



STONEHENGE;
OR,
THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

VOL. I.

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STONEHENGE;

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THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF NERO.

BY

MALACHI MOULDY, F.S.A.

Nathless a British record (long conceal'd
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank,) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

21

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P R E F A C E.

IT is a delicate and difficult task for a father to undertake to usher into the world the posthumous works of his son. There are so many feelings and associations likely to influence his judgment, when he attempts to form a correct estimate of them, that however sincerely he may aim at impartiality, it is hardly possible that he can attain it.

The Editor of the following Romance cannot hope to be entirely free from those errors of opinion which result from the undue bias of affection; but he hopes that, having been forewarned of the enemy, he may not have been wholly unsuccessful in endeavouring to escape his snares. How far his judgment is correct in deeming these volumes an acceptable offering to the public, it is for them to decide; and he only regrets that the person,

whom their decision would have most concerned, will be the least affected by it. With diffidence, however, rather than distrust, he begs to commence his self-imposed labours with a few introductory remarks, relative to the authorship and editorship of this tale of the first century.

The Author of "Stonchenge," whose work will be his best introduction to the public, at an early age displayed, what in a parent's partial eyes appeared to be, a precocious predilection and aptitude for the noble study of antiquity. This, probably, arose from the circumstance of his having been, from his cradle, familiar with the physiognomies of those black-lettered folios which are so formidable to the satin-wove sciolists of these degenerate days; but so loved and honoured by the genuine antiquary.—Yes! ye mighty ones of olden time, Nennius and Giraldus, William of Malmesbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth! how often has he seen you expand your unwieldy dimensions for my edification; and how often have your oaken integuments served to explain to his infant intellect the origin of that mystical phrase, "*bound in boards!*" Truly, those were the giants in literature who were

wont to call their folios "letle bokes," and their quarto chronicles "pocket volumes!" But to return from my digression—my son's familiarity with classical and British antiquities induced me to educate him for the legal profession; as I had long before learned from my friend, the late Mr. Pleydell, 'that a lawyer without history or literature, is a mechanic—a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.*' Having passed through the usual period of probation, my poor Misraim undertook the arduous enterprise of endeavouring to establish a practice: and his friends not hearing from himself any complaints of the want of success; and being informed by others that he seemed generally occupied; concluded that he was not dissatisfied with his progress. Thus time wore away, until he reached his twenty-seventh year; when the event took place which removed him from the scene of his labours, and from those anxieties and struggles, incident to the commencement of a professional life.

Shortly previous, however, to this occur-

* Guy Mannering, vol. 11., p. 100.

rence, as we were one day conversing on the difficulties and discouragements which encounter a young man at his entrance into life, my son pointed to a box in his apartment, which he stated contained the wages of his industry, or at least the greater portion of them, during the three years of his brief practice ; requesting me to accept them as a kind of first-fruits' offering of filial affection. On opening the box, to my surprise I discovered—not the emoluments of a tardily remunerating profession, consolidated into some tiny trinket—but the MS. copy of the work now presented to the public !

I know not to what extent I may have been influenced by the circumstances under which I received it, but the more I perused it the more anxious I became that others should participate in the pleasure which it afforded me : nor will I attempt to conceal that a little parental pride, mingled with this wish to please. I therefore resolved to employ the few hours of leisure, which I could steal from more serious labours, in preparing the manuscript for publication.

. It has been my object to make this work instructive to the classical student, as well as

entertaining to the general reader: I have, therefore, added numerous references to corroborate what might seem doubtful, and elucidate what might seem obscure. Nor have I allowed partiality completely to triumph over candour in my criticisms; but where my son has appeared to me to follow the current of tradition rather than the stream of history, I have marked the divarication, in order that the reader might choose his own course.

As the narrative, after traversing the sombre shades of early civilization, emerges into the full light of classical sunshine, and connects itself in its progress with some of the greatest characters, and some of the most important events which the world has ever witnessed; I have cited standard authorities to authenticate and illustrate its various descriptions and allusions. Indeed, I have done that for "Stonehenge," which my learned brother, Monkbarns, proposed doing for the "Caledoniad:" but in this I deem myself more fortunate than him—that my comment has not been delayed by the non-completion of the text. Hoping that this hint will not be lost upon my Lord Geraldine, I proceed further to observe, that my friend Monkbarns's very

excellent proposal of introducing his important Essay on Castrametation into an appendix, has also suggested to me the idea that an Essay on Druidism would give great value to the present work. I had commenced a series of notes explanatory of the rites and history of Druidism; but upon more mature reflection, I determined to collect all the information which I had to communicate on that subject; embracing a considerable quantity which had been amassed by my son, into one essay; which I have now appended to the narrative; and in which, I flatter myself, the curious reader will find the apparent incongruities of the rites and tenets of this mystical religion satisfactorily explained and accounted for, and the whole digested into one consistent system.

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER !

IF thou art given to the study of thy country's antiquities, and hast felt thy heart glow within thee as thou hast read of

Spenser's fairy themes
And those that Milton loved in early years.

thou wilt not despise this attempt to clothe in modern language, a very ancient tale.

If the study of antiquity hath taken deep hold on thy mind, thou wilt have acquired that habit of cautious discrimination for which antiquaries are so proverbial ! In such case thou wilt not care to perplex thyself by judging of the authenticity of any work by its internal evidence, but will rather list to what it's au-

thor shall say concerning it. It is in vain, therefore, to ask thee to peruse the following tale, until I have satisfied thee of its genuine antiquity; which task I will now address myself unto, not doubting but that I shall perform the same in such manner, that he who shall have any misgivings concerning it must be a sceptic outright: a man who would even question the authenticity of the veritable Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the veracity of the truth-seeking Sammes!

It is an unco-weary thing to tow against the stream of time for eighteen centuries in quest of a pedigree; but it were happy for the author, could he make as good a title to some of the unclaimed dividends in the bank of England, as the prototype of this little book can make to a place in the Archives of the first century.

The materials of the following tale are gathered from a MS. written in the Armoric tongue, apparently about 1700 years ago. Now, as in proving the descent of an ancient family, it is not necessary to begin with Adam and Eve; and it hath been even held by some moderns, that it is not essential to prove your kith and kin with Noah;—(contrary, however, to the established practice of antiquity in that

respect, which hath always dragged forth her heroes from among the unclean beasts of the Ark;)—so now I shall pass over the earlier history of this work, and come at once to that æra in which all good families do spring to light, videlicet—*the dark ages*. Here, happily, I can refer to one of far greater wit than myself, who hath well described how marvellously this valuable MS. was discovered, after it had lain hid for many centuries. Turn, gentle reader, to thy Grafton, and open his chronicles at the fourth part, and there thou wilt find it thus written :

“About XXX yeres hence it happened in Wiltshire at Ivey Church about 2 myles from Salisburie, as men digged to make a foundation, they found an holow stone covered with another stone, wherein they founde a Booke, having in it little aboue XX leaves (as they sayde) of very thicke Velume, wherein was something written. But when it was shewed to ye Priestes and Chanons which were there, they coulde not reade it. Wherefore, after they had tossed it from one to another (by the meanes whereof it was torne) they did neglect and cast it aside. Long after, a piece thereof happened to

come to my hands : which notwithstanding it was all to rent and defaced, I shewed to Mays-ter Rycharde Pace, then chiefe secretary to King Henry the viij; whereof he exceedingly rejoiced. But because it was partly rent, and partlye defaced and blurred with wet that had fallen out, he could not finde any one sentence perfite. Notwithstanding, after long beholding he shewed me, it seemed that the sayde booke conteyned some ancient monuments of this Isle.”

It were long to tell thee, gentle reader, the various hands through which this treasure passed until it happily reached mine ; suffice to say, it now rests with one who is willing to share with thee the benefit thereof. And if Mayster Richard Pace did ‘exceedingly rejoyce’ though he could not finde ‘any one sentence perfite;’ what transports should be thine, who has it presented to thee translated, enlarged, enriched and improved, in a manner passing thy conception !

I had, indeed, purposed to have presented thee with a mere transcript, or fac-simile thereof; but, recollecting how the original had been tossed about from one to another, by the

“*Priestes and Chanons,*” I thought perchance it might fare no better with the copy; wherefore, with infinite labour, I have translated it: nor only so, for then thou couldst no more have understood it, than the monks could read it; but I have, to the best of my poor ability, supplied numerous deficiencies in the original, which extended not only to words and sentences, but even to chapters and books! Nor let my travail herein be despised; for if a learned prelate of our church hath been commended for restoring the text of *Eschylus*, and for the happy admixture of invention and erudition which he hath displayed; and if *Brotier* hath gained immortal fame for adding two or three chapters to *Tacitus*, the substance of which he hath gleaned from contemporary historians; I would fain know why I should be denied my little meed of praise, who have wrought up twenty pages into thrice as many chapters, with no other MS., no other contemporaneous authors to assist me? Nor have I stopped even here; but seeing many things slurred over which I thought deserving of more notice, and many things obscurely alluded to which I thought unintelligible without the fullest comment, I have ventured to recast the whole; so

that it may be truly said of the original MS., as it might of the main argument of Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses—that it is completely absorbed in the illustrations : and I would only add, that if the MS. have not suffered more than the learned bishop's argument, by being a little lost sight of,—I am content.

And now, gentle reader, how can I propitiate thee, or what shall I say in extenuation of the numerous defects of this performance ; whereof I could make a long catalogue, were it not better to leave it to thine own ingenuity to discover them ? I will even address thee in the language of the honest Humphrey Lhuyd, wherewith I will take my leave.—

“And touching this rude and disord'ed little work : truly I woulde not have suff'ed it to have come to light, had I not well hoped that all learned men, would accept this my endeavour in good parte. *** And if they shall thinke any thing herein spoken over sharply, or not well advisedly, I submit myself to y^e judgment of those that be better learned ; and if I be admonished of my faults, I promise to amend them when occasion shall be given.

“ Only for recompense, gentle reader, let me have thy good woorde, and lawfull favour; and I ask no more. Farewell hartly, and enjoy it.”*

* The Breviary of Britayne, by Humfrey Lhuyd, Englished by Thomas Twyne, Gent., 1573, bl. let.—N.B. The last paragraph is from the Translator's preface.—ED.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SCREAMS round th' Arch Druid's brow the seamew—white
As Menai's foam ; and toward the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.

WORDSWORTH.

STONEHENGE;

OR,

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standcs,
Placed on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge* hys altarre with greete figres in Maie,
Roastyngc theyr vyctualle round about the flame
’Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

CHAUTERTON'S BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THE period at which the following tale commences, wants some twenty years of eighteen centuries ago. The *south* of Britain was, at this time, in a state of impatient subjection to the Romans; a formidable rebellion headed by the brave Boadicea, by which the island had

* Dressing.

been almost wrested from her conquerors, having been recently crushed by the intrepidity of the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus.

The native spirit of liberty was, however, rather checked than extinguished by this dire blow, and began to revive under the encouragement which it received from the dissensions existing between the general and the procurator of the province. These dissensions at last prevailed to such a degree, that Nero dispatched his freedman, Polycletus, to take cognizance of the matter; expecting that the pomp and ostentatious equipage of this court favourite would not only overawe the Roman disputants, but also strike terror into the indomitable islanders. In this expectation, the emperor was disappointed, for the measure produced a precisely contrary effect. The free-born Britons cared not to conceal their contempt for the manumitted slave; and the terror which the victorious arms of Suetonius had inspired, was much diminished, when they beheld him submit to the haughty dictation of Polycletus.* Nor were the manners of Suetonius calculated to conciliate, or sooth the wounded feelings of the half-conquered in-

* Taciti Annales, lib. XIV. s. 39.

habitants; for his severity equalled his courage, and he unjustly wreaked upon them his revenge for the indignities to which his proud spirit was subjected by his own countrymen.*

Such were the mutual feelings of the victors and the vanquished, when it happened that a party of Roman soldiers, consisting principally of a small detachment from the 9th legion were sent to explore the country between Clausentum, a Roman station in the vicinity of Southampton, and the new, but flourishing colony of Bath.†

In their progress through the neighbourhood of old Sarum, then called Sorbiodunum, the Romans were attacked by a party of Britons; and after a desperate resistance, in which they lost their leader, the veteran Valens, being overwhelmed by the superior numbers of their

* Tac. Vit. Agric. s. 16.

‡ Richard of Cirencester (lib. 11. c. 1. s. 15.) states that Bath and Gloucester were occupied by the Romans, A.D. 47. The Romans were probably attracted to the former place by its famous hot springs, which they called the waters of the sun, and after which they named the city Aquæ Solis. I need hardly add that Bath had existed long previously as a British city; for few traditions are more generally known than that relating to the discovery of the medicinal virtues of its waters, and its consequent foundation by Bladud.

assailants, were obliged to consult their safety by flight.

In this brave little band was a young soldier of the name of Pudens, who had accompanied the Roman general in the capacity of what we should now style an aid-de-camp. Pudens had been a fellow student with Agricola, whom the pen of Tacitus has immortalized ; and, like him, having completed his studies at the Greek university at Marseilles, was now improving his military knowledge in Britain. Already an adept in the science of fortification, he had assisted the centurion Valens to survey the country, preparatory to laying down the military road which in after days connected Bath with the Fosse road extending from Dorsetshire to Lincolnshire.

Pudens fought gallantly by the side of the centurion, notwithstanding the hopelessness of the contest ; and so entirely absorbed had he been by the excitement of the combat, that he was for some moments unaware that his companions had deserted him, and that he was almost surrounded by the enemy. With some difficulty, and not without a severe wound in his shoulder from a brazen-headed javelin, he extricated himself from his assailants, and

spurring his horse, soon distanced his pursuers.

Having escaped from immediate danger, he slackened his speed, and directed his course towards an open space to avoid the woods and thickets in which the Britons were accustomed to lie in ambush for their foes. Having dismounted, and tethered his horse to a hawthorn, he seated himself on the grass, and began to ruminate on his dreary situation — wearied, wounded, and alone, a bewildered wanderer, in an enemy's country. The sun was setting, and a dense, autumnal mist, resembling a sea of vapour, covered the almost boundless plain which surrounded him, and threatened soon to envelope him, in what appeared to the young Roman accustomed to the glowing atmosphere of Italy, a mantle of icy darkness. In a fit of dejection, he wrapped his military cloak around him, and reclining on the cold heath, endeavoured, but in vain, to compose himself to slumber.

Happily he had not long remained in this cheerless state, before he remembered that he had slung round his horse's shoulders a skin filled with rich Falernian wine, which his officer had provided for their joint accommodation.

Never was gift of Bacchus more opportune. Having poured out a somewhat scant libation to the jolly god, he quaffed a copious draught, and seemed almost instantaneously inspired by its effects. He who but a moment before had hardly dared to breathe aloud lest he should be discovered by his enemies, now, with a light heart, and cheerful voice, hoping to be recognized by his friends, carolled forth from his favourite Horace :—

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat !

*Who dares with glass well fill'd with wine,
At want, or toils of war, repine !*

Having listened in vain to catch the sound of any voice in reply, he was about to betake himself once more to his turfy couch, when he saw at a distance a flickering light, which his sanguine imagination represented to be a signal, kindled by some of his companions, as a rallying point for their dispersed brethren. He immediately arose, remounted, and rode towards this cheering mark. The night, owing to the mist, had become quite dark, and with the exception of a few stars overhead, which shot in meteors across the heavens, the fitful light of this beacon was his only guide. Nothing is more deceptive than a distant fire ;

and though this seemed at intervals to illumine the whole hemisphere, it was not until after many a weary circuit, and many a far digression, that he came within its vicinity.

Here a sight presented itself, to which the admirably descriptive pen of his countryman, Virgil, could hardly do justice; and which certainly resembled a vision of the unseen world, rather than aught human. In the midst of a huge circle, formed by a stupendous colonnade of massive, unhewn pillars, Pudens beheld a terrific fire, whose flames lighted up the whole scene with a lurid but uncertain glare. Around this fire stood a number of tall, motionless, forms, of a superhuman height, and behind them appeared several shadowy, cavern-like arches. In the midst was a human figure, clad in a vestment of dazzling whiteness, pointing towards heaven an uplifted wand. He seemed some mighty magician, whose potent spell had drawn forth from their rock-built caves the giant forms which stood around, and before whom mortals crouching at their feet seemed but as pigmies. Behind, and visible through these rude archways, appeared a number of individuals, in long, light robes, bearing something glittering in their hands. Other circles

of living beings and motionless forms surrounded these, and the whole seemed enclosed by the gigantic boundary which we have described. At a distance from this enchanted ring, and apparently separated by some invisible barrier, was a large concourse of people, apparently congregated as spectators. Amid this dark group flaming torches waved about in all directions, as though the meteors overhead were reflected in some dark lake below.

When Pudens had recovered from the almost overpowering amazement excited by this awful spectacle, he secured his horse in a neighbouring thicket, and advanced cautiously on foot till he reached a mound in the vicinity, from whence, by lying on his breast with his head just peering over, he was able to view, unperceived, the whole scene.

He now discovered it to be a Druidical assembly, who were holding their equinoctial meeting at Stonehenge. In the person of the magician, he beheld the Arch Druid; in the mighty and mysterious forms standing around, he discerned tall masses of stone; and in the huge arches he saw the rude, rocky portals which fill travellers with astonishment even at the present day. The whole scene, indeed, deserves a

more minute description ; for although the uncertain light and varying shadows imparted to it a vague sublimity, yet the spectacle was in itself so solemn and imposing, that it needed nothing of the unreal or indefinite to add to its grandeur.

In the mid space included within the colossal colonnade was a large oval recess, formed by tall upright stones, having in its centre a vast unhewn altar, and a blazing fire. Before this altar stood the Arch Druid, in his magnificent pontifical robes ; his right hand grasping a golden sceptre. His long silver side locks blended with his beard ; and the baldness of his forehead was hidden by an oaken garland surmounted by a tiara of gold. A curiously wrought breast-plate of the same precious metal was half concealed by a long mantle of snowy whiteness, which was fastened by being drawn through a gold ring on his right shoulder, and almost hid a pair of singularly carved pentagonal wooden sandals.* He was attended by several other Druids, also arrayed in white robes, but without breast-plates, whose ton-

* This description of the Druidical costume seems to accord with a plate in Montfaucon's Antiquities, and does not materially differ from that of Borlase, who has even adverted to the pentagonal sandals.—*Hist. of Cornwall*.

sured heads were unadorned, but whose flowing long beards, nevertheless, gave them a very striking appearance.

At the other end of the altar stood the chief of the Ovates, or sacrificial order of the Druids,* in a robe of light green. With one hand he held the horns of a milk white heifer, which his attendants, similarly clad, had just led to the altar, and with the other brandished aloft a sacrificial knife. A circle of Druids, and another of Ovates, separated from each other by a strong barrier, inclosed this group.

The Arch Druid seemed, by the movement of his hand, to be addressing this dazzling assembly, and at every pause a stream of music, mellowed by the night wind, and chorussed by the shout of the multitude, thrilled through the ears of Pudens. This music, he perceived, came from a part of the sacred enclosure, behind the massive arches which sheltered the Ovates. Here stood the bards in sweeping robes of sky-blue,

* The Welsh Bards thus characterize the Druidical orders in reference to their costume. They describe the Bards as the "wearers of the long blue robes;" the Ovates as "having a place in the assembly with their robes of bright green;" and the Druids as the "splendid race—wearers of gold chains—the eminently white."—*Davies's Mythol. of the Druids.*

with glittering harps in their hands, from which they ever and anon drew the most ravishing strains. Another rocky barrier was again interposed, and behind it were ranged the disciples of the Druids, in variegated dresses of red, blue, and green.

The ground thus occupied appeared dedicated to sacerdotal purposes, as far as the tabular boundary; between which, and the mound and trench encircling the whole, there was a wide interval.

In this interval, besides a Logan, and other Druidical erections, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, there was a hillock or mount, on the summit of which sat the British chief, surrounded by torch-bearers; and below him several of the principal nobility.

While Pudens was feasting his sight on this sublime spectacle, which he had great difficulty in persuading himself was not the imagery of a dream, a huge wicker car, filled with combustibles and the carcasses of slain animals, was dragged towards the Arch Druid to receive his benediction. The bards then sung a short hymn, and the whole assembly shouted in chorus. A solemn silence succeeded, broken only by the indistinct voice of the Arch Druid, in-

voking the gods, and the creak of the wheels of the wicker car, as it was precipitated into the flames. At this accession of fuel the fire broke forth with ten-fold fury ; when, unfortunately, our hero's steed, terrified at the sudden blaze, uttered a kind of shrieking neigh, which apparently thrilled with consternation the whole assembly. "A foe ! a foe !" was shouted by the different persons in the crowd ; and a hundred scouts were immediately dispatched in the direction of the sound.

Pudens saw the peril of his situation ; and deeming it impossible to remain undiscovered, resolved, desperate as the attempt might appear, to cut his way through the crowd and seize his horse. A moment's delay must be fatal. Throwing aside his cloak, therefore, he rushed amid the multitude, and rendered almost irresistible by a sense of his danger, seemed, at first, to annihilate all opposition. As he strode along, and his tall helmet and bright armour reflected the fitful beams of the writhing flames, the multitude fancied at first that it was their god Taranis, and retreated before him. Their chief, however, who knew too well the Roman armour, ridiculed their superstitious fears, and rallied them with the

shout of "A Roman! a Roman!" Regardless of the throng pursuing him, Pudens still pushed forward, his might increasing as his situation became more critical, and the prize was now almost within his reach, when he saw his horse—his beloved horse—his only hope of succour, laid hold of by some of his foes. A spirit of desperation seized him: he leaped forward with a prodigious bound, and snatched at the rein; but his foot slipped, and he fell on the ground. The enemy now closed with him; and one, more daring than the rest, who happened to be the warrior son of the chief, planted his knees on his breast, to prevent his rising. He made one more effort, and flung his antagonists from him as an eagle will dash from its plumage the first drops of the thunder-shower: but it was in vain; others crowded round and overpowered him.

With difficulty he was rescued from the summary vengeance of the multitude; more particularly as, in his heedless fury, he had wounded the sacred person of one of the Ovates; but a present respite was granted him at the intercession of this priest, who had in view a more agreeable mode of executing his vengeance, namely—by sacrificing him upon the burning pile!

CHAPTER II.

A baleful rite,
That in the lapse of ages hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths and patriarchal lore.

WORDSWORTH.

THE custom of sacrificing human victims was always a disputed point among the Druids. Many of them thought, with the heroes of Homer and Virgil, that their foes taken in battle were an offering peculiarly acceptable to the manes of the fallen; others believed that the human body alone presented a certain augury; while a third class contended for the old religion, and urged that many of the present superstitions, particularly that of human oblations, were innovations, the observance of which had brought upon them the anger of the Gods, as manifested in the Roman invasion.

These various opinions had produced a schism among the Druids, and obliged them to

establish their various sects in different countries. Those who augured from human victims had established themselves in Mona;* those who sacrificed their captives of war, in Gaul;† and those who endeavoured to maintain the purity of the ancient religion, in Britain. These peculiar tenets were not, indeed, exclusively maintained in the places which we have mentioned; but such were the general characteristics of these different establishments.

The present Arch Druid was of the class which adhered to the patriarchal religion, and might be considered, except where he was obliged to conform to more popular usages, no unworthy representative of the very ancient order of British Druids. He was not only very far superior in knowledge to the generality of the people, which was common to his order; but he was likewise considerably in advance of his brethren; for having spent much

* Anglesea.

† Tis true, that Gaul,

True, too, that Britain, by the Gauls mistaught,
Have done such deeds of horror; deeds that shock'd
Humanity, and call'd from angry heaven
These curses on our country.—*Mason's Caractacus.*

See, however, his note on this part.—ED.

of the early part of his life in the neighbourhood of the Greek colony, at Marseilles, he had acquired some knowledge of Grecian literature ; and his mind had, in more mature years, been greatly improved by travel, and converse with philosophers.

Such was the functionary before whom Pudens was brought, charged with being a spy on the proceedings of the religious assembly, and with having interrupted their solemnities, and used violence towards the sacred person of one of their priests.

There was no difference of opinion as to the prisoner's *guilt* ; but considerable discussion arose as to his *punishment*, in consequence of the wounded Ovate's having demanded his immediate immolation.

The Arch Druid, opposed in principle to the sacrifice of human victims, and moved with compassion at the youth and manly bearing of Pudens, resolved, if possible, to avert from him this horrible fate. Notwithstanding that his authority was nominally absolute, he had, however, in the present instance, to contend with such difficulties and prejudices, as soon convinced him that his efforts to preserve the prisoner's life would be useless.

The meeting was composed of delegates from all the principal establishments of the Druids. Among these were many from Anglesea, and from Gaul, of whom the greater number were opposed to the Arch Druid. Of his own more immediate followers, too, the majority would rejoice at this opportunity of vengeance for the recent massacre of their brethren at Anglesea, by Paulinus Suetonius; and the multitude would, it is easy to imagine, hail with delight the slaughter of a Roman, as some slight compensation for the myriads of their countrymen who had perished in the insurrection of Boadicea. The favour of the multitude was not to be despised at a time when the existence of the priesthood was menaced, and an order for their extermination had gone forth from the Emperor;* but still more important was it, at such a crisis, for the hierarchy to preserve unanimity amongst themselves.

The Arch Druid, acting as president, took but little part in the debate; yet he did not wholly conceal his own views and wishes, though, unfortunately, they were not the views

* A decree for the extinction of the Druids was issued by Tiberius, and carried into partial execution under Claudius.

and wishes of the majority. An aged bard, too, spoke eloquently on the side of mercy, which he called the mistletoe of the soul : but the wounded Ovate, who had himself witnessed the immolation of some of his own relatives at Anglesea, spoke more vehemently, and, at the same time, more artfully, on that of vengeance.

“ Have not the Romans, themselves,” said the Ovate, “ set us the example of sacrificing human victims ? Inflated by temporary success, they are pleased to call us barbarians ; but did they not imbrue our altars, at Anglesea, with the blood of our priests ? and did not they offer as a sacrifice to their furies, what we should have offered to our Gods ? Consider, too,” he pursued, “ that what was revenge in them, is mercy in us. They know not but that the victims, whom they cast alive into the flames, perish like the beasts whom they, in their ignorance and cruelty, resemble ; but we know that their spirits shall animate other forms ; and if virtuous and valorous in this life, far more glorious ones. If, therefore, the freedom which the Gods can bestow, be better than the fetters which man can impose, it is humanity towards the captive to release him from the ills of mortality. Nor is it only humanity

to *him* ; it is justice to the ghosts of the slain at Anglesea, and to their survivors ; for we know that the life of man can only be redeemed by life. Nay, further still, it is piety to the immortal Gods, to whom nothing is so dear as human life, and nothing, consequently, so grateful as oblation. Let me, therefore, entreat you," he concluded, " not to heed the supplications of a Roman, an enemy, and a spy ; but to do that which is most humane to the prisoner, most just, and most politic to ourselves, and most acceptable to the Gods."

This speech, plausible in itself, was rendered still more effective by the display of the blood-stained vest ; and being on the popular side, was received with shouts of approbation.

The fatal sentence now only required ratification by the Arch Druid ; which ratification he was about to give, although with extreme reluctance, when, as Providence had happily ordered it, he was interrupted by the inauspicious lowing of the sacred heifer.

The Arch Druid did not fail to take advantage of this circumstance, to represent that the Gods were opposed to this cruel sacrifice, and that it ought not, therefore, to proceed. The discussion was, in consequence, again renewed ;

and, after a stormy debate, it was at last resolved that the prisoner's fate should await the ordeal of the Logan, or Rocking Stone.

While the Druids were thus engaged, Pudens, who had been removed to a distant part of the enclosure, had time to collect his scattered thoughts ; but, oh ! what pen shall describe the intensity of the emotions which successively agitated his bosom during this interval of suspense ! It was some moments before he could open his eyes on the scene around him ! and when he did everything seemed to float before his vision with horrible indistinctness. The fell desire of revenge, which had at first stimulated him almost to madness, had now subsided, and less violent but more harrowing feelings tortured him, awakened by the close contemplation of death—violent—unrequited—death ! All the visions of youth—all the projects of ambition—all the endearments of friendship—to perish in a moment ! No person to sympathize in his sufferings—that thought was cruel ; no friend to *witness* his death—that was heart-rending ; no friend to *hear* of his death—that was overpowering. Had there been one whom he knew to behold, still more to record, the fortitude

with which he should have grappled with his final foe, he would have died contentedly, nay, even happily. Yet, strange to say, so tenaciously does hope cling to the heart of youth, that he did not yet utterly despair of life ; nay, still more strange, there was something of adventure, something of heroism, in his present situation, which, at momentary intervals, made it somewhat more than merely tolerable ;—of such strange complexity are we wrought !

In one of these flitting paroxysms, he had the courage to survey the altar, and even the fire which was to immolate him ; but, oh, heavens ! how shall language describe the shudder which seized him, when he beheld on that wicker pile, as yet unconsumed, the body of a Roman soldier ! In the soldier's fate he read his own. A cold sweat crept over him ; his heart sickened, his knees smote, and he would have sunk on the earth, had it not been that, at this moment, he was summoned away to the Arch Druid's presence ; and a spirit of desperation—that fixed despair which supports a fiend under a thunderbolt, and renders him immortal—not only sustained him, but imparted an energy which seemed to render him superior to the shocks of fate.

CHAPTER III.

Thither, youth,
 Turn your astonish'd eyes ; behold yon huge
 And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
 Which pois'd by magic, rests its central weight
 On yonder pointed rock ; firm as it seems,
 Such is its strange and virtuous property,
 It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
 Of him, whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor,
 Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
 It stands as fixt as Snowden.

MASON'S CARACTACUS.

THE Logan, or rocking-stone was generally an enormous mass of granite, poised with such nicety upon the tapering extremity of another stone, that it might be put into motion by the hand, or sometimes made to oscillate, as Carrington describes it, "even by the puffing breeze." Cromwell's soldiers found one of these relics of olden superstition in Derbyshire, the superincumbent stone of which weighed from eighty to one hundred tons ; and having, in their ignorant zeal, broken it into pieces, they

discovered that the Logan was made moveable by a pivot morticed into one stone, which corresponded with a socket in the other. It was used by the Druids as a test of the innocence of persons accused ; and, like the Saxon ordeals which succeeded it, was very subservient to the views of those who superintended its use. If a sense of crime made the culprit timid, he did not apply sufficient force to move it, and was, therefore, not unjustly condemned ; but if he were obnoxious to the priesthood, the force of a giant would not have availed him ; for by the insertion of any obstacle between the pivot and the edge of the socket, the mass might be easily rendered immovable.

Here oft the accus'd upon his own appeal
 To righteous Gods when man had ceas'd to feel,
 Or at a doubting judge's stern command,
 Before the **STONE OF POWER** was forced to stand,
 To take his sentence from the balanced block,
 As at his touch it rock'd or seem'd to rock.

WORDSWORTH.

Such was the precarious ordeal upon which the fate of our hero was suspended !

Pudens being brought before the primitive judgment seat, the Arch Druid waved his sceptre, and a deep silence immediately per-

vaded the whole assembly, broken only by the crackling of the flames, and the fall of the materials as they were detached by the fire. As Pudens expected that he was now to receive his sentence of death, his only thought was how to demean himself as became a Roman ; and having, therefore, "screwed his courage to the sticking-place," he stood before the Arch Druid with head erect, left foot advanced, and right hand clenched ; his knit brow, compressed lips, and fixed and glowing eyes, displaying the condensation of desperation and defiance.

The Arch Druid asked him in Greek, "Who, and what art thou?"

"A Roman," answered Pudens.

The Arch Druid, with a mild voice, continued, "What would'st thou here, profaning our holy mysteries?"

"Holy mysteries, ye Gods!" scornfully repeated Pudens ; pointing to his comrade's corpse, which at that moment fell unconsumed from the flaming pile.

The Druid shuddered as his eyes beheld this object ; and feeling still more commiseration for the youth and magnanimity of the prisoner, he thought it more prudent to curtail a dialogue which could only have the effect of

exasperating his companions. He, therefore, proceeded thus: "Young Roman, as a foe, a disturber of our mysteries, and an assaulter of our priests, our laws condemn thee to the fate which thou would'st have assigned us ; but as a youth and a stranger, our religion compassionates thee. Thou hast, therefore, a chance of life ; and if the Gods resent not thy defiance more than we do, may'st yet escape."

He then explained the nature of the ordeal, and added in a mild, affectionate voice, hardly above a whisper, in order that Pudens alone might hear, "Strike, and strike boldly."

Pudens was now led in procession to the Logan stone, which reared its enormous bulk at a distant part of the enclosure within the mound, but exterior to the stone barrier. First in order marched the Arch Druid, bearing the sacred oaken wand tipped with silver, attended by two youths with flaming torches ; and immediately behind him the Druids in their long white robes. Then came Pudens, escorted between two of the Ovates, one carrying an oak-leaf garland, the token of victory ; and the other—horrible to relate—the sacrificial knife ! Several of the youths, some armed with brazen-headed javelins, and others car-

rying torches, surrounded them as a guard. These were followed by the rest of the Ovates in their bright green vestures ; and the procession was closed by the bards in their long blue robes, walking two by two, and bearing their glittering harps in their hands.

While Pudens was in the presence of the Arch Druid, the proper officers had gone to prepare the dread ordeal, and, nominally, at least, to take care that no impediment to the free motion of the ponderous mass existed ; in the performance of which duty none was more officious than the wounded priest. These arrangements being completed, the different members of the procession ranged themselves in circles around the Logan, which, magnified by the lights and shades of a hundred torches, appeared like an avalanche poised on a mountain of snow.

The Arch Druid then commenced the ceremony by the following invocation :—

By the sacred course of the sun's fiery car ;
By the moon's chariot track as she wanders afar ;
By the magical potency of each star ; .
Accept this wand !

Presenting the mystic staff to Pudens he resumed --

By the flaming Zodiac's twelfefold girth;
By the planets coeval with nature's birth;
Who in musical mazes encircle the earth;
Heaven nerve thy hand!*

The bards now sung in chorus to their harps a brief but very melodious strain, the burden of which was—

Yon rock at thy touch, if unsullied thy soul,
To and fro' on its adamant pillow shall roll;
As old ocean, disturbed in his cavernous bed,
By the breath of the wind, shakes his billow-wreath'd head.

While this impressive ceremony was proceeding, the Logan rocked violently, and even terrifically; being secretly put in motion by some of the attendant priests; which afforded Pudens some encouragement, as it convinced him that it was not immoveable. It had now, however, recovered its equilibrium; the music was hushed, and the signal given by the wounded Ovate.

Pudens summoned up all his resolution, and poising the silver tipped staff for a moment in his hand, with a mixture of confidence and defiance, hurled it with all his might at the stone.

* This adjuration is almost literally translated from an ancient Druidical oath, preserved by Selden in his *Prolog. de diis Syriis*, and by him extracted from Vettius Valens *Antiochenus*, l. 7.

The wand was shivered into splinters, and the Logan rang with the violence of the concussion : but it remained fixed as a rock !

A momentary pause ensued, during which every breath was suspended with anxiety, and which was at last broken by a groan of the Arch Druid's, who knew too well that fraud had been practised, but dared not expose it.

What were the feelings of Pudens during this moment ? Did he rave with desperation ? No.—Did he tremble with terror ? No.—He felt neither desperation nor terror. He spake not—he moved not—he felt not. His too sanguine disposition had construed the kind advice of the Arch Druid into a promise of success ; and disappointment, coming with the suddenness and violence of a thunderbolt, had stunned him. There he stood, with his right arm advanced, as though the lance had hardly left it, and his right foot raised behind him ; bereft of all thought and notion : like the statue of Apollo when the fatal quoit had brought his favourite Hyacinthus to the ground. The heaven-rending shout of the multitude seemed to recall his life, but not his senses ; and he was carried off unresisting, and almost unconscious.

The sacred torches, which had been borne in procession, were now laid on the altar, and the fire rekindled. The priests resumed their places, and the bards their harps. In the meantime they proceeded to divest Pudens of his helmet and breast-plate, and to bare the upper part of his body; and while some of the Flamens were thus employed, others prepared the leathern thongs to bind his limbs, and the chief of the Ovates placed a chaplet of mistletoe on his brows.

On tearing aside his tunic, some object met the view of the officiating priest, which seemed to excite his astonishment; and the Augur having had his attention directed to it, no sooner beheld it than he let fall his divining rod, and tore his hair. The Arch Druid was now sent for; and he having gazed an instant, uttered a wild sound, something between a shriek and a groan, and fell powerless to the ground!

The cause of this extraordinary emotion was, that on Pudens's breast appeared the figure of a crown, surmounted with an oak leaf, and having a cipher below; all rudely traced in minute punctures of the skin, which had been afterwards stained with woad.(A)

The mark of a crown was frequently impressed by the Kings of Britain upon their sons ; and if they were of the druidical order, the oak-leaf was superadded ; forming together one of the most honourable insignia of royal birth. In the present instance, it not only conveyed this mysterious information to the Augur ; but it convinced the Arch Druid, at a glance, that the victim about to be immolated was none other than his own son !

The Arch Druid had formerly been King of the Hædui, or people of Somersetshire ; but his territories had been ravished from him by the Belgæ, who, in their invasion, had carried off his infant son. The chief of the Belgians, having afterwards been summoned away hastily to Gaul, where the far larger portion of his dominions lay, had taken Pudens with him ; and his countrymen having meanwhile risen in insurrection against the Romans, and been obliged to deliver up hostages of the chief of the nation, he had dispatched him to Rome in the place of his own son. As all this had happened nearly twenty years ago, this long interval had elapsed since the unhappy father had received any intelligence of his lost child.

But we must recall our attention from the

past adventures of the father and son to their present situation. The father had just strength enough to whisper, almost inaudibly, but in an agony of emotion, "Save him!—save him!" a behest which, however, involved a task not so easy of accomplishment as it might at first appear; for the fire was burning fearfully, the people were waiting impatiently, and the sacrifice could not be deferred without assigning some reason, while, as yet, no reason could be devised. A council of the Druids was, therefore, immediately called to advise upon the emergency; and all was mystery and confusion, discord and irresolution.

Happily, the Augur thought of an expedient which seemed to meet all the difficulties of their present embarrassment. The body of the Roman which Pudens had seen, and which had thrilled him with such horror, having, as above stated, fallen from the car unconsumed; it was proposed to substitute this in the place of their intended victim. As the people were at a distance, and as the fitful glare of the flames was frequently intercepted by different persons passing to and fro in the exercise of their functions, there was sufficient obscurity to favour the fraud, and to render it undiscoverable.

It might here be proper to observe, that this corpse was the body of the Roman Centurion, Valens, who had been slain in the morning rencontre, and which had been dragged hither at the command of some of the Ovates, to subserve the purposes of augury.

Pudens had, by this time, become sensible of the reality of his horrible situation, and had just begun to look wildly around him, in hopeless anguish; when he felt the leathern thongs which confined him loosened, and a white garment thrown around him. A voice at the same time whispered, "If thou art silent thou art safe; follow me:" and he was led by the hand, hastily, and almost unconsciously, to a little distance, where he was told to remain concealed.

From this hiding-place he had an indistinct view of what was passing around him; and he used afterwards to describe his feelings as being of the most extraordinary nature. The adventures of the evening had been of such an appalling character, and had succeeded each other with such an overwhelming rapidity—they had been so fraught with horrors, and, at the same time, so unlike anything real, that he had ever experienced or heard of—that he felt bewildered. He was, indeed, so unable to connect his present

emotions with any former mental associations, that his mind-pressed on the very verge of insanity. At first he thought he was oppressed by some 'Phantasma, or some hideous dream;' and he afterwards began almost to doubt his own identity, and even to imagine that he had suffered the fate which had threatened him, and that his body was the corpse which he now saw consuming, while his spirit, robed in white, was within the confines of Tartarus, awaiting the judgment of Rhadamanthus! The fire, the music, the shadowy costume, the place, the time, all—all contributed to add to the delusion.

Such were the mysterious feelings which accompanied his returning consciousness. Such were the spectral illusions which flitted across the chambers of imagery, ere yet Reason, with her wand, like the spear of Ithuriel, had made reality reveal herself without disguise!

By the time the mystic ceremony was concluded, the Arch Druid was recovered, and had given orders that Pudens should be conducted to his abode; who was accordingly taken to the residence of his new, but unknown relative.

The Arch Druid did not reveal his relationship that evening, for he compassionated the

exhausted state of Pudens ; and, indeed, his own strength was unequal to the task ; for besides the fatigue consequent on his sacerdotal exertions, his heart was bursting with those parental emotions, which could only find relief in solitude and tears. He, therefore, shared with Pudens the remains of a sacrificial wheaten cake, and a cordial distilled from the sacred mistletoe, with honey and an infusion of white poppies. Having discussed this light meal almost in silence, three or four fleecy skins were piled on each other, at a little distance from the fire, as a couch for Pudens ; and, in a few moments, his marvellous but brief adventures, his past trials and present dangers, were all alike forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

Nec reticebo senem,
 Qui, Beleni, ceditans,
 Nil opis inde tulit;
 Sed tamen, ut placitum,
 Stirpe satus Druidum. AUSONIUS, PROF. 10.

Nor in oblivious silence shall remain
 The holy warden of Apollo's fane;
 He his religion's glory had survived,
 And from his office little wealth derived.
 But from the noble race of Druids sprung,
 It were not meet his name should be unsung.

WHEN Pudens awoke on the morrow, he began to survey the apartment in which he had slept; and which he now found was a subterraneous one, apparently formed by the excavation of some hill or rock. The only avenue for the admission of light was a long tube in the centre of the apartment, resembling, and indeed among other uses, subserving the purpose of a chimney; but which was not immediately over the fire-place. On looking above,

he observed that the stars were visible ; but the sky appeared unusually light around, and he fancied that he could discern the distant songs of birds. To add to his perplexity, the huge oaken log piled on the fire when he came in, and which then seemed fuel for the next twenty-four hours, was now in ashes ; and the long torches of fir splinters saturated with grease, which served as lights, had for the most part mouldered away, and their places been supplied by others.

After torturing his imagination in vain to account for these appearances, he fortunately recollected that he had heard of the Egyptians being able to see the stars at mid-day, notwithstanding an almost vertical sun, by looking upwards from the bottom of a deep well ; he, therefore, attributed to the long tube* the same property of making the stars visible by day-light ; which was indeed the case, for day-light had illumined the world for some hours ; his

* The use of these tubes for astronomical purposes has led some writers to suppose that optical instruments were not unknown to the Druids ; who adduce in support of their opinion the following passage from Diodorus Siculus :—
“ In this island, the moon appears so near the earth, that certain eminences of a terrestrial form are plainly seen on it.”

slumbers having encroached very much upon the morning.

Pudens, having allayed his curiosity on this point, naturally felt a desire to explore the mysteries of his singular place of sojourn. Looking out at the vaulted entrance of his apartment, into a dark, but apparently spacious cavern beyond, he could see nothing but some high and bulky, but misshapen columns, which caught and reflected back the feeble ray emitted by his lamp; and no sound reached his ears but that of a perpetual dropping of water, as though from a considerable height, into some pool or reservoir below. As his curiosity, however, had more scope than opportunity of indulgence in the exterior of his apartment, he very wisely turned his attention to the interior; sensible that a traveller exposes himself to the charge of great ignorance, who does not make himself acquainted with the peculiarities of his own country, before he seeks others.

