

had aided and soothed many of his darkest hours. The lady still lives, happy in the recollection of the services she was able to render; happier, perhaps, in having inspired the beautiful and now world-famous stanza.

The dreary darkness was coming on. He removed to a farm, commanding a view of the sombre Solway, and there vainly endeavored to recruit his ruined health. His letters abound in tender expressions of his afflicted state. To Mrs. Riddel, a lady of rare endowments, from whom he had been for some short time estranged, he expressed himself as sorrowful for the many wanton attacks he had inflicted upon persons, who had hardly merited so severe a treatment.

We may imagine how drearily the days went by. The poet mourning over "the days that were no more," in sight of the Solway, at all times a gloomy and darksome frith! His children, his faithful and forgiving wife, how often must they have presented themselves before him! And there must have been, too, thoughts of the fame he had acquired, dim presages of his future estimation, of the verdict of posterity, of the applause of Scotland. And, we trust, there were also other thoughts.

We must give, in the words of Mr. Macdiarmid, the following anecdote:

"A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig—now Mrs. Henry Duncan—was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window-blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said: 'Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but, oh! let him shine; he will not shine long for me.'"

On the 18th of July he returned to Dumfries. His wife, expecting confinement almost hourly, was unable to be with him. But there were not wanting kind friends to assuage his sorrows. On the 21st he sank into delirium. His eldest son has remembrance of an execration passing his lips against the legal agent who had caused him terrible anxiety in his latter days. Would it had been otherwise! With his children near him, he sank into the calm of death, peacefully, and without a groan.

We have availed ourselves liberally of the assistance of Mr. Chambers in putting together this rapid sketch.

The mausoleum of Burns rises high above the spires and houses of Dumfries. The traveler from the south, if he have but one drop of Scotch blood in his veins, can hardly view it without emotion. Thoughts will arise of the peasant-bard in his early struggles and subsequent fame, bursting out into renown and social distinction, conquering many difficulties, overcome by many

temptations, and dying when he must have felt within him consciousness of strong power, and aspiring after fresh endeavor.

The admirers and lovers of Burns, however, are of all countries, and all ages. His strains rise to the heart when more exalted music fails to charm—when the soothing has more power than the sublime—the pathetic than the tragic. To know the real power, and to test the true influence of this great genius, we must make ourselves acquainted with the daily life and conversation of the man—Robert Burns.

THE CHATEAU REGNIER.

I WAS traveling in Germany some eighteen or twenty years ago, when the events which I am going to relate took place. It was my first tour. I was fresh from college, where I had studied with an intensity that had rendered total relaxation as much a necessity as a pleasure.

It was at Coblenz that I met with my early friend Heinrich S.; or, to speak more accurately, it was on the road to Coblenz; for I had sent my servant on with the horses, and was proceeding leisurely along the road, which, at this point, hangs like a suspended gallery above the wooded banks and nestling villages that border the glorious Rhine. The evening was beautiful; and above, in the clear sky, the first solitary star was trembling into light. I should never have recognized Heinrich S. but that he spoke to me, as I stood looking over the landscape, and extended his hand to me. I had some difficulty in believing that it was the same youth who had been my class-fellow at Eton. There Heinrich was the sharpest, the boldest, and the most mischievous boy among us—the idol of the scholars, and the misery of the masters. Now, how changed was his appearance. Though in reality but a few months my senior, he looked ten years older. His cheeks were white and sunken; his lips bloodless; his eyes, surrounded by a dark circle, looked bright and wild; his hair hung in long dark masses about his face, and his dress was soiled and travel-stained. He had left Eton—where he had been placed by his parents, then resident in England—to proceed to the University of Göttingen, in his native Saxony, and I had not seen or heard of him since his departure. Could study have altered him thus? It was strange: his means were ample; his prospects excellent; and it seemed scarcely probable that any great misfortune should have befallen him, that could stamp such an expression of haggard wretchedness upon his countenance.

He took my arm, and we walked slowly on toward Coblenz. He spoke little by the way, and that little hastily and unwillingly: his words were frequently contradictory, and uttered in a wandering, melancholy tone that was most distressing. He lapsed frequently into a moody silence, and then laughed loudly when I had said nothing to provoke it.

