers and lury, and grief and pleasures are over.'

TOO TRUE.

When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

WOMAN.

'As the vine' says Washington Irving, 'which has long twisted its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is razed by the thunderbolt, falling round it with carressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.'

I have often seen persons who had fallen from wealth into poverty, exceedingly grieved, because many persons who formerly paid them attention, ceased, after that, to do so. This seems very absurd. All that the cessation proves is, that the former attentions were not paid to the man himself, but to his wealth. Why, therefore, should he grieve, because he apparently loses that which he really never had.

If you get any thing of cloth or silk daubed with mud, do not attempt to clean it hastily, but hang it up in a warm place for several days until the dear be thoroughly dry when you will find it brush easily off, without damage to the cloth or stuff, whatever it may be. Even thus, injuries not hastily resented, but patiently borne, will cease to be injuries at all.

A Tempter Punished.—A woman in Cincinnati lately horsewhipped a man who was in the habit of frequently calling to entice her husband to grog shops.

Sketches of Lectures.

From the New York Herald.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

A Lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society, by Wm. Allan, D. D.

There are persons whose influence in history has been immense, whose names are upon every tongue, and yet, when we come to search their biography, we are disappointed at the meagreness of the detail, at the lack of vivid and startling incident; but the truth is, their power did not consist in striking incidents, but in the fulness of personality. Some qualities or circumstances made them the magnetic centres of their cause and this was the case with John Hampden. Although his name is as familiar on the lips of every lover of freedom as household words, but little can be found respecting his personal history, and his memory is chiefly associated with the affair of ship money. Yet, unquestionably, in the earlier part of that memorable struggle which resulted in the death of Charles the First and the rise of Cromwell, no man was more regarded than he—no man more able to bear up or represent the popular idea. His history, in fact, is a history of his time, to which I shall direct your attention. John Hampden was born in 1594, of a rich and ancient family, in Buckinghamshire, and it is interesting to know that he was closely connected by blood with Oliver Cromwell and related to William Penn. His first appearance in public life was as representative for the borough of Grampound, in 1621. This session lasted until the death of James I., who died in March, 1625. And here let us pause and survey the existing circumstances which began to gather so ominously about this period of English history. It was at a time when the spirit of liberty was fully awake, for the two parties were contending—the king and the people; two principles were at issue—the royal prerogative and popular rights. Talk about the Anglo Saxon race as we will, without stopping now to discuss any ethnological analysis—indicating by this name that energy which has peculiarly developed itself, neither in a country purely Saxon or Celtic, but in England or America—talk about the Anglo Saxon race as we will, Liberty is her legitimate heritage! It was nurtured among the stormy times of barbarism, and grew with the oaks in the forests of Germany; rooted deep in the consciousness of individuality, and drawing its sap from the popular heart, it has expanded into that broad tree of constitutional freedom upon which hang to-day as fruit, Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence. Vigilant alike against the encroachment of anarchy and tyranny, in the town meeting and the debating society, as in Parliament and the Senate, it is a spirit whose colonies, wherever planted, blossom into independent States, affording the spectacle of order, liberty, and guarded law, and in this critical hour of the world this keeps alive the electric veins of thought and hope, and confronts the theories and the bayonets of despotism, with a free press, free speech, and free schools.

The lecturer then went on to contend that the Norman invasion was not fatal to liberty, but that it was like the injection of trap rock into primordial granite. He then contrasted the history of James the first and Elizabeth—James soothed while Elizabeth irritated the popular mind. He then sketched English history in connection with Hampden, until the celebrated Long Parliament. What associations, said he, does that Long Parliament call out! What thrilling memories of glory and of shame! What discordancies and what motly objects pass along the shifting scenes of that great drama—the graceful plumes and long love locks of the Cavalier—the heavy tread of the steel clad men of the Covenant and the camp—the devout Congregationalist, and the seven hour preacher, singing the Gospel through his nose—the drunken reveller of Rupert and Goring, the ribald oaths of the cavalier, and the psalm of the Puritan. What a series of historical pictures are presented. The doom of Laud and Stafford, the death of Hampden the execution of Charles and the triumph of Cromwell!—Among the great men who acted in this Parliament, Hampden was pre eminent—the *pater patriæ*, says Clarendon, 'upon whom the eyes of all men were fixed; the pilot that must steer the vessel through the rocks and dangers that threaten it.' The civil war broke out, and the royal standard was unfurled at Nottingham, and those who maintained the rights of the people gathered in the ranks of the Parliament. Hampden, the polished scholar, the disinterested patriot, the profound statesman, the popular leader, became now a soldier. At the head of his regiment, in the thickest of the conflict, he struck, with his armed hand, for those liberties for which in vain he had spoken and sacrificed. Each regiment bore upon its standard the motto of its leader, and that of Hampden was, *Nulla vestigia retrosum*—there are no foot prints backward; and this is not unlike the Spanish motto which Lord Mahon says should have been engraved on the sword of Washington—'Never draw without reason, or sheathe without honor.' On the morning of the 13th of June, 1648 might have been heard the clattering of a troop of horse among the woods and green lanes that lie in the vicinity of the Chiltern Hills, and as the sabbath sun rose, it flashed upon the corselets of a body of Prince Rupert's cavaliers returning from one of their customary forays, Colonel Gunter was despatched from the republican army with a body of men to intercept them, but was killed and his troops