Upon taking a survey of the room in which he had slept, he discovered that it was the Arch Druid's secret laboratory, and observed the following articles lying about in different directions:—On a massive, but smooth piece of limestone, projecting from a recess in the

wall, was the golden sickle used to cut the sacred mistletoe ; the Arch Druid's tiara, sceptre, and breast-plate ; and a rod tipped with silver, similar to that which he had shivered in pieces in attempting to put the Logan in motion. Near these, was a gilded chair of state, over the back of which werethrown the pontifical robes and brazen girdle ; and in which were lying a magnificent torque or collar, and an armilla, both of gold wire with pearls inwreathed. All these articles appeared to be either the ornaments of the Arch Druid's person, or the insignia of his office. On an oaken table, curiously carved, inlaid with a species of ivory formed from the tusks and bones of marine animals, were strewed in confusion, as though recently laid aside, a number of instruments and scrolls used in study or divination. Among these, Pudens particularly noticed the magical crystal,(B) the necromantic scissars and shears, several little bundles of divining rods or twigs of different trees, an astrological scroll, in which were depicted the constellations of the Zodiac, and, what surprised him more than all the rest, two or three Greek manuscripts, among which he recognized copies of the poems of Orpheus and

Homer. The Arch Druid had, apparently, been writing; for there were two or three sticks, squared so as to present flat surfaces, and impressed with Runic inscriptions, lying together; and near them the stylus, with which the characters had been traced, and the Perythyne, or elucidator, which was a kind of frame in which it was necessary to arrange them, in order to decipher their meaning. Near the fire were two or three brazen cauldrons, and different kinds of vessels, some made of clay, and some of a vitreous kind of substance resembling opaque glass, in which were ointments and liquids of various kinds.

While Pudens was attentively exploring these arcana; the latter of which seemed to afford him some hope of relief for the pain in his wounded arm, the Arch Druid entered, and behind him two or three attendants bearing provisions. The Arch Druid was now more simply clad than on the preceding evening, having on a plain white robe with a crescent embroidered on it; but Pudens could not help admiring his venerable figure and countenance. He was very tall, and his snowy hair and long silvery beard gave a peculiar placidity to his features, naturally of a meditative cast. It was as

though the storms of life had ceased to agitate it; merely leaving slight furrows here and there as a memorial of the past conflict.

Their lunch, for so this meal must be called, breakfasts at that time being unknown, consisted of a species of fromenty, made of wheat and eggs, boiled in milk, and sweetened with honey; which, when they had discussed, the Arch Druid gazed earnestly upon Pudens, and thus addressed him :

“My son, they tell me thou hast a wound; mayhap it pains thee and requires dressing; I am not unskilled in chirurgery, and may possibly administer some relief to thee. Wilt thou bare thy shoulder?”

The old man's manner was so mild and so affectionate, that a more distrustful disposition than that of Pudens would have felt confidence and almost love. In him, indeed, a feeling very much resembling the latter prevailed, for he felt an instinctive kind of attachment, which appeared to him quite unaccountable. He accordingly bared his shoulder, and in so doing, exposed his breast. The trembling sage anxiously explored this mysterious mark, and a certain quivering about the lips, and an occasional large scalding tear hasting to hide itself

in his venerable beard, betokened his emotion. He longed to fly into the arms of his long lost child ; but as yet his child knew not that it was his aged parent who stood before him. He wished, moreover, previously to make a few inquiries of Pudens as to his former life, as some shadowy doubt seemed still to becloud his conviction ; for he was past that period when hope believes all things, and it is the character of old age to be incredulous of good.

Under the pretext of seeking for some lenitive, he tremblingly left the apartment to compose his agitated mind ; and so violent were his emotions, that even after his overburdened heart was somewhat relieved by a torrent of unrestrained tears, thrice did he assay to return and resume his task but thrice his strength failed him. At last, after having with difficulty prepared an ointment of mistletoe, he was obliged to give it to one of his disciples to administer, while he lingered a little while in solitude to recover his self-possession.

When the wound was dressed he returned, and taking his seat opposite Pudens, thus addressed him :

“ I observed a singular mark upon thy breast, young Roman ; dost thou know its signification, or how thou didst acquire it ?”

Pudens appeared at first a little disconcerted ; for that mark had often caused him annoyance, having, in his boyhood, excited the ridicule of his youthful companions ; and even in more mature years, the troublesome curiosity of some of his friends, who endeavoured in vain to interpret the mystical symbol. Indeed, the frequent blushes which this had caused him in his youth, had acquired him the Roman name Pudens, his original name having been Bagocassis.*

“ I know not, Father,” replied Pudens, “ either how I acquired it, or what it means. It has caused various speculations, but no one has been able to solve the difficulty ; perhaps your erudition in the occult sciences may enable you to explain it.”

“ Dost thou recollect,” rejoined the Arch Druid, “ when thou didst first receive it ?”

“ I do not,” answered Pudens, “ but it was before I came to Rome.”

“ Then thou wast not born at Rome ?”—

* “ Tu Bagocassis, stirpe druidarum satus.”—*Auson. prof.* 4. Ed.

asked the Arch Druid, with ill-concealed emotion.

“Nay,” replied Pudens, “they tell me that I was born in Gaul; but this I doubt, for I recollect Rome from almost my infancy; and I remember being sent from Rome to Gaul, under the pretext of being restored to my parents; but these pretended parents of mine sold me to the messenger, and he reconveyed me to Rome.”

Pudens paused, and the Arch Druid, with increased emotion, pursued,

“Thy narrative, young stranger, interests me. Thou hadst known adventure, then, before yesternight. Proceed with thy history, I pray thee.”

Pudens continued: “When I arrived at Rome, I was employed in the theatre and circus. On one occasion, I was shifting some of the scenery in which a young lion was to be exhibited, when the animal broke loose, and rushed towards that part of the benches on which our General Aulus Plautius sat; whereupon—I levelled at him the piked pole which I had in my hand, and with which I used to fasten the awning, and wounded him. He immediately left Aulus Plautius and turned round upon me;

but, thanks to the Gods, I escaped, and he was secured. Our general, thinking that I had rescued him, bought me, and in the course of time—having no children of his own, adopted me, and bestowed upon me his own name Aulus. So that you see I was *made* a Roman if I was not *born* one. To finish my brief history—Aulus Plautius sent me to Marseilles to be educated, and afterwards placed me under the Roman General, Suetonius, whom I accompanied hither.”

“ Then thou didst not know thy parents ?” anxiously inquired the Arch Druid.

“ No,” replied Pudens.

The old man could control himself no longer ; but weeping aloud, and throwing himself into his son’s arms, with faltering voice he indistinctly articulated :

“ My son—my son ! behold thy father !”

It would not be an easy task to describe the mixed emotions which this exclamation excited in Pudens. Surprise, tinged with incredulity at the marvellousness of the event itself ; veneration and awe for the person and dignity of the Arch Druid, mixed with a feeling somewhat resembling horror at his mysterious office ; a disappointment at being undeceived in

thinking himself an all-powerful Roman, and finding himself a despised Briton, blended, however, with a slight degree of satisfaction in finding himself under such high protection in a hostile country; all these contrarious feelings, and others too subtle for analysis, were at last overpowered by the affecting tenderness of the aged parent, and the instinctive filiality of the new claimed child. Long and ardent was their embrace; deep and holy were the old man's raptures; and all absorbing was the interest with which they proceeded from link to link in the chain of evidence by which they proved their affinity!

The former history of Pudens has already been narrated; perhaps it may not be irrelevant to our design to give a slight sketch of that of the Arch Druid in this place.

The Arch Druid was a younger son of a former King of the Hædui. His British name was Rhuddlwm Gawr, by which he is immortalized in the Welsh Triads as being *one of the three great masters of mysterious science in the Island of Britain!* His elder brother succeeding to the throne, he had been intended for the Druidical order, and consequently had spent his earlier years in their school.

Having, in the course of his studies, attended the annual assembly of the Druids in the territories of the Carnutes, in Gaul, he was induced to accompany one of the priests to the neighbourhood of Marseilles, where were the relics of the famous Druidical grove so sublimely described by Lucan, (C) and the greater part of which had been destroyed in the wars between Pompey and Cæsar:—and while resident here it happened that mutual curiosity led to a familiarity between some of the more venturesome of the students of the College at Marseilles, and some of the more communicative inhabitants of this small, but still revered grove; which circumstance produced an interchange of pursuits, and directed his attention to Grecian literature. With such a wide field for study as was thus open to him, it is not surprising that he should have been tempted to prolong his stay for two or three years; at the expiration of which period he returned home, and his brother having died in the mean time, he succeeded to the government of the Hædui; which dignity he continued to enjoy when Pudens was born.

It has been before related that the Arch Druid lost his kingdom, and his son, in an invasion of

the Belgæ: after this calamity, he directed his course to Gaul, in hopes of recovering his son; but his expedition proved bootless. Early reminiscences, however, induced him to settle for awhile in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, where he learnt from various Greek writers some of the mysteries of the Egyptian religion; and his imagination being struck with the similarity which prevailed between the religious ceremonies of the priests of Isis and those of the Druids, his curiosity next led him to Egypt, where he contracted a friendship with the son of an Egyptian priest, through whose aid he was able to obtain information which otherwise must have remained inaccessible.

It is rather a singular circumstance, and its singularity will, perhaps, excuse a brief digression, that this identical priest had the honour of describing and explaining the antiquities of Egypt to Germanicus; and that his interpretation of the hieroglyphic inscription at Thebes to his illustrious visitor is preserved by Tacitus, and now forms part of that writer's immortal history.*

In Egypt, the Arch Druid was admitted to the sacred mysteries of Thoth, and learnt some

* Tac. Ann. lib. 11. c. 60.

curious particulars as to the primitive knowledge of mankind, and the origin of their various systems of philosophy and religion, which threw great light on the early history of Druidism; and from this grand reservoir of human science, he also drew large supplies of all kinds of physical knowledge, particularly astronomy, mechanics, and medicine.

On his return to Britain, he happened to arrive at the states of the Veneti, a tribe of the Gauls, inhabiting the coasts of Brittany, on the eve of one of their singular Druidical festivals. It had been a custom with this people, from the most remote ages of antiquity, to hold an annual convocation on the sea shore, in which they used to add a single stone to their national temple, as a record of the lapse of time. This was done amid a general illumination, and attended with certain mysterious ceremonies.*

A little before the occasion to which we refer, their temple had suffered much from a violent storm, which had driven the waves inland with such fury, that some of the stones, notwithstanding their gigantic bulk, had been removed from their proper positions. To replace these

* See the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Essay on the stones at Carnac in Normandy, appended to his *Hermes Britannicus*.

stones required not only great mechanical skill, but great astronomical knowledge; as it was necessary that the principal diameter of the circle should lie in the direction of the poles, and that their general configuration and number should conform to certain circles and cycles, of which we have a very imperfect knowledge at the present day.

This accident was deemed the more disastrous, as the Druids had lately held their general assemblies here, instead, as formerly, in the more central territory of the Carnutes: and in the present instance, they had, besides their ordinary business, the important task of choosing an Arch Druid; and it had been designed to give as much *éclat* to the ceremony as possible. To add to their embarrassment, such was the decay of astronomical science among them, that no one present, except their visitor, was able to instruct them how to dispose the stones: his speech, however, on this occasion displayed such ample stores of practical wisdom, as not only gave him an infinite superiority over his colleagues, but actually acquired for him the high dignity of Arch Druid!

CHAPTER V.

How

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ?

In the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces.

CYMBELINE.

THE Arch Druid could not help noticing that when Pudens first made his appearance on the morrow after the discovery of his strange relationship, he looked thoughtful and discomposed. Accustomed to scrutinize the motives of human action, and skilled to read in the countenance the indications of what is passing within, he was not at a loss to construe his guest's present feelings, and thus commenced the conversation :

“ My son, many of our sages have boasted that they have read in the heavens what is transpiring on the earth, and verily they have not erred. Doth the moon heave our ocean,

and raise the sap in plants, and wilder the love-lorn maiden's brain ; and shall not the stars influence our nether world ? Yea, my son, they do ; and he is wise who may read their lore ; but it is a mystery few attain unto. Great is my fame among my people for this ; but I care not to tell thee that though I have oft watched the bear, and though I have oft foretold great changes on earth, and even but two months ago read one in the heavens, which is not yet all fulfilled ; nevertheless, my fame hath arisen rather by the interpretation of that index of the soul, the human countenance, than by aught I gathered from the face of the heavens. Shall I tell thee, my son, what hath caused the cloud which now gathers over thy brow ?”

“ I was not aware, father,” replied Pudens, “ that my brow was clouded ; but perhaps the wound in my shoulder, though but slight, and much assuaged by your medicaments, may have somewhat disturbed my rest last night, and my face may not altogether have concealed it from your observing eye.”

“ Nay, my son,” said the old man, with a smile, “ thy countenance doth not betoken

pain, but grief; not so much unrest as anxiety."

"Well, father," said Pudens, "it were vain, it would appear, to conceal from you what my countenance discovers; but you have excited my curiosity to know the interpretation thereof. I too can gaze upon the scroll of the heavens, but I cannot interpret the glittering characters inscribed thereon; now, therefore, arread me my thoughts."

"Well," said the Arch Druid, "thou wast thinking that all thy hopes have been dashed to pieces at a blow; that thou art no longer a Roman, but a Briton; no longer a conqueror, but one of the oppressed—"

"Father, forgive me," said Pudens, interrupting. "Thou hast truly read my thoughts, for I was thinking even so."

"I blame thee not," said the Arch Druid: "I too have been thinking of thy condition, and little sleep, I ween, have my cogitations allowed me. What are thy future prospects, my son?"

"Why, father," replied Pudens, "I know but little of the future. I seem but as a bubble tossed about on the ocean of life; if I am

raised aloft one minute, I am dashed the lower the next; but whither tending, I know not."

"My son," answered the old man, "thy simile is not bad, and we will pursue it. When thou hast been raised aloft, hast thou not caught the sunshine of hope; and has not fancy spread a thousand glittering colours over thy fate?"

Pudens smiled assent, and the Arch Druid continued,

"And have not some of those colours been less fleeting, and of oftener recurrence than others? In other words, hast thou not endeavoured to shape thy course in some particular direction; or hast thou left thyself to be drifted about by fate, listlessly enjoying the restless heavings of the billows, but with no cynosure to guide thee—a mere bubble as thou sayest?"

"Nay, father," answered Pudens, "not altogether so: I have ever kept one object in view; but Fate seems to have amused herself in thwarting my efforts to reach it."

"That object, my son, doubtless is glory," said the Arch Druid, interrupting him, "for that is the dream of youth; but how didst thou propose to attain it?"

“ At one time, father,” answered Pudens, “ I thought to attain it in the paths of philosophy ; but, like Atalanta, whom our fables represent to have lost her race because she was allured from her course by golden apples thrown in her way, I found the fruits of philosophy so savoury, that I cared but little to hurry to the goal of new systems or further discovery. I was, however, aroused from my slumber by reflecting what others had done, whose names are written in sunbeams, bright and imperishable : I thought of Alexander, and I thought of Cæsar ; and then, recurring to my own insignificance, I despised myself. Determined to follow their glorious footsteps, I rolled up my philosopher’s scroll, although I could not wholly lay it aside, and girded on my good sword, determined to engrave my name too in Fame’s brazen tablet. Aulus Plautius knew the ardour of my soul, and encouraged me by his conversation, no less than by his glorious example. I saw in his bright fortunes the realization of my own dazzling visions, and almost wearied even him with drawing forth the oft repeated recapitulation of his own British conquests, for my encouragement. ‘ Britain,’ thought I, ‘ is the

theatre appointed me by the Fates: it was *here* that Cæsar plucked the freshest leaf of his laurels. O Britain! Britain! how didst thou haunt my thoughts! I trembled at every victory, lest there should be nothing left for me to conquer! And now, father," said he, his countenance changing as he spoke, "behold every thing reversed! Rome, whose glory fills the world, whose name seemed to expand my soul, whose citizenship made all other nations seem my slaves—Rome is my enemy; her youths would gibe me, and her maidens despise me, if they knew I were a Britain. My sword that was to hew out a path to fame—ah! whither now shall I turn it, but to my own bosom? The proud Romans are my friends—the barbarous Britons are my brethren—"

The Arch Druid, a little annoyed at the epithet 'barbarous,' added,

"And the fierce Druids are thy ancestors."

Pudens was hurt at this observation, and apologised:—

"Nay, my father, pardon me, that in the bitterness of my soul I used language which I have been taught to repeat. My present situation reminds me of a scene of my childhood, which will explain my feelings, and perhaps

excuse my language. I remember when I entered a Roman theatre for the first time, my puerile curiosity urged me to creep behind the scenes, that I might obtain a nearer view of the beautiful objects there depicted, and which, of course, I thought real. After considerable toil, and no small danger, I accomplished my purpose; but what was my disappointment to find that instead of the brilliant picture, seen by the purple light, tinged by the skyey awning; I had left the gay theatre for a dusky apartment, where I saw nothing but the blank and soiled canvass! Yes, my father, such is my case now; I am shut out from all that is splendid in life, and henceforth have nothing to gaze on but the soiled canvas!"

The Arch Druid was moved by this representation, and could not help moralizing upon it for a moment.

"Ah! my son," said he, "thou hast well painted the success of ambition; when after a weary, half worn out life, we are able to realize the brilliant visions of youth, we find that all the lightsome colours have disappeared, and we gaze but on soiled canvas; but, however, despair becometh not a young gallant like thyself. I can draw aside the curtain, and

thou mayest yet regain thy place in the world's gay theatre. Escape, my son, forget that the blood of a British Druid flows in thy veins, and rejoin thy old comrades. They will welcome thee, and Rome may even yet ring with thy plaudits."

"Father," said Pudens, with tears starting from his eyes, "you are not serious?"

"Indeed I am," replied the Arch Druid. "Conceal thy adventures from thy friends, or so much of them as thou canst spare from the adornment of a tale; pursue thy course as erst thou hast done; and," added he, seeing that his language distressed Pudens, "thou mayest have an opportunity of serving thy father, by mitigating the severity of thy people—"

"Father," interrupted Pudens, "call not the Romans *my* people, for I swear," said he, striking the table passionately with his hand, "that henceforth *my* people shall be thy people, thy foes shall be *my* foes."

"But whom dost thou deem my foes?" said the old man, taking his son's hand.

"The Romans," was the reply. "Have they not wantonly invaded your land, enslaved your youths, proscribed your order—"

"Nay, my son," said the Arch Druid, "the

Romans are not my foes. They have indeed invaded my land; yet the gods have but sent them to civilize it: as for our youths, thou thyself, trained by them in arms and philosophy, shalt speak for them; and as for our priesthood, they be but rightly punished for having embued their hands in human sacrifice, and corrupted the holy mysteries, preserved by thrice great Thoth from the wreck of the world, and transmitted from generation to generation, like the unquenched flame of the sacred fire.

“ Were it not for the hope of still keeping alive the holy embers, and of purifying the still flickering flame, which has been fed, and almost smothered with unhallowed fuel, I had long ago renounced my office, and retired to eke out the remainder of my stay in this circle of existence in meditation. As it is, since the gods have warned me by scarce averting me from the immolation of my son; and have so far compassionated me, as to allow that son’s embrace to cheer my gray hairs, I will endeavour to bring the ark of my religion to a resting-place, before the storms which are even now gathering, and whose hollow murmur I yet discern, break forth upon it, and sweep it from the face of the earth. This done, I will quit

the theatre for youthful performers like thyself. But anent this matter, we will converse more anon; in the meantime, let us rather consider thy affairs. Thou wilt not despise thy newly found parent, or contemn thy country, then?"

"Nay, father, I repeat to thee," said Pudens, "that since the gods have given me a parent, I will let them see that, though they have changed all things around me, they have not changed my nature; although I would that they had annihilated me before they had called upon me to choose between fighting for my birth-place, and fighting for the land of my childhood; between swearing enmity to my father, or to my foster-father. Oh, my father! —oh! Aulus Plautius! I would that ye could tear my heart from my bosom, and divide it between you!"

"Nay," said his father, rising, and throwing his arms around his son's neck, "we can share thy heart without its being plucked from thy bosom. I trust that the gods may yet long spare a life which may be so useful to thy parent."

"How, father, can my life be useful to any person?" said he, bitterly.

"Why by heeding my counsels," replied the

old man. "Thou art not required to swear enmity to the Romans, or to thy native country : thou hast been sent by the gods to cement friendship between them. Thou art not called upon to fight, but to mediate."

"Happy thought !" interrupted the son. "Yes, I can mediate. I will go to Suetonius immediately."

"Patience, my son," said the Arch Druid. "Why dost thou interrupt me ? What wouldst thou do with Suetonius ? Would he not ask thee respecting thy comrade's fate ? And would aught *thou* couldst tell him change his inexorable purpose of revenge, thinkest thou ? I know thy general, and that he is as severe as he is brave. Right glad, I ween, would he be of another opportunity of revenging Boadicea's short-lived triumph. But, mark me, my son, Suetonius will not be at the head of the troops long : the messenger is now on his journey to summon him away. Nay, be not astonished at this intelligence," added he ; seeing that the eyes, not to say mouth, of Pudens began to dilate with wonder at this piece of information. "More than three months ago, I saw the return of Suetonius portended in the heavens."

Pudens could not help manifesting a little incredulity at this, which was not diminished by the Arch Druid's assurance that this secret had been imparted to him by the dog-star. He began, indeed, to think that old age or enthusiasm had somewhat affected the old man's intellect, but forbore making any remark.

"I perceive thy incredulity, young man," said the Arch Druid; "but I can assure thee, that all my reputation as a seer is pledged to the fulfilment of my prediction."

"The event may, or may not take place," said Pudens; "and indeed I incline much to the negative myself, for Polycletus gave a very favourable report of our general to the Roman emperor: but, however, be that as it may, how the dog-star, though animated by the dog Anubis, who sits at the feet of his mistress Isis in her new temple at Rome—how the dog-star, I say, can acquire or impart such knowledge of futurity, is, I acknowledge, altogether beyond my conception; and I suppose, father, that the Chaldean art is not communicable to a stranger. And yet, methinks," added he, after a pause, "I would almost die to learn such a secret."

To this the Arch Druid replied,

“Our art is, indeed, incommunicable to a stranger, and its mysteries not to be lightly broached to any person; but as thou art my son, I care not to reveal to thee the data by which I arrived at this conclusion, as it will furnish thee with a key to the secrets of our art. Thou must know, then, that though thy general’s obsequiousness to thy Emperor’s freedman—how dost thou call him?”

“Polycletus?” interposed Pudens.

“Ay, to Polycletus,” continued the Arch Druid, “pleased his slavish vanity; and though that bauble which he gave him well seconded his efforts; yet his master, Nero, is contemptibly jealous of Suetonius’s reputation, which so infinitely transcends his own; and is only anxious to find some pretext for recalling him. Thou must know, besides, that thy general, not acquainted with the nature of our seas, cared not to bring up his ships to the harbour; but let them lie off our Kent coast, thinking them safe enough, as it was summer weather. Now, all these things I was perfectly aware of before I commenced star-gazing.—But to come to my prophecy.—It happened that I was watching the dog-star one evening, when I saw at once, by its baleful red look, (for you

must know that it looked like a large goutte of blood dropped on lead ; so crimson, and yet so dull did it appear) ; well, as I was saying, I saw at once that we should have a fearful tempest. I knew what the consequence of a tempest would be to the Roman ships, namely, that they would all be wrecked ; and I guessed what would be the effect of this mischance to Suetonius, when the Emperor should hear of it, through your general's old enemy, the Procurator. I, therefore, naturally enough predicted his recal. Part of what I foresaw has been realized, for the wrecks of thy ships have indeed strewed our coast ; and thou mayest depend upon it, as I before stated, that messengers have ere now been dispatched from Rome who will realize the remainder."

Pudens was much struck with the sagacity upon which this vaticination was based, and said,

" I wonder not, father, that your native land is filled with your fame ; but I envy less your fame than your knowledge of futurity."

" Envy neither," replied the Arch Druid, " but least of all the latter, my son ; for rash and foolish were that man, who would, even if he could, draw aside the veil which hides futurity."

Oh! if all the steeps and precipices of life; the wearisome deserts, and the dangerous mountains which we have to pass, were to burst on our view at once, how few would attempt the pilgrimage; or having attempted, would not gladly lay down their staff on the first opportunity! But, happily, our horizon is bounded. It recedes, indeed, as we advance, as though to urge us onward; but it hides all from our sight which it is not necessary for us to behold."

While they were thus conversing, two or three little twigs came fluttering down the tube, or funnel, before alluded to. The Arch Druid gathered them up, and putting them into a frame to decipher them, told Pudens that he had just had a summons to go and inspect the sacred bull which was to be sacrificed in the evening, and asked Pudens to accompany him; adding, with a smile:

"You see another use of this funnel, which is, that it enables me to receive communications of what is stirring abroad, in a manner which appears to the uninitiated almost superhuman. If, for instance, I am consulted respecting the distant operations of an enemy, I secretly dispatch my messenger to the top of the hill which overroofs this cave, and which

commands a very extensive prospect. Here is a small enclosure, in the centre of which is the termination of this tube. From this eminence my messenger reconnoitres the enemy, and makes me acquainted with the number and disposition of their forces, by throwing down this tube a symbolical leaf or twig,* such as that which I now hold in my hand, and the interpretation of which I have given thee. But, however, I must not neglect my summons, and perhaps thou wouldst like to accompany me.”

So saying, he reached down a scroll from the shelf, and putting it in his bosom, led the way through two or three winding passages, and as many dark caverns, until they arrived at a landing place, which communicated by five or six steps with the entrance of the cave. This was an aperture of about four feet and a half square, with large stones on each side, and a rude arch on the top; and was so well con-

* Reference seems to be made to this symbolical mode of conveying information by the bard Taliesin, who says—

I am Taliesin,
Chief of the Bards of the West;
*I am acquainted with every sprig
In the cave of the Arch Diviner.*

Celtic Researches, p. 248.

cealed, that Pudens was utterly unable to find it on his return, though within a few yards of it.*

* Borlase, speaking of one of these caves, says, "This cave, or underground passage was so well concealed, that though I had been in it in the year 1738, yet, when I came again to examine it in the year 1752, I was a long while before I could find it.

CHAPTER VI.

Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
 Whose often twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
 The fearless British priest, under an aged oak,
 Taking a milk-white bull, unstained with the yoke,
 And with an axe of gold from that Jove's sacred tree
 The mistletoe cut down ; then with a bended knee
 On th' unhewn altar laid, put to the hallowed fires,
 And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
 As their strong fury moved (when all the rest adore)
 Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
 Up to th' eternal Heavens their bloodied hands did rear,
 And whilst the murmuring woods e'en shuddered as with fear,
 Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state,
 To other bodies still how it should emigrate (D).

DRAYTON'S POLYOLBION, 9TH SONG.

As the Arch Druid and Pudens walked through the mazes of the sacred grove, which surrounded, and indeed covered the Arch Druid's cave, and the relics of which still retain the name of Grovely Wood, the old man told his son that the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe would take place in the evening, and that he would then have a fair opportunity of being

in some measure initiated into the mysteries of Druidism.

The conversation then turned on the road proposed to be made by the Romans ; which the Arch Druid rightly conjectured would invade his domains. After the old sage had listened attentively, but sorrowfully, to all the information which Pudens could communicate respecting it, he said,

“ Ah ! my son, I have spent the greater part of my life in observing the connexions of events, and their dependencies on one another. The chain of existence is so inextricably interwoven, that the minutest link cannot be touched without affecting the whole series.”

Whilst he was saying this, he took up a stone which was lying in his path, and directing the attention of Pudens to it, continued—

“ You see, my son, under this stone an ant's nest. These ants live principally on the larvæ of a little insect which inserts itself into the bark of the oak, and destroys the acorn ; the acorn is the food of the dormouse and squirrel ; and they are the prey of the hawk and the eagle. Now, by removing the stone, I oblige the ants to seek some other dwelling ; the insect destroys the acorn ; and the result is, that

the dormouse, the squirrel, the hawk, and the eagle must all seek their food elsewhere.

“Innumerable other changes are the consequence of this;* for there is not a blade of grass which has not its peculiar parasites, and is not the bond of connexion between a thousand different animals. I instance these to shew you that the mighty eagle is not uninterested in the fate of the little ant; and that no change can take place without producing others. As it is in the world of insects, so it is in the world of men. If this road be made, we Druids, who resemble yonder busy ants, shall toil here no longer, and the Roman eagle will, at one swoop, destroy the labour of centuries. Yes, and our religion—the religion of unknown ages, duration—will give place to the speculations of yesterday. Verily, verily, the oak of the forest will be laid low, and the mushroom spring up in its place!”

The object of the Arch Druid's walk was to make the necessary arrangements with the Ovate for the ensuing ceremony. Among the principal of these arrangements may be reckoned the inspection of the sacred bull by the

* On this subject see St. Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*. Etude 1, tome 1, p. 20.

chief Ovate ; whose duty it was to see that its snowy hide was unsullied by a black hair, and who, having carefully examined it, sealed it with his signet.

When the time arrived for them to attend the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, the Arch Druid placed in Pudens's hand the famous talisman, called the Adder's stone,(E) without which, he stated, it would endanger a stranger's life to intrude upon their mysteries. He also cautioned him to observe the strictest silence, as a breach of it would expose him to the risk of having a large piece cut out of his robe !

Armed with this mysterious passport, and clad as a Noviciate, Pudens accompanied the Arch Druid, who went forth in his white robes, carrying his golden sickle, and conducted by torch-bearers through the mazes of the grove, till they came to an open space in which was a wide spreading oak, whose venerable trunk was shaded with the sacred mistletoe. Under this oak was an altar, around which were ranged distinct circles of Druids, Ovates, and Bards ; interspersed amongst whom were a great number of Noviciates who came to receive instruction.

Two fires were burning at a few yards dis-

tance from each other, between which it was necessary for every person who approached the altar to pass, by way of lustration. First in procession marched the Arch Druid, bearing before him his sacred sickle, who took his seat on a large stone placed against the trunk of the oak, which served also as an eminence on which to stand and lop the sacred branches.

Then came the Warden of Belen's fane, with his attendants bearing some sacred fire, which they laid on a pavement let into the earth. Next followed the Ovates, leading the snowy bull. After them came nine females, with long white robes, and dishevelled hair flowing in wild confusion down to their brazen girdles. They walked in triple rank, the middle triplet bearing the mystical caldron, one on each side, and one bending over it behind, as though watching it, lest its contents should be sullied by the admixture of any less pure ingredients; and as their charge was rather an onerous one they relieved each other successively. This caldron, the rim of which was adorned with pearls, was a large brazen tripod, of peculiar sanctity, and contained new milk, and the purest dew. They placed their sacred burden

on the holy fire, and ranged themselves at a distance, and at equal intervals around it.

Then followed those who bore the various articles which were to form the ingredients of this mystical preparation ; and as this was considered a very important, and certainly was a very curious part of the worship, I shall be somewhat minute in my description of it. Each person, as he bore his oblation, previous to throwing it into the caldron, swore by the nascent moon that he had conformed with the requisite ceremonies. First came a Druid* bearing some dried leaves of the vervain, which he declared he had gathered when the dog-star rose, and neither sun nor moon beamed upon it, having first propitiated the earth with honey and the honey-comb, and drawn a circle round it, and dug it up with an iron instrument held in his left hand. He also said that he had waved it aloft when separated from the ground, and had dried it in the shade, the leaves, and stalk, and root apart. Next came a Druid with some samolus, or marsh-wort, which he declared he had gathered with his left hand, having first duly fasted ; and that while gathering it he had not looked behind

* Borlase, 94. Pliny, vol. 3, p. 40.

him.* Immediately succeeding him came another, bearing in his hand a bunch of selago, or hedge-hyssop, which he professed to have gathered with his right hand, and not to have allowed any instrument of iron to touch; which right hand he also declared had been wrapped in a cloak taken from some sacred person, furtively, with his left hand. He likewise stated that he had been, at the time of gathering it, clothed in a white garment, his feet being washed and uncovered, and that he had previously offered a sacrifice of bread and metheglin; and having gathered it, that he had placed it immediately in a new napkin. An almost similar form of adjuration was used by a person throwing into the caldron a handful of white trefoil or shamrock.† Nothing now remained to complete the mystical contents of the celebrated "caldron of the five plants," but the mistletoe.

* Pliny, vol. 2, 891.

† The learned author of the *Mythology of the Druids*, states that "the trefoil, from the form of its leaves displaying the mysterious three in one, the great secret inculcated by their triads," and from "each leaf of this plant being naturally impressed with a pale figure of a crescent, which was also a sacred symbol among them," was held peculiarly sacred among the Druids.—*Dav. p. 448.*

While the ceremonies described were in the course of performance, and as soon as the assembly had ranged themselves in a circle, a boy of about twelve years of age, whose garb betokened his sacred office, carried an opaque glass vessel to the Arch Druid filled with dew; upon which, the latter rose from his seat, and went thrice round the assembly, dipping an oaken branch in the dew, and sprinkling them,—

*Idem ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ,
Spargens rore levi.*

VIRGIL. ÆN. 6, v. 229.

The whole assembly now joined in prayer, walking three times in procession round the altar and oak from east to west, with their right hand aloft, and extended towards these sacred objects. That part of the heavens in which the moon was expected to rise, now began to change its dark blue into a light grey, and the surrounding stars grew pale. Gradually it became lighter and lighter, till the moon seemed to burst forth with unwonted splendour. At this moment the bards struck up in chorus a strain which, whether it was really melodious or whether its melody was

softened by the stillness of the night-air, and rendered more effective by the solemnities with which it was accompanied—thrilled upon the ear like a symphony of celestial music. The burthen of the strain seemed to be the following:—

HYMN TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Hail, thou beauteous Queen of Night!
Who dost teach mankind their fate;
When extinguished seems thy light,
Brighter glories thee await;
Waxing, waning, to our eye
Thou mayst change, but canst not die.

So the soul released from life,
Animates some other form :
If it loved the shock of strife,
Oft, amid the thunder storm,
Lightning rends its sable shroud,
And reveals it in the cloud.

Or, if peace were its delight,
But some trace of earth remains—
Hovering, then, in realms more bright,
Till it lose its latest strains,
'Mid the rainbow it appears,
Half in glory, half in tears.

Thus from sphere to sphere it wends,
Till it bears no taint of earth ;
Till remembrance only blends
Its existence and its birth ;
And the beams of heaven rest
Mirror'd on its spotless breast.

So when some pure lake serene
 Images heaven's glorious sheen,
 Scarce to us to know is given
 Tints of earth from hues of heaven.

The moon having by this time completely risen above the horizon, the Arch Druid tore down a branch of the mistletoe with his golden sickle, and weaving it into a chaplet, placed it round the horns of the sacred victim. With one hand on the victim's head, and the other upraised towards heaven, he made a short invocation ; and having poured a libation of wine on the altar, and over the animal's forehead, delivered him to the chief ovate, who slew him and cut off his head. The head was then brought to the Arch Druid, who, after sprinkling the congregation with sacrificial blood,* pronounced this imprecation over it,—

If aught of ill, ye holy Powers !
 Ye have in store for us or ours,
 Now on this spotless victim's head,
 Be the full vial of curses shed ;
 Nor let the lightnings of your wrath,
 Though well-deserved, our bosoms scathe.

*The sprinkling of blood is particularly mentioned by the bards, as "an accredited custom of the Celts."—*Celt. Res.*, p. 556.

This head was afterwards buried in the earth.* The body of the bull was then flayed; and the inedible parts of the inside having been removed, and cakes of wheaten flour and honey having been made to supply their place, the extremities were lopped off, and the remainder prepared for the feast, with which the ceremony was closed, and which indeed constituted the only meal partaken of by those engaged in these rites during the day; it being a sacred ordinance among them to sacrifice fasting.

While this was being prepared, the Arch Druid gathered a few more boughs of mistletoe, and threw a few of the leaves into the brazen caldron. As soon as the contents of the caldron began to simmer, the druidesses performed a very extraordinary kind of dance around the sacred vessel, sometimes in distinct trios, and sometimes in a connected circle accompanying their rapid evolutions with vaticinations and incantations of the wildest and most mysterious kind. When the decoction was complete, part of the precious contents was poured upon the altar by way of libation, and part of it

* Heads and horns of oxen have frequently been found buried near the places of Druidical worship.—*Davis' Myth. of the Druids*, p. 305.

was distributed among the druids, who had brought cruises with them to receive it. The Arch Druid then proceeded to interrogate the disciples as to their progress in druidical lore, and they answered his questions in triads. Thus, for instance, he asked them, "What are the principal objects of Druidism?" and they answered:—

"To make men brave in battle;

"To teach them that souls are immortal;

"And that another life awaits them at death."*

Again, he asked them, "What are the principal duties of mankind?" and they replied:—

"To worship the gods;

"To do no evil;

"And to exercise fortitude." †

Other questions were, "What are the foundations of judgment; and what are the foundations of learning?" to which they answered:—

"The foundations of true judgment are,—

"Bold design;

"Frequent practice;

"And frequent mistakes."

"The foundations of learning are,—

"Seeing much;

* Pomponius Mela., lib. III, c. 2.

† Diogenes Laert. proem.

“ Suffering much ;
 “ And studying much.”*

But it would be tedious to cite more examples, particularly as the greater number of them related to historical and mythological traditions, in which names are altered, and events but obscurely recorded.

When the Arch Druid had concluded this examination of the younger graduates, he addressed the audience generally on the doctrines of Druidism, particularly with reference to the immortality of the soul.

His eloquence will be best estimated by the effects which it produced, which was such a contempt of death, and in some instances such an impatience of mortality, as might well shame the practical unbelief of professors of the more sublime mysteries of Christianity.

The following exquisite lines may be considered to contain a summary of the Druidical doctrines relative to the transmigration of souls :—

As through a torch race, where from hand to hand
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand—
 From frame to frame the unextinguished soul,
 Rapidly passes till it reach the goal.

* Cited in a Note to Richard of Cirencester.

As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth passed,
In one full lake of light it rests at last!

LALLA ROOKE.

The Arch Druid, after recapitulating the principal arguments in support of his doctrine, and adverting to its high antiquity, and the illustrious persons who had professed and transmitted it, thus concluded his address:—

“Such, brethren, such,” said he, “are the outlines of a religion which has been preserved to us from the wreck of the world; and which a thousand moons have heard inculcated from these holy groves: but;” said he, slowly raising his hand, and assuming a solemnity of tone and manner which awed the assembly into the most profound silence, while he pointed to the moon, whose pale crescent contrasted strikingly with the livid glare of the sacrificial fire, “but, my friends, alas! ere another moon shall wax or wane, the sounds of our harps shall be hushed, and our groves shall echo to no sound but the moanings of the nightwind. Yonder sickle declares that our summer is ended, and that other hands shall reap out harvest. Haste, then, to your banquet and feast while you may.”

CHAPTER VII.

Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill,
A great many years ago :
'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show ;
But still longer ago in a plain below
A British city stood,
And harpers' cots, and druids' grots
Adorn'd the neighbouring wood.

OLD BALLAD.

ON the morning after the celebration of the gathering of the mistletoe, Pudens arose with a most anxious desire to be further initiated into the mysteries of Druidism. His mind had been so powerfully impressed by what he had seen and heard, that the imagery of his dreams was composed of a fantastic tissue of moonlight scenery ; of which the mystic dance around the caldron, the sacrificial fire, the choir of harpers, the sacred oak, and the nascent moon, formed the materials. As he had partaken of the feast which concluded the ceremony with an appe-

tite whetted by a previous fast, he had made an unsparing meal ; and it is probably owing to this circumstance that his dreams were of a very appalling character. Everything was distorted into an image of terror : the sacrificial fire seemed to be designed for the Druids themselves ; the Ovate's knife seemed directed against his father's bosom ; the wild vaticination of the nine virgins were converted into the shrieks of captive women ; and the harps when struck seemed to emit lugubrious murmurs, the burden of which was that their summer was ended, and that other hands should reap their harvest. I should not have related an "idle dream," were it not that a rehearsal of it by Pudens confirmed the Arch Druid's credence in his own evil auguries, and made him believe that his vaticinations had been divinely inspired.

Truth is a sacred thing, and ought not to be trifled with ; and those who habituate themselves to impose upon others, will eventually impose upon themselves. "*Fingunt simul creduntque.*" The Arch Druid's lunar prediction affords a singular illustration of the truth of this remark. He had been accustomed to represent to others the results of his sagacity as

the effects of inspiration ; and he now believed his own delusion. The fact was, that he had heard what Pudens had told him respecting the intersection of the Roman road, and, gazing upon the moon, had seen that the weather would be favourable to the undertaking, and upon these data he had come to the very natural conclusion, that the days of the sojourn of the Druids around their sanctuary of Stonehenge were numbered. Yet, notwithstanding all the steps in the mental process were so obviously the deductions of his own astuteness ; and notwithstanding he had so recently explained to Pudens the grounds of a similar prediction relative to the recal of Suetonius, he now deceived *himself* with the belief that he was gifted with supernatural prescience ! Treating his own prediction, therefore, as inspired, and thinking it corroborated by the dream of Pudens, which his own judgment, if unbiassed, would have otherwise instantly accounted for, he resolved to lose no further time, but to make immediate preparations for his departure into Wales.

He proposed, however, before he took his leave, to introduce his long lost son to the King, to whose court he would have forthwith repaired, but that Pudens requested the post-

ponement of the visit for one more day in order to allow him an opportunity of being made a little further acquainted with the mysteries of Druidism.

As a legitimate descendant of the race of Druids, Pudens was enabled to dispense with a long and irksome initiation, to which he would otherwise have been subjected; and was, at once, introduced to those secrets which many had spent their lives in exploring, and others had gained an immortality for attempting to reveal secrets which had been rescued from the wreck of a deluged world, and had entailed divine honours on all concerned in their preservation or transmission (F).

Gladly would he have lingered in the Arch Druid's cave until he had penetrated every recess of the chambers of hidden knowledge; but time only allowed him to stand on the threshold and look within. The very obscurity, however, which prevailed there, seemed to impart greater sublimity to the truths thus dimly shadowed forth.

On the morrow, the Arch Druid and Pudens proceeded to the royal residence, which was not far from Old Sarum. On their way thither they deviated a little from their direct course, and ascended a hill com-

manding an extensive view of the surrounding country, which they paused to survey. A grove at the foot of the hill was rendered still more beautiful by the rich tints of autumn; and being begirt on every side by an unmeasured expanse of heath, which, like a summer sea, continually varied its hue as the shadows flitted over, it stood out like one of those verdant islands in the western ocean, which poets have feigned to be the abodes of the blessed. The tiny undulations of a stream, glittering here and there amid the sombre plain, now lost to sight, now sparkling in the sun, added to the illusion; as it seemed to resemble the phosphoric track left by some passing ship—the fleeting memorial of its course through those sullen seas. While Pudens was expatiating on this scenery his eye caught a view of Stonehenge; very indistinct, indeed, but sufficient to enable him to recognise it as the scene of his midnight adventure.

The Arch Druid perceiving the object of his curiosity, directed his attention to a British town on the slope of a hill, about as far distant to the left as Stonehenge was to the right. “Yonder,” said he, “where thou canst see a few glittering white specks, is one of our principal towns, called Sorbiodunum; a place known,

and celebrated, by the ancient Greeks. They used to call it the City of the Sun, from the round temple at which thou wast looking, which they deemed sacred to Apollo; and this grove they styled 'the Harper's Grove,' from the bards who inhabited it."

Pudens immediately remembered that he had read a description of this scene in an old Greek writing when he was at Marseilles; and although he had wholly forgotten it until thus recalled, every word of it seemed now impressed upon his memory; and it delighted him to reflect that though the haughty Romans might affect to despise his native country, yet, that the mildness of her climate, the fertility of her soil, and, above all, the pomp of her religion, had been the admiration, and the theme of the more intellectual Greeks. As he compared the grove—the round temple—and the long stoled bards, with the description of them three centuries and a half ago, and attested with his own eyes the reality of that which he would otherwise have considered a fiction; he seemed to have realized some of the earliest visions of his youth, for none of the novelties of which he had heard or read had so powerfully excited his curiosity (G).