I began to fear that he was not perfectly in his right senses, and was glad when we entered

the narrow streets of the town, and reached the inn whither my servant had preceded me. Here Heinrich left me, promising to return in an hour's time to dinner, for he was staying, he told me, at a neighboring hotel. So I sat and waited for him in the wooden gallery outside the windows of my apartment, watching the passers-by in the street, and pondering over my late encounter.

I came back into the room, closed the window, drew the curtains, replenished my meerschaum, and waited, not very patiently, for my dinner and my guest. Both came at last: first the guest, then the dinner. S. seemed to make an effort to shake off his gloom, but the meal was not a social one, and I saw with concern that he ate little, but drank recklessly, pouring out for himself glass after glass of pure cognac brandy.

I no longer fancied that Heinrich was not in his right mind, but I feared that he drank deeply—perhaps to banish the memory of some passion which I felt sure must be the secret care of his life. We smoked, we drank—the former, as all do in Germany, incessantly—the latter on his part deeply, on mine moderately. We talked of old times; of Eton; of our friends and relations (his parents, he told me, were both dead); of college life; of Cambridge; of Göttingen; of learning; and of writers.

By this time the coldness of his manner had quite vanished. A feverish excitement seemed to possess him. I was the listener, he the speaker. He was enthusiastic on the subject of ancient literature—a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips, and with every draught of the burning liquid he grew more and more delightful in his discourse.

"You must be very happy, Heinrich," said I, with a sigh, "to be so young and to have studied with great advantage. I have not succeeded in acquiring half the knowledge which you possess of art, science, and literature."

He made no answer; turned as pale as a corpse, and seemed unable to articulate. I poured out another glass of brandy and gave it into his hand, for his expression alarmed me. He drank it at a draught, laughed hysterically, and burst into tears.

I was inexpressibly shocked. "Heinrich," said I, laying my hand at the same time upon his sleeve, "Heinrich, what has done this?"

For a long time he would not reply to me: at last he yielded to my entreaties, drew his chair nearer to mine, filled another glass and placed it at his elbow, wiped his forehead nervously, and confided to me the following story:

"It is now ten years since I entered the University at Göttingen. I was then eighteen, and my name was entered on the books on the 2d of February, 1822. I was a very wild, happy fellow when you knew me, but somehow I became a very different fellow when I entered on my university life. I had left my parents, my friends, my English home behind me. Germany was no fatherland to me. England was the scene of my youthful education, the land of my first friends, and I felt lonely and a stranger in my native

place. Perhaps it seemed all the lonelier for its being my native place, and my knowing no soul in any part of it. At all events, I lost all my buoyancy of spirit; the noisy extravagancies of my fellow countrymen and students were insupportable to me, and I gave myself up entirely to the acquisition of learning. Night after night I sat up, unsubdued by weariness, till the daylight came creeping through the blinds to pale the glimmer of my lamp. Day after day I refused myself the common enjoyments of exercise and rest; attending the lectures, reading with my tutors, and striving with knowledge in every shape. I lived in an abstract world, apart from the men and things around me. The sight of my fellow students became an annoyance to me; even the lectures, at last, were unwelcome, since they drew me from the solitude of my own rooms, and the company of my books.