rounted. Hampden was then sent against them, and shortly after they met, an officer might be seen riding from the field, his hands leaning upon his horse's neck, and his head drooping. This was Hampden, and after six days had elapsed he died. Thus fell a man whom his friends honored as a patriot, whom his enemies acknowledged as a great and spotless statesman, and whose society the Christian and pious Baxter said was one of the pleasures he hoped to enjoy in heaven. I need not be his eulogist, for notwithstanding the imperfections common to all men, I know of no stain upon his memory. There is a striking similarity between Washington and Hampden. Both held tenaciously to liberty combined with law; both loved it with that still, deep ardor that is stronger than mere impulse. They were alike in that calm determination which springs from a deliberate conviction to its use—in that magnetism of personal views more potent than action, and in that kind of genius which consists not in chivalric splendor and wonderful performance upon one point of power, but in roundness and completeness of details. Both possessed that religious faith which, in the hour of trial, and the day of triumph, see all round the presence of God—the cloud and the pillar of fire. True, their careers ended differently. One fell the martyr of his cause on the battle field; the other sank into the green slopes of Mount Vernon. But one feeling animated, but one cause engaged the American hero and the English patriot; and all which they have spoken and struggled for, and sacrificed, for the rights of man, sink them together in indissoluble brotherhood.

The Politician.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times.

THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.

The steamer *Marco Polo*, has brought a mass of interesting and important intelligence from the gold colonies. Its leading feature is the continued and increased prosperity of all the fields. Since the return of spring—that is to say, ever since autumn commenced in England—the New South Wales' mines have exhibited symptoms of activity and success. On the Turon, a field known as Churchhill, has been opened, with the promise of a large yield. Many mining parties are known to make as much as fifteen ounces per day. On the Mountain River Creek, five miles west of Mulgunia, another new field is being worked with the best results. At Tamborora the men at work are doing wonders. There are about six hundred of them who, in one fortnight, obtained 3000 ounces of gold. This at the rate of fifteen ounces per man. In many instances, says a correspondent of the Sydney Morning Herald, 'a singleish of earth yields half an ounce of gold; and at one particular spot in that locality, three men took twenty ounces in one day. Accounts of such large yields, to be complete, must have a seasoning of nuggets also. A 12 ounce nugget has been found at Bald Inch, on the Dit Hole Road, and a great many nuggets of the respective weights of from seven to fourteen ounces, are reported from the new gold field of Bingara. Mr Commissioner Bligh, who has again visited Bingara, states in his report, that he had 'the greatest confidence in the productiveness of the Bingara mines,' adding, that no gold field has ever been opened by so small a number of adventurers with such uniform success. What that success must be like, is shown by the fact, that diggers have been known to complain of ill luck after having gained two ounces before dinner, by merely scratching the ground; for as yet deep sinking is entirely unknown at Bingara. The diggers are all 'surfacing,' and yet they are doing well.

The Hanging Rock diggings on the Peel River, are in good report, not only on account of their large yields, but also because the country is said to be exquisitely beautiful. 'Never, perhaps,' says a correspondent of the Sydney Empire, 'did men pursue their daily toil in such delightful and beautiful workshops as these ravines, where the dark foliage of the oak, the rugged and fantastic piles of rock, and the numerous cascades combine to form pleasant pictures.' Unfortunately the sojourners in this Eden are addicted to shocking habits of intemperance; they 'gain largely and spend freely,' as they say in the gold colonies, and the consequence is, that the attractions of the richest fields—such as the Hanging Rock, for instance—are marred by disgusting scenes of riot, debauchery, and drunkenness. The New South Wales' gold companies, have received an addition to their number. A native association has issued a prospectus of a plan for working a certain quartz vein on the Lower Turon. The Turon Golden Ridge Quartz Crushing Company, have engaged a Brazilian miner to report upon their claim, but in anticipation of this gentleman's report they have tested their quartz at Sydney. The results are truly startling. Forty ounces of quartz, thus it is literally stated in Mr Lloyd's Sydney Gold Circular, yielded 12 dwts. of gold, or at the rate of £1,200 sterling per ton. Another specimen of quartz, in which no gold whatever was visible, was tried by another assayer and produced at the rate of 152 ounces of gold per ton of quartz; and a gentleman who returned from the company's claim in September, stated that there were hundreds of tons of quartz, which were at least equally rich. If these statements be substantially correct, the Great Nugget Vein will be shamed into utter nothingness, for the scientific of Sydney valued the nugget vein quartz at only £115