Here let us follow the example of Pudens

and the Arch Druid, and pause to contemplate a scene which attracted the notice, and exercised the descriptive powers of a stranger, three centuries and a half before the era of our tale. Were any person to write a history of Old Sarum and its neighbourhood, he would, in effect, write an epitome of the 'pictorial history of England.' We have lately seen, in the disfranchisement of this ancient borough, *the triumph of democracy*: a little before we might have seen in its representation of our colonial possessions in India, *the triumph of commerce*; and in earlier ages, when it reared its castled brow in defiance of its sovereign, King Stephen, we should have seen *the triumph of feudalism*. Reverting to a former period, when the air was resonant with the matins and vespers of cowed monks, we should have seen *the triumph of Monachism*: a few years previous, when a Roman city frowned from its summit, and overlooked, and overawed a subject nation, we should have seen *the triumph of conquest*: and reverting to a still earlier era, we should have seen in the "grove," and "the round temple," and "the city in its vicinity inhabited by harpers hymning the praises of Apollo;"—in these sacred antiquities we should

have seen *the triumph of Druidism* ! Who does not respond to the poetry of Bowles awakened by this scene ?

Here stood the City of the Sun : look round !
 Dost thou not see a visionary band,
 Druids and bards upon the summit stand,
 Of this forsaken, but majestic mound ?
 Dost thou not hear, at times, the acclaiming sound
 Of harps, as when the bards, in long array,
 Hail'd the ascending god of night and day ?
 No, all is hush'd ; death's stillness how profound !
 In after years, here the cathedral rose,
 Whose prelates now in yonder fane repose,
 Among the mighty of times past away ;
 For there her seat of rest religion chose,
 There still to Heaven ascends the holy lay,
 And never may her shrine in wreck and silence close.

Oh Time ! Time ! what magician ever evoked such visions as thou ? Didst thou shift the scenes for the trembling prophet on the banks of the Tigris, when the monarchies of the world passed in succession before his entranced gaze ? or didst thou unroll for the rapt apostle, on the lone shores of Patmos, the apocalyptic panorama, whereon the long series of thy triumphs were depicted, until Thou, thyself, wert seen wrestling with Eternity ? I ask thee not, dread enchanter, to mirror forth the *future* to my view ; for, like Saul, I might shrink from

the sight ; but, oh, reveal to me the irrevocable *past !*

The British town Sorbiodunum, which had been pointed to by the Arch Druid, and which was the capital of the kingdom, lay in a vale at the foot of the hill now called Old Sarum.* It was situated on the banks of a branch of the Avon in the confines of a forest called Groveley Wood ; which, in those days, extended to the beautiful domain now known as Clarendon Park, and which was, indeed, but a continuation of it, and formed a verdant girdle, gratefully diversifying the dreary monotony of Salisbury Plain.

Sorbiodunum possessed all those advantages which seem to have determined the choice of our ancestors in the selection of sites for their towns. It was protected from the easterly wind by the hill of Old Sarum, well watered by the Avon, and the skirts of the forest afforded luxurious pasturage for the flocks of the inhabitants, and supplied fuel, and acorns for their swine.

One might have supposed that when the Romans became masters of this place, they

*Old Sarum's Mound was anciently called "Baer Sarglog, or the Citadel of the Service Tree."

would have been contented with these local recommendations ; but no, they preferred a more commanding situation, from which they could watch and check their refractory subjects, and, therefore, transferred the town, or rather the name of the town, to a city which they built on the summit of the bleak sterile hill of Old Sarum.*

I have been thus minute in particularizing the different sites of the Roman and British towns of the same name, as nothing is more indicative of the genius of a people than the choice of the sites of their towns ; and nothing has caused more difficulty to antiquaries than inattention to this subject.

To return, however, to the *British* town :— beside the shelter and defence which Sorbiodunum received from the wood on the south and east, and the river on the west ; it was for-

*The choice of the Romans, like those of the Chalcedonians, has been the subject of many an epigram, amongst which the following does not seem the worst :—

Est tibi defectus lymphæ, sed copia cretæ,
Sævit ibi ventus, sed Philomela silet.

Water there's scarce, but chalk in plenty lies ;
And those sweet notes that Philomel denies,
The harsher music of the wind supplies.

Gibson's Camden, p. 114.

tified by a regular rampart and fosse, made particularly strong on the north, where it was most exposed. Its contiguity to the great national temple at Stonehenge, from which it was distant about five miles, made it a favourite residence of those who officiated there in a religious capacity, and had acquired for it the name of "The City of Harpers." It had, indeed, formerly been deemed sacred, and appropriated exclusively to the residence of the ministers of religion and their dependants; but when religion itself felt the shock of internal dissensions, and these holy precincts were intruded upon by contending chiefs; its more peaceful inhabitants were glad to share their rich pasturage, streams, and groves, with those who were better able than themselves to defend them. Having, therefore, for a considerable time past become a royal city, its buildings assumed a more substantial character than the simple tents and huts which the early inhabitants of Briton were accustomed to erect, for temporary accommodation during their foraging or predatory excursions. The habitations were large round cabins, built principally of timber, on foundations of stone or chalk, and roofed with a sloping covering of skins or reeds. They seemed arranged with

considerable regard to order, in direct lines, at nearly equal distances one from another, but increasing in size and rude adornments as they approached the residence of the chief. Behind them were hovels for their cattle, nearly square, wattled and thatched with rushes : and uncemented chalk walls inclosed the whole premises.

The appearance of the Arch Druid as he passed through the town seemed to excite universal attention. Some of the inhabitants were sitting at the door of their cabins stringing their harps ; others were repairing the instruments of the chase ; some of the noblest of the women were seen washing their garments in the stream, and others arranging the plumes, or adorning the mantles of their husbands and brothers : but all left their respective employments, and some with music, some with shouting, the women dancing, and the men leaping with wild gesticulations, ran to welcome the Arch Druid who they thought had brought a prisoner to their King ; and who was obliged to interpose his authority to rescue Pudens from the menaces of a hundred hostile javelins. The dogs of the city joined in the chorus, and added to the deafening clamour, amid which the party proceeded to the palace of the chief.

CHAPTER VIII.

We came to the hall of the King, where it rose in the midst of rocks, on whose dark sides were the marks of streams of old. Broad oaks bend around with their moss. The thick birch is waving near. Half hid in her shady grove, Roscrana raises the song. Her white hands move on the harp. I beheld her blue rolling eyes. She was like a spirit of heaven half folded in the skirt of a cloud.

OSSIAN.

THE royal mansion, better known by the name of the White House, was built of wood on a foundation of chalk, and differed but little from the other houses in Sorbiodunum, except in its superior size, and the whiteness and smoothness of the materials with which it was constructed, and from which it derived its name; and excepting also that the doorway was formed by a double, instead of a single arch, and that it had apertures in the walls to admit the light. It is worthy of remark that the recent introductions of these novelties, had

made those who had received all their light from their doorways exclaim loudly against the new-fangled fancies brought over by the Romans, and prognosticate evil to the country from these *new lights* !

The palace was only one story in height, and seemed an assemblage of distinct buildings, rather than a house comprising different apartments. A strong fence of palisades surrounded the royal domains, including likewise many dwellings occupied by the officers and attendants of the court, and formed a barrier of a horse-shoe shape, the two extremities of which extended to the margin of the stream. As a further defence, this stream, in other places narrow and fordable, was here artificially deepened and widened, and the banks made precipitous.

The mansion itself—so to speak—consisted of a hall, a parlour, or more private apartment, two or three bed-rooms, a buttery, a stable, a dog-kennel, a granary, and an oven or bake-house, besides hovels for cattle, storehouses, and other offices ; and it was surrounded by the habitations of the twenty-four great officers of the court.

On the arrival of the Arch Druid and Pudens

at the gate, the porter was summoned to his duty by two huge bull-dogs, which would have disputed the way with a couple of lions, as readily as with the less formidable animals which carried the visitors. The porter, recognizing the Arch Druid's milk-white mule, restrained his dogs, and drawing the mighty bolt, obsequiously threw open the gate; at the same time winding a rude horn, to give intimation of the arrival of so distinguished a guest. When they reached the palace, the door of the King's private apartment being open, they caught sight of the King amusing himself with the harp. The Arch Druid would have waited the conclusion of the strain, but as the King's dogs disturbed their master, he proceeded at once to the royal parlour leaving Pudens in the hall.

As the Arch Druid remained closeted a considerable time, during which he related Pudens' strange history to the King, our hero had an opportunity of minutely surveying the apartment. The walls were hung with arms, musical instruments, and trophies of the war and the chase, among which were to be seen the horns of the stag and buffalo, a large circular shield made of wicker coated with bronze, a

huge brazen celt or species of battle-axe, and a harp and chrotta or kind of violin. A more elevated seat, in fashion not unlike our modern chairs, and covered with a bear-skin, seemed designed for royalty ; and benches cushioned with the skins of wolves and foxes, seemed to fulfil less honourable uses. The fire-place consisted merely of a large slab of stone let into the centre of the floor, upon which were piled immense logs of wood, which made Ossian's expression 'flaming oaks' no exaggerated metonymy for a fire.

Pudens had hardly completed his observations, when he was ushered into the royal presence. The King was a middle-aged, martial-looking chief, with long mustachios on his upper lip, and hair turned back upon the crown of the head, and falling down in long bushy curls behind. On his entrance, his host drank to him out of a shell studded with gems, and then presented it to Pudens ; such being the customary mode of salutation.

The son of the King was in one corner of the apartment, very busily employed in stringing and adorning a bow ; while at his feet sat two favourite hounds, the white-breasted Bran, who frequently brought down three deer in the

course of one chase, and a surly, superannuated, strongly-built Manchester hound, who growled a recognition when addressed by the name of Luath (H). The King eyed Pudens with a kind of cautious curiosity as he stood before them in his Roman garb; and his son's countenance certainly displayed as much defiance as hospitality, as he seemed measuring his limbs with his eye, as though to compare their relative strength. But a few moments served to dispel all their distrust of the stranger; for when the King, from whose mind the appearance of Pudens had for a moment obliterated what he had just heard respecting his parentage, commenced the conversation with the address, "Young Roman—"

"Sire," interrupted Pudens, speaking in Gallic, "I am not a Roman, but a Briton."

The old man's eyes sparkled with pleasure at this declaration; and his son, unused to suppress emotions of any kind, gave a violent cheer, and springing from his seat, squeezed the hand of Pudens till the blood almost burst through the skin, as a testimony of the satisfaction which he felt. Pudens, it must be acknowledged, felt a little disconcerted at this

embrace, and somewhat at a loss how to construe it; more particularly as the gruff, somnolent Luath, seemed to regard it as of such an equivocal character that he felt half disposed to summon his fast-ebbing energy for an attack, and gave a preliminary growl. Bran, however, more sagaciously interpreting his master's movements, advanced, and seemed to emulate the rudeness and fervency of the salutation.

Pudens was not left long in a state of doubt as to the precise nature of his reception; for the young chief advancing, and exclaiming, "You are a Briton, then, are you?"—unfastened a gold torque, or collar, from his neck, and presented it to Pudens, at the same time welcoming him to his father's "hall of shells."

Our hero still further raised the estimation with which his new hosts began to regard him, by endeavouring to place the torque round his own neck, which was of course accepted by them as a complimentary adoption of the national badge.

When this brief interview was over, and while the feast was preparing, Pudens and Brennus, (for that was the name of the young chief,) strolled about the royal domain, and

directed their steps towards the stream, which, as I have stated before, formed one of its boundaries. A large meadow, cultivated somewhat in the manner of more modern parks, and across which frequently bounded the wild deer from its covert in the neighbouring wood, sloped down to its willowy banks. As they approached this stream, the young chief said,

“At the end of this walk, is a very favourite resort of Roscrana, and it is not unlikely that we shall find her there; for she will sometimes sit under yon oak till the sun doubles her shadow.”

On being asked who Roscrana might be, he answered,

“Roscrana is my sister; and she would shoot an arrow as straight as Boadicea, if it were not that she is so fond of listening to old Morgan, the bard, telling his long stories.”

While they were thus conversing, they emerged from a little grove-like walk formed of birch trees, with here and there an oak interposed, which had interrupted their view; and within a few yards of them, they beheld the objects of their conversation. The King's daughter was sitting in a rustic bower, and

near her was a very old silver-haired bard, teaching her the harp. At the sound of their footsteps, she raised her head, and in so doing, disturbed a profusion of glossy ringlets which seemed to nestle fondly on her neck and shoulders. When her dark blue eye caught a view of the stranger's, a blush for a moment mantled her cheek, while at the same time there flitted rapidly across her brow something like a frown of displeasure at the unexpected intrusion.

The momentary excitement thus produced, however, imparted animation and dignity to her beautiful countenance. She was but a girl in age, not being more than fifteen or sixteen years old, but of a graceful and symmetric figure ; and there was something in the artlessness of her manners, and picturesque wildness of her costume, which added much to the charm of her appearance. She was dressed in a loose kind of plaid tunic of various colours, the graceful folds of which seemed to flow from a curiously carved fibula, on her shoulder. Around her snowy neck a massive gold chain was seen sparkling amid the darker tresses of her long hair. Her brother, advancing a few steps before Pudens, told her that his compa-

nion was a stranger come from Cæsar's country; at which piece of intelligence Roscrana showed symptoms of surprise amounting almost to terror; for the name of their God Taranis, the Thunderer, was not more terrible to the Britons than that of Cæsar. Nor did the first timid glance at the fine manly figure of Pudens wholly allay her apprehensions, for she was not sure that the stranger was not Cæsar himself.

His good-humoured countenance, and kindly manner, however, soon dispelled her reserve; and before their conversation was ended, she even ventured to ask several questions relative to the ladies of Rome; as, for instance, whether they were not very beautiful—and whether they did not play the harp very well? Nor can we suspect her of any coquetry in these interrogatories, if when she uttered them, she did, with tasteful negligence, throw back her hair from her shaded eyes, and carelessly sweep her white hand over the strings of her harp! I must do Pudens the justice to say, that he answered these questions very properly and satisfactorily. The Roman ladies, poor things! had no harps; and though they were

pretty, they were not *so pretty* as his fair catechist.

To the great relief of the young chief, who waxed visibly impatient of this petty conversation, their dialogue was cut short by the sound of the horn, which summoned them to their repast.

BOOK SECOND.

**Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per sequora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogenæ
Brennûmque Arviragûmque duces priscûmque Belinum.**

MILTON'S LATIN POEM, EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS, 162.

**Britain! thy legends all have charms for me
Since first the Trojans plow'd our Kentish sea ;
But passing o'er Belinus's dark reign,
Nor lingering with Pandrasian Inogen ;
I'll haste, Arviragus, to speak thy fame,
Nor shall bold Brennus mourn a slighted name.**

CHAPTER I.

True, Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
 When as the feast was done ;
 (In minstrel strife, in fairy land,
 The elfin harp he won.)
 Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
 And harpers for envy pale ;
 And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
 And hearken'd to the tale.

THOMAS THE RHYMER, P. III, BORDER MINSTRELS.

As it is my intention to introduce the reader to the court of the British King who flourished in the middle of the first century, it may be as well, perhaps, to make a brief remark on the state of civilization in this island at that time. One hundred years had now elapsed since Cæsar's invasion, and during this period many Roman stations had been established here, and constant intercourse, friendly or hostile, had subsisted between the Britons and their conquerors. In the description which Tacitus gives us of the destruction of Camelodunum at the commencement of Boadicea's revolt, he

mentions temples, and theatres, and council chambers, as existing there ; and hints that the streets were more remarkable for the beauty of the buildings, than for the defence which they afforded the inhabitants. In the progress of his narrative of this event, he also relates that seventy thousand persons were slain in the cities of London and Verulamium, in consequence of their attachment to the Romans ; from which may be inferred the populousness of those places and their connection with their foreign allies. Indeed, this unrivalled historian has not left the progress of civilization to mere inference ; for he has expressly told us, when narrating events which happened a year or two subsequent to this period, that, at this time, the Britains had acquired a taste for luxuries.*

As the territories in which our tale is laid were, as yet, unconquered, however, Roman refinements had exerted only an indirect influence over them ; and had not displaced those primitive manners and customs which were soon to pass away for ever. Here and there a mind more elevated than the common order, had

* *Didicere jam barbari quoque ignoscere vitis blandientibus.*
Vit. Agric. s. 16.

caught the rays of civilization, and seemed to rejoice in its own solitary brightness ; but the crowd was left in darkness below, for the illumination was by no means general. Among these more favoured individuals was the King, to whose court we have conducted our hero ; who was no other than Arviragus, the British Hector ; not unknown to the Roman Satirist Juvenal, and not unsung by his native chroniclers :—

Was never King more highly magnifide,
Nor dredde of Romans, than was Arvirage.

SPENSER.

Arviragus was the son of Cymbeline, over whose history Shakspeare has thrown such a halo of glory. Who has not read, and who, having read, can ever forget the fortunes of Arviragus and his brother ; stolen from their father by a banished courtier, and educated as peasants, until their innate magnanimity, bursting through the trammels of rusticity—asserted its claim to those dignities of which they had been unlawfully deprived ?

When was the inborn greatness of a noble mind ever so magnificently developed as in that drama ; or so beautifully apostrophized as in the following lines :—

O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys ! They are gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale ! 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearned ; honour untaught ;
 Civility not seen from other ; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sowed. CYMB. ACT 4, s. 2.

Such was the dawn of that day, which was now in its meridian ; and happily he who thus watched and described that dawn, was still alive to mark and to rejoice in the perfect day. Belarius, the banished lord, who had stolen the young princes, but who had made compensation for the theft in the education which he had bestowed on them, is, in sooth, the venerable bard whom I have mentioned under the name of old Morgan :

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. CYMBELINE.

As old Morgan was no unimportant personage in the court of Arviragus, I must now endeavour to make my readers better acquainted with him, and I do not know that I can describe him so well in any other language as in that of Spenser :

He was an old, *old* man, half blind
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenst him with a better scorese ;*
 Weak body well is changed for mind's redoubled forse.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,
 Ne suffered them to perish through long eld,
 As all things els the which the world doth weld.

FAERY QUEEN, B. 2, CAN. 9, V. 55.

This venerable sage, whose early life had been spent in camps until his body was marked with Roman swords, and who had been banished from the court of Cymbeline upon a false accusation ; had lived in comparative solitude and exile for twenty years ; when, tutored by adversity, as he admirably expressed it, he

——— lived at honest freedom ; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore end of his time. CYMBELINE.

On the restoration of Arviragus and his elder brother to their royal rank, and to the arms of their delighted father Cymbeline, Belarius was reinstated in his confiscated possessions : having first parted with his dearer treasure, the

* "Scorese," exchange.

two young princes, with this tearful benediction, addressed to his sovereign ;—

Gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world ;
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ; for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

With this pathetic invocation in our remembrance, it will not appear surprising, that on the succession of Arviragus to the crown, the good old man could not remain absent from the court of his pupil and adopted son ; who kindly made but one condition on receiving him into his household, namely, that he should retain his assumed name Morgan, as being the one most familiar to him, and recalling to his memory the paternal kindness with which he had tended the youth of himself and brother. Here, then, he was spending an honourable, and by no means idle or useless, old age ; the bard and chronicler of the nation, the councillor of the King, and the tutor of his children.

But it is high time to proceed to the dinner table ; for if we prolong our introductions the dinner will be spoiled.

The King determined to welcome the Arch Druid and his newly discovered relative with a hospitable entertainment ; and, therefore, commanded that the principal members of his household should be summoned, which was done by striking a particular boss of a large circular shield which hung in his hall. The *disdain* or steward, upon whom the duty of supervising the necessary preparations devolved, was busily employed in seeing that the seats were duly sprinkled with an infusion of vervain, to make the guests merry ; and, what was, perhaps, of more importance, in superintending the cooking of the venison, which was dressed by being laid upon a bed of flaming fern, covered with a layer of smooth flat stones, and another of fern above it. If the duties of this distinguished personage were arduous and responsible, however, he had his reward, as may be inferred from the following privileges attached to his office :—He ranked high in the royal household, was supplied with three garments from the royal wardrobe, and had a share of the royal beverage from every cask, in the following singular proportions—as much plain ale as he could reach with his whole middle finger immersed ; as much spiced ale as covered

his finger plunged in as far as the second joint ; and mead to the first joint !

The tables groaned under the weight of venison, swine's flesh, and, indeed, almost every species of animal food, except hares, hens, geese, and fish. (I) The King sat at a small table, a little more elevated than the others, at the upper end of the hall, and at his right hand were the Arch Druid and Pudens ; Roscrana and her favourite, old Morgan, on the left. A few chiefs and nobles of distinguished rank sat at another table, over which Brennus presided, as the *pentelu* or mayor of the palace, and below them were ranged, according to their right of precedence, the great officers of the household, whose number, inclusive of the Bard, amounted to twenty-four. Among these was the Grand Falconer, whose office was not only so dignified as to make him a meet companion for royalty, which sometimes condescended to reward extraordinary success in sport, by holding his stirrup ; but was, likewise, deemed so important that he was restricted to three draughts of strong liquor at the King's table, lest intoxication should cause him to forget his master's hawks ! A little below him in rank and situation, was the Silentary, whose duty, (and it was by no means a sinecure), con-

sisted in interposing to prevent rude or excessive noises in the hall, by striking a column with his wand. Then came the pen-cenydd, or master of the King's hounds, the meddyd, or mead maker to his majesty, the meddys, or royal physician, the steward, butler, and cook; and, not to forget a very important dignitary, whose rank was considerably above that of the royal physician, the *smith*! But it would be tedious to enumerate all their offices; suffice it to say that the King's butcher was neither forgotten nor despised; the curator of the lights held a conspicuous station; and the porter was considered as one whom the King delighted to honour.

The King was arrayed particularly sumptuously on this occasion. "His head, the likeness of a kingly-crown had on," consisting of a fillet, worn over his long curly hair, adorned with two or three rows of pearls, or sparry British diamonds. His beard was shaven, but he had long mustachios on his upper lip; a gold torque of elaborate workmanship ornamented his neck, and he wore a ring on his middle finger. His tartan, or plaid tunic, was chequered with different colours, as were also his braccæ, or breeches; varying, in this respect, from those of the nobility, whose

garments consisted of five colours only ;* and over his tunic he wore a short blue cloak, called a saic or sagum. He also wore pentagonal wooden shoes ornamented with studs, and a girdle decorated with little devices in gold, from which was suspended a silver chain, to which was attached a knife having a handle curiously carved out of the tusks of the walrus.

Pudens was obliged to appear in the Roman military habit, for his wardrobe was not particularly well supplied. However, choice could scarcely have improved that which was the result of necessity ; for his tall manly figure, dark locks, and radiant black eyes, assorted well with his array.

There was something which struck Pudens as being very remarkable in the costume of some of the courtiers, namely, the close similarity which it bore to that of royalty. Thus the porter's septi-colored robe differed no otherwise from the King's, except in its not appearing so new. This phenomenon was thus explained :—The mayor received three royal suits per annum ; these suits, after having been

* The King and Queen might have seven colours in their tunics ; the graduates, bards, and ovates, six ; lords and ladies five ; officers and young gentlemen of quality three ; common soldiers two ; and common people one.

Pictorial History of England, p. 65.

worn till the arrival of a fresh supply, devolved upon the steward, and from him descended to the butler, and so on in rotation, until, (wear and tear excepted, as our lawyers say,) they invested the outward man of the porter, or, perhaps, some less dignified personage, his predecessor's coat advanced to wear !

After the meats were removed, and while the mead was still in circulation, instead of immediately calling upon old Morgan for his song, Arviragus seeing the curiosity, not to say mistrust, which the presence of his guest in Roman armour seemed to excite, introduced Pudens to them in a speech as kind, but not as courtly, as that with which Philario introduces Posthumus to his friends :

Here comes the Briton ; let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your breeding, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine ; how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

CYMBELINE, ACT 1, SCENE 5.

He did, however, story Pudens in his own hearing, so far as to relate, or to advert to some of the more remarkable passages of his eventful history, and to request him to favour the company with the details.

These, which were told by Pudens, with as few exaggerations as an honest traveller would make, and with all the spirit of a generous-hearted youth, neither conceited nor diffident, excited general applause; so much so, indeed, that the ardent young chief, seizing him by the hand, interrupted him in the midst of one of his narratives, and insisted upon the whole assembly's immediately drinking a huge potation of spiced mead in honour of the British stranger. But no one seemed to feel more interest in the relation than Roscrana. As she listened with her face upturned, and her large blue eyes fixed on the speaker, her motionless ringlets betokened her attention, and the changes which passed over her countenance, evinced her interest and sympathy.

Another ample potation of mead followed the conclusion of the story; and after a little general conversation, and remarks on the narrative, a strain was called for from old Morgan's lyre. The venerable bard was cheered by the warm-hearted encouragements of Brennus; and after a few preliminary notes, and a brief invocatory kind of prelude, in which he interwove the most affectionate prayer for the monarch and his family, mentioning

his daughter under the metaphor of a sunbeam, sent to dissolve the snow of old age, and welcoming Pudens as the bright-helmed stranger, to their halls and their shells, and praying that the mildew of heaven might never sully his shield ; his aged countenance grew gradually more radiant, and his voice and hand less quavering and tremulous.

The burthen of the song was the early life and adventures of Arviragus, and a particular instance of valour which he had displayed in a contest with Vespasian, the future Emperor of Rome, in which he had lost a brother and gained a crown.

In numbers high, the witching tale
 The poet pour'd along ;
 No after bard might e'er avail
 Those numbers to prolong.
 Yet fragments of the lofty strain
 Float down the tide of years,
 As buoyant on the stormy main
 A parted wreck appears.

From these fragments we collect the following brief particulars :—Guiderius, the elder brother of Arviragus, who succeeded to the throne of his father Cymbeline, having refused to pay tribute to Rome, his realms were invaded by Aulus Plautius, and afterwards

by the Emperor Claudius in person (K). In the course of this invasion, a battle was fought near Southampton, between Vespasian and Guiderius, in which a Roman in British disguise entered the royal camp and slew the King. Arviragus perceiving the death of his brother, and fearing the discouraging effect which it would have upon the army, assumed the royal banner, and his brother's crown and shield, and revenged his death in a decisive victory over Vespasian, whom our chroniclers say he would have slain, but for the timely succour of his son Titus (L). The heroic feats performed by Arviragus in this encounter, the terror of which made the traitor who had assassinated his brother fall upon his own sword, were the theme of the poet's inspiration; and some antiquaries have supposed that it is in reference to this victory of the Briton that the Roman courtier Veiento wishing to flatter Domitian, and to extol his valour above that of his father Vespasian, promises him that he shall unhorse Arviragus.

*Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus.*

JUV. SAT. 4. 126.

Some captive King thee his new lord shall own,
Or from his British chariot headlong thrown,
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down.

DRYDEN.

I am afraid that this terse recapitulation of the events which formed the subject of old Morgan's song, will not excite by any means so much interest as did his well-strung lyre. I had indeed thought of attempting a translation of his wild strains; but I remembered that Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Wordsworth, had laboured in this harvest of traditional poetry; and my little sheaf bowed down in homage to their nobler ones.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong;
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme.

SCOTT.

Without the poet's fire, however, the poet's harp had better be left to be swept by the winds; and who that had witnessed the effects produced by old Morgan's spirit-stirring verses, would hope, in these unimpassioned days, to emulate them? Glowing as he proceeded, he seemed to communicate to his listeners the in-

spiration which he felt. Every breath was hushed as the whirlwind shock of battle was described. Martial ardour beamed from the eyes of the young warriors ; and big tears of generous despair gushed from the eyes of the elder chiefs, at the recapitulation of exploits for which they now felt that their arms were unnerved by age.

The deep pause of silence which followed, was broken by the young chief ; who, rising to replenish the shells, expressed the wish that the whole Roman army, with Cæsar at their head, were at their gates, to afford them an opportunity of shewing whether they were inferior to their ancestors in courage !

When old Morgan's task was done, he, the Arch Druid and Roscrana, withdrew ; but the harp passed from hand to hand, and Arviragus himself, who was no mean performer, sang a spirited piece, descriptive of Cæsar's first repulse from the British coasts.

He dyd his verses syng,
Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan necromancing kyng,
Wreck'd all his shipping on the British coaste,
And made him in his tatter'd barks to flie,
Till Tynyan's death and opportunity.

CHATTERTON'S BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The mead as well as the harp, however, continued to circulate; and soon the song was as little regarded as the reiterated blows of the silentary's wand against the pillar.

Beds of straw, with woolly coverlets, were ranged upon the floor of the dormitory; and thither Pudens retired while he was able; but I blush for the honour of my ancestors, that a regard for truth obliges me to state, that in this laudable act he was in the minority; and that by far the greater number, among whom, alas! was our friend the young chief, were found under their seats at break of day, where they lay entranced

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallambrosa,—

until made to perceive the evil plight in which they were, by the entrance of the porter.

We may suppose this dignified functuary, whose high and important office it was to provide fresh rushes for the floor, and to kindle the fire in the hall, asked these princes, potentates, and warriors, as Satan erst asked his myrmidons, whom he found in a still more awkward predicament, whether they had

———chosen this place
After the toil of *feasting* to repose
Their wearied virtue, for the ease they found
To slumber there ?

And we will hope that on being similarly in-
terrogated,

They heard *and were abash'd*, while up they sprung.
MILTON, P. L., BOOK 1. P. 11.

CHAPTER II.

I spoke of most disastrous chances,—
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travels' history :
 These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :

• • • • •
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.

OTHELLO, ACT 1, SC. 3.

THE conviviality of the royal table was not so harmless in its effects upon Pudens, as his comparative moderation might have justified him in expecting ; for the wound in his shoulder which he, as well as his historian, had almost forgotten, was found on the morrow to be very much inflamed. His pale and fevered countenance attracted the attention of Arviragus, who, on being informed of the cause, told him that he must submit to two or three

days' uninterrupted repose ; and added, that he would not act unwisely in placing himself under the medical care of Roscrana, who was well-acquainted with the nature of almost every plant, from the trefoil to the mistletoe. * His household surgeon he said could abscize, amputate, or cauterize ; but as his remuneration was the garment soiled with blood, he was thought to excel in those cases in which the blood flowed rather freely.

Pudens very resignedly submitted himself to the care of his young and beautiful nurse ; who, attended by her herbwoman, the archetype of the functionary who at the present day scatters herbs before the King at a coronation, proceeded to examine the wound, and to prepare the necessary medicaments.

Whether it was that the wound was of a

* To the reader familiar with works of romance, it will not appear at all extraordinary that Roscrana was a proficient in the healing art ; for in the tales of chivalry we read, that the most desperate wounds were healed, as well as inflicted, by the ladies. But this accomplishment was acquired long before the age of chivalry, as may be inferred from the proficiency of one of Ossian's contemporaries, which is thus described :—"She can close the wound of the valiant ; she knows the hiding-place of every herb of the mountain ; and she knows where they waive their heads by the banks of the secret streams."

more serious nature than was at first apprehended, or from some other cause, I will not take upon me to determine ; but certain it is, that it required frequent dressing, and that the dressing was a very lengthy operation : although to judge by the patience with which it was submitted to, by no means painful. Another singular symptom remains to be mentioned, namely, that the nearer Pudens approached convalescence, the more dilatory the process became : this, however, I presume, arose from the wise caution of Roscrana, knowing that patients require more care, inasmuch as they are more venturesome, the nearer they approximate to a perfect recovery !

As violent exercise was interdicted, Pudens could not accompany Arviragus or his son on their hunting excursions, which formed their principal amusements ; and as the Arch Druid was much occupied with his arrangements in providing an asylum for his religion, his principal companions were Roscrana and old Morgan. He could only repay the kindness and assiduities of the former, by beguiling the time spent in her society with the description of the different countries in which he had spent his roving life, and the adventures

which had befallen him:—but will it appear surprizing that Roscrana seemed herself in this manner well requited for all her labours? He who would think so, must have formed a very different opinion of woman's heart from that of Shakspeare. Besides the romantic adventures of Pudens, and besides the fine figure of the narrator, there was so much refinement and delicacy in his manners, so much information in his eloquent conversation, and such an elevation and comprehensiveness in his principles and views—more especially when compared with those of the persons with whom Roscrana had been in the daily habit of conversing—that she listened to him as to a being of a higher order. The gods do not regard man's offerings with indifference; nor did Pudens receive with apathy that incense of all others the most flattering—the homage paid to intellectual superiority by a woman capable of appreciating it!

Pudens regarded Roscrana with an interest which it would be difficult to describe. He viewed her as an innocent, generous, beautiful girl, whose charming simplicity seemed the only thing which identified her as a member of the unpolished society in which she moved; but whose superior gentle-

ness, and occasional display of extraordinary mental endowments, threw a line of visible distinction between her and her associates. She resembled, indeed, one of the satellites of the planet Saturn, connected in appearance and local proximity with the parent sphere; but separated from it by a wide and radiant barrier, and seeming rather to belong to another, and a loftier system, than to be circumscribed by the same atmosphere.

The novelty of the circumstances in which Pudens found himself, and the uncertainty of the future, which seemed to be tinged with the mysteriousness of the past, did not allow him to obtain a distinct view of his situation, or to form a settled plan of action. His destinies seemed involved in too much obscurity for him to wish to connect them with those of any one he loved; and yet he could not forbear hoping that they would not be distantly severed from those of Roscrana.

The case was somewhat of a less negative character with Roscrana. She was a child, indeed, in years, but she had reached the age at which females were considered marriageable in Britain, and her moral and intellectual character evinced singular precocity; so that

in her affections she displayed at once the simplicity of a girl, and the fervency of a woman. Pudens' adventures, the wonders of Rome, and the manners of the Romans, seemed at first to promise an inexhaustible theme for conversation; but although Roscrana seemed never weary of listening to her companion's personal narrative, yet the more frequently they conversed together, the less curious she became about Rome, and the more anxious to know what Pudens thought of Britain. Often did she artlessly suppose that the magnificent palaces of Rome must have caused him to despise the meanness of her father's oak-shaded dwelling.

One day, indeed, she gave a touching display of innocent passion, although she was perfectly unconscious of the feelings which prompted her. Having tastefully arranged a little posy of flowers which she considered scarce, she presented them to Pudens, asking him playfully, "if Rome had such flowers as those?"

It happened, unfortunately, that Pudens caught sight of a rose which had been gathered from a tree sent to Roscrana by some acquaintance of her's at the Roman station at

Venta,* the parent tree having been brought over from Italy, by some colonist resident there. The flower was deemed a great rarity by Roscrana, although neither she nor Pudens knew that the rose was an exotic to Britain. Pudens, therefore, answered, that "Rome had her roses, indeed, though none so sweet."

This little piece of gallantry softened, but could not subdue, the mortification of Roscrana, on reflecting that she could not find anything novel in her own country—not so much even as a rose; and turning aside to a little pet lamb, that was following her, she gave vent to her girlish feelings in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal by kissing and caressing her woolly favourite, and hiding her face in its fleecy neck; at the same time uttering this passionate address:—"Ah! my little lamb, they have everything that is beautiful at Rome, except such a dear little creature as you."

This simple anecdote will, it is not improbable, draw down upon our heroine, and perhaps our author, the sneers of those who live in a more artificial state of society; but the apprehension is nevertheless not sufficiently

* Winchester.

awful to deter me from the mention of this genuine expression of unaffected—unsophisticated nature.

But it must not be supposed that all Pudens' time, even during his convalescence, was spent in conversation with Roscrana ; her tutor, old Morgan, had his full share of attention. It had, for many years past, been the principal amusement of this venerable bard to weave his country's traditions into lays ; and now it appeared to be the delight of his extreme age to communicate what he had thus acquired.

As this legendary lore was more novel to Pudens than to any of the family, he naturally listened with more attention, and repaid the narrative with warmer plaudits ; consequently he soon became an especial favourite of the old bard's. As might be expected, he knew but little of the early heroes of his country, except of the daring courage of " Cassibelan,"

Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it ;

and of the manly bearing of Caractacus before his conqueror at Rome, which had been the admiration and theme of the Roman historians ; but no longer plea for ignorance now remained ;

for the half-blind minstrel found, in his harp, his greatest solace; and long practice had taught him to sweep its strings so sweetly, that Pudens began to feel the most vivid interest in these national strains. Sometimes he would listen to the warlike exploits of Cassibelan, how that he was

once at point

O giglot fortune! to master Cæsar's sword.

At other times the more peaceful politics of his brother Lud, (from whom London which he had rebuilt derived its primitive name Lud's Town), would form the subject of the song divine. But, with the exception of his favourite theme—the incidents of the early life of his sovereign, to which we have adverted in a former chapter—nothing seemed to make old Morgan's patriotic pride swell more triumphantly than contrasting the fratricidal conduct of Romulus and Remus with the magnanimous conduct of the brothers Artegal and Elidure. The sweet poesy with which Wordsworth has adorned the history of the two British chiefs, hardly surpasses that of the patriarchal bard.

In this manner did Pudens spend many a pleasant hour in company with the old min-

strel and Roscrana; fostering the bruised germs of patriotism till they had recovered from the effects of their early transportation. "At last," to have recourse to the affecting language of Spenser, which I acknowledge I can never repeat without deep emotion,

At last quite raviſht with delight to heare
The royal offspring of his native land,
He cryde ; dear country ! O how dearly deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive ;
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe that all us gave,
That gave unto us all whatever good we have.

FAERY QUEEN, B. 2, C. 10 v. 69.

CHAPTER III.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
Unto them then did mildly say,
The time is come when we must part;
My honour calls me hence away.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

PUDENS seemed to make daily progress in esteem and affection of the family of Arviragus; for he not only rendered his society agreeable to Roscrana and the bard, but so contrived to ingratiate himself in an equal manner with the King. Arviragus was a brave, warlike prince, and, so far from degrading the youth of Pudens, drew from him a great deal of information, very useful to him and his subjects; particularly as to the Roman art of warfare, and the art of fortification. Arviragus did not fail to obtain the friendship of Arviragus, whose manly amusements he pursued as soon as his health allowed him to do so. On one of these occasions a little incident occurred, which totally obliterated the

somewhat unfavourable impression which the invalid's partiality to the peaceful pursuits of old Morgan and his fair pupil had, at first, made upon the young warrior.

Pudens and Brennus were one day trying their dexterity in throwing the javelin in the presence of Roscrana, whom they had appointed their arbitress. The young chief, taking his stand at about fifty strides from a rude figure of a wolf cut in wood and fixed on a pivot, which served as a mark, hurled his unerring weapon so precisely to the centre that the figure remained stationary! Pudens now advanced with his brazen-headed missive, and, finding it impossible to surpass this throw in precision, took his aim at the wolf's head, thinking that he should display the force of the blow, as well as the correctness of his aim, by making the figure revolve on its centre. Just as his hand was upraised with the weapon, and he had said "To the head," a real wolf rushed by at a little distance beyond the goal, bearing away Roscrana's pet lamb. She screamed, and her brother shouted; but Pudens seizing the opportunity, hurled his javelin, with all his might, at the depredator, and actually pinned him to the earth by the nape of his neck. The young

chief testified his applause by a long vociferation; and Roscrana, with more humanity than caution, ran to secure her little favourite. Unfortunately, in endeavouring to rescue the lamb, she liberated the wolf, which, as the javelin had only penetrated the skin, was but slightly wounded, and immediately turned upon her. Pudens, seeing her danger, flew to her relief, and having seized the fell beast by the throat, drew its fury upon himself, and a violent struggle ensued.

Our hero having no weapon to inflict a death wound, his only expedient was to maintain his grasp until he had strangled his assailant; which was, in the meantime, tearing his flesh with his claws. They tugged—they plunged—they rolled over each other; but although the agonies of death rendered the writhing monster more desperate, and his antagonist's strength was waning from the protraction of the effort, and from loss of blood, Pudens did not relax his hold until his enemy had yielded up his life.

Brennus had, during the latter part of this conflict, been leaning on his javelin, at a little distance, enjoying the spectacle, and refusing to interfere, although implored so to do by the cries and tears of his sister. "Now give me

your hand," said he to Pudens, as soon as it was over, "I never saw a match better fought in my life, and I did not like to deprive you of the triumph; or I would have ended it much sooner for you. But were I in your place," he continued, "I would never cramp up my limbs in armour if I could fight so well without it. I am afraid, however," he added, "that here is another week's task for your nurse—what say you, Roscrana?"

Roscrana's reply was prevented by Pudens, who, as he arranged his soiled vestments, said smilingly to her, "Nay, my kind nurse, be not alarmed, I have only received a few scratches; but even if I had been more seriously hurt, I could not have allowed you more than twenty-four hours to attend me; for, at the end of that time, I must take my leave of your hospitable house."

"That shall never be," said Brennus, "you shall have whatever is ours to give; a new chariot(M) shall be made for you, as handsome as my father's which you so much admired: you shall choose your horses; and you shall share my dogs, my bows and arrows, my hunting spears, and, indeed, you shall have whatever you like; but you shall not leave us." Pudens

assured him that the Arch Druid had made his arrangements to part on the morrow, and that he must accompany him.

The idea of parting had never before been seriously contemplated by Roscrana ; and she wept now because she reflected, for the first time, that such a thing was possible ; nor were her tears the less bitter on account of her having just witnessed the dangers to which Pudens had exposed himself for her sake. He, for whom those tears flowed, felt a strange uneasiness at seeing her weep ; but was less affected at this sight than by her artlessness in not attempting to conceal them, or to disguise the cause. She added her expressive intreaties to the more rude, but not less sincere, persuasions of her brother ; and told Pudens that she had just been planning in her mind that she would ask him to instruct her in the Latin language ; and that, in return, old Morgan, or herself, would teach him to play on the harp.

These friendly invitations of his family were very warmly seconded by the King ; and, although they were not successful in inducing the Arch Druid to change his purposes, yet he consented to leave his son behind him. He would, indeed, have gladly remained until his

son's fortunes had assumed a more settled character, but that he well knew that it is too late to fly for refuge when the citadel is besieged ; and, therefore, he resolved to carry off his palladium while it was practicable. He felt less unwillingness, too, to pursue this journey, long and perilous as it might be, alone ; not only because he thought that it was not impossible that Pudens's services as a mediator between Arviragus and the Romans might soon be called into requisition ; but because he also thought that his son's own interests might be best promoted by prolonging his residence in his present hospitable quarters. Accustomed, as he was, to scan the heart, and well acquainted with all his subtleties ; he perceived and understood the nature, and probably consequences, of the growing attachment between Roscrana and Pudens, long before either of the parties concerned, or, indeed, any one besides himself, had suspected its existence.

He did not depart, however, until he had used his most strenuous endeavours to persuade Arviragus immediately to send an embassy to the Romans to explain the circumstances of the late affray.

“ May Taranis send one of his bolts through

que, ere I do that;" said the proud
 "If the Romans have any thing to
 n of, let them send to me."

y," said the Arch Druid, "thou knowest
 erity of Suetonius, and that he is like a
 ed into madness by that cur of a pro-
 and will turn his horns against the first
 sses his path."

him turn his horns against me, then,"
 viragus, fiercely; at the same time
 g the handle of a large hunting-knife
 his side; "and I will see whether I
 shorten them a little."

Arch Druid found that it was in vain to
 e to make the spirited prince promise
 ng which he deemed would compromise
 ependence; but he did not fail to im-
 pon him the importance of strengthen-
 self with all the alliances in his power,
 being prepared for hostilities should any
 ise.

rson less acquainted with human nature
 e Arch Druid, and wishing to promote
 on between his son and Roscrana, would
 lt himself in duty bound to deliver, by
 F parting advice, a lengthy, dogmatical
 rse on the eligibility of the match; but
 ch Druid, on the contrary, said not a

word on the subject to Pudens, but sagaciously hinted to the old bard that the adventures of his son would be no unmeet subject for his lyre ; well knowing, that by making a man a hero you make him irresistible to the fair.

I will not describe the parting scene, for it was a sad one : the venerable Druid liked not the severance of his new parental tie, and Pudens felt more on the occasion than he had anticipated : but Arviragus's family were so pleased with this fresh mark of their inmate's confidence, in casting himself and his fortunes entirely upon them, that they did all in their power to amuse him.