"I was a literary fanatic; I dwelt in a world of imagination, and amid an ideal community. In the silent nights, when the passing student looked up with pitying surprise at the steady light from my windows, I walked in thought with the philosophers of old, and held high converse with the spirits of the past. My rooms had almost the appearance of some ancient wizard's retreat. Crucibles, retorts, magnetic apparatus, electrical machines, microscopes, jars, receivers, philosophical instruments, and books, crowded every part. No chemical theory was too wild, no enterprise too difficult for me. I think I was scarcely sane at this time, for I began to hate mankind, and live solely for myself and my own mind. 'When I am of age,' I promised myself, 'I will seek out some lonely solitude where travelers never pass, and there I will build a house and live the life of the soul.' And I did so. My parents died before I left the university, and when I passed out of its gates I stepped forth into the wide world, a creature ignorant of the usages of life; possessed of riches for which I had no value; lonely, learned, and friendless. Yet not utterly friendless: I had contracted a friendship—if friendship that could be called that consisted solely in the interchange of thought, for I believe we had never even shaken hands or broken bread together—with the professor of mathematics under whom I had studied. To him alone I bade a farewell; to him confided my plans of retirement; to him promised the knowledge of my retreat as soon as I had established myself in it, and to him offered the hospitality of that roof when I obtained it. It was not long before I found such an one as I desired. I left Germany and crossed over to England. My old friends were all removed, or married, or dead. My parents were no more; you were at college; and the dead and empty aspect of the land in which I no longer found any associations of my youth remaining struck me with sorrow. I felt bitterly the loss of those to whom I owed not only birth and fortune, but reverence and love. All England seemed like a grave, and I hurried from it without even seeking you out at Cambridge.

Had you been living any where alone, I would have traveled day and night to press your hand once more; but I loathed the sight of men, and I dreaded to enter so vast a community to find you. I went on to France, avoiding Paris and all large towns, and made for the remoter provinces. There I hoped to discover some old chateau, where I might seclude myself amid the woods and solitudes, where the people and even the language was unknown to me. I found it.

"It was in Languedoc that I lighted upon the house which was henceforth to be my world. It was a lofty and noble chateau, long deserted, half ruined, and surrounded by woods. The nearest village was six miles away, and save a few solitary huts occupied by the very poorest of the peasants, I had no neighbor nearer than that village. Nothing could be more romantic than the situation, and nothing could better have suited with my frame of mind. The mansion was built on a little eminence, so that the turrets and grotesque chimneys peeped above the trees. A noble avenue had, in the old times, led to the great entrance, but was now utterly impassable with weeds and briars. Grass grew on the paths; rabbits burrowed in the gardens; broken statues, green with moss, stood solitary sentinels amid the desolation; and the owl and the bat lodged in the deserted chambers. This was the spot which I had sought for: here I could be happy. I sought out the notary in the nearest post-town, and learned from him that the property had been intrusted to him for sale, and that I was the first who had offered to purchase it. It was the mansion of a noble family who had fallen in the revolution of '93, and now belonged to a descendant of theirs, a rich planter in Jamaica, who had long since wished to dispose of it. I bought it for a trifle, and had one wing repaired and rendered habitable for my use; the rest I allowed to continue in its gradual decay. My solitude was called the 'Chateau Regnier.'

"I sent workmen from Toulouse, and books from Paris and Germany, and in the space of two months found myself in the paradise of my wishes. I had chosen the right wing for my habitation, and had fitted up three rooms for myself alone, and two more at some distance away for my attendant. These rooms opened out of each other; the first was my dining and breakfast-room, the second my bed-chamber, the third and remotest my study. I had a motive in this arrangement. The walls were enormously thick, and the doors I had baized and strengthened. I was a stranger in the country—the place was desolate, and I fortified it like a place of defense, for I might be robbed and murdered and no man the wiser. Again, silence as well as solitude was my luxury, and when all the doors were closed (and the door of the outer apartment, or dining-room, was double) no sound could reach my study from within or without, and none could issue thence. Still further to enhance this pleasure I had the narrow windows of the latter walled up, and lived, when among my books, in perpetual night. The walls were

hung with crimson draperies, and fitted round with book shelves; a table at one end supported my chemical and philosophical instruments; another, near the fire-place, was laden with books and writing materials; an easy chair stood beside it, and a noble cabinet, to the right of the fire-place, contained my more valuable papers, minerals, &c. A silver lamp suspended by delicate chain-work hung from the ceiling and spread a soft light through the chamber, and a powerful spirit-lamp stood on the table beside my reading-desk. Busts of philosophers and poets, showing whitely against the crimson curtains, looked nobly from the top of every bookcase; and from the darkened room, the draped walls, the silent world of knowledge which it held, the passionless sculpture, and the thickly-carpeted floor—which gave back no echo when you trod upon it—a presence of stillness, a solitude 'which might be felt,' came over the room and dwelt in it like an invisible soul.