Among all his amusements, however, there was none which afforded him more pleasure than his new task of Latin preceptor. Roscrana was not wholly ignorant of Latin, having acquired a partial knowledge of it in her infancy, from her grandfather Cymbeline, who had spent much of his youth in Rome, and having been further improved in it by old Morgan, who, in earlier life had been thrown much into Roman society. It is not surprizing, therefore, that as it was merely re-opening an old vein, she seemed to make a rapid progress under Pudens's tuition. She was never more

happy than when listening to the fragments of Roman history, which he would read or relate to her; and when playfully called upon to remunerate him for anecdotes of Lucretia, or the Mother of the Gracchi, she would heave an uncalled-for sigh that she had no better heroine than, perhaps, Cordelia, the dutiful daughter of old King Lear. But, oh, who could hear the touching story of that sweet "child of nature meek," as Wordsworth styles her, hymned by one as lovely as herself, and not prefer the beautiful simplicity of the strain, to the more highly-wrought history of the sterner virtues of the Roman matrons?

Delightful, however, as were these pursuits, their influence was too enervating for man who is born to bear and to act. There is a moral in the tale of the enchantress Calypso; and Pudens might as well have been cast upon her isle, as becalmed in this sea of pleasure, which would, probably, have been his fate, but for a singular little incident, which deserves mention. Among the curiosities with which the kind-hearted chieftain sought to amuse his guest, and the display of which afforded himself, at least, as much pleasure as the sight of them did Pudens, was an old Roman sword, red with rust, fixed

in a shield which it had half-cleft in twain! The shield was highly ornamented, and had, doubtless, belonged to some Briton of distinction; but there was nothing remarkable in the sword to enable any person to divine what hand had wielded it. "There," said Brennus, pointing to the relic with conscious pride, "there is the sword which my great uncle Nennius, wrested from the hand of Julius Cæsar(N). It cost him his life, it is true, but it was worth that to disarm Cæsar! I will send old Morgan, however," he added, "to tell you all about it; for he is never tired of making songs upon it, although I am sometimes tired of listening to them." So saying, with his usual impetuosity, he bounded off, and left Pudens to his own reflections.

It seemed as if the sight of this relic had touched some master chord of Pudens's heart, which awoke into thrilling energy emotions which had long lain dormant; as poets fain—

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's shell.

ROGERS.

He stood gazing upon this trophy for some moments, and his eyes filled with tears as he

d in his mind the eventful career of its mighty possessor, and contrasted the al fame of Cæsar with his own galling ty. "Oh, Cæsar, Cæsar," he burst t last, "shall a Briton deem death purchased to disarm thee; and shall ose ears thy exploits have been familiar fancy, and whose heart even now beats e same love of glory as prompted thee ver a new world in order to conquer it; slumber in the very scenes in which idst gather thy laurels? Forbid it, s! I ask not fortune, but deny me e: I ask not for a long life, but oh, let name perish!"

udens thought himself unobserved, he the latter part of this passionate apos- aloud; and old Morgan, who was along with the silent step of decrepi- erheard it. "Oh, seek not fame with erness, my son," said he; "it is an antial thing; it is like the lightning—it out warms not; it dazzles, but lights d it too often destroys the cloud which birth."

ns blushed at being thus surprised, but covered himself, and with great readiness

pursued the bard's simile, "Yes," said he, "but fame resembles the lightning in another particular, which you have not mentioned : they are both kindled in heaven !"

"True," said the bard, pleased with the thought, as well as with the feeling which inspired it ; "the love of fame is a gift of the gods, and partakes of their divine nature, and, in moderation, purifies the soul, even as the lightning clears the air. Nay, more than that," he added, "after musing for a moment or two, it seems to vouch the truth of what we Druids teach as to the immortality of the soul ; for why should a youth, such as thou, rush on death for the sake of glory if there were not something within which tells him that the worm doth not destroy all ? He knows well, I ween, that his helpless corpse will little hist the bray of the herald's trump. What then should tempt him to throw away the chalice of life, when he has scarcely raised it to his lips, and thinks, in the simplicity of his heart, that it is filled to the brim with bliss ? What should tempt him, I say, to dash it aside almost untasted, were it not that nature tells him that his soul is immortal ?"

The eloquent old man pursued this strain

much further, as it was particularly his wont as **described** by Shakspeare,

To draw him a profit from all things he saw ;

but, perhaps, some of my readers have the **same horror** as Brennus had of any thing **prosy**, and we will, therefore, give him the slip **as Brennus did** ; only adding that the sight of **Cæsar's sword** seemed to inspire Pudens with a **new impulse** and fresh energies, which **developed** themselves in planning several **improvements** in the royal domains. Here the **river was** to be widened, there deepened ; this **marsh was** to be drained ; that hill to be levelled ; **roads were** to intersect them ; walls to surround **them** ; towers to defend them ; and, indeed, **the whole place** was to be changed from a **British palace** to a Roman fortification.

CHAPTER IV.

While the sun shines with even light,
Upon masters and knaves, I shall declare
The law of might according to right,
Place the king's seat true and square,
Let even measure for justice's sake
Be given in sight of God and man,
That the plaintiff his complaint may make,
And the defendant answer—if he can.

PALGRAVE'S RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH
COMMONWEALTH.

SOON after the Arch Druid's departure, Arviragus and his judges held a royal assize ; of which, as it is curious to observe the laws, and through them the manners of nations in their infancy, we shall give a brief account.

The first day of assize was spent at the King's house, in assessing and receiving the crown rents, and also certain fines and services similar to the copyhold heriots of modern times ; and a more stirring scene has rarely been witnessed than ushered in that morning

The creaking of wicker waggons, the lowing of oxen, and the din of a thousand disputing voices, awoke Pudens at break of day; who naturally enough supposed that some battle must have been recently fought, and that the victors were returning home laden with the spoil. He hastened to make inquiries; but instead of seeing the King arrayed in the accoutrements of war, he saw him attired in more than usual state, and one of his most distinguished subjects holding his feet in his bosom, and rubbing them with a flesh-brush; this personal service being the tenure under which he held his lands!

The bustle which had disturbed his slumbers, he was informed, was occasioned by the arrival of two or three uchelwys, or high-men, to pay their rent in kind; and the nature and extent of the business transacted on that day, may be estimated from the rent paid by these magnates, each of whom held a fee of about one hundred acres of land from the King, for which they remitted to the royal stores a horse-load of the best wheat reduced to flour, one ox, a barrel of mead, nine palms in length, and eighteen in breadth, or two of braget, or four of common ale, and 168 equal threaves of

oats for the stable, a sow three years old
a salted gammon three inches in thickness
and a pot of butter three palms long and
three broad !

To these great men succeeded others, bringing straw and wood for the King's bed and fire
bows and arrows for his armoury, and hounds
for the royal kennel. Those who brought
manufactured articles of provision, were
obliged to take them to be weighed or
measured : the masses of butter were to be
as large as a certain dish ; and it was indis-
pensable that each loaf of oatmeal bread
should be equal in breadth to the measure
of the arm from the elbow to the wrist, and
so thick as not to bend, though held at the
extremity.

Two days were thus consumed ; the third
day was appointed for the hearing of causes
and the adjustment of differences, before the
King in person.

For this purpose, Arviragus, attended by his
Brawdyr Llys, or Court Justiciary, and some
of the elders of the state, who were hereditary
judges, adjourned to Old Sarum's mound
which was called the Hill of Assemblies.
Here the King took his seat in the open air

with his back towards the sun, and his judges a little below him.

The first case was one of murder, in which a noble was accused of having slain a brother peer. Each of the parties, on appearing before the King, delivered up his son as a hostage for his father's peaceable submission to the royal sentence.

The accusation having been made in the most violent and menacing language, it behoved the accused to establish his innocence, not by witnesses, but by compurgators of a certain rank. The testimony of twenty-four nobles as to general conduct would have been sufficient, although they had been perfectly ignorant of this particular transaction; but the culprit being unable to obtain so many peers, proposed substituting the oaths of three hundred common men. Nothing could exceed the contemptuous indignation which this proposal drew forth from the aristocratic accuser, who branded his opponent's ignorance of the nature of evidence with all the opprobrious terms he could think of. The offender was, consequently, condemned to pay to the family of the deceased sixty-three cows as the *gwerth*, or price of the murdered, answering to the

weregild of the Saxons, and the successful party remunerated the assistant judges for their favourable decision ; thereby shewing, that cheap justice is quite a modern crotchet in England, and that—

It hath of olden time been ordained,
The gainer of a cause shall be a loser in the ende.

Several of the retainers of the condemned chief were afterwards tried as accessories to the crime ; but it is not necessary to detail their trials, or the issue of them ; suffice it to say, that our forefathers guarded against the “glorious uncertainty of the law,” by cunningly defining no less than nine *affaeth* or stages in the crime of murder, to each of which was allotted its peculiar penalty (O).

The next cause was one of a more singular character ; being a claim to an estate, alleged to have been forfeited to the lord in consequence of a widow’s breach of chastity. The nobleman was powerful, but the widow was poor, the small estate in question being her only means of subsistence. Her son, who was one of the King’s herdsmen, used every exertion to muster his friends on this occasion ;

had a formidable foe to contend against. Accusation was made by the nobleman in court, and the son undertook his mother's defence. The former made an artful declamation, which was less convincing than difficult to be refuted; but the latter, with the untaught force of nature, made a passionate and powerful appeal to the judges. The witnesses were equally brought forward; but it unfortunately happened that the numbers were equal. Two persons swore that they believed the defendant guilty, and an equal number swore they believed the reverse. It was the law in such cases, that unless the witnesses on behalf of the defendant *outnumbered* those for the plaintiff, the former should lose the cause. The spectators, who had anxiously watched the proceedings, and who felt interested in the result, some from being slightly acquainted with the defendant, and some who admired, too, the noble feeling he had displayed in his dutiful defence of his mother, had, with a military glance, perceived the equality of the numbers before they were announced. They galloped off unobserved to endeavour, with the assistance of Brennus, to bring together a little party to support the widow's

In the meantime, the King, who evidently inclined to the side of the poor woman, but could not give a legal sentence in her favour, proposed to the accuser, that as the evidence was so nearly balanced, an appeal should be made to the Logan stone, which was in particular repute in similar cases. A shout of applause burst forth from the multitude at this proposition, as it seemed to present another chance of escape; but the accuser refused to resort to this test, and insisted on having the number of the witnesses duly announced, and judgment given accordingly. Seeing, however, that the King was very reluctant to comply with his request; and being not a little concerned to preserve the royal favour, as he had a more important boon to ask of his sovereign, he made the following extraordinary proposal—

“I am entitled,” said he, “by the laws of the great Dunwallo, Mulmutius, and the might of Martia (P), to the cot and cairn of this woman, and to drive her forth to wander like the sparrow who has lost her nest, with no home but the green earth, and no friend but the winds: if, however, she will ride round this mount on a black ram, in the direction in

he sun rides in his war-chariot through
clouds, confessing the charge to be true,
and shall belong to her and hers, as long
as the sun melts snow, or the cuckoo brings in
the spring,

nothing can exceed the indignation with
which the son listened to this speech; and
coming forth at its close, he exclaimed,
with noble vehemence,—“May the eagles
tear out my eyes, and the wolves tear
at my ribs;—may the water I drink turn into
fire, and the air I breathe into fire, before
I see thee do thus!”

The accuser, though irritated, felt awed by
the earnestness of filial indignation, and contented
himself with coldly demanding his right. The
accused accordingly proceeded to count aloud the
names of witnesses, beginning with those for
the accuser. Two hundred was the number
called for the accusation. He then began
to count those on behalf of the
accused; and having reckoned one hundred
and ninety-nine, was just about to pronounce
his verdict, when Pudens returned with his little
son, who immediately joined the compurgators
and swore by the great Teut, (the British

Mercury,) that they believed the poor widow innocent. She was of course absolved from the charge, and continued still to hold the land as before; paying yearly to her landlord a sow three years old, and a vessel of butter three palms square.

The story of the black ram, however, was not soon forgotten. It gave rise to a tenure by which lands are still held at Enborn, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Newbury in Berkshire; and which has been humorously noticed by the Spectator.*

This trifling anecdote of the black ram, would not, though of itself rather curious, have induced the author to have allowed it to retard the progress of the narrative, had it not afforded a striking illustration of the truth of one of old Morgan's poetical remarks. The venerable bard was creeping forth early in the morning, when Pudens observed to him that it must have been rather a severe frost, for that white

* See Nos. 614 and 623, particularly the latter, for the practical working of this species of tenure!

The author has been informed that the Earl of Craven is the lord of the manor in which this singular custom prevails.

cobwebs seemed to be stretched across their path in every direction, as if to defy their progress.

“ Ah,” said the sage, “ he who sees the single gossamer, an isolated and unconnected thing, wantoning idly in the breeze, is apt to forget that he is gazing on that which, in a few hours, will be inwoven in, and perhaps form the principal support of, a most complicated and beautiful fabric. So we sometimes deem of little or no importance, some passing event which proves to be a link to which is attached, and on which depends our future character or destinies ”

The relevancy of these remarks will be better estimated in the sequel ; in the mean while, we will resume our narrative. The manner in which Pudens had come forward in the widow's defence, was soon known to the multitude, with whom it so much ingratiated him, that they hardly knew how sufficiently to evince their approbation of his conduct. They accompanied him home in a kind of procession ; and the condemned captive, of but a few weeks since, entered the royal village now, like a hero returning in triumph.

Pudens was fond of glory, and not insensible even to its meanest species—popular applause. His ears had hardly been regaled by the shouts of the multitude since the time when he had heard them in the Roman theatre, on the occasion of his having defended the General Aulus Plautius ; and the cheers of the crowd now recalled this scene of his boyhood to his remembrance. One event after another of his chequered life passed in review before him ; and as he reflected on his present situation, he thought that Fortune and the gods would not have protected him in all the emergencies which he had experienced, had not Fate some brilliant destiny in reserve for him. The kindly feeling of the crowd taught him also that he need no longer remain a stranger in Britain ; but that there still remained some common sympathies, which linked him with his countrymen. He saw too that by gaining their affections he was acquiring power ; and he began to consider to what purposes that power might be applied. His youthful imagination indulged in visionary speculations, until hopes long since dormant were revived, and seemed half realized ; and he painted scenes of future glory, in which,

like Cæsar, whose sword had first awakened these ambitious thoughts, he pictured himself trampling on Fate, and dragging Fortune at his chariot wheels.

Oh! the ecstatic visions of youth! The most brilliant realities of life are dull, indeed, compared with them. The illusory splendour which seems to hang over the commencement of youth's career, is like the deceptive glory of the rising sun: though the orb continues of the same real magnitude at the zenith as at the horizon, yet as he advances he appears to diminish; and even though more bright at his meridian, is more beautiful at his dawn. So beautiful—so illusive—so transitory, was this day-dream of Pudens!

A hunting party had been planned for the morrow after the assizes, but was postponed on account of the arrival of the lord who had been the widow's accuser, together with his son. They remained with the King for several hours in his private apartment; during which time, they appeared to have been employed in the discussion of matters of no ordinary importance, as Brennus and the old bard were successively summoned, and closeted with the

monarch and his guests. The visitors afterwards dined at the royal table, at which they exhibited the most marked hostility towards Pudens. He was indeed insulted by its being hinted by young Frothall, the chieftain's son, that he was a Roman spy; and it would have been difficult to restrain him from inflicting summary punishment for this insult, as he had drawn his sword for the purpose; had not Brennus insisted upon Frothall's public retraction, and had not Arviragus extorted a promise from Pudens that he would be satisfied with the apology.

But this unheeded charge irritated our hero still less than the young chieftain's attentions to Roscrana. He felt that he had no right to complain of this part of his conduct, and he was surprized to find himself so sensibly affected by it; but he resented it not the less, and revenged himself by wreaking all his powers of sarcasm upon his rival, to render him contemptible in the eyes of the fair one. It was not, of course, difficult for him to outshine a half civilized person like Frothall in conversation; but he was piqued to extraordinary exertions, and he was so far successful, that

st of the company were delighted with
cdotes and wit.
was, indeed, a triumphant evening for
s;—but it was the last that he ever spent
White House !

CHAPTER V.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere ;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appears.

And long before high noone, they had
An hundred fat bucks slaine ;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales,
An echo shrill did make.

CHEVY CHASE.

As soon as it was light on the following morning, the whole party, with the exception of the widow's accuser, whom other business summoned away, and Arviragus and his daughter, who remained at home, set forward on a deer-chace, accompanied by a muster of

chiefs and nobles. It was a clear morning
 sober; the streams reflected a cloudless
 and the rich tints of autumn gave addi-
 beauty to a boundless forest of oaks.
 as though they had folded around those
 ble forms, which had defied the light-
 of a hundred summers, and the frosts of
 dred winters, of their most magnificent
 s, to await in becoming dignity the
 of their gloomy foe. *

cool, delicious, breath of morning had
 ed in Pudens all that ecstatic ardour
 constitutes the buoyancy of youth;
 g in its own happiness, and diffusing
 d around. Nor was this feeling likely to
 all deadened by the excitement of the
 n. The impatient pawing of the
 and the voices of the deep baying

Similar scene has suggested the following beautiful
 Professor Keeble:—

How quiet shows the woodland scene,
 Each flower and tree, its duty done,
 Reposing in decay serene,
 Like weary men when age is won ;
 Such calm old age, as conscience pure,
 And self-commanding hearts insure,
 Waiting their summons to the sky,
 Content to live, but not afraid to die.

HYMN FOR ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

hounds ; the stirring sounds of preparation, and, above all, the cheers and menaces of the indefatigable young chief, encouraging or upbraiding the attendants, gave an indescribable animation to the scene. Brennus's own charger, a beautiful creature, whose long flowing mane was poetically compared, by old Morgan, to the fringe of a sunset cloud, was assigned to Pudens. The superannuated hound, old Luath, which had for many years past been the constant companion of Sulin Sifadda, (for so the steed was named), to the field, seemed almost heart-broken at being left behind ; especially as he enviously beheld the white-breasted Bran snuffing up her nose in ecstasy, as though already scenting her prey. As for Bran, though her expressive countenance exhibited so much felicity, yet her situation seemed fraught with perplexity ; for Brennus and his steed having formed but one idea in her limited intellect, she did not know how to separate them in her regards, but ran from one to the other, kissing her master's hand and Sulin's face, as though she felt it her duty to watch over the weal of both, until given to understand that she was to attend upon Pudens.

horn now sounded—the hills re-echoed every note; and, in a few minutes, the shade of the forest was lighted up by varied colours of the cavalcade glittering with the braves.

Pudens's elation was of short continuance; he was so unused to this kind of sport, that he felt the bow an incumbrance; and although his horse was the fleetest in the field, and where he had always the best opportunity of bringing down the stag, he had not dexterity to avail himself of it. The noble Branca seemed mildly to reproach him; but when he saw him lose chance after chance, waxed so impatient, that she resolved to follow him no

longer. At noon, the whole company met in an open space in the forest, where they began to prepare their feast; and having tethered up their horses, some gathered turf and wood for fuel, others dragged the deer's carcass to the fire, some cleared the ground, others searched the neighbourhood for water: all were busy, and all were lighted-hearted but Pudens. When their meal was ready, they seated themselves on the grass, and made a right hearty repast, recounting their various exploits.

Most of them had brought down more than one deer, and Brennus had actually slaughtered five; but Pudens alone was empty-handed, and many a gibe had he to endure in consequence, on account of his want of success. These, however, he bore very good-humouredly; but he felt it more difficult to preserve his equanimity against a taunt of young Frothall's, who had been so fortunate as to kill a large moose deer, the enormous antlers of which would have been found large enough for the arch over a cathedral door. There was nothing particularly meritorious in this feat, as the moose, owing to its huge size, and widely branching antlers, was slower, and more liable than other deer to get entangled in the thickets, and thus to become an easy prey; but for this very reason the species had become almost extinct, and of course being more rare, it had become more valuable. With a malicious smile, the captor now offered to lend his rival these antlers to parade with before Roscrana, that he might have something to take home to her. Poor Pudens could hardly brook this jest; but he contented himself with saying, that he would not deprive Frothall of his only trophy, particularly as he

might possibly himself have the good fortune to meet with some poor beast with its head in a thicket, which would be civil enough to stand to be shot at. This little repartee, however, although it silenced his adversary, by no means satisfied Pudens.

The young chief, perceiving the chafed feelings of his friend, endeavoured to soothe them by relating to the company his rencontre with the wolf; but though Pudens acknowledged his kindness, he felt rather irritated than pleased that his conduct should require any defence, and made a silent vow, that he would not return until he had some small trophy to bring with him.

After their meal, the party set forward again in quest of more sport, and had not proceeded far, when a noble stag bounded from a thicket within bow-shot of Pudens. He seized his bow, and let fly an arrow, with a force which Robin Hood would not have despised. But though he rivalled Robin Hood's strength, he lacked Robin Hood's skill—and he missed. Rendered almost desperate by repeated disappointments, he was on the eve of whirling the bow itself at the animal, when an immense boar crossed his path. He forgot the stag, the

hounds, the company, and everything else but the noble prize which he had marked out for himself; and determined not to lose sight of his game, he followed him at full speed into the very depth of the forest.

Wild oxen, bears, and wolves, now roused from their lairs and pastures, might have warned him that he was leaving the haunts of man; but they hurried by him, flying or menacing in vain. Bogs, fens, and thickets were no obstacles to him. He allowed nothing to divert him from the pursuit of the boar which would ever and anon stop suddenly, turn round upon his pursuer, and rend the earth with his tusks, as though in defiance, but dared not await his foe. The only fear or concern Pudens had, was lest his generous steed should be jaded; and this apprehension was not groundless, for his sleek hide was rudely torn with thorns, and large drops of mingled blood and sweat distained his reeking flanks, while his nether parts were completely incased in mire. After having pursued this reckless chase till his horse almost sank beneath him, Pudens had the satisfaction to perceive that the strength of the boar, too, began to flag.

The poor beast, as though conscious that he

not fly much further, turned round again
on, as if determined to hazard a closer
and on one of these occasions received
in his shoulder, which reduced his
a limp. He was, however, by no
subdued: with a ferocity almost un-
, he tore the arrow from his bleeding
sawed it to fragments, and tossed them
in the air; and then, with a howl, leaped into
the stream which bounded his path. Pudens
boldly followed. The opposite bank
steep one, and defied the efforts of the
to scale it, which was therefore driven back
his opponent; but all Pudens's exertions
were vain to prevent his horse from
making a retreat. The poor creature, out
of element, and seeing the menacing atti-
tude of the boar, raised himself up on his hinder
legs and there stood with protruded eyes,
dilated nostrils, and cowering ears, the sweat
running down his cheeks, and the white foam pen-
ning from his mouth. Pudens quickly dis-
mounted; and drawing his right trusty sword,
leaped into the stream, and advanced towards
his tremendous foe. The boar, with mane
like a compacted ridge of steel, and
like burning coals, stood with his back

towards the opposite bank, and his tusks almost buried in the mud, collecting his remaining strength for one decisive effort.

The combat which ensued made Pudens think his wrestle with the wolf no gentle pastime;—but it ended in the beast being slain, and our hero's carrying away, as the trophies of his triumph, the boar's head, and—an arm furrowed by his tusks from the elbow to the shoulder!

Pudens having recovered his breath, and slaked his thirst, and having also tended his horse to the best of his power, began for the first time to think of his companions. He shouted to them with all his might, but in vain; for no voice, save the echo's, replied to his vociferations. He next climbed a high tree, to command a more extended view; but, alas! could see nothing but a boundless forest environing him on all sides; and such a forest as seemed to promise no very desirable shelter for the night. Wolves, and bears, and what was still more formidable, hordes of wild bulls (Q), of a milk-white colour, with thick hanging manes like lions, which they almost equalled in strength and ferocity, tenanted those dreary recesses; the long marshy grass, and dank poisonous weeds, afforded asylum

the most noisome reptiles ; while the very
 seemed to be inhabited, not so much by
 as by wild cats, which leaped from bough
 bough. Pudens, however, felt too much
 to experience any overpowering dismay,
 wisely availed himself of the few remaining
 of daylight to prosecute his way in the
 direction in which the wood seemed the least

After proceeding for a considerable distance,
 climbed another tree, and was rejoiced to
 that a little further on, the forest termi-
 nated in an open plain ; and he fancied, too,
 that he could descry a flock of sheep in the
 distance. Hither, therefore, he bent his course ;
 after having traversed a far wider space
 than that which seemed to separate him from
 the sheep, he perceived that his imaginary
 sheep were metamorphosed into stones, and
 these stones were none other than those
 forming the temple of Stonehenge !

Though he was disappointed in finding him-
 self so remote from human habitations, yet
 the discovery prompted him to visit the scene of
 his former adventures ; more particularly as he
 thought it would serve as a starting point.

He looked on the altar on which he was

to have been sacrificed, an involuntary shudder thrilled through his frame; and he could not help feeling a sensation resembling superstition as he gazed on the rocking Logan. This superstition, however, did not deter him from a close inspection of this formidable ordeal on which his life had not long since depended; and he at once detected the artifice by which it was managed: for he beheld inserted between the pivot and the socket, the identical pebble which had almost made this test prove fatal to himself; and which indeed had been placed there by the wounded Ovate for that purpose.

The evening was now drawing her dusky mantle over the face of nature, like a fond mother hushing her little one; when the sky began to lower, and the fitful gusts of wind which had howled through the forest, were succeeded by a sullen calm, in which all motion seemed suspended, except that of the wheeling curlew, whose low flight augured a coming storm. Pudens, observing these indications, began to look around, that perchance he might find a sheltered pillow; and happily caught sight of a cromlech, which seemed peculiarly adapted to afford protection in such an emergency.

A cromlech, as most of my readers are probably aware, consists of two or more perpendicular stones supporting a horizontal stone, which is generally somewhat inclined, as the supporters are rarely of an equal height. The space included forms a cell, from under the rocky canopy of which oracular responses were frequently given. This, however, does not appear to have been the use to which this particular erection was applied; for it was narrow, and from its dimensions seemed rather designed for the repose of candidates for initiation into the mysteries of Druidism, of whom it was required, as we have stated, that they should pass the eve of their mystical inauguration in the sacred cell. The stone which formed the roof, seemed to have been once a rocking stone, which, having lost its equilibrium, had been used for its present purpose; for it projected beyond the higher supporter so much, as to be nearly balanced upon it, and thus of itself afforded no mean shelter, without the confinement of the interior of the cell.

Here, then, Pudens took his seat, reclining his back against this massy pillar, and watching a large sable cloud which rose from the horizon;

and which assumed the fantastic appearance of an immense eagle with outstretched wings irradiated by frequent corruscations of the electric fluid. Every moment served to compact its form, and to condense it into solidity till at last it seemed to hover in mid-heaven—the very bird of Jove, grasping the lightning in his talons.

Exhausted with fatigue, wearied with watching it, and foreseeing that it was but the harbinger of a storm of no ordinary violence Pudens crept into the cell; and in a few moments was rapt in a profound sleep, undisturbed by the lightning and the rain, though they almost threatened to rive or dissolve his rocky canopy.

CHAPTER VI.

Here found they covert drear :

Scarce images of life; one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways, in a dismal cirque
Of druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain began at shut of eve.

* * * *

Prone he lay, chin uppermost,

As though in pain.
Above him, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow raised, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus;
As tiger passioned, lion thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains.

KEATES'S HYPERION, BOOK 2.

DENS had not slept long under the shelter
cromlech, before he was awakened by a
of thunder, which seemed not only to
the adamantine walls of his dormitory,
to shake the very earth on which he was
ng. When this noise had subsided, the
inct sound of footsteps caught his ear;
flash of lightning at that moment re-

vealed to him the forms of two human beings, coming from different directions, and, apparently, meeting casually within a few paces of his domicile. It struck him that one figure was not wholly unknown to him; and his attention being excited, he overheard the following conversation—"Ha!" said the one to the other, "whither are you wending your course to-night? it must, surely, be some hazardous enterprise which could have induced you to beard our God Taranis in his own den, and when he seems so angry too."

"What, father, is that you?" interrupted the other, "who would have expected to meet you here on such a night as this? You are better acquainted with these holy precincts than I am, pray find some shelter for us. I never was out in such a storm before; the lightning——"

Just at this instant, a flash of lightning lighted up the whole hemisphere, and enabled Pudens to discover that the two persons were the wounded Ovate and the widow's accuser; both hurrying to the cromlech in which he was lying.

"Here," said the Ovate to his companion striking one of the stones, "here we shall find shelter. I am afraid that this cromlech will

not contain us both ; but if you will creep in I will seat myself under the over-lapping roof-stone, which happens to be just in the right direction to shelter us from the storm."

"Nay," said his companion, "I am no priest, and I would not bury myself in such a cavern, for all the flocks on this plain. I should be afraid that your God Taranis would hurl down the whole fabric upon me for profaning his haunts ; or that he, or Hæsus, or, perhaps, some accursed Roman, would just put one of your pebbles (alluding to the rocking-logan) before my door, and I should be buried alive."

It may be imagined that Pudens did not listen to this last sentence unmoved. However, the speaker resumed ; "Priests need not be afraid of the gods, therefore do you rest here, and I'll mount guard against all Romans ; for I have my trusty dirk with me, the point of which not long ago, was felt by a Roman officer whose corpse some of my clansmen drew hither to be sacrificed, on this very spot, at our last great meeting."

"You slew him, then, did you?" rejoined the Ovate. "I wish that you had slain the whole nation, or, at all events, that you had slain a companion of his, who pretty nearly

crippled me on that same night ; and who owes no thanks to me that he was not roasted instead of the corpse. However, I think I will lay me down in this cell," said he, turning towards its entrance.

Cold perspiration bathed the whole body of Pudens, as he heard this resolve. It was impossible to crawl out without being observed ; and, confined as he was, he was quite at their mercy ; for he scarcely had room to turn, much less to defend himself.

The Ovate was groping about to find the entrance, when, suddenly, to the inexpressible relief of Pudens, he altered his intention ; and observed to his friend, "that as they could not well converse if thus separated, as he had some important business to confer with him upon, he would seat himself by his side."

They accordingly took their seats under the projecting stone, when the conversation was thus continued by the Uchelwyr: "I was just directing my steps towards your house, when this storm obliged me to fly to the nearest shelter I could find."

"By Taranis," replied the Ovate, "that is strange enough ; for I had left my house purposely to pay you a visit, and am driven into the same port by the same storm."

possibly," resumed the Uchelwyr, "our
 , too, may have been somewhat similar ;
 we could not have had a more fitting
 to talk it over."

Well," inquired the Ovate, "what business
 u be plotting meet for such a place as

hy, to come to the point without further
 ple," replied the Uchelwyr, "I am
 d in a favourite scheme of mine."

What is that?" inquired the Ovate.

have been thinking," said the Uchelwyr,
 the King's daughter would be no unmeet
 for my son: Frothall, you know, is
 v to the King of the Durotriges,* and will
 probably, succeed to that principality.

will, in that case, need some powerful
 enable him to maintain possession of it,
 alliance of Arviragus seemed to me very
 le: nor, indeed, would the marriage be
 antageous to Arviragus, as he seems
 for the territories of the Durotriges
 ng upon his own, and he being anxious
 n one extensive alliance against the
 s, he cannot be at all averse to the
 ."

* The Durotriges inhabited Dorsetshire.

“What, then, can prevent the accomplishment of your wishes ?” asked the Ovate.

“Why just that which prevented my getting you that old widow’s land which overlooks and spoils your estate,” replied the Uchelwyr.

“What do you mean ?” said the Ovate.

“I mean,” answered the Uchelwyr, “the interference of that mongrel Roman, Pudens, as they call him.”

“The curse of Taranis upon that fellow,” rejoined the Ovate, striking the ground with his staff; “he seems to have crossed the seas purposely to annoy me, and every one belonging to me. But how does he stand in your way ?”

“I will tell you,” replied the Uchelwyr; “when I made my proposals to the King, he said, that before he gave me a definite answer, he would mention the matter to his son. Well, what must that young fool do, but ask his sister about it. She began whining and mumbling something about Pudens teaching her this and that, and from what I infer from the behaviour of Brennus, who strongly took Pudens’s part in a dispute between him and my son at the King’s table last night, as well as from the behaviour of the girl herself, I fear that if that piebald Roman stands in the way, my son has not the best chance of success. However, the

matter is to be finally decided on the day after to-morrow."

"Nay," said the priest, "we must not be thwarted by a boy."

"What must be done, then, father?" asked the lord.

"Why, we must get him out of the way," answered the priest.

"But at the King's house, petted by the family, and a favourite of the household, it is no easy matter to get him out of the way;" replied the lord.

"Why did not you lay some plot for him when he was out hunting this morning?" said the priest; "he might have been easily decoyed from his companions."

"Yes, father," answered the lord, "but suppose my son, or even myself, were to have attacked him when alone; let me tell you that he is a desperate fellow, as your own wound bears witness, and it is not certain that we should have made sure work of it; and then, what a scrape we should find ourselves in, for assaulting a royal guest!"

"You don't understand me," said the priest, scoffingly; "none but a fool risks force, when the same thing may be accomplished by stratagem."

"But, father," replied the lord, "to tell you

the truth, I am one of those fools who do not like stratagems, for I always find myself outwitted. I can use my arm with the best; but my head is not, perhaps, a match for some. I never got up but one plot, as you call it, in my life; namely, that accursed plot to get the widow's land for you, which was so clumsily managed, that the success was worse than the design, though the design, between ourselves, was not altogether to my mind. Nay, I should prefer chastising the fellow with my own hand, for his impertinent interference on this occasion, and for making the people hoot me."

"Well," said the priest, "if I succeed in getting him out of the way, will you swear that the widow's house shall be mine?"

"It is impossible for me to do that," replied the lord, "while the widow lives; for after the foolish noise about the black ram, we cannot meddle any more with that business just yet."

"A curse upon the black ram," said the priest; "will you promise that I shall have it when she is dead?"

"Why—yes," responded the lord, hesitatingly; "if you will get the King's daughter for my son, I will promise the widow's house when

es, though it should cost half my lands to
it for you."

ery well, let this be a bargain," said the

es," said the lord, "it is a bargain; but
e, now, father, how do you propose to
of young Pudens?"

have hardly thought the matter over
ently," answered the Priest, "to answer
question; but I will promise you that it
e done. Let me see;" he continued, in
ing tone, "we can't very well take him
poison, because that would excite sus-
; nor can we very well induce the
try to despatch him, because, you tell
at he is a favourite among them. There
jections, too, against decoying him out of
urse in a hunting party, though that
the most feasible plan. However, it
s not now to decide upon the means;
ge you my word that it shall be done;
en, remember that the widow's cottage
nds are mine; that is—after her death."
t at the conclusion of this cold-blooded
n, a tremendous peal of thunder, accom-
d by the most awful flash of lightning,
e roar and flame of a thousand pieces of

artillery, burst over their heads, and so agitated the atmosphere, that the rocking logan rolled fearfully.

A pause of several minutes ensued, during which perfect silence prevailed, disturbed only by the grating of the oscillating stone, and the low murmurs of the Uchelwyr's voice, who was muttering to himself the names of all the British Pantheon. Even the stony heart of the priest was momentarily subdued by the terrible voice of nature; and he durst not give language to his foul machinations.

The lord, being appalled by the silence, was the first to resume the conversation, by addressing his companion, in the name of their God Teut, to change the topic of discourse. The obdurate heart of the Ovate had by this time recovered its wonted callousness, the storm having now, apparently, spent its fury; and he gave a fiendish laugh at the terror of his friend whose knees very perceptibly smote each other. "I'm—not—afraid;" said the Uchelwyr, in reply to his objurgation, while his chattering teeth, and hollow, trembling voice, belied his assertion. "I'm—not—a-f-r-a-i-d, or, at least," said he, correcting himself, as a vivid gleam of lightning revealed to him the agitation of the

ogian stone; "I should not be afraid if I were
by myself."

Scarcely were these words uttered, when all
the remaining fury of the tempest concentrated
in one terrific volley, burst, with stunning
noise just above them, and actually shivered off
a splinter of one of the supporters of the stone
which sheltered them. "Ye Gods!" shrieked
the Uchelwyr, falling on his knees and clench-
ing his hands together, "spare me, oh, spare
me! I repent! I repent!"

"Peace," said the Ovate; "let us sit nearer
each other; it will be over soon. The Roman
may live for ever, for me."

The violence of the storm began now, un-
equivocally, to abate; and the priest mani-
fested his returning audacity by exclaiming,
"What fools we both were to be so frightened;
but it must be confessed that to see the lightning
split the stone on which a man is sitting is a
little alarming! However, it is all over now!"

The impious priest now resumed his infernal
projects, as though they had never been disturbed;
but his companion's drowsiness increased as the
storm diminished, until, at last, slumber over-
came him. The Ovate, also, thinking that his
more timid friend might feel some repugnance

to renew the discussion, after a while began to compose himself to sleep.

Pudens listened with intense anxiety to hear the deep-drawn breath of slumber, from the Ovate and his Sire ; and, after some time, was delighted to hear one of them snore very sonorously ; but, unhappily, it was a solo ;—the air and no accompaniment.

Minutes appeared almost as months to him as he tried, in vain, to catch the note of another sleeper. At length he seemed to recognise it, and was just about to crawl out of his horrible dormitory, when the Ovate moved and began, with some little violence, to awake his fellow slumberer. Now, thought Pudens, I am certainly discovered ; and his heart began to faint within him. His danger, however, he soon perceived was not so immediate as he had at first apprehended ; for the Ovate showed no disposition to molest him, but having roused his companion, sufficiently to make him sensible, exclaimed triumphantly, “ I have thought of a plot, and I have to thank you for furnishing me with the hint. This very cromlech, against which we are leaning, shall be that young caitiff’s last couch.”

Here Pudens almost groaned audibly ; but the Ovate continued—“ He is, as you know

inquisitive about our mysteries, and I will be a friend of him, and persuade him to be fully initiated into them by keeping vigil in the cell. There let me once get him, and I will show him mysteries, such as he will never see, I ween ! The place, I declare, seems very much made for such a purpose, and Teutobach must have suggested the plan !”

In vain did he listen for the assent of his sleeping companion, who had collapsed into the most noisy somnolence.

The Ovate wished to examine the adaptation of the cell for the purpose proposed ; but it happened, most fortunately, that part of the apartment was under his partner, and could not rise without disturbing him. He was, therefore, compelled to remain quiet, and having discharged his mind of anxious thoughts, and having discharged his mind of anxious anxiety, he soon fell asleep, and his nasal intonations, blended with those of the Ovate, fell upon Pudens’s ear, more pleasant, more welcome, than the most ravishing melody !

Pudens, I need hardly say, did not remain long after this in his sepulchral cell. He awoke for a moment, however, with his attention strained to the utmost, and, with horror,

heard a few broken sentences muttered by the Ovate in his restless slumber ; among which he distinguished the words, “ Romans ”—“ vigil of death ”—“ mysteries ”—“ ha ! ha ! ha ! ” and again, “ Taranis ”—“ lightnings ”—“ spare me ” accompanied with indistinct sounds, resembling alternate groans and laughter, which chilled his very blood. It seemed as though the slumberer were himself either apprehending or suffering violence, or laughing at its infliction.

It was evident that these mutterings were but the terrors of a conscience, not to be lulled by sleep ; or, as Pudens expressed it, “ The furies lashing a guilty spirit in its slumbers. As they were, however, indubitable indications of sleep, though but a feverish state of it, he ventured to creep cautiously forth.

No captive ever left his dungeon with a lighter heart ;—for his pleasure was altogether indescribable. As soon, however, as this ecstasy had subsided, his next impulse was a desire of vengeance. There lay his two enemies defenceless before him, and a weapon provided for him ; for the Uchelwyr’s dirk hung loose at his side. Pudens seized this dirk, and raised his hand to inflict a blow, but had hardly determined in which bosom to sheath it. H

caused for a moment to decide, and his heart revolted from the perpetration of a cold-blooded murder. He, therefore, placed the dirk in his own girdle, and having appropriated the private's staff, hurried off, resolved to leave his comrades to the tortures of their own consciences, and to his future revenge, and to consult only his own safety.

He had not gone far before he happened to stumble against a piece of thong, which had been used as a cord to draw the wicker waggon; and determining to make use of it to secure his victims, he threw a noose round them, and fastened the end of it to the stone against which they were leaning, purposing to leave them thus bound to slumber on; and, in duet, or solo, or recitative, to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Having done this, he pursued his flight; but he had not proceeded more than a stone's cast, when feeling an irresistible inclination to give them some slight token of his remembrance; he hurled a large stone at them, and was not displeased to hear, by a heavy crush and a loud cry which succeeded, that it had not been altogether without effect, though to that extent he could not judge, as his own escape too much occupied his thoughts.

CHAPTER VII.

Straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the head of him who sat beneath.

MILTON'S SAMSON AGONISTES.

PUDENS effected his escape without meeting with any further adventure. In his fight indeed, he met two serfs, who eyed his Roman costume somewhat ferociously, and seemed inclined to commence an affray; but when they scanned his fine figure, and caught sight of the formidable dirk, they were content to allow him to pass on without any further expression of their hatred than an angry scowl. This however, tended to make him more sensible of his hazardous situation, in a country where it was unsafe to appear alone in a Roman

rb, and caused him more duly to appreciate the value of the spoil which he had taken from his sleeping foe.

His first object was to recover his horse ; but it was gone from the place where he had gathered it, and he began to think that there was some evil spell against him, connected with the temple and its precincts.

On looking around him, he saw some blue smoke, rising apparently from a hut in the skirts of the forest, to which he directed his steps, and soon found himself at the entrance of a decent little cottage. On inquiring his way of a middle-aged female, who appeared to be the matron of the house, he was told that it was precisely the opposite to that which he had chosen ; he was glad, therefore, of an invitation to partake of some refreshments.

He was a little surprised at the cordiality of his reception, notwithstanding the almost proverbial hospitality of the inhabitants ; for he had reason to be but too sensible of their prejudice to the Roman garb. But any misgivings which he felt, were dispelled in the course of conversation over his meal ; for his hostess informed him, to his

astonishment, that a Roman dress, notwithstanding the abhorrence in which it was held by some of her countrymen, should never want a shelter, while she had a roof; for, indeed, she said, that it was entirely owing to a young Roman that she now had a home. She then related the story of the black ram; by which it appeared that she was the widow whose cause he had espoused. His hostess having thus revealed herself, Pudens thought he could not do better than follow her example; and I will leave my readers to imagine the grateful delight of the widow, on finding that her present guest was her late defender. As she almost overwhelmed Pudens with her thanks, he told her, that she was much less indebted to him, than to the spirited conduct of her son. At the mention of her son, she shook her head, and said,

“ I pray Teut that no harm may come to my son for that; but you must know,” said she, turning to Pudens, “ that we have strong foes to contend against; and I am very anxious now about my poor son, for my days would be but few, even if my enemies would let me finish them peacefully, if any harm were to happen to him.”

You need not alarm yourself, my good son," added Pudens; "for I can assure you your son is safe, having hunted with him yesterday. He undertook to be my guide through the forest; but my horse being fleetest of his, I unfortunately left him and the rest of the company behind."

"Oh, Sir," said the widow, "but he did not get home last night, which I think he would have done had nothing happened, as he had promised that he should do so, for a few days to guard my house; and not without some occasion," she added, "if I dare tell all; for wise people do not say all they know, and good people do not lightly speak evil of God's servants."

While she was uttering this last sentence, the stamping of a horse's hoofs were heard, and the son looking out at the door, who should appear but the son himself. The mother ran out to meet, and to embrace him; but he, seeing the guest, passed her by, with a slight salutation, and welcomed Pudens, with such extravagant demonstrations of joy as could be hardly expected for. Ryno, however, (for that was his name,) soon explained his conduct.