"Here, then, for the first time since I had left Eton, I felt perfectly happy. But for the variety of passing into the outer room twice in the day to take my meals, I should never have known day from night. At twelve and at seven I partook of the necessary means of life; from two in the morning till six I slept; all the rest of my life I spent in my study, in thought, in communion with the souls of the dead. The woman whom I had chosen for my servant was old, deaf, and a German. I had brought her from Toulouse, for it was necessary that we should understand each other's language, and the French I was totally unacquainted with.

"Thus a year passed on. The peasants had ceased to wonder at my habits, the owls and bats had resettled in the uninhabited wing, the rabbits returned to the gardens, and I, a hermit of science, lived to myself, but was dead to the world. One day, however, to my amazement, while seated at dinner, with my old attendant waiting upon me, the door, which on these occasions was left unfastened, was slowly opened, and a head came cautiously through. It was M. Schneider, my old professor of mathematics at Göttingen. I was really glad to see him, more glad than I chose to confess, even to myself. I loved my retreat, but it *was* a pleasure once more to see a familiar face, once more to listen to a familiar voice, once more to exchange thoughts with a living brain, and read them in a cordial eye. No enjoyment which my study ever had afforded me equaled the delight with which I welcomed that good man. I embraced him, I talked, I laughed, I forced him into a chair, and pressed him to partake of my simple meal. I drank his health; I overwhelmed him with questions without waiting for an answer. I behaved more like a schoolboy than a student, and could have danced for joy. He understood me and joined in my gaiety. We retreated to the study; I showed him with pride my books, my instruments, my silent solitude. I described to him my mode of life, and finally intreated him to come and spend with me the remainder of his

existence. We were so happy that day! I never thought the sight of any human being could give me such delight. M. Schneider did not at once accept all my propositions, but he would remain with me at least for some weeks. I felt as if all my wealth could scarcely purchase sufficient to entertain him. The wines and viands of the neighboring village were not half good enough for him; and I resolved that very night, when he had retired to rest (for I had installed him in my only bedroom), to hire a horse from the neighboring post-house, and gallop down to Toulouse myself to order thence all the luxuries and comforts I could get. We sat in conversation till an advanced hour of the morning;—never had I found conversation so delightful. The clock was striking three when I rose to leave the house. I felt no want of rest, and I anticipated with pleasure the walk to the post-house in the fresh morning air. My friend retired to bed: I wrapped myself closely in my traveling cloak, put a pair of pocket pistols within the breast of my riding coat, opened the outer doors without a sound, closed them, and passed through the hall and the great door into the gray morning. Never, since my residence there, had I taken a walk of so many miles; never had I stirred beyond the precincts of the park and gardens of the Chateau Regnier. It was autumn: the red and yellow leaves lay thick upon the pathway as I strode rapidly through the forest: the morning sun came slowly up in the east and cast bright slanting lights between the stems and branches of the trees: the wild birds woke up one after another in their nests up in the branches, and taking the song from each other filled the air with melody. Sweet scents of distant fields came on the breeze: the hare started at my footfall and darted across my path; a beautiful lizard glided away in the grass;—the sun came up bright and strong—the birds sang louder and louder, and the sunshine and song were in my heart also, and I said joyfully—“The world is lovely, and all that therein is. Solitude is not the only good. Blessed be God, who made the world, so beautiful and so glad!” I seemed on that morning to bathe in the light of a more generous and divine philosophy. The meeting with my old friend had been good for me, and from henceforth I felt that my life promised higher and holier results than the selfish indulgence of intellectual pursuits. I reached the post-house, mounted a fleet and spirited horse, and rode away at full speed to Toulouse. I had no time to lose, for the town was full fifteen miles away, and I recollected with laughing surprise that, following the habit of many months, I had mechanically turned the key of my outer apartment, and put it in my waistcoat pocket.

“Come Heinrich,” said I gayly, to myself, “you must gallop away, for you have locked up the professor, and he must wait for you before he can have any breakfast!”

“I reached the town, gave such orders as I required, remounted the horse, and began retracing my road. It was nine by the cathedral clock.