“I thought,” said he, “I should never more see you. We shouted and called for you, and I wandered about the forest seeking you, until it was dark ; when, just as I was about giving you up for lost, this poor jade horse, which I have ridden this morning, and which, you see, is the one you rode yesterday, trotted up to me as fast as his tired limbs could move, and then dropt down with exhaustion. Perceiving that the reins were broken, and that his shoulders were stained with blood, I thought that some evil accident had befallen you. It was, however, too dark to make further search, and I, therefore, kindled a fire in the forest, and rested, if rest it might be called, until day-break, when I continued my search until I found myself near home. But oh ! to find you *both* safe was more than I expected, particularly as I saw fires flaming in different directions, the sight of which, with the fury of the storm, and the howls of the wild beasts which haunt the forest, made me pass such a night as I hope never to pass again.”

When Ryno had finished his own story, he asked Pudens for an account of his adventure

and particularly desired him to relate the cause of his horse being so stained with blood ; which the latter told him arose from the circumstance of his having carried the boar's head for some distance before them, intending to take it as a trophy.

Pudens had not finished his narrative, when they were interrupted by a violent noise at the door ; and on looking out, Ryno saw the lord who had accused his mother, and two peasants with him. Concluding that their design was to take forcible possession of the cottage, he seized the Ovate's staff which was behind the door, and ran to prevent their entrance ; at the same time, requesting Pudens to reach down a couple of javelins which were hung against the wall, and to come to his assistance.

"Open the door, and let me come in," said the Uchelwyr, advancing a little before his two attendants.

"Not so," said Ryno ; "you must first tell me what you want."

"I want to come in," answered the Uchelwyr.

"That is very likely," replied Ryno ; "but I want you to stay out ; and out you shall stay, until you tell me your business."

“Villain!” exclaimed the angry lord; “you know who I am?”

“Yes, I know you,” answered Ryno; “a false accuser of a poor widow.”

“Blood and thunder!” raved the infuriated Uchelwyr. “Do you mean to let me or do you mean to have your cottage burnt to the ground?”

“I mean neither the one nor the other,” answered Ryno, firmly, “until I know your business.”

“My business is, then, to demand the murderer of the priest, whom you are harbouring at your peril,” said the Uchelwyr.

“There is no murderer harboured here,” said Ryno, coolly, “if that is your business.”

“Let me come in and see,” demanded the Uchelwyr.

“Let the head-strong old fool come in, if he wants,” said Pudens. “I warrant me, we can defend ourselves against him, and against a hundred such fellows as he has brought with him.”

So saying, he put one javelin into Ryno’s hands, and retained the other himself, while Ryno threw open the door.

The Uchelwyr no sooner looked in, than

aw the Ovate's staff. He, therefore, turned round, and beckoned to the two peasants to come forward :—

“ Follow me—follow me !” said he to them ; “ we are right enough now.”

“ I knew that it was but a pretext to murder my mother,” said Ryno to Pudens ; “ but would have this proud lord know, that a weapon must find its way through my heart, before it reaches hers.”

“ Perhaps it may reach his own first,” said Pudens.

“ Do your duty—do your duty ; your lives shall answer for his if he escapes,” said the lord, addressing his men.

All three now came rushing forward, as though prepared to make a desperate attack ; and the widow, thinking that she might contribute something to the general defence, was about to seize the Ovate's staff, which her son had exchanged for the javelin, when the Wchelwyr made a snatch at it. This was the commencement of hostilities, and a general scuffle ensued ; which, however, lasted only for a moment ; for Ryno, thinking that the primary object of this visit was to eject his mother by violence, sprang forward, and

thrust his weapon through the body of the assailant.

The lord dropt dead upon the threshold and the peasants, taking to flight at the death of their leader, were followed and secured by Pudens.

The faces of these peasants being very well known to Ryno, he asked them what could have induced them to attack a poor lone widow's house, in such a brutal manner; but they replied, that, being the Uchelwyr's swine herds, he had commanded them to accompany him in endeavouring to discover the murderer of the priest.

There seemed some mystery about this alleged murder of a priest, which neither Pudens nor Ryno were able to solve; but upon further inquiry, the peasants gave them the following account.—As they were going to their work in the morning, they had met a young Roman very much like Pudens, making the best of his way in the direction of the widow's cottage. They had not gone far, before they heard their master's voice calling them, and saw him limping towards them. He told them that some person had just murdered a priest and had almost broken his own leg with a stone

and asked them if they had seen any one near. They informed him that they had met a young Roman, and also told him what direction he had taken; on which the Uchelwyr immediately commanded them to follow him. They accordingly all provided themselves with clubs, and making as much haste as they could, had happened, on their way, to pass the widow's house, where they had stopped to inquire whether they had seen the Roman. They had no intention, they said, to harm the widow; nor did they believe their lord had; but he having shouted to them that he had seen the priest's staff, they had concluded, that the murderer must have brought it there; and had accordingly done their best to secure him.

This tale was so simple that it seemed impossible to disbelieve it; and yet so mysterious, that it was almost as difficult to comprehend. It was, therefore, agreed that Pudens, Gwyno, and the two peasants, should proceed to the place where the murder was alleged to have been committed, and there solve the mystery, as best they might.

They accordingly proceeded to Stonehenge; and there they saw the body of the Ovate crushed beneath a huge stone, and so disfigured

that it could hardly be identified. The truth now flashed across the mind of Pudens. He had secured the extremity of the thong to the superincumbent stone of the cromlech ; and in all probability, the priest and his companions being awakened suddenly by the missile which he had hurled at them, and endeavouring to extricate themselves from their fetters, had precipitated the roof stone upon the priest. Thus, apparently, ended his infamous life, on the very spot where he had twice plotted against Pudens, and by the very means by which he had designed to murder him—his mischief literally descending upon his own head.

“ Verily, Ryno,” said Pudens, as he turned away his eyes in horror from this revolting spectacle, “ your priests are not wrong in saying that the gods, in some measure, direct human affairs. We have both, innocently, and almost unintentionally slain our foes : you have killed the traducer and oppressor of your mother ; and I the man, who has impiously endeavoured by the instruments of his own religion, and the ordeal of justice, to shed my blood.”

This question being settled, it was arranged that as there was but one horse in the com-

namely the King's, upon which Pudens then mounted, and as Ryno knew his way to the royal residence, that he should ride on immediately, and inform the family of the King's welfare ; and that Pudens should refer for the present to the widow's cottage, to meet her at this crisis.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that the two were absolved from all blame in the late transaction.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
 Perstringis aures ; jam litui strepunt ;
 Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
 Terret equos equitumque vultus.
 Audire magnos jam videor duces,
 Non indecoro pulvere sordidos.

HOR., LIB. II, OD. I.

Lo ! now the clarion's voice I hear,
 Its threat'ning murmurs pierce my ear ;
 And in thy lines with brazen breath,
 The trumpet sounds the charge of death ;
 Now—now, the flash of brandished arms affright
 The flying steed, and mars the rider's sight !
 Panting with terror I survey,
 The martial host in dread array ;
 The chiefs how valiant, and how just !
 Defiled with not inglorious dust.

FRANCIS

PUDENS returned to the widow's cottage
 and he and the widow conversed together
 it grew late, but Ryno did not return. The
 circumstance caused Pudens considerable a

noyance, as he was anxious to render an account of his adventures to the family of Arviragus ; particularly, as he did not know how far his rival might turn his absence to his own advantage ; and he had learned from the conversation between the Ovate and the Uchelwyr, that Roscrana's fate was to be decided on the day after the morrow. The yellow fiend, however, did not so disturb his tranquillity, but that, as evening advanced, he unceremoniously dropped off into a profound slumber, in the midst of one of mine hostess's prosy tales.

The widow was by no means inclined to follow his example : for a thousand misgivings and maternal fears began to corrode her mind, when the conversation ceased, and she had leisure to reflect on the deeds of the morning. Ever and anon would she start from her seat, and look out and listen at the door ; and, smooth to say, she heard other sounds besides those of the night winds, which her perturbed fancy represented to be the shrieks of the ghost which had commenced its wanderings from her threshold. Her terrors, however, were not altogether imaginary ; for lights, like distant watch-fires, began to gleam in the

horizon ; and she heard, or fancied that she heard, the clang of the gong or shield, with which the Britons were wont to summon their hosts to arms.

She resolved now to wake Pudens ; but as she was approaching him, he seemed wrapped in such a profound sleep, that she kindly forbore, and returned more anxious than ever to her post of observation. After watching for a little while, a beacon light began to rear its crest from the summit of Old Sarum's hill, which she knew was an unequivocal alarm, only lighted up in cases of extreme urgency. She was no longer, therefore, hesitated to arouse her slumbering guest.

His first act, on being awakened, was to thank her for delivering him from his disagreeable dream ; for, owing possibly to the uncomfortable position into which he had collapsed, his imagination had mixed all the horrible terrors which the widow had told him into his dream ; and he thought that an airy shape bearing the semblance of his brave friend Brennus, had appeared to him, his face pale and bloody, and the stars shining through his form.

In the midst of his relation of this dre

Pudens was interrupted by the sound of several footsteps approaching the house. The widow, peeping through a crevice of the door, saw a number of armed men advancing with torches ; who, as her son was not among them, she took it for granted, were come to attack her house. In a moment, the timorous mother was transformed into the courageous heroine, and she ran to all parts of the house for weapons, while Pudens attempted to fortify it.

A violent knocking was now heard, which she wished to reply to, by throwing a brand taken from her hearth into the midst of the assailants ; but Pudens counselled her at least to ascertain their purpose which she accordingly demanded. He was answered at once by some half-dozen voices, each rendering the other unintelligible. This the widow thought a sufficient declaration of hostility ; so, seizing the caldron, in which her son's supper was being cooked, in the corner of the hearth, she stood ready for defence. By this time, the party outside had had the prudence to elect a speaker, who soon gave the besieged to understand, that the Romans had made an attack, and that they were on their way to the

scene of action, and had called upon the widow's son to accompany them.

On being informed that young Ryno was absent, they departed without further delay, and glad would Pudens have been to accompany them; but the widow begged him to remain for her protection.

The night was still; and as they listened at the door, they caught the alternating, and sometimes confused sounds of the distant trampling of horses—the softened clangour of the trumpet—the thrilling, but subdued, reverberations of the smitten war shield—and occasionally, an indistinct murmur apparent of mingled shouts and groans. As these sounds fell upon the ears of Pudens, his hand clenched his dagger, and his eyes darted fire, and he strode backwards and forwards, evincing more impatience than the war-horse, when the trumpet's hoarse bray makes him breathe flames from his distended nostrils, and paw the ground till it smokes beneath his hoofs.

About midnight they heard a noise, as of flight and pursuit, near their dwelling; and before they had time to make preparations for their defence, two horsemen were at their door. One of them, a Roman officer, instantly threat-

himself off his horse, and with sword in hand burst in upon them. Pudens immediately dashed forth to close in with him. With arms raised, and weapons pointed at each other's breasts, each gazed in his antagonist's face for a moment; when—strange to say—their weapons fell from their hands!

“Pudens!” cried one. “Linus!” said the other; and they embraced with the warmest expressions of friendship.

As soon as their mutual surprise, and more intense emotions, had a little subsided, Linus spoke—

“By Mars, Pudens! I thought that we had long ago taken our last embrace. How came you here? Where have you been? What are you doing? Where is your armour?” adding some half-dozen more questions, without a single pause between.

Pudens, without answering one of them, expounded at least as many more; and they again embraced; at length, Linus, recollecting his business, said—

“This is no time for salutations, my Pudens! Come with me to the battle, or rather to the pursuit, for the battle is over.



“ Battle ! ” exclaimed Pudens. “ Will you fight the battle ? ”

“ Why, with these accursed Britons, ” replied Linus.

Pudens, though most anxious to join his friend, told him that he was entrusted with the protection of the widow, who, he kindly said, had sheltered him ; and that he must not desert her. Linus soon devised a plan for relieving him from his office, and at the same time of enabling him to fulfil his duty. Calling in a soldier of subordinate rank, who had accompanied him, he gave the widow in charge to him, and ordered him to deliver up his horse to Pudens.

Our hero, having reiterated his injunctions for the widow’s safety, tore himself from her supplications ; and he and Linus mounted their horses and galloped off.

Notwithstanding their hurry, however, as might have been expected, they soon slackened their pace, and entered into conversation. Linus being the first to break silence :

“ Well, my Pudens—‘ *Pudens prave!* ’ ” Horace says ; * I am right glad that old Char-

* This seems an unpardonable pun, made by Linus upon

as not cheated you out of your last few halfpence yet."

"I am as glad," replied Pudens, "to think, that he has not made application to you for your fare; though he must have been content, to imagine, to have taken puns from you instead of pence; for I suppose that your spirits are as high, and your exchequer is as low, as ever; eh? my brave fellow!"

"Much as usual," answered Linus;—

— Meo sum pauper in ære :

HOR. EPIS. II, 2.

but let us hear your adventures."

"Nay," said Pudens, willing to fall in with Linus's gay humour as much as possible, as the only way of drawing from him the information he wanted. "Another time I will give you as many puns, and as much poetry, as you please:—

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec LINUS :—

VIRG. ECL. v. 55.

but my story is too long to be begun now; and

the following verse of Horace:—

Cur nescire, *Pudens prave*, quàm discere malo.

De Art. Poet. v. 88.

I am burning with impatience to hear something about this battle. The Britons, you are flying;—was the King there? You fell them quite unexpectedly, did you not? Was it a battle, or a mere skirmish, like that which we parted company?”

“To begin at the end of your catechism replied Linus; “it was a much more reputable affair than that, in every respect; several hundreds of the enemy are slain; and I assure you they fought like blazes,* as Homer says. It began”—

“Ah! when did it begin?” interrupted Pudens; “and were any of the chiefs on either side slain?”

“I was going to tell you,” resumed Linus, “and if you will not interrupt me, I will begin at the beginning, and relate to you all I know about it. Well, you must know that yesterday”—

“Stay,” said Pudens, “let me ask you a question first. Is the King alive or dead?”

“I should hope that, by this time, he is ta

* This, which we now consider a slang expression, is a literal translation of the following line:—

Ὅς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθόμενοι

IL. A. 595.

prisoner," answered Linus, "for we were all in the pursuit of him: but now let me tell my story in my own manner, and then you will know all the particulars."

"Then I beseech you, by Jove, to commence," said Pudens, impatiently.

"Well, then," pursued Linus, "to begin rather to begin again. You must know that yesterday—nay, the day before yesterday, our general sent a detachment from his camp, near Cranbourne Chace, to demand satisfaction of the King of the Belgæ for the attack which some thousands of people had made upon us, when they slew our centurions, and, as we thought, yourself likewise. It happened that, as the deputation passed through the skirts of a forest, on their way in this embassy, our centurion saw a huge pair of antlers lying under a tree. He was struck with their enormous size, and was about to carry them off, when some young upstart of a barbarian chief came up and claimed them as his own, alleging that he had destroyed the roe-deer to which they had belonged. When Pudens, (for the centurion was our old friend Pudens,) felt satisfied of the justice of the claim, after some little altercation, he gave them up;

which he had no sooner done, than the claimant tauntingly said, 'that it was fortunate for him he had done so, or he would have treated him as he had the stag.' The temper of Furens, as you know, answers too to his name to bear such a taunt as this ; he replied, therefore, indignantly 'that if a young fool who had said that, would venture to rest his claim upon *might* rather than *right*, he would undertake not only to recover the horns, but to string him up at one end, and the fellow who was carrying them, at the other.' The upstart braggadocio made no answer, rode a little distance, and then turning round shot an arrow at Furens. The arrow fortunately missed ; and Furens immediately marched up, and wrested the horns out of the hands of their bearer. Hereupon, the claimant rode off to call his companions to his assistance ; as I should have mentioned, there had been a grand hunting match on that day among the Britons, and the party were just returning.

"Well, as ill fate would have it, our party were all straggling and struggling through the brakes of that accursed wood, when the hunters came up ; and before our party could

a shower of arrows fell upon them, of which, I verily believe, brought down many of our men. Our men were, of course, thrown into confusion by this unexpected attack, and the savages, availing themselves of this circumstance, fell upon them with their spears and knives. What could our men do? They did not know their way, and they could not see the number of their enemies; the reverberations of their yells, which were repeated by a hundred echoes, made them seem numberless. A panic seized our troops, and they took to flight; and had only to thank their lucky stars for the escape of their enemies, that any of them had escaped, although, as it was, out of more than fifty choice men, only twenty-three returned to the camp.

Well, as you may suppose, we made our minds for battle and revenge, on the morrow, and in this Fortune particularly favored us; for the tremendous storm extinguished the beacon fires of the barbarians, and the thunder drowned the sound of their spears and shields. However, they were not idle, for next morning, as soon as it was light, we saw them at a great distance pouring in, with their wicker chariots, wicker waggons laden with

women, rough wild-looking horses, and naked fellows running by their side.*

“The numbers were not very unequal. I had eighteen hundred men, among whom was nearly the whole of the ninth legion, and I suppose the barbarians had rather more than two thousand effective men, besides an immense crowd of women and priests, who they ranged round as spectators. They were foolishly deceived, by the number of the latter, into the vain hope of surrounding me, and therefore divided their army into two wings; the one nearer me being led by a young chief, the son of the King I present, and the other by their King in person. The King came to the battle in a magnificent chariot, with an old bard by his side; and several Druids seemed to attend him. Arviragus—for this is the name, by which the barbarians call the King—dismounted, and began to address his army, adverting to all the usual topics likely to inspire them, and telling them ‘that they were now called upon to defend not only their wives and children,’ to whom he pointed as the witnesses of their valour, ‘and their freedom,’ which he told them they enjoyed while they saw their countrymen around

* Tac. Agr., &c., 119, 120.

d as slaves, and even as beasts of bur-
but that they were to fight for that
was dearer than even freedom itself
r religion; which,' he said, 'had sought
t refuge among them. The altars of
ods,' he told them, 'were almost within
and their gods themselves evinced, by
unders with which they had rent the
s on the night before, that they would
ffer their holy fanes to be violated.'
erefore, conjured them, by the sacred
hich had so often lighted up those
by the midnight hymns in which
ad mingled their praises; and by the
al happiness which, he said, their
had taught, and their gods alone could
and valour and virtue alone could
to pursue the cowards, as he was
to call us, who had fled before them
ay.

have just given you the *topica*, as
calls them," continued Linus; "but
rse I have not done justice to the
n's eloquence, as my memory is not
t retentive."

y," replied Pudens, who had been
g with great impatience; "I think that
agination has supplied its deficiencies;

tell me truly, now, did Arviragus make a speech like the one you have reported? or did he make one at all? or if he did, were you witness to the hearing? or have you been getting up this way of exercise in declamation?"

"By Mercury, then," said Linus, "he made an oration, as near as I can recollect to what I have related; and to tell you the truth, I never heard in our college at Versailles, or from any one of our Greek sophists at Rome, a more elegant harangue. If I have substituted any *topica* of my own, it has been entirely unintentional, and only because I have been revolving this speech in my mind, as a good theme for my next declamation. But to appreciate the excellence of the barbarian speech, you should have seen the patriotic glow, the martial ardour, the divine enthusiasm, and the speak, which lighted up the countenance of the speaker. It is enough to say, that although he was my enemy, I thought I had never seen a finer fellow in my life.

"But to return from my digression, the barbarians raised a most terrific shout at the close of this address; the Drum went, from rank to rank, to encourage the men; but that, which had the greatest effect upon them, was a war-song, struck

old silvery-haired bard, dressed in a long mantle, with a harp in his hand. There have been some magic in that old man's for a few sweeps seemed to inspirit to madness: the very horses champed, took their flowing manes, and plunged the wild horses of Thessaly, when stung dragon-fly. For my own part, although at a distance, and not perfectly understanding the language, every line seemed to breathe with the sentiment—

Dulce et decorum est,

Pro patria mori!

Pudens waxed visibly impatient.

"I see you are extremely impatient," said Linus; "but I will make no more observations."

All, after this war-song, their battalions; their veterans rushing forward to be led by their King, who, alighting from his car, went on foot; and the young men rallying round the young chief, who led them in a recent scythed chariot; to give the Romans their due, what with the glitter of their arms, and the bright colour of their

I.

L.

tartans, which their principal men wore, among whom were here and there a priest in white and a bard in blue—their appearance certainly very imposing. Our general, of course, did not forget to harangue us, but his speech was cut very short by the impetuosity of our foes. I must now describe to you the order of the battle. The Frisian cohort—”

“We will discuss the order of the battle when we have more leisure,” interrupted Pudens ; “but what was the result ?”

“Why, we cut them off almost to a man,” answered Linus ; “but for all that we have much to boast of, for—”

“What became of the King ?” interrupted Pudens.

“He escaped, I believe, as I told you before,” replied Linus.

“Ay, you did so, I recollect,” said Pudens ; “but did you hear anything about his family ?”

“Nothing at all,” Linus replied.

“Well, let us press forward,” said Pudens ; “I am anxious to—”

The rest of this sentence was drowned in the clangour of his horse’s hoofs, as he urged

all speed. This speed, however, was moderated by Linus, who begged to remember that he had ridden all in pursuit of the foe. After a considerable time, Pudens resumed the conversation. "You know what became of the young

"Now thus much," answered his friend, "the young barbarian almost turned the reins against us several times. By Jove, he was like his own bloody Hesus,* to whom we sacrificed a hecatomb of our men. His sword scarcely struck the sounding boss of the buckler, before he was in the midst of our ranks, or I should rather say had gone through them; for, as the barbarians tried to surround us, we were obliged to weaken our ranks by drawing them out as long as possible. This young savage, followed by a few desperate fellows, drove his scythed chariot along in front of our lines, like lightning, at the same time throwing javelins, and cutting with his arms, till our horses became so confused that they almost trampled each other. It was no use to hurl your javelins at him, for if you threw them direct, he had

* The British Mars.

gone forward an immense distance before they could have reached him ; and when some of our javelins were all aimed a little in advance, he stopped his horses, galloping at full speed, and turning them round suddenly, flew in quite a different direction. When he saw our cavalry in confusion, he rushed into the very midst of us, and with those terrible accursed scythes at the wheels, mowed down like grass. I am almost ashamed to mention it, but really he twice drove through our ranks, despite all our efforts to oppose him. I think what seems almost incredible is, that one of our men having seized his horse's rein, he pulled along the pole, and thrust a javelin into the fellow's throat, and regained his seat in perfect ease, while his chariot was in full speed ; and when he saw our javelins flying after his chariot, he leaped out amongst us with no other defence than his bronzed buckler, and laid about him with his sword, like another Cæsar. Our men were panic-struck, they could not be made to believe that they were contending with a mortal, and fled from him as if he had been Mars himself ; and it was almost impossible to rally them. Indeed, I feel certain that the day would have been

lost, if our general had not, just at this crisis, sent me up with a fresh detachment, by whom the brave fellow was surrounded, and escape was rendered impossible. However, he was not dismayed, but resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. We offered to spare it if he would surrender himself peaceably; but he scornfully asked whether we could be such fools as to hope to glut our eyes with the spectacle of himself walking in chains at our triumph. The thought seemed to goad him to madness; he fought tenfold more desperately, —and at last fell, covered with wounds.”

CHAPTER IX.

The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smok
Before the icy wind slow rolls away.

There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors.

SHELLEY'S QUEEN MAB.

As Pudens and Linus pursued their way
the former detailing the events of the recent
battle, and the latter listening with a tearful
and a heavy heart to the glorious, but fatal
exploits of Brennus, they approached a large
fire, which, like the radiant column that guided
the wanderings of the Hebrews of old, had
served to direct their benighted steps. Melancholy,
indeed, was the spectacle which the lurid glare
of this fire revealed to them, and as well
worthy of being exhibited by such

; for this light proceeded from the funeral
!

On entering the Roman camp, they found
quietude and activity ; for, with the exception
of a few who had returned from the pur-
suits and who had fallen asleep in the midst of
slumber, from sheer exhaustion and fatigue,
the rest were idle.

Some were, with soldiers' stealthy tears,
embracing their relatives or comrades to the
earth ; others were tending the wounded ;
some were securing prisoners ; and others
were dividing together the spoil. Here, persons
were turning over the heaps of mangled bodies
to find their friends ; and there two or three
were contending for the right of paying the last
rites to some disfigured corpse, which
they claimed, but none could identify.

The battle had been comparatively incon-
siderable, as far as the numbers of the contend-
ing parties were concerned, but it had been
marked with prodigious carnage ; for the
Romans fought desperately ; and after their
King had been slain, and their King had
been defeated, many rushed recklessly upon
the swords of the Romans. Some, indeed, not
forgetting their wives and little ones where they

had left them, or where they fancied they were for in their distraction they often deceived themselves,—returned again to the unequal contest; while many of the poor peasantry even reported to have slain their wives and children, prompted by a mixture of despair and cruel compassion, lest they should fall into the hands of their hardly more merciless victors. As may be supposed, Pudens beheld this scene with emotions which he cared not to manifest, feeling that they could meet with no sympathy in this moment of excitement. It was to him as though one of his friends had slain and equally beloved by him. Neither the victors nor the vanquished were *his* foes; and when the sounds of preparation for a carouse and victory fell in heart-revolting dissonance to his ears, he, instinctively as it were, strode away from the Roman camp, and passed silently and sorrowfully into the deserted quarters of the Britons.

Here all was still as death; for indeed scarce aught but death surrounded him, except now and then a feeble groan was heard from some indiscriminate heap, where the supercumbent load of chill mortality seemed to press out the waning, but still lingering, life of

wounded and helpless. There was no stir here, but that of the pillaging conqueror stripping the slain.

While walking with commiserating step among heaps of mangled remains, half wishing, half fearing, to find the gory remains of his late friend, the brave and generous Brennus, he heard a noise, as if of a person digging; and on directing his sight to the quarter from whence it proceeded, beheld at a slight distance from him, the venerable figure of old Morgan, who was vainly attempting to drag a body into a grave, which, with infinite toil, he had prepared for it. Pudens advanced to lend him assistance; but the old man, seeing his Roman garb, but not discerning his features, told him mockingly, that there were no spoils to be had there. Nor did he seem much more amicably disposed when he recognized the voice of Pudens; for he called him traitor, and charged him with betraying his benefactors to the Romans; adding, moreover, that the King was now well aware what a viper he had nursed in his bosom, although poor Brennus had persisted to the last in his credulity. "Think not, however," the faithful bard continued, with an impotent menace, "think not to spoil his

corpse ; for old as I am, it shall not be touch'd by a foe, while I live to defend it."

Pudens was inexpressibly hurt at this charge of treachery ; but at length succeeded, although not without great difficulty, in persuading the bard that his absence had been quite accidental, and that the assault of the Romans had been wholly unexpected, nor indeed known to him until within a few hours. A few manly tears which fell hot upon the old man's hand, Pudens beheld the blood-stained features of his late friend, and recalled the many noble traits in his character, were more convincing than eloquence ; and the faithful minstrel at length allowed him to assist in performing the last sad office of friendship.

Pudens found it necessary to deepen the grave very considerably ; for the feeble hands of the old bard had scarcely enabled him, though with infinite toil, to penetrate the earth, soft and turfy as it was, to the depth of about a foot and a half. As they were proceeding in their labours, which were much delayed by the unsuitableness of their rude instruments, their attention was arrested by the whinings of a dog ; and on looking round, to their great surprise, they beheld the faithful

Luath, whose sagacity it appeared had conducted him hither, unknown to his master, and who was now alternately licking the unconscious corpse of poor Brennus, and barking for assistance. It was not long before the affectionate creature discovered the old bard ; upon which, he seized the skirts of his long blue robe, and endeavoured to drag him to the body ; and when he had got him near it, again resumed his own attentions, mingling his caresses with the most touching expressions of affliction. Hitherto, he had taken no notice of Pudens, who remained in the grave continuing his mournful labours ; but when old Morgan attempted to raise the head of the corpse in order to dispose it more decently, and seemed hardly adequate to the task, the sagacious Luath, after having in vain applied his own feeble aid, ran off to Pudens for assistance, as fast as his old limbs could carry him.

But perhaps the most affecting circumstance of all was, that when the body was laid in its last resting-place, the affectionate animal leapt into the grave, and at every fresh handful of earth thrown in, looked piteously up at the tear-bedewed faces of Pudens and the bard, as though to ask, ' Is *this* necessary too ? ' Nor would he for some time allow the mould to

obscure the features of his loved master, scratched it away with the tenderness of a mother brushing the dust from the delicate cheek of her infant. At last the faithful animal, seeing these labours unavailing, covered and defended the cherished remains with his body ; and although himself half buried, could only be dragged away by force.

A handsomely carved brazen knife, which poor Brennus was in the habit of wearing suspended from his girdle, was laid beneath his head ;* while on either side were placed four pointed arrows, which had been collected from the battle-field, and his limbs were enveloped in his tartan.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud they bound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

A barrow was afterwards raised over the chief and his brave companions ; and for nearly a century, a moss-covered stone pointed to the curious traveller the peculiar chamber of death in which he reposed.

As for poor Luath—for Luath too shall have one tear—neither soothings nor threatenings

* They have laid their swords under their heads.
Ezekiel XXXII, v. 27.

could induce this affectionate creature to quit the grave of his loved master. In vain did the bard call him—in vain did Pudens try to secure him; in vain did the Romans afterwards attempt to induce him to quit it by placing the most savoury viands at a little distance. The viands remained untouched—the grave undeserted. Luath maintained his post during the brief remainder of his existence, which, as he refused all sustenance, continued but for a few days, at the expiration of which time, he was honourably interred by the Romans, who placed a stone on his grave inscribed “To Fidelity!” (R)

The old bard resolved that the heroic young chief should not remain unsung, and took up his harp, telling Pudens to go his way, for that he was determined not to stir from the grave of his friend. Pudens, however, after trying many persuasives in vain, told him that to pursue such conduct, were to desert Arviragus and Roscrana, just when they most needed his counsels and consolation. He, therefore, reluctantly and sorrowfully turned away, exclaiming, in the bitterness of his heart, as his hand swept instinctively over his harp, “Oh! Brennus! Brennus! thy country’s pride! I

mourn thee not now, lest the Romans rejoice
but the daughters of Britain shall weep at
fate, and the bards of future times shall strike
their harps at thy grave.”(S)

CHAPTER X.

Capulet (to Juliet). Having now provided
 Gentleman of princely parentage,
 Fair demesnes, youthful and nobly trained.
 If'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Portion'd as one's heart could wish a man.—

* * * * *
 Answer 'I'll not wed,'—'I cannot love,'—
 'I am too young,'—'I pray you pardon me,'—
 'If you will not wed, I'll pardon you.'

* * * * *
Juliet (to Nurse). Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
 much.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

WE must now check the course of our
 narrative a little, having in our hurry to get
 forward, lost sight of our heroine; to rejoin
 her, we must retrace our steps to her
 father's dwelling, where we left her on the
 morning of the eventful hunt.

The King had purposely remained at home,
 to have an opportunity of conversing privately
 with Roscrana, on the subject of young

Frothall's proposals. He told her that she now attained an age, when it was custom for British virgins to marry, and that the proposed alliance seemed to him a suitable one; but that, though he had an undoubted right to dispose of her as he might think proper, yet that he wished to consult her inclinations. He added, however, by wishing to give them a bias towards his own wish, that if she desired to emulate the glory of her ancestors, she now had an opportunity as the wife of Frothall, she would soon probably become a queen, and might threaten another Boadicea, or Martia.

"I know, father," replied Roscrana, "that you have the power of disposing of me as you think proper, and you know that you will have occasion to *command* me, for I shall endeavour to do as I think you wish me to do. I hope that you do not wish me to marry, then I must leave you, and Brennus, and my father Morgan. Besides, father," she continued, "I am learning the Roman language, and am doing many other things, which Pudens is teaching me, and which I do not believe that Frothall himself knows."

"You cannot tell what Frothall knows,"

plied her father; "and as for leaving us—
y you need not go alone, you may take
h you, your kind nurse, Ana, the herb
man, and her daughter, who I thought was
great favourite of yours, and as many of
ur companions as you like."

"Yes, father," replied Roscrana, "but I
ve all these around me now, and you, and
ennus, and old Morgan too."

"Ay, and Pudens besides; have you not,
y girl?" said Arviragus, archly.

Roscrana's cheek crimsoned a little at this
inted question; but she seemed unconscious
it, and replied with that simplicity and
nsparency of soul which characterized her;
Yes, father, and I like Pudens a great deal
ter than Frothall."

Arviragus could not help smiling at this
leless confession, and observed, "that she
uld not always have her friends at her
ht hand."

"Nay, father," she said; "it is for that
y reason, that I want to keep them as long
I can."

So saying, she threw her fair arms round her
her's neck adding, in an irresistibly coaxing
ne:

“ I am sure, father, if you knew how hard my home makes me, you would not wish to leave it.”

The parental tenderness of Arviragus, which during this colloquy, had maintained a severe struggle with his ambition, now gained complete ascendancy; and he replied, “ Nay, child, I do not wish you to leave your home for you are my only daughter,” added kissing her; “ ay, and the image of your poor mother,” he subjoined, as he parted her flowing tresses, which had concealed her face, and now beheld her dark blue eyes, lighted up with a smile, though the tear of affection trembled there.

An attentive observer might have perceived a solitary drop of moisture, very much like a tear, stealing its silent course even down the warrior's manly cheek; which was, however, indignantly brushed away as soon as it was covered.

As Arviragus appeared to himself to have manifested a weakness of which he felt ashamed, he sent away Roscrana, satisfied with a mixture of pettishness and kindness. “ Go away, child, and feed your hare, and your chickens;” muttering to himself as he

she was gone, "That girl always wheedles over to do as *she* wishes, by seeming always ready to do what *I* wish; and yet nine times out of ten, our wishes are contrary. Just like her mother—just like her mother. It is very provoking, that I can never have my own way; and yet she is a good girl."

Although, however, Arviragus had allowed himself to be wheedled over, as he expressed on the present occasion, he did not altogether renounce his views; resolved rather to defer, than to abandon the fulfilment of them. Other matters of a more exciting, if not of a more important nature, occupied his thoughts at the return of the hunters.

Roscrana had spent more time than usual on her toilette, making preparation for her appearance at the feast which was to crown the huntsmen's toil; but what was her surprise, when on hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs, and going with the rest of the household to welcome their return, she saw a courier, covered with blood, and dirt, urging his horse at full speed. On arriving at the royal residence, the rider leapt from his seat and paused for a moment to recover breath—which

moment revealed him to be Brennus—thrusting the Roman eagle at his father's feet, and, as he could, related the rencontre in the skirts of the forest on their return. Others of the party soon came up, some wounded, some bearing spoil. A council was immediately called, and each man related the event differently; but they all agreed, as might have been expected, in representing the aggression to have been on the part of the Romans. Poor Arviragus was sadly confused, but he thought that the only circumstance in which they all agreed must at all events be correct, and "war! war! to the sword's hilt!" was the determination.

Among all the different relations of this most unexpected event, none was listened to with more attention, or appeared to the general probability to have more probability, than that of the young Frothall; who stated that a party of Romans came up, and without any provocation fell upon them, and wrested from the hands of his attendants the horns of the mervin deer which he had killed. He added that it was his firm belief, that they had been instigated by Pudens, as they had received provocation from himself. The whole p

witnessed the quarrel between him and
 during their meal at noon, and there-
 his surmise did not appear altogether
 at foundation; and what seemed to
 additional probability was, that Pudens
 en seen by many of them, riding off at
 lop, away from the rest of the company,
 on after.

“this be as this young man has re-
 ed it,” said the court justiciary, who
 w come up, and who was considered
 the most sagacious counsellors of the
 “if this be so, Pudens must be in
 ondition with the Romans, and we are
 ayed.”

“we are all betrayed!” was echoed by the
 y of voices.

nus pleaded in his young friend’s de-
 out in vain. His absence was of itself
 nt to condemn him; and even the
 icious heart of Arviragus began to
 symptoms of mistrust.

present was no time, however, to enter
 more full investigation as to the com-
 ment of this affair, for the Romans had
 d them with revenge on the morrow;
 e only question for them now to discuss

was, whether they should wait for the attack or whether they should commence it. Flushed with their partial victory, they resolved on the latter alternative; and the fatal result has already related.

Few situations could be more trying than that of Roscrana, during the night which preceded the morn of battle. Obligated to retire to her own apartment with old Ana and Leah and her daughter, nothing reached her ears but certain sounds, and exaggerated rumours.

Ana kindly undertook the office of comforter.

“Don't let my lady grieve,” said she; “you should offer food to a strange dog, and he should snap at your fingers, your kindness would be just the same, as though he had shewn himself more grateful.”

“What do you mean?” said Roscrana.

“Why sure, my dear child,—Mistress Leah and Roscrana, I mean,” replied the attendant, “I have heard that the young Roman, whom our Arch-Druid picked up under a hedge, and whom our father has made so much of— he has got together an army of 10,000 Romans, and means to burn our palace.”

“What do you say, Ana?” repeated Leah and Roscrana, half stupified with amazement.

The old herb woman repeated her story with some further exaggerations.

“It cannot be; I am sure it cannot be;” said Roscrana, wringing her hands.

“It’s certain, true,—I’m sure of it,” replied Ana; “and I always thought, that it would come to that, for did ye not see, Mistress Roscrana, he did not wear *braccæ**, as your father and brother do? I do not like these tlandish folks, and never did.”

Roscrana turned pale, and could only reply, “I don’t believe it;—I don’t believe it; and *will* know the truth.”

So saying she opened the door, and met her mother, who was just coming to wish her farewell, of whom she inquired the truth of old Ana’s narrative, though less with the view of making than confirming her opinion, as to the innocence of Pudens.

Brennus told her, that he would stake his own honour for that of Pudens; though at

Nothing in the costume of the Britons and Gauls appeared so to distinguish them from the Romans, as their *braccæ*, or breeches. The inhabitants of Narbonensian Gaul were called *Brachati Galli*, from this part of their costume; and Martial alludes to—*Veteres Braccæ Britis pauperis*.—See a note by Aldus appended to the *Elzevir* of *Cæs.* p. 539.

present no one knew where he was, or what had become of him: "You may tell him," added the generous warrior, "if I do not come home again,—and you know your sister, that fighting is sometimes dangerous work—you may tell him, that I maintained my honour—ay, despite of them all; and betide the man who gainsays it—if I do not return."

The last words were undesignedly spoken in an ominous kind of tone, which really alarmed Brennus himself, and diverted Rosina's thoughts from Pudens to her brother. She threw her arms round her brother's neck, though she would have clung there for ever, vainly using all the eloquence of feminine sorrow to induce him to stay at home, as she feigned, to protect her.

Brennus, feeling himself somewhat spirits, and attributing this feeling to the fatigues of the day, called for a shell of spiced mead; but while it was being prepared, he wisely bethought himself, that it were better to avoid the unmanning effect of another party, and, therefore, hastened away, contenting himself with calling out, "Farewell, Rosy, farewell!" And "Farewell" was mournfully echoed

by the walls of his father's hall, which had
reverberated—but were now to rever-
berate no more, with his mirth-inspiring voice.
Similar, but from some inexplicable cause,
a painful parting scene occurred between Ros-
crana and her father, and her fortitude was once
tried in bidding her dear old Morgan

She did think that *his* age-stricken
might have been spared the fatigues and
of war; but old Morgan's harp could not
be moved, and no hand could so effectively
pluck its chords as his own. But I like not to
ponder on the sorrows of a young heart; and
the harp, *after farewell*, tolled upon Roscrana's
ears, like the desolating sound of the
death-clock, when, at midnight, its sad, and
solemn notes, fall, one after the
other, with benumbing influence, upon the
deaf ear of the solitary captive.

But she remitted none of her attentions,
as they were little heeded; and, poor
girl, she was *obliged* to drink copiously of
the sweet mead, which had been unsparingly
reserved for Brennus, because neither her daugh-
ter nor Roscrana would touch it!

Roscrana could better sympathise with Ros-
crana for she was somewhat similarly situated;

as there was a kind of under-current of affection which united her heart with that of the husband, although "she never spoke of love." This is not the place to mention these private feelings.

The nurse in vain endeavoured to persuade upon the "young people" to retire to bed, but as they persisted in remaining up, and she could not sit still without saying something, she thus broke the silence, which had lasted a wearisome half-hour:—"That's a very young youth, and a very proper person—that young Frothall—does not my lady think so?"

Roscrana was too much absorbed in grief to reply; old Ana, therefore, touched another chord;—"Who could have thought that the holiness, the Arch Druid, could have been duped by that Pu—Pu—what do you think of him?"—"Pudens," prompted her daughter, "Should have been so duped by him, then, if he had introduced him to us. For my own part I suspected something wrong, for, as I said before, I have no opinion of people who don't have their braccæ, and I longed to whisper in the Arch Druid's ear, to tell him so. And now you see we have twenty thousand Romans brought against us."

scrana rather angrily interrupted her, sending her, that she had mentioned but ten sand before; and telling her further, that rother had said, that Pudens was in nowise ected with this invasion; and that the only d for this scandalous charge was, his g lost himself in the forest.

h! well," said Ana, "if he is lost in that, the truth will never be known; and if dy thinks that he is innocent—he is inno- but I could have wished, that he had *braccæ*, too, were it only that he might been decently buried in them. But it not signify, for most likely he will be car- way by the fairies before morning; or per- oe changed into a raven(T), as one of your tors was."

h, mother, mother," blubbered forth the woman's daughter, at this period of the urse, "I hope Ryno, who is gone after will not be changed into a raven."

t is not unlikely; but then don't cry ild," answered the mother, "I recollect well when your uncle Guiderius died, same raven—for his long, shining, plumage, could not be mistaken,) e, and perched for an hour upon

your favourite willow ; and again, when your mother died, he flew three times round the house ; and indeed they say, that whenever a person of the family is to die, this raven always appears."

Roscrana's cheeks had waxed paler and paler as she listened to the account of the raven ; at last she burst into tears, crying out " Oh, Ana ! don't say so ; for I saw that very raven to-day."

Old Ana was so alarmed at hearing this, that after having failed in persuading either Roscrana or her daughter to take a draught of spiced mead, to keep up their spirits, she was *obliged* to drain the remainder herself !

The fears of the party were enhanced by a violent storm, which had now commenced. The door of their apartment was burst open by the wind, and discovered to them the flames of the beacon fire at a little distance. The heart-thrilling sound of the stricken shield was replied to by the barking and howling of the dogs around the house. But what alarmed them, more than all besides, was, that as the wind swept through the crevices of the hall, with that hollow murmur which precedes a storm, Brennus's harp emitted a lugubrious sound, which Ana could

l to the shriek of some newly made ghost,
torn from its quivering tenement, by the
t of the storm.

e rain dashing down the central smoke
almost extinguished the fire, which
directly under it ; and old Ana, who was
ulting the magical crystal, was obliged
discontinue her labours, because there
not light enough to render it of any
ce. Bran, whose strength had been
t exhausted by the fatigues of the chase,
hed near them, in an agony of terror,
e thunder rolled, or the lightning played
d their apartment : and Luath, who had
there not long before, and whose exit
been unobserved, was nowhere to be
l.

loud voices of the guards, who garrisoned
palace, were subdued to a whisper, or en-
hushed ; and what is yet more marvel-
Ana's gossiping tongue was still during
hole time the storm lasted, except when
ger interval than usual occurred between
eals, and then she found courage to say
' she never recollected a thunder storm so
n the year, but once before, and that was
her husband died ; and then a fine fat hog

of her's," she said, "was killed by the lightning as it was eating acorns under the Druids' oak."

Here her story was cut short by another peal of thunder.

Happily this horrible night of suspense was shortened to poor Roscrana; for she wept herself asleep at day break, and might have remained asleep until the following noon, had she not been disturbed by old Ana, to listen to a recital of the following ominous occurrence. She stated, that as soon as it was light, she had endeavoured to divine the event of the battle, seeing which way a hare would run; and accordingly let down Roscrana's favourite hare from her lap, for this purpose, when, to her horror a strange dog, which she supposed had been brought by some of the hunters, pursued it, and notwithstanding Bran had run to its rescue and had killed the dog, yet the hare was much injured, as to be in a dying condition.