The shops in Toulouse were all open; people were stirring in the streets and on the high road; wagons with country-people were returning home from selling fruit and vegetables in the town-market. Every one gave me a *good-morning*, and, as I could not reply to them in their own tongue, I answered all with a nod and a smile. Many looked back and pointed after me. They wondered why I galloped along so fast at that early hour. ‘Nine o’clock, Heinrich,’ said I; ‘make haste! The professor is hungry.’

“On I went—trees, hedges, cottages flew past me. Suddenly I received a severe shock—a fall—a blow—and I knew no more.

“When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on a straw bed in a small mean cottage. An old woman was sitting knitting in the doorway. All was silent, and I lay watching her busy fingers for several minutes in a stupid apathy, which neither knew nor sought to know the meaning of my situation. At length I tried languidly to turn in the bed, and felt myself seized with a sharp and terrible agony, that forced a scream from my lips. It seemed as if my feet were being torn off! The old woman ran to me, brought me a cup of water, and said something in French, which was of course, unintelligible to me, put her hand on my lips when I was about to speak, pointed to my feet, and shook her head compassionately as she looked at me.

“I understood her. I remembered the shock—the fall; my leg was broken.

“I groaned aloud—for I now felt great pain; but I lay still, and tried to recall all the circumstances to my mind. I was on horseback: where was I coming from? From Toulouse, I remembered. What did I want at Toulouse? Ah! the Professor Schneider—the key—the locked door—the distance—the day—all flashed upon my memory, and, half-frantic, I tried again to rise, and, I think, fainted with the pain, for when I again became sensible, there were a man and a young girl in the room; the latter was bathing my forehead with vinegar, and the man was feeling my pulse. Oh the misery of that waking! Not one—not one to comprehend my words—not one to tell me how long I had been lying helpless there—not one to send to the rescue of my friend! I wept burning tears; I prayed, I made signs, I addressed the man, who seemed to be a doctor, in German, Latin, and English, but he only shook his head, and whispered with the others. I tried repeatedly to rise; they held me down by force: my blood burned, my limbs trembled, I was going mad.

“I thought of him, my noble friend, dying, starving, in the accursed solitude of the chateau. No sound could penetrate those doors; no human force break through them. The windows—alas! they were high and narrow, and barred like a prison, through my own caution. The chimney—that was not wide enough for a child to climb. The remains of our dinner was left upon the table. He might sustain life for three days upon that, with economy; but how long had I been in this place?—perhaps four, perhaps

six, perhaps eight days already! I dug my nails into the palms of my hands with despair at the idea. Then I thought of Ugo Foscolo—how his body was found with the arm gnawed away by his own teeth in the agony of famine. I raved—I wept—I groaned—my brain seemed a burning coal. I was in a delirious fever! Oh, the terrible visions of a mind disordered and oppressed with such a fearful anguish as mine! Madness was wrought to a despairing fury, passing all ordinary delirium, by the goadings of conscious agony; pain, mental and bodily, acting in terrible concert, surrounded me with torments to which the fabled hell of the Florentine were no more than an uneasy dream. Sometimes I seemed to behold my guest as from a place whence I could not escape to his aid. I saw him shake the bars of the narrow casements with hopeless fury. I saw his pale face—his convulsed limbs. I heard him curse my name; and then, oh, horror! he fixed his dying eyes on mine, and so chained me, without the power of avoiding their fascination. Again, I was walking with him on a narrow shelf beside a burning lake. I fell: I implored him to save me—but to extend his hand to me, or I should perish: and methought the dying look came over him again, and his form dilated as he bade me fall and perish. Again—but these recollections are too fearful! I was mad; and when reason once more returned to me, I found myself utterly weakened, and helpless as a child. I looked at my hands; they were little better than the hands of a skeleton. I made signs to them for a looking-glass; my beard had reached the growth of weeks.

“Then I knew that my friend was dead.