"Now you know, Mistress Roscrana," said she, "that nothing in the world forebodes so much evil as any harm happening to a hare for the great Queen Boadicea gave all up and was lost, when she saw her hare run among the Romans."(U)

While this story was being related, Br

me in, carrying the dying hare, with as much gentleness, as if it had been one of her own puppies, and laid it at her mistress's feet, where it survived only a few moments. The death of the hare was deemed the worst omen of all: and though at any other time, Roscrana would have been afflicted at her loss, she now regarded that as the least part of her trouble.

As the day advanced, rumour after rumour reached them, conveyed with more than the usual celerity of evil tidings; for the moment a person had received any intelligence, he communicated it, with a loud voice, to some person near him, and thus it was propagated from mouth to mouth, throughout a wide district, with incredible velocity. Each rumour appeared more melancholy than the last, until a climax was put to their woe, by the intelligence of the death of Brennus.

From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul,—Brennus is dead!"

MOORE.

CHAPTER XI.

At night, he said—and look, 'tis near—
 Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
 Soon will his murderous band be near,
 And I shall see thee bleed and die.

* * * * *

Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet ;
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat.

LALLA ROO

But foremost came the carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye :
 Now stop, now stop, thou false traitoure,
 Nor carry that ladye away.

THE CHILD OF EL

YOUNG Frothall had been present at battle, and having seen the brave Brennus his devoted band overwhelmed, had, in company with the greater number of his surviving countrymen, consulted his safety by flight. Aragus remained, gallantly sustaining the attack, and, by almost incredible feats of valour

estimated the overpowered courage of his army ; but a rumour had gone forth that he was slain, which, unlike many other rumours, was at least based on probability ; it appearing almost impossible for him to have escaped death or captivity.

In this state of things Frothall not only provided for his own security, but devised a stratagem which promised him the possession of the person of Roscrana. Having arrived at a safe halting-place, he thus exposed his design to as many of his followers as he found around him.

“ My brave companions,” said he, “ I have not had an opportunity before of explaining to you the purpose of this hasty march ; but it is not proper to conceal from you, any longer, that I am upon the King’s errand, and shall need your assistance. I was commanded by Arviragus,” he continued, “ that in case the event of the battle seemed doubtful, I should immediately repair to the palace, and convey away his daughter to some place of safety. This we may now accomplish, if we make due speed ; and you may rely on it, the King will handsomely reward every man of you who is instrumental in doing such good service.”

Nothing seemed more probable, than that he had been entrusted with such a commission ; and a stout band, some of whom were induced by the hope of lucre, and some by higher motives, mustered round him, and proceeded, with great alacrity, to carry it into execution.

They arrived at the royal residence, when Frothall immediately communicated his pretended orders to the council there assembled. It may serve as an illustration how the counsels of the wise oft-times savour of folly,* while those of the ignorant are founded in wisdom, to give a sketch of the speeches made by Ana and the Court Justiciary, on the opposite sides of the question on this occasion.

Old Ana said, that it seemed marvellous to her, that if the King had given such orders, that he had not sent his ring, or some other credentials, with the messenger ; particularly as that messenger was, barring all irreverence, but a young man, to be entrusted with such an important commission.

The sage justiciary, was, unquestionably, in the absence of old Morgan, the first councillor of the state ; but whether he was annoyed, that he had not had an opportunity of opening the

* The greatest clerks ben not the wisest men.—*Chaucer.*

discussion, and was, therefore, **determined** to oppose any suggestion not emanating from himself; or whether he acted from **honest conviction** is uncertain, but he imperiously **interrupted** old Anna:—

“Tush, woman,” said he, **collecting** himself into an oracular posture, while **his brow**, (to adopt a simile of Shakspeare’s) **was** wrought into as many lines as the map of the world with the addition of the Indies, “Tush, woman! It is the characteristic of thy sex to confound wisdom by words without **knowledge**; and an old woman’s advice is **another term** for folly. Go, cull thy **simples** and tend thy porringer; but darken **not** the chamber of counsel with thy **presence.**” Then turning away from her, he **addressed** himself to his compeers, as his countenance radiated with self-complacency at having **delivered** himself of such a triumphant rebuke.

“Is the battle-field,” said he, “**my friends**, a place to choose your messenger; and when the Roman’s sword is at your throat, **is it a season** to be dallying with rings? The **youth** of the messenger, far from being a disqualification, is the best security for the due **conduct** of such a hazardous enterprise; the importance of the

commission itself is the best credential of its genuineness."

So saying, the old man turned himself upon his toe as nimbly as a dry leaf is whisked round the corner of an orchard walk by some little whirlwind.* Nor was this lofty and empty harangue "rapturous only to himself." On the contrary, the whole assembly received it with infinite applause; and no one, at the time, doubted but that it was inspired by Teut.

The speech, which Herodotus† records to have been made by a Persian in the army of Mardonius, who foresaw the fatal issue of the invasion of Greece, would now have become Ana:— "Those things which are ordained by God cannot be averted by man. It is the most bitter of all the misfortunes of mortals to know what is advisable and prudent, but not to be able to effect it." Old Ana, however, was no philosopher; and, therefore, instead of moralising thus, or attempting a reply, though, as she afterwards declared she had an excellent one ready, she went out muttering to her-

* This ludicrous simile occurred in a letter of Dr. H. Moore's in Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, quoted by Sir W. Scott, in his notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

† Calliope, c. 16.

“Wo’s the day! wo’s the day! all this
es of the raven!”

ld Ana was not faithless, although on some
sions she was foolish; and she was deter-
ed not to desert Roscrana in this moment
eril.

oor Roscrana, indeed, needed all the assist-
which she could obtain, for she was so
-stricken, as to be almost powerless.
hout any opposition, therefore, on her
Frothall placed her and her attendants,
and her daughter, in a light wicker car, and
ened away, with all the speed in his
er.

oung Ryno, the widow’s son, who had just
e up from Stonehenge, and now first
e acquainted with the momentous events,
h had taken place within the last
ty-four hours, was allowed to accompany
n. They pursued their course, in almost
ect silence, for grief and anxiety, as to the
e of this daring enterprize, had hushed
y voice but that of Ana; but she was
acious, even in sorrow. Poor Roscrana
red but one sentence, and that was to
re Ana to keep close to her.

Yes, my dear child,” said the faithful

attendant, for when the heart uses its own language, it forgets titles—"yes, my dear child, that I will."

Then she again soliloquized :

"To think of that brave young man being slain! The whole world could not produce such another! His voice was always the loudest in the song—and his foot the lightest in the dance! Every body in the house loved him—and yet he tormented us almost to death! How often has he frightened me, till my face was as white as the Arch Druid's robes, with ghost stories; but then he always gave me some spiced mead afterwards. I am afraid I seemed too angry with him for some of his pranks; but I did not mean any harm, and I hope he did not think so;—but who shall tell him that now?"

Then she wrung her hands and sobbed, until Frothall, alarmed lest they should be discovered, came up to silence her, when she took the opportunity to inquire, whether Brennus was likely to be buried in a proper manner—

"For," said she, "I am sure that his spirit will never rest, if his sword is not laid under his head."

They had now arrived at the summit of a little hill, whence they saw a detachment of Roman horse; and soon perceived, from their accelerated speed, that they had not themselves eluded observation.

“What is to be done, now?” inquired Frothall, anxiously.

“Fight them!” answered Ryno.

“They are too many for us; let each man save himself,” said Frothall, at the same time setting the example, by galloping off in the direction of a neighbouring wood. In a moment, his men were dispersed in all directions, and Roscrana was left without a single male attendant except Ryno; who refused to desert his mistress.

When the Romans came up, and peeping into the wicker-car, saw only an old woman and two girls, they would probably have given vent to their disappointment, by some act of cruelty, had it not been for a singular circumstance. One Marius, a privateer, belonging to the colony, at Clausentum, attempted to remove Roscrana's hands from her face, which in her affliction she had covered; when old Ana, unable to brook this indignity to her mistress,

gave him a severe cuff, accompanied with the inquiry—

“ Is it for a brachless serf like you to look in the face of the King’s daughter ?”

Marius of course readily pardoned the blow on the ear, when he was assured of the value of his capture ; and a strong guard was immediately organized to escort the whole party, including Ryno, to the General’s quarters, where for the present we must leave them.

It is not to be supposed that, in a crisis like the present, Arviragus was inactive. We left him in the battle field, and there we must rejoin him ; for, as soon might the fell tigress be expected to resign one of her cubs peacefully to the ravisher, as the mighty spirit of Arviragus to see his son fall unrevenged. He beheld the fatal issue of the unequal contest, from a little eminence, as he was leading his army on foot ; and lifting up his hands to Heaven, he muttered an agonizing groan—
“ My son ! My son !”

The colour left his cheeks, his hands sank down upon his thighs, and for a moment his own spirit seemed to have taken her flight, but it was for a moment only. As though she had

left him to seek superhuman succour, and now returned with a larger portion than mortality could contain : his whole frame seemed dilated ; his height towered, and his breast expanded, and he rushed among his foes like a destroying angel.

As well might the waves of a summer sea attempt to stay the flying ship, when Boreas rustles in the sails : as well might the feathery clouds attempt to obstruct the riving lightning : as well might the sunbeam moats attempt to arrest the winged bullet, as the Romans to oppose the advance of Arviragus ! A chasm, such as an earthquake leaves, marked his path from the hillock which he had left, to the spot where Brennus lay. Had ten such spirits as his own been found, the fortune of the day had been reversed—but there he stood alone. A hecatomb of human corpses which his sword had sacrificed in an almost incredibly short space of time, covered the remains of his son ; and he had half resolved with his own body to crown the pile, till the thought of Roscrana darted across his mind.

He looked around, but no friend was near, and, as yet, the path of retreat which he had hewn for himself was unclosed, though the

crowds of foes hovered on either side. Terror seemed to have petrified the Romans ; and they stood motionless as the piled up waves of the Red Sea, when, panic struck, they fell back upon each other, to make way for the armies of Israel.

Arviragus availed himself of his foes' dismay, regained his own little surviving band, which had not deserted him, but were advancing though with unequal steps, to the rescue. With them he made a second charge ; but it was, to use the expression of old Morgan, " the rush of the mountain torrent against the ocean tide." In vain it roars—in vain it foams—its headlong fury avails it nought ! Though it may break billow after billow, and maintain its separate course awhile, yet, unless there be an exhaustless river behind it, its very existence will soon be obliterated. Thus was it with Arviragus. He and his brave followers were forced to retire, before the advancing army of Suetonius, whose general had now rallied them.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood—
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought by their leader's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back,
Towards his home, his gory track.

And, as a lion, swept away,
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride,
From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with the overwhelming tide ;
So fought he back with fierce delay ;
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

MOORE.

Arviragus having seized a horse, made his escape and at length reached his home in safety ; but he was more indebted to the sharpness of his sword, or rather to the strength of his arm, than to the swiftness of his steed : for more than once his pursuers came up with him, and with their dying breath had to curse their temerity in attempting to seize him.

But who shall describe the anguish of his soul, the madness of his rage, when he discovered that he had lost his daughter, and that she had fallen the victim of treachery ! He gnashed his teeth, and tore a handful of hair from his head, coupling the name of Gothall with the direst imprecations that man could utter ; and at the same time cast a glance at the writhing justiciary, which seemed, if I may be allowed the expression, to dissolve its victim ; for, cowering down, and contracting limb after limb, the unhappy councillor seemed almost dwindling into nonentity, under its influence !

There was but one living being in the house who durst encounter the presence of the hearth-riven Prince at this moment ; and that was Bran. The white-breasted Bran, creeping almost on her belly behind him, ventured though she seemed aware that it was at the peril of her life, to lick the hand of her master for had not his agonizing thoughts been in some measure diverted, the most fearful consequences might have ensued.

Bran had well nigh rued the consequences of this ill-timed display of affection, for Arvirgatus turned round angrily, and grasping his sword would probably have severed her head from her body, but that the sagacious animal had retired to a little distance, and thrown herself on her back, with her paws doubled over her breast, in a posture which indicated contrition for her amiable offence, and submission to any punishment her master might think proper to inflict. The Prince was touched, his stern features relaxed, and quitting the hilt of his sword, he clasped his hand together on his breast, saying—

“ Oh, Bran, Bran ! what can the heart be before it breaks ? ”

CHAPTER XII.

The scene

Is now transported, gentles, to **Southampton** :
There is the playhouse now, **there must you sit** ;

* * * *

But till the King come forth, and not till then
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

HENRY V.

WHEN Suetonius had sent to demand satisfaction of Arviragus for the outrage with which this narrative commences, he had not anticipated, and therefore had not provided for such extensive operations, as present circumstances seemed to render necessary. He had merely come with a power sufficient, as he thought, to awe that monarch's daring soul into something like submission ; or at all events to suppress any sudden commotion, should such take place. But events had taken a turn, which no human sagacity could have foreseen ; and though they had not proved altogether unprosperous, yet Suetonius knew the active, indomitable, spirit of Arviragus too well, to

imagine that if he had escaped, the war was an end ; and, moreover, he was of too cautious a disposition, to hazard a defeat for want of having made sufficient preparations.

Under these circumstances, therefore, not having a sufficient force to attack Sorbiodunum, or, indeed, to withstand any formidable combination, should the King be able to raise one, he merely took the necessary steps for the burial of the slain, and removed his camp to Clausentum.

The sequel shewed that he had not mistaken the character of his antagonist ; for Arviragus flew about like a chafed lion, leaving no means untried by which he thought it possible to stimulate the courage of his subjects, or alliciate them. The far sounding reverberations of the war-shield, the heaven-brightening gleam of the beacon-fires, the swift-travelling hue and cry broke in upon the stillness and darkness of midnight ; and terror usurped the place of repose. A burnt stick, the end of which had been dipped in goat's blood, passed from hand to hand through every clan ; announcing the determination of the chieftain to visit with fire and sword every clansman, who should not fly to his assistance at this perilous crisis.

All that human activity could effect, was put into requisition by Arviragus; but the name of Suetonius, the victor of Boadicea, was too formidable for him to contend against. A few brave spirits, like his own, rallied round him; and some from baser motives, hastened to his call: but he could not collect a sufficient army to renew the battle, and attack the camp of Suetonius as he had wished; and was, therefore, compelled to act on the defensive, and to confine his preparations to the fortification of Eboriodunum. Thus employed we must leave him, and hurry off to rejoin Suetonius at Clausentum.

Clausentum was, as we have before stated, the Roman Southampton. It did not, indeed, stand exactly where Southampton now does, for it was situated at a small place called Wittern, about a mile and a half from Southampton, and on the opposite banks of the river Testen.

The site of the present lively and elegant town was then a marsh, overflowed at high water, and bounded by a delta of mud, of which it seemed but a continuation: and shoals of porpoises left their momentary track, where now the indented pavement shows the

impress of thronging multitudes. The inland boundary of this swamp was at that time a dense forest, where elms grew—not as at present, in cathedral like vista, throwing the shade of their arched foliage over that graceful avenue, which forms the approach to the town, and is the healthful and beautiful promenade of the inhabitants; but grouped together in confederated resistance of sun and stars; and with their impervious branches sheltering the lair of the wolf, or affording a covert to the wild ox.

It is true, that races were held then as now, and perhaps over the same course, though not then so well defined: but the contest was between the shaggy bear, and the long maned white bull; and boars and wild cats were among the spectators!

Very different was the state of things at Clausentum. In that nook of land called Bittern, formed by a sweep of the Itchen, which half surrounded it, and where now a solitary house rears its head, was a Roman station of considerable importance. Time, who with equal facility creates and destroys, renovates and demolishes; has just reversed his operations on this side of the river. On the

other we have seen a beautiful town rise, like an exhalation, from the swamps :—on this, we behold the splendid creations of human industry melt away and disappear, like the sun-smitten fabrications of the frost !

At the period of our narrative, the tortuous river Itchen seemed to maintain a perpetual struggle with Roman encroachments, and like a huge serpent appeared to endeavour to crush the Roman eagle in its coils :—

—The snake around his enemy's neck
Lock'd in stiff rings his adamant coil.

After a struggle of nearly eighteen centuries, the Southampton serpent is triumphant, and she now stretches her slimy undulations over the grave of her foe ; but at that period of the struggle she bore in her indented sides the marks of the Roman eagle's talons, and often reflected its gorgeous plumage from her glittering breast.

Instead of the tall yacht, and the stately brig, which now furrow the Itchen, there were then to be seen the cumbrous Roman galley, or the light osier-weaved bark of the Britons.

This station was then the scene of life and

activity, and already abounded with monuments of Roman enterprize. A wall of nine feet thickness, extending from one arm of the river to the other, flanked with round towers at each extremity, and having a large semi-circular castle in the centre, defined and defended its limits by land; while columns and arches, temples and altars, formed its interior adornments. Forums, theatres and baths, were there also, though time has left no vestige of them.

A new road, straight as a Scythian arrow, or, at all events, straight as that iron road which is now just commenced on the opposite bank of the river, and by which the inhabitants of Southampton hope, with their steam-propelled cars, almost to annihilate the distance between themselves and the metropolis, was then in progress, to connect Clausentum with the Belgian city Venta or Winchester.*

In the semi-circular castle or tower, which we have mentioned, was seated Suetonius, on the second day after the battle at Cranbourne chase, with his green book of instructions lying

* This road has been completed for some time; but the text has not been altered, as it serves to shew when the work was written.—ED.

on a table before him, and around him were sitting some of his principal officers.*

“This you think, then, includes all the slain,” said he; addressing an officer who had just presented him a tablet, on which was written a list of the slain and wounded in the late battle.

The officer replied that it was as complete as circumstances would allow, though some few men were yet missing!

Suetonius again inquired, “How many do you make of them?”

“About three hundred,” was the reply.

“What, besides those who fell in the skirmish in the wood?” pursued Suetonius.

“Besides them,” answered the officer.

“Altogether we have lost nearly five hundred then,” observed Suetonius, “not reckoning the centurion Valens, and Pudens, whom these savages killed in the first affray?”

* The ensign of office of the governor of Britain was a book of instructions with a green cover, which, when the Roman dominion was more extensive and settled than at the Era of this tale, had five castles delineated upon it to represent the five British provinces under his dominion. See a very able and interesting epitome of the machinery for governing Britain, and the other provinces of the Roman Empire.—*Pictorial Hist. of England.*

The fiery eyes of Suetonius had been darting flames during this conversation; and he now gave vent to his passion:—"The curse of Mars light on these stubborn barbarians, and upon me too," said he, "if I leave that rebel Arviragus more than six feet of ground for his territories." He then began perusing the list making some remark to himself upon almost every name of note.—"Furens—what is he slain too!—he won't cross the Stygian ferry alone; his good sword has made him some companions, I will warrant. Publius—my brave Publius!—your prodigious strength then, did not avail you! Maximus.—How was Maximus slain?" he inquired of the officer.—

The officer answered, that he had pursued Arviragus, and the King had slain him with his own hand.

"Then the manes of Boadicea are appeased," said Suetonius, "for certainly, Maximus contributed more to her defeat than any other ten men in the army."

The officer made no verbal reply, but looked very much chagrined, and began feeling about a tremendous scar, left by a wound he had received in that battle: Suetonius was too

ment on his list to notice it, and pursued his course, till lighting on a favourite name, he said, "Fidens. Ah, Fidens! I am not surprised that you are among them; but I will revenge you. By Jove! I will exterminate these barbarians."

While he was thus indulging his only foible, his severity, a cavalcade approached the gates, and a soldier immediately announced the capture and arrival of the King's daughter!

Roscrana and old Ana were sent for to appear before Suetonius; but old Ana, like Baalam's ass, instead of moving forward, turned round to talk, and in somewhat disrespectful terms disputed the orders:—"Leave the King's daughter alone," said she to the guard, "until she shall have rested and taken some refreshment: let your master know," she continued, as they did not seem to heed her—"let your master know that we will wait upon him before the sun has doubled his shadow."

"Hold your tongue, you old hag," said Manius, who was somewhat impatient for his expected reward, having kept up a skirmish with Ana nearly the whole of the way.

"Don't call me hag," said Ana indignantly, "I am no hag, but the King's herb-woman;

and my husband was no brachless surf, the li of you, but the royal blacksmith."

She would have added much more, but was checked by Roscrana, who was now ushered into the presence of Suetonius.

Old Ana looked at the majestic, but stern features of Suetonius, and the dignified military appearance of the officers around him, and, for the first time in her life, was effectually silenced.

Want of rest, abstinence from food, and anguish of heart, had given a pale and dejected appearance to the fine features of Roscrana. Her hair was dishevelled, and her eyes were red with weeping ; but sorrow rather than terror was portrayed in her countenance. Suetonius, unfortunately, still had the tablets of mortality in his hand, but for which circumstance, he would, probably, have dismissed Roscrana, unquestioned, to the place assigned for her, until she had a little recovered from her fatigues. When he beheld her, the severity of his countenance relaxed ; but when his eyes again encountered the fatal list, his authority returned :—" Look at this list, maiden," said he, " and see what the rebellion of the

house has cost us, and then tell us what fate thou deservest."

This question aroused in Roscrana the noble spirit of her ancestors, and she was determined not to disgrace them: she therefore collected all her courage, and placing her tresses aside, so as not to prevent her seeing the tablets, which she could not help eyeing with some little satisfaction, as trophies of her country's valour, she answered composedly:—"I know not, proud Roman! what I deserve, because I know not what I have done; but were thy tablets twice as well filled, the death of a thousand of my foes would not compensate me for the loss of one brother."

"But tell me, maiden," replied Suetonius, "had I slain as many of thy father's friends as he hath of mine, and had I fallen into his hands, what would he have done to me?"

"I know not what he would have done to you," Roscrana replied, "but I know that he would not have insulted *your daughter*. He was too kind to his own children to harm those of others."

"Maiden," rejoined Suetonius, somewhat touched, "I meant not to insult thee: I cannot

restore thy brother to thee ; but no one shall harm thyself. While thou art under my protection, thou shalt want for nothing."

Roscrana, who had beheld unmoved all the "pomp and circumstance" of power, was melted to tears by kindness, and said, " Noble Roman, since you know how to conquer in mercy as well as in war, let me ask one favour—tell me whether my father is safe ?"

Suetonius, whose eye had again fallen on the tablets, resumed his severity of aspect at the mention of her father, and answered with less benignity than he had hitherto shewn, " Yes child, yes ; thy father is safe."

Roscrana now withdrew ; and her departure was almost instantly followed by the arrival of Pudens, and the old bard, whom for his greater security, Pudens represented as his prisoner. Suetonius, rightly conjecturing that his services might be useful, in case any negotiation should be entered into between the adverse parties.

The return of the long lost Pudens, and others of his faithful adherents, whom he had numbered among the slain ; the failure of Arviragus' endeavours to organize another army ; and, above all, the capture of the King's daughter—had well nigh intoxicated Suetonius

and produced one of those moments of self-applause and exultation which is the sure precursor of disappointment! When we feel inclined to say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" Let us beware of the fate of Nebuchadnezzar!

The first manifestation of this undue elation was the gift of an enormous reward to Manius for the capture of Roscrana, part of which was expended in the erection of an altar to the tutelary deity of the place. (X)

But to return to Suetonius—Suetonius was reclining at a table, with his officers around him, among whom was Agricola, the future conqueror of Britain, then a young man of about twenty-one years of age, who was listening eagerly to his general's plans of conquest, little conscious that he was the person destined to carry them into execution. The warrior's heart began to kindle with the warmth of some fine old Falernian; and he indulged his excited feelings by instituting a comparison between his own exploits and those of his rival, the famous Roman General Corbulo. "Well," said he, "if I have not *conquered* Britain, I have *preserved* it: for it had well nigh shaken off our yoke. I have subdued

Boadicea, defeated Arviragus, and captured his daughter. Yes," he added, waxing more energetic as he proceeded, "and I have not yet done ; for since that rebel Arviragus has forced me to draw my sword, I will throw away the scabbard, or, at all events, I will not sheath it again until the Roman eagle overshadow every town, from Vectis to Thule." *

With that military ardour, which was the distinguishing trait of his character, he then began to enter into more minute details, pointing out the eligibility of this place for an encampment, and of that for a fortification, the best means of invading such a territory, and of retaining such another in subjection. Pursuing these schemes of conquest, he turned to the young Agricola, who, notwithstanding his youth, possessed marvellous acumen in perceiving, at a glance, the adaptation of a place for any particular military purpose : "I saw you," said he, addressing him ; "I saw you reconnoitering the banks of this estuary ; what can we do here ?"

"I think," replied Agricola, "that we might make here one of the best and safest ports on the island.

* From the Isle of Wight to Shetland.

I sailed hither from Vectis, I could help repeating to myself those lines of

—
 Within a long recess there lies a bay ;
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride ;
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide.”*

“Euge! euge! (excellent! excellent!) my la!” cried Suetonius, “I would that our ships, which were wrecked in the summer, had been lying at anchor here. Many a stout and stouter heart, would have been left in the service of our country.”

“We have yet enough,” said Pudens.

“Lightly spoken,” rejoined Suetonius: and he went on with his plan for the entire conquest of Britain; his schemes extending as his ardour increased.

In the midst of these lofty speculations he was interrupted by a messenger bearing a despatch from Rome.

Suetonius perused the contents of the despatch, which was but a brief one, his cheeks pale, and his lips compressed; and his

* Est in secessu longo locus, &c.

Æn. 1, v. 159.

hand clenched his sword, as though in a paroxysm of rage. He remained for some moments absorbed in mental emotion. At last he threw the despatch across the table, muttering between his teeth, as though to himself: "Nay, my country, it is not for me to harm thee, though thou knowest not thine own weal. See," continued he, addressing his officers,— "see how I am rewarded!"

The despatch was, in fact, a recall to Rome, urging as a pretext his carelessness in not providing a safe port for the shipping.* Thus in a most astonishing manner was fulfilled the prophecy of the Arch Druid; and thus in one moment were annihilated all the magnificent designs of Suetonius. Let those good easy souls who have felt the "nipping frost" of disappointment just when they deemed "full surely their greatness was a ripening"—let them imagine the bitter feelings which Suetonius dissembled as he exclaimed with apparent gaiety, "Ah, well, if it is forbidden us to gather fresh laurels, no one, thank Jove, can deprive us of those which we have gathered."

* This reason is assigned by Tacitus, *Ann. lib. xiv. s. 39.*; but the same author assigns a different cause, (in *Vit. Agric. s. 16. viz. the severity of Suetonius.*

Disappointing, however, as this superseding of Suetonius, it was a most fortunate circumstance for Arviragus; for as the former did not now prosecute the war, and as his successor Petronius Turpilianus, who was of a more severe disposition, had no inclination to renew hostilities, the terms proposed to Arviragus were less humiliating than they otherwise would have been; and consequently, were more readily acquiesced in. There was only one objection to which he felt any very great reluctance; but this was peremptorily insisted on—namely, that Roscrana should be taken to Rome as a hostage for the faithful observance of the treaty.

Under this hard condition, Arviragus, being in the power of his enemy, was at last obliged to consent: and the treaty was finally ratified by a solemn sacrifice to the gods, upon the altar which we have already described as being consecrated to the tutelary deity of Claustrum; and preparations were made for the departure of Roscrana to Rome!

NOTES.

(A).—PAGE 31.

BRITISH TATOOING.

ISODORE describes the mode of tatooing, thus :—"The Britons squeeze the juice of certain herbs into figures made on their bodies with points of needles." From the colouring of these figures, the epithet, "Cærule Britannis," was used by Martial, and "Viridesque Britannos," by Ovid ; but besides these general armorial bearings, the priests of ancient times were accustomed to be branded, or stigmatized with the badge of the god in whose service they ministered : thus Ptolemy Philopator, King of Egypt obtained the surname of Gallus because he was stigmatized, or marked with the leaf of an ivy, the badge of his god, Bacchus, in the same manner as the priests called Galli ; and he evinced his enmity towards the Jews by a decree, that all of the Jews then living in Alexandria should come to be enrolled, and at the time of their enrolment should, under the penalty of being made slaves, have an ivy leaf branded with a hot-iron upon them ; from which cruel decree however, the Jews were rescued by Divine interposition. See PRIDEAUX'S CONNECTION, part 2, b. 2 :*

* See also an account of this persecution in the apocryphal book of Maccabees.

(B).—PAGE 40.

THE MAGICAL CRYSTAL.

The Druids were such adepts in the arts of magic, that Pliny says,* they might have been taken for the instructors of the Persians themselves, from whom this occult science derived its name; and the various implements referred to, have been frequently discovered in the tumuli on Salisbury plain, and elsewhere.

There is a profound dissertation on the magical crystal in Douglas's *Nenia Britannica*, from which I extract the following brief particulars, premising that the subject of his investigation was a small ball of crystal, enclosed in a cap of silver, pendant to two silver rings, found in a tumulus near Chatham:—"It is," says he, "a Druidical speculum, which the Druids pretended would draw down the Logh, the essence of spiritual fire, and presence of Aesar, (God), whenever they consulted the oracle. It prevailed from the remotest period of time, throughout all the British Isles, to the present day. It is the same stone, the use of which is forbidden the Jews. Levit. 22. 1. "Ye shall make you no idols, nor graven image, neither rear you up a standing image, neither shall ye set up any image of stone in your land, which is expounded in the margin;" rear a pillar, or use a pictured stone, the latter being rendered by the 70 $\lambda\iota\theta\omicron\varsigma$ $\sigma\kappa\omicron\pi\omicron\varsigma$, *gemma speculationis*.

As this note is not intended for a practical treatise upon the use of the crystal ball, I do not think myself necessitated to transcribe the lengthy form of conjuration given by Douglas; but I will content myself with copying, for the edification of my readers, the following extract, from the famous astrologer Lily, which will surely dispel any incredulity which may have hitherto lurked in their minds respecting the potency of this magical instrument. "All the

* Nat. Hist. Lib. xxx. cap. 1.

ancient astrologers of England were astonished at my manner of writing, especially one old Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton, and many others, who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology than he could do by the crystal, and use thereof, which he understood as perfectly as any one in England. He resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; in things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal, and invoked for his angels, Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel." Then he gives us the following anecdote, to which I must request my reader's implicit credence. "One John Scott, travelling into Staffordshire, resided with Hodges a month or six weeks. On his return to London, he desired Hodges to show him the person, and features of the person he should marry. Hodges carried him to a field not far from his house, and, pulling out his crystal, bid Scott set his foot to his, and after made him inspect; when, asking him what he saw, he replied—

" 'I see a ruddy complexioned wench, in a red waist-coat, drawing a can of beer.'

" 'She must be your wife,' said Hodges.'

"As Scott was under promise of marriage to another woman, he denied the possibility of this. But two years afterwards, on a journey to Dover, on his return, he put up at an inn, in Canterbury; but, mistaking the pantry for the sitting-room, (an awkward mistake, this, for an hungry traveller!) *he saw the identical girl which was shown to him by Hodges in the crystal, drawing of beer. An attachment soon taking place, he was married to her.* And thus the vision of the crystal was perfectly accomplished!"

I shall add no comments of mine to this authentic little anecdote, further than to observe, that before I

think myself justified in recommending the adoption of the crystal to my fair readers, in lieu of that very satisfactory experiment of drawing a piece of wedding-cake through a ring, and depositing it under their pillow, I must ascertain whether this bright vision of the damsel with ruddy complexion, and still more ruddy garb, had the effect of making the aforesaid John Scott jilt his former innamorata.

The sieve and shears, are thus referred to by Butler, in the 2nd. Canto of Hudibras.

In magic he was deeply read,
 As he that made the brazen head,
 Profoundly skilled in the black art,
 As English Merlin, for his heart ;
 But far more skilful in the spheres,
 Than he was in the sieve and shears.

(C).—PAGE 48.

THE DRUID'S GROVE.

Lucan's description of the Druidical grove is such a masterpiece of its kind, that I shall insert a translation of it, without an apology for the length of the note :—

Not far away, for ages past, had stood
 An old inviolated sacred wood ;
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade :
 There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport,
 Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort ;
 But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
 And lustrate every tree with human gore.
 If mysteries in times of old received,
 And pious ancients be yet believed,

There not the feathered songster builds her nest,
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast ;
There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,
E'en lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
But shivering horror in the branches heaves.
Black springs, with pitchy streams, divide the ground
And bubbling, tumble with a sullen sound.
Old images of forms misshapen stand,
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand ;
With hoary filth begrimed, each ghastly head
Strikes the astonished gazer's soul with dread ;
No gods, who long in common shapes appeared,
Were e'er with such religious awe revered :
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as Fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below ;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green :
With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
The pious worshippers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear :
The priest himself, when, or the day or night
Rolling have reached their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the demon of the grove to meet ;
Who, terrible to sight, at that fixed hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.
This wood, near neighbouring to the encompassed town
Untouched by former wars, remained alone ;
And since the country round it naked stands,
From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.

But, lo! the bolder hands, that should have struck
 With some unusual horror, trembling shook;
 With silent dread and reverence, they surveyed
 The gloom majestic of the sacred shade.
 None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,
 Lest on himself the destined stroke descend!
 Cæsar perceived the spreading fear to grow,
 Then, eager, caught an axe, and aimed a blow.
 Deep sunk within a violated oak
 The wounding edge; and thus the warrior spoke,—
 'Now let no doubting hand the task decline,
 Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.'

ROWE.

(D).—PAGE 69.

DRAYTON AND WARBURTON.

Drayton's translation of Pliny's description, (lib. 16, c. 44), of the Gathering of the Mistletoe, ought to have protected him from Warburton's arrogant criticism, who thus alludes to him:—"Selden did not disdain to commend a *very ordinary poet*, one Michael Drayton." (Preface to Warburton's edition of Shakspeare). I am afraid Warburton never read Drayton's Preface to the continuation of his Polyolbion; or he would hardly have ventured to assume the part of Zoilus. Let me heartily recommend the perusal of this preface to my readers; more particularly to all disappointed authors. It is one of the most amusing prefaces in the English language.

(E).—PAGE 72.

THE ADDER STONE.

Pliny describes this famous talisman as a congeries of small snakes, rolled together and incrustated with a shell

formed by the saliva, or viscous gum, exuding from the mother reptile, by which it is tossed into the air with a violent hissing.*

Mason has thus poetized the description :

The potent adder stone
 Is gender'd 'fore the autumnal moon ;
 When in undulating twine,
 The foaming snakes prolific join ;
 When they hiss, and when they bear
 Their wondrous egg aloft in air ;
 Thence, before to earth it fall,
 The Druid in his hallowed pall,
 Receives the prize,
 And instant flies,
 Follow'd by the evenom'd brood,
 Till he cross the crystal flood.

CARACTACUS.

The Adder Stone is thus alluded to, in a poem, by the old British bard, Anewrin :—" Lively was the aspect of him, who, in his prowess, had snatched over the ford that involved ball which casts its rays to a distance the splendid product of the adder, shot forth by serpents."

The genuineness of this talisman, Pliny informs us was tested by its swimming against the stream set in gold ; and it is certain that the Romans attributed some magical power to it, for Claudius Cæsar ordered a Roman knight to be put to death, because he brought one into Court in his bosom. We might have doubted the existence of the real egg or stone, had not Pliny expressly said that he had seen one, and minutely described it ; but an imitation of it was in frequent use which was made of opaque glass, streaked with different colours, like that glass amulet called the Snake Stone.

* Nat. Hist. Lib. xxix. cap. 3.

still worn by the peasantry of Cornwall, and deemed to possess rare virtue.

(F).—PAGE 86.

DRUIDIC MYSTERIES.

See in Davis's *Mythology of the British Druids*, an elaborate dissertation on the initiation into the mysteries of Druidism, from which it may be inferred, that it was necessary for an aspirant to the lesser mysteries, to sleep for a certain number of nights in a stone chest, or cromlech, as typical of the grave, and for one who aspired to the knowledge of the greater mysteries, to be enclosed, like the Egyptian Osiris, in a sacred chest or ark, and floated on a lake, symbolical, as it is supposed, of the deluge. For a condensed account of these mysteries, and their origin, see the Essay appended to this Tale.

(G).—PAGE 88.

DRUIDIC ANTIQUITIES.

The principal features of the scenery described in this chapter have been referred to by an old Greek writer, named Hecataeus. Part of his description has happily been preserved by Diodorus Siculus, though the writings of the old Abderite have perished; and from it I have translated the following brief extract, hoping that it will be perused by the reader with the same pleasurable emotions which it excited in myself.

“There is an island in the ocean, opposite Gaul, not less than Sicily. This island lies in the Arctic regions, and is inhabited by a people called the Hyperboreans, from their dwelling beyond the north wind. The soil is extremely fertile, and the climate temperate, so that it

produces two harvests in the year. Latona was born there; and Apollo is the principal deity worshipped there. There the priests of Apollo hymn the praises of their gods daily, and celebrate his honours most assiduously. There is a large grove, sacred to Apollo, in the Island, and a remarkable round temple adorned with many offerings. There is also a city sacred to this god where many harpers dwell, who continually play upon their harps in the temple, and sing hymns to their god extolling his actions."—Diod. Sic. Biblioth. Hist. lib. 11. c. 47.

The expression, "two harvests," may allude to a second crop of pasturage; or may be a mistake arising from two different kinds of corn being sown at two different seasons of the year.

To those of my readers who may have the curiosity to carry their investigations further, with respect to the Hyperboreans, the following extract from Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, p. 199, will not be unacceptable. I would merely premise that this writer's sagacity has wonderfully supplied his deficiency of philological erudition; except, indeed, where he seems to have been misled by an incorrect translation, as in the present instance, where he endeavours to account for Britain being termed of equal extent with Sicily; whereas, the expression of Diodorus is, "not less than Sicily," (*οὐκ ἔλαττω τῆσ Σικελίας*). "There is reason to conclude," says Rennell, "that the term Hyperboreans, among the Greeks, had different applications in different ages, according to the progress of geographical knowledge, as had Thule at a later time. Both meant the remotest track they had any knowledge of; and of which their knowledge was too limited to admit of any clear determinate application. Britain, according to Diodorus

the Hyperborean country of more ancient times ; after that, the more remote parts of Europe and Asia, the Greeks knew only by report." He continues "Some circumstances of the (foregoing) narration evidently to our island ; others, to the country described by Herodotus, beyond Scythia."

class, (*Hist. of Cornwall*, p. 92n). Rowland, (Mona, Davies, (*Celtic Researches*). Schweighaeuser, t. to Diod. Sic.), and the Rev. H. L. Bowles, all with Rennell in the application of this passage to

only remains to correct a mistake into which many have fallen, as to the time in which Hecataeus, author of the above description flourished. "Hecataeus says the Rev. W. L. Bowles, "to whom Diodorus the account of the Hyperboreans, lived nearly five hundred years before the Ch. Era." (*Hermes Brit.* 1840). The learned poet is, however, confounding Hecataeus, the author of the Commentaries on the Hyperboreans, with Hecataeus, the Milesian ; whereas, (*H. A.* II. 1), expressly distinguished the former, *Ἡκαταῖος οὐ Μιλησιος ἀλλ' ὁ Ἀθήνησιος*. See also Pliny, VI. 17.

(H).—PAGE 99.

BRITISH DOGS.

Britain was so famous for her dogs, that the Roman poet Gratius, has thus eulogized them :—

*Creta si Morinûm, dubio refluentia ponto,
 Ipsos, atque, ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos ?
 Quanta est merces, et quantûm impendia supra,
 Ad speciem mentiturosque decores*

Protinus ! Hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.
 Ad magnum cùm venit opus, promendaque virtus,
 Et vocat extremo præceps discriminine Mavors,
 Non tunc egregios tantùm admirere Molossos.

But can you waft across the British tide,
 And land undanger'd on the farther side,
 O what great gains will certainly redound
 From a free traffic in the British hound !
 Mind not the badness of their forms or face ;
 That the sole blemish of their generous race.
 When the bold game turns back upon the spear,
 And all the furies wait upon the war,
 First in the fight the whelps of Britain shine,
 And snatch, Epirius, all the palm from thine.

Manchester was particularly distinguished for its breed
 of a large species of hound resembling the blood-hound.

WHITTAKER'S MANCHESTER

(I).—PAGE 114.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Biphilinus asserted that the Britons never tasted fowl,
 and we learn from Cæsar, that they were prohibited to eat
 hen, hare, or goose.* A superstitious abstinence from
 the flesh of these animals is said to exist, even at
 present day, in North Devon and Cornwall. "If you ask
 a countryman of this part of the kingdom to dine with
 you," says a contributor to the Sporting Magazine, "he
 objects to any kind of game which comes to your table,
 and says, in his provincial dialect—'I'se never eat
 hollow fowl !' under which term he includes hares and
 rabbits, as well as wild fowl. It is in vain to inquire
 whence his dislike proceeds ; for he can tell you no other
 reason than that he derives it from his father !"

* De Bel. Gal. Lib. v.

whole also notices this singular superstition of his
ymen.—HIST. OF CORNWALL, VOL. I. p. 39.

(K).—PAGE 120.

GUIDERIUS.

der, his sonne and heyre, full corageous,
crowned was, and kyng of excellence,
tributes which the Romans had of us
ed then, and made great resistance
a great trouble and manly violence.

HARDYNG.

his slight allusion to Guiderius, in whose character
tunes Shakspeare has interested us, I would add
lowing, which occurs in a work entitled, "A
g Dialogue-wise, between Nature, the Phoenix,
Turtle Dove," by R. Chester, 1601, cited by
, in a note to Cymbeline.

is noble King builded fair Caerguent
ow 'cleped Winchester of worthy fame :
d at Mount Paladour he built his tent,
at after ages Shaftesburie hath to name.

(L).—PAGE 120.

ARVIRAGUS AND GUIDERIUS.

r has thus epitomized this narrative:—

l Claudius that next was Emperour,
army brought, and with him batteille fought,
which the King was by a Treachetour
uised, slaine, ere any thereof thought :
ceased not the bloody fight for ought ;

I.

O

For Arvirage his brother's place supplyde,
 Both in his arms and crowne, and by that draught*
 Did drive the Romans to the weaker syde,
 That they to peace agreed, and all was pacifyde.

FAERY QUEE

It must be confessed that if Spenser had never written any better poetry than this, he might have been very satisfied with a seat on the same form as Hardyng.

(M).—PAGE 138.

BRITISH WAR-CHARIOT.

Ossian has given the following sublime description of the equipage of one of his heroes. "The rapid car behind like a wave near a rock. Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boe night. Of polished hew is its beam; its seat of smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears, the bottom is the footstool of heroes. A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs, bright studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds—the steeds that like wreaths of mist fly over the streamy vale. The wildness of deer is in their course; the strength of eagles descending on their prey. Their noise is like the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gorm."*

Sublime, however, as is this description, it does not convey so correct a notion of the formidable operation of the scythed chariot of the ancient Britons, as a person may derive from observing a countrywoman, with a closed umbrella, making her way through a crowd at a village fair.

* Disguise, counterfeit.

CEAR'S SWORD.

tradition connected with this most famous of British antiquities, has been thus briefly and quaintly sized by Pridmore, from the old Chronicles. "Nennius, the brother of Cassibelanus, meeting with hand to hand, got his sword from him, but with a knock on the pate which cost him his life within a days after." This feat, however, is not spoken of lightly and irreverently by the Ancient Chroniclers themselves; who bestowed upon this formidable weapon, the epithet "Red Death;" and who have given it a conspicuous place in their annals.

The Compiler thus alludes to it in his description of the battles between Cesar and Cassibelan—

So by him Cesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,
In which himself was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.