“Dead!—never more to call me by my name—never more to touch my hand, or gladden me with talk of high and wondrous things. Dead! still, cold. Dead, and by my means. Dead and unburied. Could I then have died, so to call him back again to life, I would have rejoiced to do so. Nay, to die were too poor a sacrifice—I would have given my soul to do it. I a murderer! I who had never harmed a fly; who had stepped aside from the snail upon my path;—I who had never choked the sweet songs of the birds in murderous sport. I was now too feeble and too broken-hearted to make even the faintest effort to return to the chateau. I prayed for death; yet day by day, I gradually recovered strength. The village surgeon who attended me was no more than an unlettered quack, and it is surprising that I should have escaped with life; but I did, and the more I loathed to live, the more I felt that death rejected me. Gradually my limb strengthened, and they lifted me occasionally from the bed to a garden seat, where I might breathe the cool fresh air of early winter. They were all kind and gentle to me, but grateful I could not be for care or attention, since to exist was now and henceforward a perpetual misery. Besides, they had found me no ungenerous guest: I had a considerable sum with me when I went to Toulouse, and the residue amply satisfied their claims. By-and-by I could even

walk with difficulty from room to room, and I had no excuse to remain with them longer. But now I dreaded to return; now I shrunk from the thoughts of the rooms where I knew the body of my friend was. . . .

“I went at last. A rude conveyance bore me home. It was mid-day when I left the cottage, and the rapid winter night had closed in before we reached the gates of the chateau. Here I bid my entertainers farewell, and insisted on approaching alone those walls from which I had so long remained absent. The moon was shining bright and chill on every tree and shrub. I am not superstitious, a thrill of dread crept over me when I stood before the house, and saw the bats flitting in the ruins, and beheld the pale light on the windows of the fatal rooms which I had inhabited. I ascended the broken steps—the great door yielded to my touch—a light beneath a distant door evidenced that my old servant was yet faithful to her guardianship. I opened it, and beheld her sleeping soundly in the chimney corner. Yonder, to the right, down that dark corridor, lay the rooms which I had lived in; yonder, the locked and fatal door. The cold dew stood upon my brow; I took a lighted candle from the table, and forced myself to go on. At the door I paused again; even when the key was in and turned I hesitated, and would fain have deferred it; then I pushed it open, walked straight up to the table, and laid the candle down. He was not there. This was a relief to me. I dreaded to find him in the first room, and thanked God that the sight of his corpse had not met my eyes on the first entrance. I closed the door and looked round the chamber in every part. My heart sickened when I beheld the disorder in which it lay. Chairs, books, and cushions were lying on the floor; a thick dust covered every object; the dishes were yet on the table where we had dined together; a few bones, covered, like the rest, with the deposit of months, were scattered on the cloth. A watch was lying beside them; it had stopped long, long ago at twelve o'clock, and lay there blank and speechless. It was Schneider's. I knew it again. Alas! alas! type of its owner; the busy heart was mute and motionless. I wept; tears seemed to ease my heart of the heavy load that was crushing it within my breast. I gathered resolution once more, and opened the door of the second chamber. But he was not there either. The bed was black with dust—he had slept in it when I left him; and there tossed and uncovered, it remained as when he last arose from it. At the window a table was standing, and on the table a chair. Some panes of glass were broken, through which the night air came down upon me and blew the flame of the candle hither and thither. There he had climbed and striven to escape, but the iron bars defied him; he had broken the window, and cried in vain for help; the attendant was deaf and infirm, and no soul ever penetrated the grounds of the chateau. It was plain, that my study was his tomb. The certainty froze my blood, and I trembled in every limb. Now that