FABRY QUEENE.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I would we could find it, and deposit it among the treasures of my learned brethren, the Society of Antiquaries; Robert, of Gloucester, however, states that it was buried with Nennius, which is utterly false, or how could it have been seen by our hero!
At the north gate of London, heo (they) buryede this gode knyght,
And buryede with hym in hys chest that swerd that was brygt,

That he wan of the Emperour with honour ynow,
 That rede Deth was yclepted, warwyth he hym slow.
 Yburied it was forth with him, as in tokenynge
 Of ys prowes, that he it wan of on so hey a kyng.

CHRON

(O).—PAGE 152.

THE PENAL CODE OF THE BRITONS.

The three first circumstantialis of murder, in particular, were to point out to the murderer the proper place for the crime, to advise him about the execution, or to encourage him to the fact; and each required, upon denial of the charge, a compurgation of one hundred men, and was followed with a fine of one hundred and eighty pence, upon confession. The three next were to point out the person intended to be murdered, to accompany the murdered a little on the road, or to attend him to the very scene of villainy; and if each accusation was not repelled by the oaths of two hundred men, each crime was punished with the mulct of three hundred and sixty pence. And the other three were actually to assist the murderer, detain the unhappy man till he came up, or stand by and behold the commission of the crime—and were each to be answered by three hundred men, or a mulct of five hundred and forty pence.*

(P).—PAGE 154.

ANCIENT LEGISLATORS OF BRITAIN.

The most celebrated Legislators, among the ancient Britons, of whom any memorial has reached us, were

* Wittaker, b. 1., c. 8. s. 4.

Allo Mulmutius, and Queen Martia. Shakspeare made the following allusion to the former, for the sake of which he is indebted to Holinshed.

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which ordain'd our laws :—

Mulmutius made our laws
 who was the first of Britain, which did put
 his brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 himself a King!

CYMBELINE, ACT III. SC. I.

Laws, it appears, were seven in number, and to the following effect :—

-That the Temple of the Gods should enjoy such
 rites and immunities, that no malefactor flying to
 for sanctuary, could be seized, or by force drawn
 from them, before he had obtained pardon.

-That High waies leading to Temples, or roads to
 cities, should have the like privileges.

-That ploughs, oxen, and other labouring cattle,
 should enjoy the same immunities : and the reason of
 this is given, because otherwise the ground might be
 unproductive and the people perish for want of bread.

-He set out the number of ploughs that should be
 in every Shire and Hundred, with severe penalties upon
 those who should be the occasion of lessening the

The fifth is the same almost as the third ; only
 with a little to restrain it, viz. ; that no oxen or
 any other beast should be seized for debt, unless there
 were other goods or chattels to make satisfaction.

-He ordered set weights and measures for buying
 and selling.

-A law against thieves and robbers.

Spenser has thus briefly epitomized these laws :—

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say,
 Were unto him revealed in vision,
 By which he freed the Traveiler's high way—
 The Churches' part, and Ploughman's portion ;
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion—
 The gracious Numa of Great Britanny.
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion.
 By strength was wielded without policy—
 Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

FAERY QUEEN.

The circumstance of Mulmutius being styled the first King of Britain is explained by Holinshed, who informs us that his predecessors were called chiefs and rulers; and these dignitaries Hardyng states, wore only copper diadems :

The first he was, as chronicles expreme,
 That in this Isle of Britain had *crowne of golde*,
 For all afore *copre and gilt* was to behold.

The laws of Mulmutius, Holinshed tells us, were turned out of the British speeche into the Latine, by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latine into Englishe, by Alfred King of England, and mingled in his estatutes.

Let us now turn to our Lady Legislatress, Queen Martia, who, as Hardyng says—

So wise in her feminite
 That lawes made of her singularite,
 (That called were the laws of Marcian),
 In Britaine tongue of her owne wit alane.

Martia is thus gallantly alluded to by Spenser,—

Mertia, the fayre,

A woman worthy of immortall praise,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,*
 And wholesome statutes to her husband brought :
 Her many deem'd to have been of the Fayes,
 As was Aegeric that Numa taught :
 Those yet of her be Mertian laws both nam'd and thought.

FAERIE QUEENE.

Milton has the following singular reference to Martia, written, as it would appear, when smarting under the lash of gynocracy.

“ Martia excelled so much in wisdom, as to venture upon a new institution of laws. Which King Alfred translating, call'd Marchen League, but more truly thereby is meant the Mercian Law, not translated by Alfred, but digested or incorporated with the West Saxons. In the minority of her son she had the Rule, and then, as may be supposed, brought forth these Laws; not herself, for Laws are Masculine Births, but by the advice of her sagest Counsellors; and therein she might do virtuously, since it befel her to supply the Nonage of her son:—*Else nothing more awry from the Law of God and Nature, than that a woman should give laws to men.*”

(Q).—PAGE 170.

WHITE BULLS.

Sir Walter Scott, in his ballad of Cadyow Castle, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, thus alludes to these formidable animals :—

* Laws.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
 Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
 What sullen roar comes down the gale,
 And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?
 Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
 That roam in woody Caledon,
 Crashing the forest in his race,
 The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.
 Fierce on the hunter's quiver'd band,
 He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
 Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
 And tosses high his mane of snow!

In the notes to this ballad the author has quoted a very minute description of the wild bull, (*silvestris*) to which I beg to refer my readers.

(R).— PAGE 229

THE MONUMENT TO LUATH.

The faithful Luath seems to have worried the fancy of the Old Bucks in his death, as much as he had done the race of Young Bucks in his life; for great and grievous have been the disputes as to the interpretation of the inscription found on the commemorative stone placed over his grave.

The inscription was simply—F I D E L I T A T Y (to Fidelity), which time had thus puzzlingly obliterated to F I D E + I T A + +.

Numberless antiquaries, according to their peculiar views, and the character of the ages in which they respectively lived, have propounded their different opinions as to the purport of this inscription. Old Robert

Salisbury, who flourished, so to speak, in the dark ages ; and was a pious saint, and a great martyrologist, contended that this stone had been placed to mark the tomb of the British Martyrs, Aaron and Julius ; and that it plainly recorded that they had died F I D E, (in the faith), or (P R O) F I D E, (for the faith). He wrote a learned book to substantiate his opinion, and to establish a new shrine for a pilgrimage. His book happening to fall into the hands of the Pope's legate Pandulph, when he came over to excommunicate King John, and being by him sent to his master, Innocent III, the author was obliged to do penance, and repeat 150 paternosters, because he had not sufficiently studied his Breviary, to know that the said Aaron and Julius had been buried in Wales ; and in consequence of this oversight, the book was publicly recanted and burnt !

Notwithstanding this decision of the Pope, when the Reformation had proved that his Holiness was not infallible, and it became the fashion to adopt all that the Pope had renounced, and to renounce all that he had adopted, the opinion of its being the burial place of some saint was again revived. Another martyr was substituted, and the subscription read thus :—

F I D E (V) I T A.

E X C E S S I T.

(He died in the faith.)

That it was placed to memorialize the tomb of a Martyr was considered to be established beyond controversy ; when, on digging below—a thing which old Richard of Salisbury and his contemporaries had never thought of!—the bones of a dog were found ! Now the truth flashed across their minds ; the inscription was symmetrical, and ought to be restored thus :—

P E R I I T

pro

F I D E + I T A.

(So he perished for the faith) ; or

He perished for the faith, *thus*, viz. :—Like a dog!
 Strange to say this did not satisfy all. Some contend that it was not Aaron, or Julius, or indeed, any other Catholic saint, who had thus ignominiously perished, but some zealous Reformer, who had been martyred by the Papists! This charge was learnedly, and would have been, had circumstances allowed, forcibly retaliated by the other party. As, however, events of more importance engaged the attention of mankind, the whole affair was suffered to pass quietly into oblivion, until the learned author of *Nænia Brittanica*, happened to read the inscription through his Roman spectacles, and pronounced it, at once, the sepulchral monument of some Roman, named F I D E (S I U S), probably a relative of the Centurion, whose epitaph was discovered in Manchester, thus depicted and deciphered :—

(O C A N D I D I)

Dis Manibus

F I D E S X X.

Centurionis Candidi Fidesii,

I I I I.

Annorum XX.

Mensium * * *

Dierum IIII.

(S).—PAGE 154.)

THE BARD'S LAMENT.

There was, perhaps, less of poetry than prophecy in Morgan's dirge ; for after an interval of nearly eight centuries* a bard of our own times has caught inspiration

* Not 3000 years, as the Rev. W. L. Bowles conjectures.

at this grave it having happened singularly enough: that the Rev. W. L. Bowles was overtaken by a thunder storm in attempting to explore the arcana of this very barrow; which circumstance he has commemorated in the following lay, though it appears that history has been more friendly towards the noble chieftain, than to allow the name of Brennus to remain for ever unrevealed, as the modern bard seems to have feared.

The following lines, says the Author, in his ingenious Essay on the British Mercury, were first published in Sir Richard Hoare's splendid work on Wiltshire antiquities. They were written on opening a barrow, in company with him, when a thunder storm burst over our heads, just as we discovered the interment of the mighty chief, undisturbed, possibly, for three thousand years. His arrow heads were of flint, and with the flint arrow was found a finely worked large knife of brass.

“ Let me—let me sleep again !”

Thus, methought in feeble strain,
 Plain'd, from its disturbed bed,
 The spirit of the mighty dead :
 “ O'er my moulder'd ashes cold
 Many a century slow hath roll'd,
 Many a race hath disappeared,
 Since my giant form I rear'd,
 Since my flinted arrow flew,
 Since my battle-horn I blew ;
 Since my brazen dagger's pride
 Glitter'd on my warlike side,
 Which, transported o'er the wave,
 Kings of distant ocean gave.
 Ne'er hath glared the eye of day
 My death-bed secrets to betray,
 Since, with muttered Celtic rhyme,
 The white-hair'd Druid bard sublime,

'Mid the stillness of the night,
 Wak'd the sad and solemn rite,—
 The rite of death, when, where I sleep,
 Rose the monumental heap,

Passing near the hallow'd ground,
 The Roman gazed upon the mound,
 And murmur'd, with a secret sigh,
 ' There in the dust the mighty lie !'
 Ev'n while his heart with conquest glow'd,
 While the high-raised flinty road
 Echoed to the prancing hoof,
 And golden eagles flam'd aloof,
 And flashing to the orient light,
 His banner'd legions glitter'd bright;—
 The victor of the world confess'd
 A dark awe shivering at his breast.
 Shall the sons of distant days,
 Unpunished, on my relics gaze ?
 Hark ! Hesus rushes from on high,
 Loud war sounds hurtle in the sky ;
 'Mid darkness and descending rain,
 Hark ! hollow thunders rock amain
 See ! Taranus descends to save
 His hero's violated grave,
 And shakes, beneath the lightning's glare,
 The sulphur from his blazing hair !
 While stern Teutates darkly shrouds,
 On the lone rock, his head in clouds.

Hence ! yet, though my grave ye spoil,
 Dark oblivion mocks your toil :
 Deep the clouds of ages roll—
 History drops her mould'ring scroll—
 And never shall reveal the name
 Of him who scorns her transient fame."

The Roman road deviates from its right line, as in respect to the dead, says the Rev. Author: to which I add, this testimony of respect was given at the solicitation of Pudens.

The barrow is situated near Woodyeat's Inn, in Dorsetshire, close to the Roman road, and in the immediate vicinity of the vast woody tract of Cranbourn Chase.

(T).—PAGE 243.

THE RAVEN.

Every one knows with what superstition the Raven is regarded in some parts of England, even at the present time. The author well remembers having drawn upon himself a dire imprecation from an old woman, for having, with boyish love of mischief, or, as the old woman thought, with profane temerity, thrown a stone at a raven.

The Spanish annotator, Pellicier, in his notes to Don Quixote, thus alludes to the origin of this superstition; by which the readers of this present veritable history, will see that the adaptation of an old story to a modern hero, is no novel invention.

That depositary of legendary lore, Don Quixote, having stated that there is an ancient and common tradition in England, that King Arthur did not die, but was metamorphosed by enchantment into a raven; his commentator observes, that one of the laws of the famous Welsh legislator, Howel Dha, made it unlawful to kill a raven; and that, probably, the raven owes its security to a mixture of the law and the tradition; the common people of England being afraid to kill the bird, lest they should kill their king!

“ Bowle (Anotaciones, a Don Quixote, p. 48), mentions a ley de Hoelio el Bueno Rey de Galicia promulgado el año de 998 que prohíbe matar Cuervos y su heredad agena. De esta prohibición mezclada con la fabula de la conversión del Rey Artus en cuervo, pudo originarse en el pueblo inglés el temor de matar cuervo por no herir de muerte a su Rey en alguno de ellos.”

PELLICIER'S EDIT., VOL. I., p. 199

(U).—PAGE 246.

THE HARE.

The ancient Britons had a superstitious regard to the hare ; and Cæsar informs us, that it was unlawful for them to eat it. In the time of Polwhele, the topography of Cornwall, the superstition was by no means abated in the south west counties of England ; and, according to the testimony of a contributor to the “ Sporting Magazine,” it subsists at the present day. The hare was probably used for purposes of Augury ; for, in the black letter edition of Holinshed, is a wood cut representing Boadicea, addressing her army *with a hare in her lap* which, Holinshed quoting from an ancient author, states she let go at the end of her oration, as it were to give prognostication of her success.

Cæs. Elz. Ed. p. 92.—Graphic Illustrator, p. 23
Holinshed's His. p. 62.

Might not this abstinence from the flesh of the hare as food, be a relic of the Levitical Institutions ?—ED.

(X).—PAGE 273.

ROMAN ALTAR AT BITTERN.

This altar was discovered at Bittern about thirty years ago, and is still in existence ; and a good drawing of it

given in Sir H. Englefield's "Walk through Southampton." The subscription upon it is thus deciphered, by Sir H. Englefield—DEÆ ANCASTÆ GEMINUS MANIUS LIBENS MERITO.

The author, it will be perceived has differed from Sir H. Englefield in his interpretation of this inscription; assigning the altar to the chaste Goddess An—(ANCASTÆ,) instead of the Goddess Ancasta. It may be said, in support of the author's opinion, that as Sir H. Englefield has expressed it, "The Goddess Ancasta, is a deity hitherto unknown to antiquaries;" and that "some antiquaries have supposed that Southampton derives its name from the river An, or Anton, near whose Southern extremity it stands." Let my antiquarian brethren duly consider the matter, and decide for themselves.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

I incline to the opinion of my son, and have written a thick quarto on this important subject, with which I intend to favour the world, as soon as my friend Oldbock's valuable Essay on Castramentation, shall be in a sufficient state of forwardness to allow him to assist me with a few contributions of his own on the subject.

END OF VOL. I.

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STONEHENGE;
OR,
THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

VOL. II.

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STONEHENGE;

OR,

ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF NERO.

BY

MALACHI MOULDY, F.S.A.

Nathless a British record, (long conceal'd
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank,) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things.

WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1842.



BOOK THE THIRD.

the city, which thou seest, no other deem
than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
so far renowned, and with the spoils enrich'd
of nations ; there the Capitol thou seest
above the rest lifting his stately head
on the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine,
the imperial palace, compass huge, and high
the structure, skill of noblest architects,
with gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
houses of God ; so well have I disposed
thy aery microscope, thou may'st behold
outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
wond'rous work, the hand of famed artificers
in cedar, marble, ivory or gold.

PARADISE REGAINED.

STONEHENGE;

OR,

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Rome's azure sky,
Temples, ruins, statues, music—words are weak,
In glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

SHELLEY'S ADONAIS.

ALTHOUGH the recall of Suetonius from Britain, as detailed in the close of the last book, was peremptory, his departure was not immediate; for the consulship of his successor C. Suetonius Turpilianus did not expire until the 1st day of the year. The British Channel, at times formidable to the Romans, was considered innavigable during the winter months; the equinoctial gales were no favourites of the Romans, as Cæsar's Commentaries testify: so that, in consequence of the delay

arising from these and other causes, Roscara did not arrive in Rome, until the spring of the year, A.D. 62.

During the interval between her capture and departure, she resided principally in the Roman colony at Clausentum, under the military surveillance of Suetonius. This period of leisure, she sedulously employed in improving her knowledge of Latin ; and as that language was constantly spoken by all around her, except her own immediate domestics, she could speak it with tolerable facility on her arrival in Rome.

Her artless and affable manners made her very general favourite with the Roman soldiers, and more particularly with their general, who succeeded in convincing Arviragus, that nothing would tend more to her improvement, than her residence in the imperial city ; where, if he pledged himself, she would be treated as his own daughter, rather than as a hostage. As his future destinies seemed involved in considerable uncertainty, and he could not give her an asylum in his own family, he offered to place her under the care of the philosopher Seneca, at that time esteemed not only the mo

althy and powerful, but likewise the most
uous person in Rome.

Petronius Turpilianus, the successor of Sue-
ius, having expressed a wish that Pudens
uld serve him in the same capacity as he had
ved his predecessor, Pudens very cheerfully
plied, thinking that it would afford him the
t opportunity of promoting the peace and
sperity of his native country, by using his
uence to quell the spirit of resistance in the
quished, and of oppression in the victors.
s efforts, we are happy to state, succeeded so
l, that, owing chiefly to his friendly media-
n, Britain never enjoyed more profound
nquillity, than under the administration of
rpilianus.*

Taking our leave of Pudens for the present,
must now revert to Roscrana, of whose
val, and first impressions in Rome, we have
etail in the following letter to her father,
tten in her own simple style, which we shall
apologise for translating, and presenting to
reader.

Petronius Turpilianus non irritato hoste, neque lacesi-
honestum pacis nomen segni otio imposuit.

Tac. Ann. lib. 14, s. 39.

“ Claudia Rufina to Arviragus, King
 “ the Belgæ, in Britain.

“ You will hardly guess from this superscription, my dear father, that this letter is written by your own daughter Roscrana. My Roman friends, I know not why, have changed my name. They tell me that a Roman name sounds better, and have chosen the abbreviation from the colour of, what my dear father Morgan used to call, my sunny tresses, though that epithet was more suitable to me years ago than it is now. For my own part I was well satisfied with my British name, and, barbarous as it might be thought here, I never think of its abbreviation ‘ Roscrana,’ but it calls forth a tear for my brave brother, or a sigh that I cannot hear it from the lips of my loved father.

“ When I think of my poor dear Brennus, I cannot help weeping, to think that I have done so little for him. I am sure I feel my loss more bitterly, and have often wept myself to sleep upon my pillow ; and yet, next morning perhaps, I have seemed as light-hearted as usual. Oh, my father ! if Brennus has ever looked down from his cloud, and seen me so bright and merry, he must have judged me very

el and hard-hearted to think so little of him,
 n he was always so kind to me; and yet I
 sure that if tears could have brought him
 k, he would not have lingered where he
 is.*

Yes, my dear father, I thank the gods that
 ough the Romans have changed my name,
 y cannot change my heart. I have almost
 otten my old name, but I have not for-
 en you or my dear country; and yet if
 thing could make me forget, it is being
 uch a city as this. Everything seems so
 el, that I often think it cannot be real, but
 I must be dreaming: yet I do not believe
 t dreams could be so beautiful. I have al-
 s loved to look upon the blue sky and the
 len sunset in Britain, and have thought
 t there was something in the air which made

* Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Thou still hadst liv'd to bless my aching sight;
 Thy comrades' honour, and thy friends' delight.

BYRON.

the same idea has been thus expressed by the Earl of
 ey:—

Ah! Clere! if love had booted, care or cost,
 Heav'n had not won, nor Earth so timely(a) lost.

(a) Early.

me happy—as we see it affects insects—there is something here which makes me happy.* I feel as if I could gaze on deep blue sky, and watch the purple-crimson golden sunset,† and gaze and watch for ever. I seem to want nothing but the bright sun, the sweet gale, to live upon. I feel as I did on my recovery from the fever which I had in summer, when I seemed to drink in health from every sweet-scented breeze. But oh, father ! how shall I describe to you the wonder with which I beheld Rome itself ! The buildings seemed more like those large masses of clouds, which are sometimes piled up in the west, than anything else to which I can compare them. At every step one beholds arches and columns, and statues, whose marble whiteness looks still more white from being contrasted with the purple sky. Then, again, there are theatres, which seem like hollow mountains.

* In the mild climate of Nice, Naples, or Sicily, *existence is a pleasure*, and even the pains of disease are forgotten amidst the balmy influences of nature, and a succession of agreeable and uninterrupted sensations invites to rest and oblivion.—*Sir H. Davy's Consolations in Travel.*

† See the beauties of an Italian sunset, described in *Canto iv.* of *Harolde*.

able of containing nations; and temples, which would almost tempt the gods to reside in them, but that, as our Druids tell us, the gods are not to be confined within walls. Then the streets are so crowded with troops of soldiers, processions of priests, magistrates with their attendants, and nobility with their trains, that the whole world seems assembled in one spot. I went into the Forum the other day, and I was giddy with watching the different spectacles. *Here* a crowd was listening to an orator pleading a cause; *there* parties were collected round some favourite senator. Couriers were hurrying along in all directions; and foreign ambassadors, from the remotest corners of the earth, were gazing at each other's different costumes (B). Everything seemed to proclaim Rome the mistress of the world. What struck me, however, as most remarkable, was, that the Romans must always have considered, that the gods had designed that they should one day give laws to all other nations; for all their public works are very much larger than we have occasion for, when they were first built. Even their common sewers, made when the city had no more inhabitants than there are now in our territories, have not required to be en-

larged since, although Rome now contains twenty times as many people as it did then.*

“You will be surprised at my mentioning the sewers, but they seem to me the most wonderful of all the wonders I have seen for they are carried through the hills, and under the city, and are so large that ships might sail beneath the archway. Seven streams unite in these channels with such force, that they need no guide, who was a young patrician of the name of Lucan, a nephew of Seneca, assured me that huge stones and beams of timber are carried along by them, like leaves or straws down a running brook. I was told, too, that the same king who constructed these—I forget his name†—also built the Circus, which will hold nearly 300,000 people. It has been enlarged, it is true, since he built it, but it would still hold more than half that number, which was

* The first census of the inhabitants of Rome was taken by Servius Tullus, the successor of Tarquinius Priscus, the builder of the sewers, and also of the Circus. The number of the inhabitants was then 80,000, *Liv.* l. 44. In the census taken A.U.C. 801. (A.D. 48.) about 14 years before the time referred to in our tale, the number was 5,984,072. *Tac.* Ann. xi. 25. For the varying numbers of the population of Rome when each census was taken, see *Brotier's Notes to Tac.* Ann. xi.

† Tarquinius Priscus.

very great many more than his kingdom could supply to fill it(C).

“Now I am speaking of the works of this great King—I wish I could think of his name—who raised these magnificent structures, I must tell you of a visit which I paid to the Capitol, as the principal temple to Jupiter is called, and which was also begun by him, though it has since been rebuilt. The very thresholds of this magnificent edifice are of brass; the roof is gilded, and shields of solid gold and silver cover the walls. As I was looking around me, holding my breath with astonishment at the splendour of this place, and looking now at the silver vases, and now at the golden chariot, and other precious things which are ranged along the floor,* Lucan told me, that the ancestor of the Romans, King Evander, lived on this very spot, in a low roofed cottage, and that, where a splendid building called Pompey’s palace now stands, formerly stood the sheds, in which were penned the few cattle which formed his only wealth! As we left the sculptured portico, supported by beau-

* See Adam’s Antiquities, and also Brotier’s Note to Tacitus, Hist. lib. 111. c. 72, and the authorities there referred to for an account of the magnificence of the Capitol.

tiful Athenian pillars, and were descending the hundred steps leading to the Forum, Lucan, who is a poet, recited some verses of another poet's, in which this circumstance is related (D) and I could not help asking myself, as he was repeating them, 'what is there to prevent my own dear country, Britain, becoming a great nation at some future day?' Your white house is better than King Evander's—you are as good a man as he—and your people as brave as his.

“ Seneca tells me, that when Rome was so small as to be almost unknown, another nation had subdued the world; and that when this nation was in its infancy, a former one had conquered the earth. Empires seem to me like oaks; they rise and flourish, wax old and decay. The king of the forest looks glorious to-day, but perhaps some acorn, which has sprung up unobserved, will hereafter throw out its mighty limbs, and hide the place where now its sovereign stands. Rome is the oak, and the king of the forest now; but what, my father, if Britain were the acorn? These thoughts struck me, as I walked through the crowded Forum. I dare say Lucan would have been very much amused, had he known what occupied my mind.

I am very glad that I am in Seneca's house, he takes almost as much pains to teach me, as my dear old Morgan took. He is a great teacher, and I am now reading his works. He has also recommended me to learn Greek, which I have begun, for Greek is as much valued here as Latin. The greater number of the slaves are Greeks; and so much the worse: Lorma says that she thinks if her mother were to know the Greeks, she would no longer bear such ill-will to the Romans, for that the Romans are a hundred times better than the Greeks.

"I wish, my dear father, you could see the inside of Seneca's palace: you would then think your daughter a queen indeed. For my part, I begin to be wearied with so much magnificence. Were it not that I am improving myself, and hope one day to teach my countrymen something, I should be impatient to leave Rome, with all her grandeur, to see my own loved Britain again: and yet I am treated with great kindness; and Paulina, Seneca's wife, is like a mother to me. Lucan reminds me very much of Pudens, who, I dare say, has forgotten me, now he is surrounded by his Roman friends, and perhaps holds some high office in Britain.

“ I could tell you a great deal more, and intended to do so, but that my head is so confused with sights and sounds, that I would not have been able to write so much ; and now I find that I must leave off with what I mean to make the beginning of my letter, had I not other things put it out of my head. I intended to give you some slight account of my voyage from England hither, which was so dangerous indeed, as it is quite impossible adequately to describe. A furious storm overtook us ; my heart even now sickens at the recollection of the terror which I felt. Wave after wave rushed upon us, like a herd of savage beasts, lifting us up to the very clouds, and shaking us in their foamy mouths, and then dashing us into an abyss as dark and as deep as the bottom of the sea itself had been riven, to make us a grave in the sand beneath it. Oh ! the creaking of the ship—the crash, as different pieces of the rigging gave way—and, above all, the awful shriek which we heard from another vessel, which was dashed to pieces against a rock within sight of us ; and our own dreadful state of suspense when our ship was driven on the shore, and then reclaimed by the angry sea. Oh, my father ! I could see, hear, think, and feel nothing else, all the rest of our journey through

! Only five out of thirteen ships escaped; we were driven a great way out of our proper course, and landed upon a little island near the mouth of the Liger, in Gaul. I was almost half insensible, and do not know how I escaped at last, or remember what happened, before we reached Marseilles, to embark for Italy. But Lorma tells me, that the island on which we were cast was inhabited only by women, who were as cruel and as voracious as the sea itself. I am afraid that you will hardly believe what I am going to add, but Lorma assures me it is true; and that she was an eye-witness. While our vessels, which were detained, were waiting the tide to carry them to Gaul, these women, who were all clad in white, and had their hair flowing loosely about them, pulled off the roof of their temple, and covered it again before sunset; and one of them, having let her load fall, her companions ran upon her, and tore her to pieces!*

But, my dear, dear, father! I must close my letter, as the courier is waiting. I hope that my dear Morgan is well. Oh! what would I give

* This description of Lorma's is no fiction, but might have been taken almost *verbatim* from Strabo.—*Casaub. edit.* Strabo, 1626, *lib. iv. p. 197.*

to hear one more of his tunes under the willow tree ! I hope that Ana has ceased to miss Lorma by this time. Farewell, farewell, my dear father !—take care of yourself, for my sake—for I can with difficulty exist so far away from you ; and I am sure I should die if any evil befell you !

“ P.S.—Do you ever hear of Pudens ?—for I am often asked about him here, as Lucan knows him very well.”

CHAPTER II.

Magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos !

JUV. 10, 16.

Let me describe the palaces and grounds
Of Seneca, whose wealth exceeds all bounds.

OSCRANA—OR rather Claudia—for being at Rome we should do as the Romans do, call our heroine as they called her, Claudia her letter to her father, stated, that could see the interior of Seneca's palace, and witness the magnificence which prevailed there, would indeed think his daughter a queen. Her letter contained a description of a few scenes of luxury; but graphic and lively as the description was, we have preferred bringing to the notice of the most curious details relating to the private voluptuousness of the Romans into this point of view; and have accordingly devoted this and the following chapter to that purpose.

Some idea may be formed of the enormous

wealth of some of the Romans, from the circumstance, that Apicius, an epicure, contemporary with Seneca, having, by his profuse extravagance, squandered away so much of his wealth as only to leave the contemptible balance of a hundred sesterces, or, to give it in English coin, 83,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, was so horrified at the near prospect of penury, that he put an end to his pitiable existence, by a dose of poison!*

Among the rich men, who flourished at this period, Seneca was not the least distinguished; for although his wealth did not equal that of some of the Emperor's freedmen, yet our readers we apprehend, will hardly deem suicide justifiable on that account, when they are informed that it was computed to amount to 2,500,000*l.* in cash, besides a great number of villas, 1,500 citron-wood tables, and other valuable articles †

Having premised thus much, we will now

* This anecdote is recorded by Seneca, *Consol. ad Helvium*, cap. 11. s. 10. Brotier, to whom the annotator will often refer to express his obligations, has a dissertation on the luxury of the Romans, in his *Notes to Tac. Ann.* 111. c. 52, which will amuse a reader curious on this subject.

† E. Brotier, *ut supra*.

proceed to a description of his establishment at Rome,* where Claudia was domiciled.

A handsome marble arched gateway, in the centre of which the word *SALVE* ("Welcome") was sculptured, conducted the visitor from the street into the area upon which Seneca's portico opened. This portico, the principal use of which was to serve as a place of exercise when it rained, surrounded three sides of the area, and was supported by no less than six hundred columns.† Leading from hence to the atrium, or grand hall, was a vestibule, or *prothyrum*, as it was called, on the pavement of which was represented, in mosaic work, a fierce-looking dog, chained up, but springing forward, as if about to attack any intruder; and beneath was traced in large characters *CAVE CANEM*‡ ("Beware the dog!")

The atrium was the most magnificent apartment in the house. Its fretted roof was supported by twelve lofty Corinthian columns of

* For further information on the subject of the domestic architecture of the Romans, the reader is referred to Sir W. Gell's elegant work "Pompeiana," and to the less expensive, but not less useful publication of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, entitled "Pompeii."

† Juv. Sat. viii. 178.

‡ Petronius.

Lucullian or black marble, and in its centre was an opening, edged with ornamental tiles, called the compluvium, through which was usually seen the dark blue sky, but which might be covered with a purple awning, if the rays of the sun fell upon it too intensely.

The floor was tessellated marble,* and had a reservoir of water, in the middle, called the *impluvium*, equal in size to the open space above, and which served to receive the rain-water from the roof. This impluvium was made to represent a chasm, or large accidental fissure; and on its margin stood an equestrian statue, in bronze, of the patriot Marcus Curtius, armed like an ancient Roman warrior. The horse appeared about to plunge its rider and itself into the abyss below; or from its being mirrored there, might seem already to be being engulfed. The border of the impluvium was of the most tasteful mosaic work, and bore the following circumscription:—

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

HOR. LIB. III. 2, 13.

The walls of this magnificent room were

* Stat. Silv. Lib. 1. 3. 53.

led into compartments, separated from each other by pillasters of Lucullian marble, with ionic capitals.

Each alternate compartment contained a valuable painting, or a niche adorned with some masterpiece of sculpture. *Here* was a marble *telamoneus*, the work of Praxiteles; *there* a splendid *telamoneus* statue of Hercules: another niche was filled with the representation of a female presenting a votive basket to Diana, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Polycleetus.

But it would be wearisome to enumerate all the different invaluable productions of the school, and still more so to describe the beautiful paintings which adorned Seneca's atrium. There were two paintings, however, which deserve particular notice, as illustrative of their master's character, whose house, as well as his garden, was filled with scraps of morality; and he was accustomed to garnish his walls, as well as his speeches, with aphorisms.

The first painting was a beautiful copy of the celebrated picture of Polygnotus at Delphi, representing Ulysses consulting the spirit of Tiresias in Hades, as described in the commencement of the 11th book of the *Odyssey*. The retiring ghosts in the back ground—

the majestic and unearthly form of Timanthes leaning upon his staff of gold—and the countenance of Ulysses listening with the intense anxiety to the story of his fates, as

Astonished at the sight, aghast, he stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering thro' his blood!

were all pourtrayed with awful fidelity; the artist seemed to have caught the moment when the poet describes the shadowy scene, saying—

But know—by me, unerring fates disclose
New trains of danger, and new scenes of woes.

Below this picture was the motto taken from Horace—

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere.
OD. LIB. I. 9, V. 1.

Enough for thee is this day's woe,
Seek not to-morrow's fate to know.

The other picture was the celebrated painting of Timanthes, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia. The genius of the artist, who knew that it was impossible for the pencil adequately to pourtray the mental anguish of the fa-

not to be deprived of his only daughter, had
 de him avert his head, and veil his face,
 ner than behold so heart-rending a spectacle.
 is new and beautiful expedient had been
 lauded by orators and artists, until applause
 lf had become trite : Seneca, therefore, had
 olved to direct the attention to a different
 w of the subject ; and in this he had very
 pily succeeded.

The artist, who had veiled the features of the
 icted parent, had lavished all the resources of
 matchless skill on the countenance of Iphi-
 ia ; which was lighted up with an expression
 superhuman beauty. The holy calm, which
 succeeded the stormy struggle between the
 e of life and filial obedience ; the patriotic
 gnation to death, which seemed to have
 shed the natural repinings of youth, gave
 a saint-like appearance, which reconciled
 beholder to the decrees of Heaven, as
 ing only claimed its own.

Yes, there was light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.

MOORE.

This exquisite painting, formed, as it were,

the altarpiece to an altar which stood in the atrium ; and under it was this inscription taken from Virgil :—

Te quoque dignum
Finge Deo.

ÆN. VIII, 364.

An inscription, which Dryden himself pronounced untranslatable ; but which admonishes the spectator to ‘make himself worthy of the skies.’

The richest and rarest marbles were interwoven, (if I may be allowed the expression) to form borders for the niches and empannelings ; and, notwithstanding there was a lavish profusion of gold in the cornices and tracery, the whole was disposed with such exquisite taste, that they appeared merely employed as a relief for the rich carvings, which, without might have appeared too massive. The plinths or basement of the walls, was adorned with mosaic work, representing flowers, birds pecking at fruit, &c.

Benches and tables, of the choicest woods and most elegant designs, and urns and vases of the most costly material, and tasteful patterns, filled up the recesses. The very cover to the

* Stat. Silv. Lib. 1, 2. v. 148.

l or well, which was near the impluvium, made of bronze, and resembled some large ic bird bending down its head to plume aters; but the altar to the lares, under a stood the gold box, bestudded with s, containing the first shavings of the ,* was such an elegant piece of art, that afraid the artist was more thought of the gods.

is time, however, to quit this splendid ment, and to proceed to the *tablinum*, or itory of the family archives and monu- s. †

e *tablinum* faced the principal entrance atrium, of which it might be made to a part, by drawing aside some curtains talic tapestry, in which figures of gold embroidered on a ground-work of Tyrian

ronius Suetonius states that Nero presented a simi- ring to Jupiter Capitolinus. *Barbam primam posuit, mque in auream pyxidem, et pretiosissimis margaritis tam, capitolio consecravit.*

Suet. in Nerone, 12.

† *Tota licet veteres exornent undique cæræ
Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.*

Juv. VIII., 19.

L. II.

C

purple.* Where the owner of the house could not boast of a long line of ancestry, as in the case with Seneca, whose father had raised his family to the dignity of Roman knighthood, the absence of the honourable inheritance of high descent was compensated by a gorgeous display of wealth. Among the treasures which adorned this magnificent apartment, the roof of which was of carved cedar, the floor of glass mosaic, were urns, vases, drinking cups, small statues, gems and ornaments, all of them distinguished by the choice material out of which they were wrought, and by their elaborate workmanship. †

The urns were of marble and porphyry, adorned with Grecian sculpture. Some of the vases were of terra cotta, from Etruria or Nola, of such surpassing beauty, that they rivalled others of silver and Corinthian brass.

* Cic. in Verr., Act II., lib. IV., c. 12, and Lemprière, voce Attalus.

† Vidi artes, veterumque manus, variisque metallis
Viva modis, labor est auri memorare figuras,
Aut ebur, aut dignas digitis contingere gemmas.
Quidquid et argento primum vel in ære Myronis
Lusit, et enormes manus est experta colossos.

Stat. Sil. Lib. 1, 3,

even of onyx, which stood by their side : though they were obliged, in their turn, to yield precedence to the still more precious rhine vase, made of chalcedony, which was considered worth several thousands of sesterces. Among the drinking vessels, were silver jugs of the most tasteful design, raised by the hand of the celebrated Mentor, which had belonged to the orator Crassus, but which the fear of appearing too luxurious had restrained him from using ; and a large patera or tablet of the purest Lydian gold bestudded with precious gems, considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the famous Sicilian artist, Boëthus. Some of the smaller cups were of agate ; and one, which was esteemed of peculiar rarity and value, was made of colourless glass. Nor must I forget to mention a silver patella, or sacrificial dish, and a censurer or thuribulum, both of silver ; the former carved by Mys, and the latter by Apollonius, who had gained his great celebrity by having engraved upon it a drunken satyr, so that it appeared to have been affixed to, rather than embossed on, the vessel.*

To avoid a wearisome detail, I must pass over a list of the *chefs-d'œuvre* in embossed and engraved plates, see Pliny, lib. xxxiii., c. 12.

over the statues and pictures, with a brief allusion to two paintings, which were singularly characteristic of their possessor. The first was an alto-relievo on the walls, filling up a space generally appropriated to the genealogical table. It represented the ministers of state presenting a death-warrant to Nero for signature, and he was in the attitude of putting it away from him, as though unwilling to sign it; beneath was the famous speech of the young Emperor, "Vellem nescire literas:"—"I wish I had not learnt to write!"*

Seneca was a courtier, and a tactician as well as a philosopher; and it is very difficult to say in which capacity he was the greater adept; but in the choice and disposition of this painting, he displayed great proficiency in these three characters. The picture of Nero being substituted for the principal ancestor's bust, was flattering to the Emperor, and seemed to convey the idea that Seneca considered him the father of his fortunes; but, at the same time, the subject and memorable speech of Nero, which they recorded his past clemency, upbraided him for his present cruelty, and seemed

* Vid. Senec. De Clementia, lib. 11., c. 1.

finish him to return to that virtuous path,
which he had so long lost sight.

or was the other picture less characteristic
of the philosopher's mind. Antithetical in his
thoughts, as well as in his language,—the
debris which strewed his floors, and heaped
on shelves, seemed but to remind him of the
transient and transitory nature of human
prosperity. To enforce this reflection, there-
on the gilded wall, was hung a painting,
representing the deserted and solitary Marius
standing amid the ruins of Carthage.

will merely add, before I leave this magnifi-
cent apartment, that the seats were inlaid with
mother-of-pearl shell and ivory; the tables were of
ebony wood, supported by massive silver
columns; and on a stand, made for the purpose,
stood a bronze lamp of a very curious design,
representing the festival called
Ægina, representing the festival called
Hephæstia:—

That torch race, where, from hand to hand,
The flying youths transmit the shining brand.

The burners, so to speak, were three small
images of young men in a running position,
each bearing a torch; and at the goal stood a

silver vase, which seemed the prize for which they contended, but which was, indeed, a receptacle for oil. As so many writers, from Plato downward, have made allusion to, and moralized upon, this torch race, it is not to be supposed that Seneca would have passed over in silence; accordingly the base is inscribed with this verse from Lucretius:—

Inde brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantum,
Et quasi Cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

DE RER. NAT. LIB. II, V. 77.

This portion of Seneca's house which I have described, together with the *alæ* or wings, which were smaller apartments on each side of the atrium devoted principally to the use of visitors and clients from the country, and the *fauces* or passages communicating with the interior of the house, were considered public and a busier scene than was displayed here in a morning can hardly be imagined. As soon as it was light, the ostiarius threw open the gates—the crier proclaimed that doles were ready for the needy—and in an instant the portico and vestibule were crowded with suppliants for alms, bearing little baskets called *sportulæ*.

justice to Seneca, I would observe, in saying, that his liberality has been the theme of Juvenal's commendations :—

Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis,
A Seneca——

For none expect who in these bad times live,
The doles which Seneca was wont to give.

JUV. SAT., v., 109.

While the dispensators were dealing out the doles, which were by no means restricted to the necessitous, the atrium and tablinum were to be crowded with clients and courtiers; and as Seneca was just now in the zenith of his prosperity, and shared, with his friend Lucius, the highest offices in the state, few persons of consequence in Rome were absent from his levee. His more intimate friends, however, conducted to the *peristyle*, whither we shall follow them, as it will afford an introduction to the domestic part of the life.

The *Peristyle* was a kind of court, surrounded by a colonnade. It somewhat resembled the peristyle of the temple, but was much larger, embracing not only the width of that apartment, but also of the portico on either side: its width, however,

considerably exceeded its length. The floor was made of *opus signinum* or tessellated tiles brought from Signia ; and the walls were elegantly painted in fresco : but the beauty of the peristyle consisted in twenty-four lofty Corinthian columns of Parian marble, which supported the roof ; whose snowy forms were truthfully mirrored in a reservoir in the centre of the apartment. In the midst of this reservoir a fountain issued from a marble statue of Minerva, the water proceeding from the extended hand of the graceful goddess, and falling upon a basin in a shower of spray, which, when lighted up by the sunbeams, appeared like her own rain.

Here let us pause, and consider what effect it must have been the *coup-d'œil* of the whole ; for the whole might have been exposed to view at any time, by drawing aside the curtains in front of the tablinum, and opening the folding doors at the back ! Let the reader in imagination wander amid the grove of columns, and contemplate the beauty of the statues and paintings of the urns and vases ; let him in fancy review the glittering throng which thronged this gorgeous maze, and mark the stately march of the purple-robed senator—the gay dress of the polished courtier—the white gown of

quious client—the fantastic costume of the travelled ambassador — and the brilliant array of the Moorish footmen,—all mingling, in living motion!—he may then form some of the sensations with which Claudia beheld this blaze of magnificence, contrasted, as it was in her mind, with the simplicity and rude decorations of the *white house*!

Dazzled by the splendour of the plate and pictures, the pictured walls, the Tyrian carpet, the gilded ceiling, and the marble floor; in vain her overpowered sight sought repose. The blue sky above her was too bright—the fountain too sparkling!—She was enraptured with beauty!

CHAPTER III.

Protenus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
 Quæstio. Quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
 Jugera? quam multa magnaue paropside cœnat.
 JUV. III. 141.

First as to his wealth let us inquire
 How many servants does he feed and hire?
 What are his rents—his lands? How does he live
 What style affect—what sorts of suppers give?
 Till this we know our questions we defer
 As to his life and moral character.

In the preceding chapter we have attempted a brief description of the luxury which was displayed to the casual visitor, at Seneca's palace: we will now briefly describe some of the less public apartments, commencing with one of the *triclinia*, or dining-rooms. Seneca's mansion had different triclinia and suites of apartments adapted for the different seasons of the year;* but, as the summer triclinia

* Nec servat Natura vices: hic Sirius alget,
 Bruma tepet; versumque domus sibi temperat annuum.
 Stat. Silv. Lib. 1. 2. 1.

ened to be in use at the time of Claudia's
l, we shall select that for description;
y premising that it was appropriated to
ason on account of its coolness, in conse-
ce of its having a northern aspect.

is room was called the Achilles, on ac-
t of the walls being ornamented with
ings, representing the scenes which
er has so inimitably described in his 18th
as being embossed on that hero's shield.
on one wall were painted two cities—the
he emblem of war, the other of peace.
e former, the nuptial train winding along
streets with cheerful pomp, and the
led court of justice where the elders sat
their primitive judgment seats of stone,
sented the peaceful occupations of plea-
and business. In the latter, a ferocious
, led on by Mars and Pallas, was seen
ging out of an ambush upon some flocks
erds, driven by two shepherds, who were
spectingly beguiling their way with their
ean pipes. Here the mangled carcasses of
attle, and the ruin and devastation around,
rayed the miseries of war.

n the opposite wall were painted a harvest
, and a vintage. In the former were de-

picted the rustic lord, and his labourers, reaping, and women and children collecting the falling corn into sheaves ; while, in the distance, busy matrons were employed in preparing the harvest feast under an oak.