it was a certainty I felt unable to move one step in advance. There was the study door not entirely closed, and yet not sufficiently open to reveal aught within. There was his living tomb. It must be done! every breath of air through the shattered panes threatened to extinguish my light. Better to face the worst than be left there in sudden fearful darkness. I groaned involuntarily, and started at the sound of my own voice. I advanced—I extended my hand. Good God! the door resisted me! Yes, there—there across the threshold, lay a dark and shapeless mass. I could only open it by main strength, and all strength on the instant failed me. Terror tied my tongue. I felt a scream of horror rising to my lips, but had not the power to utter it, and, staggering slowly under the burden, the agonizing burden of supreme fear, I dragged myself back again through the rooms, locked the doors, along the corridor and hall, and out once more among the trees and the moonlight. On I went and never once looked back; out through the great open gates, on along the high road. Dread and an unnatural strength possessed me. Yesterday I could scarcely walk thirty yards without pain and fatigue; now, I was insensible to mere bodily grievances. I used the fractured limb without attending to the exquisite suffering it must have occasioned me. At last fatigue overpowered me. I sat down by the roadside. A vehicle passed by. The driver saw and assisted me to enter it. At last, after many changes and stages, I reached Paris. I have since then wandered over Europe. Languedoc and the Chateau Regnier I have not beheld since that awful night. I am a pilgrim and an outcast without peace or rest—wandering, a shadow, among men and cities, in some one of which I hope to find a grave.”

Heinrich S. I never saw again. From time to time I hear of him as having been seen in some far off land—three years since he was in Russia, and last summer I was told that he had been for a few weeks in Vienna. But I know not; report is ever vague and uncertain. He lives, I fear: perhaps the next news may be of his death. I hope so; for life is terrible with him. May he die in peace!

A FRAGMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

A YOUNG fellow of high connexions, educated at Sandhurst, and having subsequently got his commission in one of the “crack” cavalry regiments (Lancers or Hussars, we decline to say which), became rapidly inaugurated in all the ways of fashionable London life. He cantered in the parks, lounged about the Clubs; the Opera and Almacks were his, with their songs, and dances, and winning smiles. He hunted, he shot, he raced, he gamed, he drank, and “all that,” until one morning his father sent for him. He had been allowed five hundred a year, besides his pay, and he had been living at the rate of five thousand—as near as it could be calculated. What his father said was to this effect: “Arthur, you’re going to the devil, and I must

stop you. Sell out directly, sir, and leave the country for three years. I’ll pay your debts here, and allow you just enough to live. Learn to do something for yourself; and come back in your right senses.” So, the young cornet sold his commission, and sailed for Australia.

Not intending to go to the Diggings, and hearing that Sydney was a far nicer place to reside in than dust-driving Melbourne (“which nobody *can* deny, deny”), he landed at that place, and after a short stay to recover so long a voyage, he rode up into the bush some hundred miles. He was a pretty good judge of a horse, and had something in his head that way. Horses brought high prices in Melbourne, and if he could get them over land there, it might be “doing something for himself,” as his father had recommended.

At East Maitland, about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney, he chanced to fall in with a young fellow about his own age; and, after what they considered “mature deliberation,” they agreed to purchase not horses, but four hundred head of bullocks, engage a bullock-driver to help in the work, and drive them over land to Melbourne. The distance by a direct route, and using roads, would not exceed five or six hundred miles; but, as they would have to go winding and zig-zagging and crossing hills and swamps and fields and creeks in order to find constant food and water for the cattle, the distance would not be far short of nine hundred, or a thousand miles. They purchased the bullocks, engaged a regular bullock-driver (the driving of these horned gentry, whether loose or yoked, being a special art, needing considerable practice), and off they started.

Besides the four hundred bullocks, they had nine horses, and a dray. Three of the horses they rode, three were attached to the dray, and the remaining three they drove loose in the rear of the bullocks, on the flank, or as they liked to go. The dray was laden with some bags of oats for the horses, provisions for three men, a change of outer clothing, two changes of under clothing, blankets, spare harness, cordage, hobbles, two double-barreled guns, a rifle, and a few tools—such as wood-axes, knives, a spade, hammer, and nails.

Day after day, through the solitudes of the bush, pleasingly varied at times by miles of bog, or leagues of swamp, amidst which they had to sleep, or get such rest in the night as they could, our two young gentlemen accommodated themselves to studying the uncouth mysteries of “stock-driving;” aiding and assisting their professor elect in all his countless exigencies and requirements. Our cornet, who was the principal proprietor of all these moving horns, was scarcely one-and-twenty, and, moreover, looked still younger than he was. His friend Wentworth was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, and apparently of no great strength. The bullock-driver was a rough, sun-browned, brawny, bearded old colonial and bush-man. He did not conceal his contempt for the capacities of his