The latter represented the gathering in of the vintage ; the luscious clusters hanging in tempting profusion, and a train of graceful youths, with light baskets on their heads, plucking them.

Other scenes of a similar nature were delineated on different compartments of the ceiling walls : a Dædalian dance was depicted in marble mosaics on the floor ; and the dome of the ceiling, coloured azure, and bespangled with gold, represented the moonlight scene so beautifully described by the poet :—

The moon completely round,
The starry lights that Heaven's high convex crown
The Pleiads, and Hyads, with the northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

POPE'S IL., XVIII. 3

The doors of this elegant apartment were made of cedar, with brazen hinges and ivory handles.

the windows were glazed, (if I may be allowed the expression) with the transparent stone, called *phengites*, which had very recently been discovered in Capadocia.*

The triclinium was divided into two parts, the upper part being occupied with the table, and three couches, from which it derived its name; and the lower part being appropriated to the use of the attendants. The dinner table exhibited a matchless specimen of the costly African wood, the beautiful graining of which seemed to represent the spotted skin of a panther.† It was supported at each end by the heads of these animals in a salient attitude, so exquisitely carved in ivory as to appear to be exerting its right to partake of the feast.‡ This inimitable piece of sculpture was the production of the famous Mentor's chisel.|| The couches which embraced three sides of it, were overlaid with tortoise shell and gold, and would accommodate forty persons: they were covered with cushions of rich Babylonian embroidery, and canopied by a kind of awning of purple,

Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxvi, e. 22.

These tables were hence called *Pantherinæ*, Plin. N. H.

LIB. XIII. c. 15.

Juv. Sat. xi. 122.

Juv. Sat. viii. 104, *faræ sine Mentore mensæ*.

fringed with festoons of pearls. The lower part of the room was ornamented with the most magnificent vases of Corinthian brass.

On one side of the triclinium a pair of opening doors opened upon the garden; and on another side, was the *piscina*, or fish-pond. Reserving a more ample description of the Roman garden for another opportunity, we will at present only observe, that flowers filled the middle space, and that on each side was a colonnade, with trellis work supported by vines, so as to form a shady walk in summer. The wall opposite the triclinium was painted in the style called *opus topiarum*, by which the object represented was visible at a certain distance, but on a nearer approach vanished into unmeaning dashes of colour. On this wall was represented a thick grove of trees, apparently of such an extent as could not be bounded by the horizon; and in the middle was a rude grotto, whose gloom was lightened by the airy form of the goddess Egeria, and the sparklings of what appeared to be a natural cascade issuing from the grotto. The goddess seemed in the act of dictating to a person, who was listening with great attention to the robust proportions of whose figure was

contrasted with the delicate shape of this
'Aurora of the air'.

piscina, or fish-pool, which, as we have
seen, was another object visible from the
open doors of the summer triclinium, was
a large reservoir, surrounded by a colonnade
of Corinthian columns. On one of the walls
was painted the story of Arion, as related by
Herodotus;* the hero standing on the deck of
his vessel, with his harp in his hand, amidst the
crew intent upon his death; while
the foaming surges appeared the saga-
cious-looking head of the dolphin destined to
be his deliverer.

The court of the *piscina* very much re-
sembled the peristyle, except that it was much
larger; we shall only add, that the fishpool
faithfully mirrored a marble statue of Nar-
cisus, contemplating himself in the water.

The *piscina* communicated with Seneca's
bath, which would, indeed, demand a descrip-
tion; but we shall have occasion, in a sub-
sequent chapter, to notice the public baths;
which they rather differed in extent,
and in the costly nature of their decorations.

* Herod. 1. c. 24.

Here was the same alternation of Egyptian alabaster, and black Numidian marble ; the same variety of tessellated gems ; the same fusion of statues and columns ; the same pipes and murmuring waters.* Nor of course was forgotten, what was considered an indispensable adjunct to the baths, an a library piled up with books to the very ro

Having thus described the principal aments in this magnificent house, we would serve, that the domestic establishment perfectly corresponded with it ; and when we consequently give the number of domestics, it is with an express stipulation that we shall not be upon to define their employment.

With this understanding we proceed to the gentle reader, that there were no less than five hundred servants, freedmen, and slaves at Seneca's establishment at Rome! (E) Incredible as this number may, at first sight, appear, our marvel will much diminish, when we take into consideration some of the customs of the Romans in relation to this subject. Their aments being so public, and their most valuable treasures being constantly exposed, their

* Seneca, Epist. 86.

† Senec : De Tranq. Animi. c. 9. s. 7.

s acted as a body of police in guarding property, and were stationed in considerable numbers about the different apartments which we have described. Nor were their duties restricted to the day ; every chamber of importance had its guard by night, and each great mansion had a complete fire establishment attached to it. The epicurism of the Romans was such, too, as to employ almost a regiment of cooks ; each dining-room, and, indeed, in some houses, each course of an entertainment having a separate suit of servants.* There were fewer persons employed about the baths, than in their kitchens ; nor in carrying their litters, than in ministering at the baths.

Their libraries, too, with their librarians, secretaries, and copyists, and clerks, employed as many persons as a small printing-house.

It must also be borne in mind, that almost all the necessaries, and a great many of the luxuries of life, were manufactured within the walls of a Roman establishment, which often contained as many workshops as a small

* Senec: De Constantia Sapientis, cap. 14.

village: nor was the supply of such art limited to the home consumption, but a large income was sometimes derived from the sale of the surplus stock.

With these few brief hints, I must now leave myself of my stipulation; nor through my curiosity encounter what seems so much to have molested some persons, viz:—the crabbedness of the coachmen; the petulance of the perruquiers; the doggedness of the dog-keepers; the neglect of the nomenclators; the vagabondism of the valets, and what perhaps, worse than all, the garrulity of the Greek copyists!

Such as we have described, was the splendor in which Seneca lived at Rome, at the period of our history. Such was the magnificence which Claudia was introduced. The paternal care of her guardian, however, provided, she should be rather a spectator, than a participator of the dissipations which surrounded her; for she was carefully kept from the vivacious atmosphere of the court, and was not allowed to associate with the voluptuaries who demanded attendance upon Seneca. Nor was this an unnecessary precaution; for the most unbridled licentiousness, at this time, pervaded all classes.

ome: the flagitious character of Nero
ng just begun to develope itself; and his
tiers being been advanced in royal favour,
sely in proportion to their maturity in vice.
as from a sense of the dangers, to which
would have been exposed, if her real situa-
had become known, that her British name
exchanged for a Roman one less likely to
ct attention.

e youth and modesty, as well as good
e of Claudia, were not unfavourable to
desirable obscurity: and Seneca's views
further promoted by the maternal pru-
e of Polla, and the attentions of Lucan
his wife; who softened every denial, and
Claudia sensible of the propriety of their
act, and the kindness of their motives.

propriety, and this kindness, will be
r appreciated by the reader, as the narra-
advances; in the mean time, we must beg
m to resign our heroine to the care of
considerate guardians, and to accept our
to introduce him to scenes and persons
dden her to visit. Nor must he think an
de relative to the fates and fortunes of
ca wholly irrelevant; for we assure him,
in the machinery of life, as in that of wind-

mills, a large wheel turns a smaller, as often a small one does a larger !

With this profound reflection, worthy of the immortal moralist, Sancho Panza, or the sagacious Sam Weller, who also delighted in the discovery of "veels vithin veels," we resume our narrative.

If wealth and honour could confer happiness, no man had been happier than Seneca. His riches were almost boundless ; he held the highest civil offices in the city ; and the governor of the world was his pupil. In political wisdom he was without a superior ; in science, literature, and philosophy, he was without an equal—and he was esteemed the master of eloquence. It would be contrary to the experience of all ages, however, to suppose that in any court, particularly in one so notoriously profligate as that of Nero, Seneca could enjoy this giddy eminence, unmolested. His attainments were humiliating to his countrymen, while his virtues were their constant reproach. They, therefore, endeavoured to insinuate into the breast of Nero, a jealousy of those attainments, and an impatience of the restraints imposed upon him by those virtues ; and which they were thus undermining his influence, the

care to strengthen their own by flattering
Emperor's vanity, and pandering to his

s.

It was the happiness of Seneca to have
Burrhus for a colleague in the administration
of public affairs. Seneca managed the civil,

Burrhus the military department. They

had been associated in the tutorage of Nero ;

both equally exalted, and endowed with equal

and different talents. They now, says the

Roman historian, exhibited the rare but

striking spectacle of equality, without rivalry ;

their only emulation apparently being in their

mutual endeavours to excel each other in

imitating the virtues, and controlling the vices

of the Emperor, and generally in promoting the

interest and advantage of the state.* Hitherto their identity

of purpose, and their reciprocal friendship, had

remained both in their high and much as-

serted situations ; but now, the base Tigellinus,

the most execrable of all Nero's detestable

adversaries, having headed the detractors who

were endeavouring to supplant them, their

efforts were more successful.

Burrhus being selected for their first victim,

they prevailed upon the Emperor to have him

* Tac. Ann. lib. XIII. s. 2.

secretly poisoned; and thus the way was prepared for the overthrow of Seneca. The characters of the courtiers, however, and the effects which their villany had upon Seneca's future life, and thus indirectly upon the fortunes of our heroine, will be better understood after her introduction to the royal table, whither she is now going, with the hope of conducting her to the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

y meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
 fishes of agate set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
 oil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
 Piccius's diet, 'gainst the epilepsy :
 and I will eat these broths, with spoons of amber
 headed with diamond and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 notes, godwits, lampreys. I myself will have
 the beards of barbels served, instead of salads ;
 oiled mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps
 of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 dressed with an exquisite, and poignant sauce ;
 for which I'll say unto my cook, *Here's gold,*
to forth and be a knight.

BEN JONSON'S ALCHEMIST.

Nero's court became daily more corrupt
 profligate, and Seneca's influence pro-
 portionably waned, his visits to the palace be-
 came less frequent, and were rather those of
 a minister than of the courtier. One morn-
 ing however, he received an invitation to par-

take of the imperial banquet, couched in to
of such unwonted cordiality as to rende
impossible to decline ; although it made
who well knew his master's treachery, tre
at the price which he would have to pa
the compliment. Ill as he augured, his an
pations fell far short of the cruel realit
will be seen in the sequel : in the mean
it is permitted as many of my readers as ch
to accompany him and Lucan to the r
table ; where, if they are not so much grat
as Sir Mammon Epicure would have bee
will not be for want of either novelty or a
dance in the provisions.

To prevent disappointment, it may be
to state that the entertainment being some
more sumptuous than ordinary, the time r
tioned in the notes of invitation is two o'clock
an hour earlier than usual.

The guests were introduced to the Emp
in the piscina, where they found him lea
over the marble edge of an artificial
abounding with fish, having in his hand a
of landing net, the network of which wa
purple and scarlet silken cords, the hoop
of gold.* It is not worth while to describ

* Suet. In Nerone 30.

ame; for although it was new, that morning, of the most splendid description, it was the course of half an hour laid aside for his royal garb, and never again resumed; it being a custom not to wear any garment twice.* They entered, Nero was just in the act of dining, with the assistance of his attendants, a large fish called a mullet; which, on being taken out of the water, was placed on a table before him, that he might have the gratification of seeing it die! He appeared to hang over the fish with ecstasy, to mark the varying colours as life was ebbing.

What radiant changes strike the astonished sight,
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd:
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th'enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem'd to glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue;
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.

FALCONER.

Seneca and Lucan were beckoned to draw near, and were congratulated by the court sycophants.

* Suet. In. Nerone. 30.

phants, on their being in time to enjoy such a ravishing spectacle. Each of the courtiers delivered a funeral oration over the poor monarch, contriving, of course, to introduce such far-fetched fulsome flattery to the Emperor. One even augured from it, that as it lay rotten on its finny side, even so should our father Arviragus roll about in the dust in his scyphoid chariot!

See the mighty omen, see!

He cries, of some illustrious victory!
Some captive King thee his new lord shall own;
Or, from his British chariot headlong thrown,
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down.

Many of the speeches were ingenious, but so barren a subject necessarily exercised the speaker's invention; but none of them were so ingenious as is the poet Juvenal's imitation of them to the courtiers of his country, nor were any of them so sensible as those which were made by Seneca and Lucan to the Emperor, in an under voice, on the occasion.

“Who among these,” whispered Seneca, “would watch so patiently over a dying fish as they do over a dying fish?”

* Vid. Juvenalis, Sat. iv.

† Senec. Natur. Quæst. Lib. III. c. 17 & 18.

n's reflection was more poetical—perhaps prophetic.

he ever varying hues, which have succeeded each other so rapidly," said he, "and now subsided into one dull, indifferent hue, are like the fitful changes of life, so soon succeeded and effaced by the one unchanging hue of death!"

To this complexion we must come at last.

He interrupted the eloquence of his satellites as soon as the poor creature had felt its danger, by hurrying them to the triclinium, saying, that if they lingered in the Piscina, the property would be spoilt.* Thither, therefore, they hastened, and found the room brilliantly illuminated, with coloured lamps clustering in wreaths of flowers, which twined around the columns, and hung in festoons from the ceiling. The table was lighted with silver lamps from Egina, of the most elegant designs. Soon as they were seated, Moorish boys came round among the guests, and poured water over their heads, and paired their hands, singing all the time they were per-

*Nullum videtur recens nullus, nisi qui in convivæ manu
est. Senec. ut ante.*

forming their task, which they executed with marvellous dexterity.

Among the party, besides Seneca and his wife, were Otho, Galba, and Vitellius, all of whom afterwards had a taste of the imperial power. Piso, who subsequently originated a conspiracy against Nero; Tigellinus, and Petronius Arbiter, who has left us a minute account of the entertainment, which the reader will find to agree with all material circumstances, with our own.

The feast began with a vessel filled with metheglin, being handed round to the guests together with two silver salvers, one containing a roast dormice, with a sauce of honey and pepper, and the other a British basket divided into two compartments, containing respectively black and white olives. These little stimulants were varied by an accompaniment of sausages, served up on a silver gridiron, and a dish of large damsons, from which the seeds had been extracted, and their places supplied with the kernels of pomegranates.

This preliminary course had proceeded so far in the Emperor's absence, who, it appeared, had been engaged at his toilet; but on his completion he was borne in on a litter, closely packed, that only his bald head

of his scarlet tunic peeped out from
his embroidered pallium, which was
ed with purple tassels.

alighting, he threw himself into an atti-
which displayed to great advantage the
ments on his right arm, consisting of a gold
let, and ivory armband, fastened together
a chain from which a medal hung pendant.
left arm, on which he leaned, was unadorn-
ut the hand was ornamented with two rings,
f gold, and the other of the same metal,
most exquisitely interwrought with steel. A
iful slave followed him, bearing an inlaid
with crystal dice, and gold and silver
ers; with which he played intermittingly
g the whole meal, and contrived to win
gellinus a sum amounting to no less than
333 of our money.*

the mean time, a tray was brought in
a basket upon it, filled with straw, in
midst of which was an artificial hen with
retched wings, as if covering her brood.
c having struck up, two servants began
hing the straw, and, taking out some pea-
eggs, as they appeared, distributed them
g the company. These eggs, however,

* *Quadrages sestertium.*

turned out to be made of some confection when opened were found to contain the yolk of an egg, well peppered with a delicate wheaten crumb in the centre.

The first course being removed almost immediately, and not having been tasted, the relics were given to be scrambled up by the singers and dancers present; and a dish happening in the confusion to be thrown from the table, it was ordered to be swept up with the other fragments.

Two long-haired Ethiopians, in the emperor's livery of green with cherry colored girdles, now waited on the guests with ewers wherewith to wash their hands. Other servants, in the meantime, brought in some antique, double-eared vessels of glass, with mouldy and almost illegible labels, which more hinted than expressed, that they contained *Opimian muscadine*, a rich wine so called because it had been bottled in the consulship of Opinius; and, consequently, was one hundred and eighty-two years old! There was, of course, a great variety of other wines, among which the principal were, the Lesbian, Calesian, Falernian, Albanian, and Setine wines:

* For I have also heard, perhaps have read
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,

[C]

the famous Rhetian forgotten, which had been the favourite beverage of Augustus. Piso having filled, with muscadine, a magnificent murrhine cup which stood before him, for which he had that morning given twenty talents,* did Seneca the honour to propose to the company, to drink to every letter in his name, which, with the prefixes Lucius, Annius, would have admitted of eighteen bumpers;† but Seneca in a courtly speech declined the compliment, until, at least, the Emperor's name had received due honours, which he, therefore, proposed should be substituted with the following adjuncts, Cæsar, Augustus; to which the sycophant Tigellinus, added by way of amendment, *Pater patriæ!* As a fatiguing business seemed to be awaiting them, the voluptuous Piso took his too burthensome

Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearls.

Paradise Regained, B. IV, v. 116.

£15,750, Vid. Plin. Nat. His., xxxvii, c. 3.

Martial thus alludes to this custom of drinking healths:

Nævina sex cyathis; septum Justina bibatur;
Quinque Lycas; Lyde quatuor; Ida tribus.
Omnis ab infuso numeretur amica Falerno, &c.

Epig. Lib. I, 77.

rings from his effeminate fingers, and held them on his embossed drinking cup,* which was already resplendent with beryls and emeralds;† while the more prudent part of the company provided themselves with distilled water cooled in snow, to allay the fever produced by the generous and high-spirited wines.

The tedium of their protracted toast was somewhat alleviated by the exhibition of a silver automaton tumbler, which threw itself into a number of singular attitudes. Meanwhile an immense charger was brought in, divided into twelve compartments, each of which was engraved with one of the signs of the zodiac, and laden with something emblematic of the sign which it was placed. Aries, for instance, was laden with some confection fashioned in the semblance of a ram's head; Taurus, a piece of beef, and a plate of herbs, resembling a green field, adorned the centre, upon which was laid a honeycomb. At the same time a singing boy carried round bread in a silver oven.

This allegorical course, being rather curious than dainty, was soon discussed; the upper part of the charger was then taken off, and

* *Juv. Sat. i. 28.*

† *Juv. Sat. v, v. 38 & 43.*

of music, by the waiters, who always
 d in a kind of dancing step; and whose
 ant gestures now showed, that they were
 t to regale the epicures present with the
 of some real delicacies. And such they
 as may be judged from the following
 s. The first was filled with the livers of
 ; the second contained the "condited
 s of the scarus;"* a third the brains of
 ocks and pheasants; a fourth flamingoes'
 ues; a fifth the soft roes of lampreys; and
 th, which was the centre dish, a hare,
 ned with the fins of a fish so as to look like
 ng pegasus.†

uxuries now crowded thick and fast; and
 us kinds of fish were brought together from
 st all parts of the globe:—

All fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast.

there was the thrice renowned squilla‡

Jeremy Taylor.

† Suet. in Vitellio, 13.

Volumes might be written on the epicurism of the
 ans, but for a general idea. Vid. Petron: Arbit: Sat.
 Sat. 5 & 9.—Hor. lib. 11. Sat. 2 & 8. See also
 ny Taylor's House of Feasting, Sermon xv., and Ben
 on's Alchemist.

from Africa, with its garnish of asparagus; there, also, were mullets from Corsica; from Syene; another kind of fish from perplexing Euripus; and lampreys from the vortex of Charybdis! Over these fish, little images spouted a savoury sauce, as the Romans deemed it; but which would have caused poor *Pallet's* heart to heave, being made of bitter herbs and saffron, pickled in Byzantine brine, and boiled up in wine, to which, for cool, the finest Venafrian oil had been added.

Seca, a pupil of Trypherus, the celebrated professor of carving at Rome, officiated as carver; and his name literally signifying "carve," served the Emperor as a perpetual occasion for punning, of course, to the infinite diversion of his company, for a royal party was always amusing; and, indeed, any pun, served up with such spicy viands, could not be highly entertaining.

Due honour having been done to the luxuries, a great bustle was excited, and a person uninitiated would have thought that the entertainment was at an end; for the Babylonian coverings of the seats were not to yield precedence to other coverlets, on which were embroidered figures, symbolical of the chase; and an entirely new suite of ser-

ere busily employed in investing the couches with their new garbs. This was hardly done, when a pack of well-trained Thessalian hounds ran round the table as though in full cry, and then disappeared.

This scene was introduced merely to usher in the next dish, which contained a huge Lucanian boar, on whose tusks were suspended two little baskets of dates and almonds; while round the table lay sweetmeats, made up in the form of little pigs, designed as trifles for the guests to take home with them. "What think ye of my dogs having brought down this boar so soon?" said Nero, addressing the elegant, but dissolute, Penonius, whose exquisite taste had been offended by the incongruity of the litter of pigs; and who promptly replied, "True Thessalians, per Pol, O Cesar! for they seem not only to have run down the boar, but to have traced his consort through her litter; and thus to have made an end of the whole family!"

Nero applauded the remark, though it somewhat reflected on his cook's taste; and for this and some other elegantly expressed criticisms, at the close of the evening, conferred upon Penonius the title of *Arbiter*, which has ever since been appended to his name.

While they were thus conversing, the carver,

who was dressed in character as a kind of r
 huntsman, with a long beard, drew a hu
 knife from his girdle and perforated the b
 side ; when out flew a number of blackb
 The birds were immediately caught by
 fowlers stationed there for the purpose,
 presented them to the guests ; and at the
 time two pages took off the baskets and h
 round the almonds and dates.

Tempting as the boar looked, the *gou*
 Otho did not venture to touch it, until as
 that it had been caught during the prevale
 a south wind ; and he felt the same scruple
 regard to the mushrooms which filled the
 dish, and which had been imported from A
 until informed that they had been ga
 after a thunderstorm !* As he made t
 quires which elicited this information
 severe countenance of old Galba assur
 look of ferocious disdain at the epicurism
 future competitor for the purple. The
 went merrily round again, and the clo
 removed, amid a flourish of music ; but
 not, gentle reader, that if you are weary
 entertainments, that so were the royal
 By no means. A very extravagant and

* *Juv. Sat. v., 115.*

at disgusting scene ensued. Three fat hogs, of different size and age, were led in; and the Emperor having asked his guests which they would like to have dressed, as though anticipating their choice, ordered the cook to be sent for, and the largest to be killed and cooked in time for the next course.

In the meantime the Rhetian was circulated; and, during the revolution of the bottle a little accident occurred, which might have been attended with serious consequences to our heroine. It was usual, on such festive occasions of the present, to allow such of the nobility and officers of Seneca's court, as were not invited to partake of the entertainment, to view it as spectators; and Seneca's wife wishing to indulge Claudia, had imprudently introduced her among the crowd. Curiosity led her insensibly forward, until she occupied a rather prominent situation; and unfortunately, while her innocent eye was unconsciously wandering over the magnificence which every where surrounded her, the Emperor's sensual gaze had fallen on her. Her snowy complexion; her comparatively light hair; the mingled simplicity and dignity of her countenance and figure, were all attentively scanned by the profligate Emperor. Seneca, with the watchfulness of a courtier's

observation, perceived the object of the Emperor's curiosity, and the probable consequence flashed at once across his mind ; but before he could think of any expedient to divert the Emperor's attention, Nero asked him "Venerable lass have we got there? By Jupiter she is one of the graces," added the Emperor. Seneca made no reply, but with the most admirable presence of mind, counterfeited death or inattention ; and as though disturbed from reverie, and unconscious of what had taken place, begged the Emperor, that he would condescend to allow the company the felicity of listening to one of his immortal poems. Nero, whose vanity even excelled his sensuality, delighted with the compliment. His countenance brightened with pleasure. Claudia was forgotten ; and the master of the world was instantly metamorphosed into a would-be Apollo.

I will have more compassion on my rival than to transcribe his song ; happily, we are not obliged to listen to it, as were his courtiers. As may be supposed, during its continuance Seneca availed himself of an opportunity to cause Claudia to be removed from her present situation.

Nero had scarcely finished his song, but a fat hog, resembling the corpse of that w

l been so recently condemned, was brought
able well cooked, amid the astonishment of
beholders, who deemed it nothing less than
miracle. On examining the hog, however,
appeared that the most important process—
t of disembowelling—had been overlooked !
e cook was sent for ; and no defence, on the
und of the incredibly short time which had
n allowed him, availed with the stern Nero.
was, notwithstanding the combined in-
cession of the company, condemned to lose
head. By way of momentary respite,
however, he was ordered to cut up his ill-
oked dish ; when, on ripping up the belly,
h trembling hand—out tumbled hog's-
ddings and sausages in abundance, amid the
nvulsed laughter of the guests ! The cook's
mirable performance was justly rewarded
th wine, a silver coronet, and a drinking-
wl on a magnificent salver of Corinthian brass.
Nero, who in this coarse exhibition had
mewhat wantonly trifled with the feelings of
s guests, shocked them more—far more,
uently, immediately afterwards ; for the ty-
nny, which he had only counterfeited in the
rmer instance, he exercised in reality in the
tter. An artist, who had acquired great
lebrity, by the manufacture of glass vessels,

which were so hard as almost to defy fracture. Having expressed a wish to present a *d'œuvre* of his art to the Emperor, was summoned before the company. The manner and workmanship having been warmly commended, the artist, to increase the admiration of the spectators, dashed the vessel to the ground when, to their astonishment, it received a bruise like a piece of malleable metal. He then beat out this bruise, and restored the vessel to its former shape, with as much ease as if it had been made of paper ! While all the guests were expressing their amazement, and the artist was secretly exulting in the triumph of his art, the Emperor inquired whether any one else was skilled in the construction of this malleable glass, and being answered in the negative, ordered his guards to strike off the artist's head instantly ; observing, that if the secret were once divulged, silver and gold would be perfectly valueless ! Fortunately some of the spectators, and particularly Lucan, the expression of horror which involuntarily escaped, was unobserved ; for, just at this moment, an exhibition of tumbling and rope-dancing was introduced ; and the Emperor's attention was occupied by a tum-

...y, who climbed up a ladder held by another person, and having danced on the top spar, tumbled through burning hoops of iron with glass in his mouth. It happened that, in course of this exhibition, one of the tumbler had the misfortune to stumble violently against the Emperor, who groaned, and ordered his physician to be sent for. The tumbler, who had witnessed the poor artist's fall, shrieked aloud, and the boy hid himself under their feet: the Emperor, however, having summoned the trembling culprit before him, demanded his name.

“Bromius,” answered the boy.

“Henceforth, thou shalt be called Liber,” (free), said the Emperor.

He accordingly manumitted the boy, declaring that it was shameful for so august a person to be hurt by a slave! Having so done, he called for his chronicler, and desired him to record this instance of his magnanimity! A magnificent, highly embossed, silver plateau, was next brought in, laden with presents for his guests, whose names and perquisites were proclaimed by a boy; and Seneca trembled when he saw a beautiful crystal cup placed before him; for he knew, that with all the Empe-

ror's affectation of liberality, he never made his presence present but in anticipation of some tremendous sacrifice, either of conscience, fortune, or reputation, arising on the part of the person so honoured.

After this little interlude, the feast was resumed with increasing debauchery. I could not attempt to enumerate the dishes which followed the next course ; but they consisted principally of birds, such as guinea-hens, storks, and partridges, &c. There was one dish, however, of peculiar beauty, which must not be passed over in silence, as Petronius awarded it the palm of the whole entertainment. It consisted of four peacocks, and as many cock-pheasants, the plumage of whose tails was united together, and formed a resplendent dome-like cover to the dish. When this course was removed, a number of strolling players came in, and travestied the Iphigenia of Euripides, by way of introduction to the next dish ; which consisted of a whole heifer, with a helmet on her head. A number of the players, as though in a fit of distraction, fell upon this heifer, and in the most dexterous manner imaginable carved it up, and presented the most delicate parts to the guests on the point of his knife. The party had scarcely time to express their admiration of this

to digest their rations, before they heard
bling as though of a distant earthquake,
actually shook their seats, and increased
ally, until, to their consternation, the
of the ceiling appeared to give way.
e was no real ground for alarm, however ;
rough the aperture in the ceiling was
own a circle, around which were hung
n garlands, and alabaster vases, filled
the most precious perfumes. While all
were intent on this new luxury, the table
upplied with what appeared to be confec-
y and fruit ; in the midst of which was,
re of the god Terminus. On touching
delicacies, they threw around a delicious
odour, which filled the room with its
nce. At this period of the entertainment,
household gods were brought in, by two
dressed in sacerdotal costume, while a
poured out a goblet of Rhodian wine as
ation ; after which, the statue of Nero
carried round, and kissed by the company.
her viands, the very names of which
d be wearisome, followed in almost end-
uccession ; until, to the great relief of the
sober part of the company, * from which

for further information respecting the insatiable and
ing gluttony of Vitellius, see Suet. in Vittellio, 13.

the glutton, Vitellius, must be carefully excluded, the banquet seemed now at an end, and they beheld with pleasure the tables removed, and the floor strewed with sawdust dyed saffron and vermillion, mixed with glittering powder, made from the *lapis sardinensis*, or a species of talc.

But, hurrah, for Vitellius! as Lucan exclaims—this was but the note of preparation for another and another service. The first seemed a kind of dessert; and consisted of a blackbird with Sardinian chesnuts, some dried grapes from Picenum and Tibur, and some peaches of a culture of which had been recently imported from Egypt and Greece. There were also apples from Phœacia, of such beauty and odour that the sight and smell alone seemed irresistible; but which, I would observe, though tempting as Atalanta's bait, were resolutely rejected by Nero, lest they should prejudice his voice!* Another dish contained what appeared to be a goose, with all kind of fowl round it; but Nero informed his guests that the whole of that heterogeneous-looking assemblage had been manufactured out of a substance by his cook, who, he said,

* For the pains which Nero bestowed in the improvement of his voice, see Suet. in Nerone, 20.

ly create a plover out of fat bacon, a turtle of a spring of pork, and a hen out of a piece of brawn! What the original matter was, I cannot say; but let not the gourmand be disconsolate; for I can tell him all the ingredients of the next dish, which was esteemed by the Romans a very delicate preserve, which possibly might be classed under the name of pickles, in our present culinary cyclopaedia. It was composed of smoke-dried Italian grapes, mixed up with lees of wine, cloves, white pepper, and salt-herring brine! While this last delicacy—so to speak—was being discussed, two servants entered with earthen pots on their heads, and, addressing to the Emperor's seat, begged his decision on some subject in dispute between them. His sentence did not seem to set the matter at rest; for as they left him, they proceeded with their quarrel; and from words at last resorted to blows, and broke each other's earthen pots. The company were of course shocked at this piece of indecorum, and were surprised that the Emperor did not interfere; but, upon close observation, they perceived a number of oysters falling out of these broken pots, which a boy collected and arranged in a row, and then carried round to the guests!

This last dish afforded Otho an opportunity of expatiating on his favourite subject, and displaying his wonderful discrimination in the science of epicurism.—

“These oysters,” said he, scrutinizing one as an exquisite, some twenty years ago when wholesome port was more in fashion would have scrutinized a glass of bee’s-wine.” “These oysters, Cæsar will, I am sure, bear out in saying so, came from the British coast near Rhotupinum. In size they equal the Lucræ and in sweetness they excel the Circeæ. Divus Cæsar showed himself a god, in adding Britain to his dominions.” *

“And they are fools,” interpolated the flattering Tigellinus; “they are fools, as your divine Majesty said, who accuse your mighty ancestor of having crossed the British coast for the sake of her pearls—it was for oysters!”

Nero was pleased at this repetition of his own pleasantry; and, to show that his wit was not exhausted, asked Tigellinus facetiously—

“In what do I excel my ancestor?”

“In everything,” replied the adulator.

* *Juv. Sat. iv., v. 140.*

The same question was proposed to Lucan ;
and he replied—" In singing."

This satirical answer, strange to say, pleased
the Emperor ; and he rejoined—

" True, very true, my Lucan, but I did not
mean that ; but I excel in this, that the divine
Cæsar went to Britain after the oysters, but I
will make the slaves themselves bring them to me."
I need not add, that peals of mirth, real or
simulated, followed this miserable attempt
at witticism.

But the trumpets sound again to the
charge!—

Once more unto the breach, my friends—once more!

The last service was at length brought in ;
and now, gentle reader, I would have you
prepare for a *bonne bouche*. Methinks I see
your napkin applied to the corners of your
mouth, awaiting the consummation of this
dinner, " after the manner of the ancients."

Well, I will delay your happiness no longer.
This last dish consisted of *broiled snails* ;
served round on a silver gridiron by a boy,
who sang as he went, making his voice
and gestures harmonize.

While the gridiron was making its revolution,

other slaves entered with vases of liquid fumes, with which they anointed the of the company, having first decorated legs and ancles with garlands. This taste piece of extravagance, dictated by the vulgar mind which had designed the disgusting scene of the stuffed hog, was intended a refinement upon the trite, but beautiful custom of wreathing the head with garlands of flowers !

CHAPTER V.

I passed the palace, where the frantic King
 Yet holds his crimson revel—whence the roar
 Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh
 Of death.—

ION.

THERE is a popular superstition, that, at the vigil of St. Mark, the spirit which is doomed “shuffle off its mortal coil,” ere the close of the ensuing year, asserts its native liberty, and, leaving its companion rapt in slumber, stalks abroad, and views its future resting-place, being visible to those who have the merited opportunity to visit the churchyard at the awful hour of midnight. * Let this fated period be a little extended, and the spirits of all present

* See Montgomery’s poem, entitled “The Vigil of St. Mark,” the first ghost story which the author ever read, and the impression produced by which twenty years have not faded.

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at the entertainment, which we have described in the preceding chapter, might have been hastening from that midnight debauch, to their respective tombs, and each, with the blood-mark which is said to distinguish the ghastly of the murdered: not one of that party doomed to see the next lustration—not one of them to die a natural death!

Futurity is, however, happily veiled from the ken of mortals; and, therefore, the horrible calamities which, at no very distant day, were to overwhelm Nero's party, did not affect their present enjoyment. Fortunately, they resembled in *ignorance*—still more fortunate they resembled in *innocence*, the sentinal animals browsing in the butcher's paddock which—

Pleased to the last, still crop their flowery food,
And lick the hand just raised to shed their blood

No gloomy forebodings checked their revelry; on the contrary, the cup went merrily round, as though there were no to-morrow.

Nero sang as though inspired—if not by Apollo, at least by Bacchus. All the lettings in his name having been toasted at dinner

OUR was now done, at his request, to
 IUS ANNÆUS SENECA! While the Fa-
 an was circulating, a messenger in breath-
 haste, but as unobserved as possible,
 red the room, and whispered the following
 e of intelligence in the Emperor's ear;
 ch Seneca, who sat next to him, could not
 overhearing.—

Burrhus is dead," said he; "your divine
 esty's gargle has had its effect." *

The gods be thanked," whispered Nero in
 y. "Locusta's medicines seldom fail; but
 are you assured of the fact?"

I heard the trumpet sound a knell at his
 e," was the answer; "I, therefore, walked
 o satisfy myself; and, having done so, I
 ed to satisfy your majesty."

Let the news go no further yet," said Nero;
 then addressing his attendants, he ordered
 lver goblet to be filled with wine for the
 senger.

accustomed as Seneca was to the control of

Many persons," says Tacitus, "allege that Burrhus,
 afflicted with a disorder in the throat, had a poisonous
 e administered by the directions of Nero, under the
 nce of its being a remedy for his disease."—*Tac. Anna.*,
 51. *Sueton. in Nerone*, 35.—"Burrho prefecto reme-
 ad fauces pollicitus, toxicum misit."

his countenance, he felt it difficult to control the almost convulsive agitation which seized him at this unexpected intelligence of the cause — the violent death of his most intimate friend. The cruel fact now burst upon him, that all that unusual courtesy to himself was only designed to obviate any suspicion which the public might have of Burrhus having been taken off by secret means at the instigation of the Emperor!

Never was a more heartless thing done by Nero himself, than thus to assassinate his companion and tutor, and then to invite his most intimate friend of the deceased to sup with him the evening in revelry with him. Seneca had seen much and felt much, and had been obliged to repress and conceal much ; but a blow so sudden as this was, staggered him. He considered at such cold-blooded ingratitude and treachery ; but, what was to be done ? There was no time or place for weeping or lamentation ; and the expression of the least emotion would have been fatal to him. It was impossible to attempt to smooth his features into a neutral countenance. The big tear, forced by the recollection of so many happy years of friendship which Burrhus and himself had passed together, would not be controlled : his heart would have burst,

the natural portals of feeling been closed. But how weep unobserved?—Necessity suggested an expedient. He dashed to the ground, as though by accident, the beautiful crystal cup which the Emperor had but recently given to him, and, seeming to weep over the fragments, his tears were allowed to flow on. The Emperor himself was touched with this mark of attachment, as he construed it, to himself; and the courtiers were lost in admiration of a man, who, as they thought, could thus simulate grief; but who, in reality, was only dissimulating the cause.(F)

The admiration of the courtiers, however, only stimulated their rivalry, and made each of them strain his talents to engratiate himself with his master. The elegant and witty, but contentious and profligate Petronius, exhausted his resources of amusement; and related, with inimitable gaiety and humour, his well-known story of the disconsolate widow at Athens, who, after having mourned over the remains of her late husband in the very tomb, to which they had been consigned, and almost starved herself for grief, had, actually, procured the corpse to be gibbeted, to save the life of a new paramour. He told the tale with so much ease and eloquence, and with such irresistible hu-

mour, that even Seneca, whose heart bleeding, could hardly be insensible to amusement which the story afforded. seemed so little art in his narrative, that almost invited competition; yet but an essay would have convinced any one that the fascinating narrator defied all attempts at imitation.*

Petronius was a man of the most exquisite refinement and elegance of manner; and his decision in matters of taste admitted of no appeal. His entertainments were less exquisite than those of some of the other courtiers, but they were conducted with such perfect propriety as to be quite faultless.† He had such versatility of talents, as to excel in everything to which he applied them; so that he would plunge with his fellow courtiers in the very depths of debauchery; but, leaving there, he would, apparently without an effort, make a sudden transition to the most exacting studies. He threw a halo of beauty around every thing which he touched; but, unhappily,

* Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease
Pope's Essay on Criticism

† Vid. Tac. Ann. xvi, 18, 19. "He was distinguished," says Tacitus, "*erudito luxu.*"

h a halo as disguised the corruption lurking
 hin—"A gilded halo hovering round decay."
 o often, alas ! by concealing the deformity
 vice, he imparted to it a loveliness which
 de it the more alluring and dangerous : for
 e might have been seduced by the elegant
 uptuousness of Petronius, who would only
 ve felt shocked at the disgusting debaucheries
 Tigellinus. His character has been well
 own by the poet :—

Petronius ! all the muses weep for thee ;
 But every tear shall scald thy memory :
 The Graces too, while virtue at their shrine
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
 Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
 Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and cursed the priest.
 Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,
 Gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth,
 To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
 That so refined it might the more entice,
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son,
 To taint his heart was worthy of thine own.*

COWPER.

A person who had seen him at Nero's table,
 ould have mistaken him for an idle volup-
 ary ; but, strange to say, he was active and
 unwearied in public business ; and was as
 perfect a statesman as he was a courtier.

* This sketch is doubtless intended for the Earl of
 Chesterfield.

“How is it, my Petronius,” said Nero in the course of conversation, “that you were before that old censor Thræsea Pætus the other day, who, they said, commenced canvass at sunrise ; when, to my own knowledge, you were not up much before sunset.”

“Simply, most august Cæsar,” he replied, “because I had commenced my canvas at sunset, the preceding day ; and had finished before he began. Permit me, gracious Emperor,” he continued, “to submit a question to the company present, which this conversation suggested. I would fain know of them, if they consider to be the oldest nation in the world ?”

“You are quite at liberty to propose any question, my Petronius,” replied the Emperor, “although I cannot see its connection with our conversation ; and I will further venture to predict, that the general opinion of the company will incline towards Egypt.”

“Probably your majesty is right,” replied Petronius ; “but I had thought of awarding the meed of antiquity to the Gauls.”

“The Gauls ?” repeated Nero, with astonishment.

“Probably your majesty will think the

of my error," replied Petronius, "when acquainted with my reasons. We are informed by your divine ancestor, in his commentaries, as your majesty may remember, that the Gauls reckon their time by nights rather than days; now the night being, as every one knows, the elder sister of the day, it struck me that they are half a day older than the rest of the world."

"Excellent, by Jove!" said Nero; "and if I had undertaken to revise the almanac as Julius did, I would have followed their example, and begun with the night also. In this instance, I think that the Gauls were wiser than their conquerors."

"Doubtless, most august Cæsar," replied Petronius; "and I do not hesitate to say, that the reason, why the owl is the emblem of wisdom, is because it prefers the night to the day."

Great applause followed this witticism, and the handsome and eloquent young Piso, who sat next Petronius, took up the conversation.

"Certainly," said he, "according to your divine majesty's criterion of wisdom, there is not, in all your boundless dominions, a greater sage than Petronius; for I slept, or rather

passed the night at his house, a short time since, and about the third hour of the night I heard the noise of the whip, when on inquiry I was told that the stewards were just calling the slaves to what, if it had been perceived twelve hours earlier, I should have called for the morning account, and was chastising the slaves in the courts. At midnight, I heard the sound of some person talking very loudly, and found that it was Petronius himself, exercising his voice in declamation. Well, being unaccustomed to such hours, I fell asleep, and was awakened about two hours after midnight, by the sound of wheels and the trampling of horses, and discovered, to my surprise, that he was just about taking a little airing before dinner! Notwithstanding this disturbance, I nodded off to sleep again; but, about the twelfth hour of the night,† just as day began to dawn, I was suddenly roused by a great clamour, and hastily half drest, to the spot whence the noise proceeded, found his slaves and butlers, cooks, running about in all directions, to

* Nine o'clock in the evening. This anecdote, which is very illustrative of the manners of the Romans, is related by Seneca, (of Spurius Papinius), Epist. 122.

† Six, a.m.

re dinner for his goodness, who had just left
e bath, and was calling out for some mead
d frumenty !”

This little anecdote, of which we have merely
en the outline, was related with a great deal
sprightliness and good humour, and very
uch amused the party ; nor did Petronius
m to enjoy it the least.

Seneca had remained silent since the incident
ich we have related in the commencement
this chapter, and would gladly have con-
ued quiet ; but, fearful lest his silence should
ite the attention of the party, he briefly
erved that the *light-shunners*, whom Piso
d so well described, had been wittily
led by Cato, ‘ the *Antipodes* of the
y !*’

This remark, inoffensive as it was, drew upon
n a furious, but ill-judged, attack from Tigel-
us, who was almost bursting with spleen
the applause which Nero had bestowed upon
e elegant and refined Piso and Petronius ;
d who was jealous also, lest Seneca’s conduct
d made too favourable an impression on the
mperor. He, therefore, observed that *Cato*

* Seneca, Epist. 122.

had a right to animadvert on the conduct of others, for he was not one of those who proscribe what they condemn.

“But I have not patience,” continued he, “to hear any one inveigh against luxury, especially one who carries it to the very extreme. I would say to such a person, Wherefore are your pleasure grounds so artificially cultivated? Why do you not sup with the economist? Why do you prescribe to others? Why is your furniture so costly? your wine older than yours? your house so extensive, and adorned with such useless shrubs? Why does your wife wear jewels in her ears worth the value of her rich estate? Why are your slaves so sumptuously clad? Why do professional courtiers serve at your table? Nay, I would ask of such a person,” continued he, stimulated by the encouragement, which the significant glance of his companions afforded, “Why do you boast of your possessions beyond the sea more in number than you can enumerate?”

Every word of this was applicable to Seignior and the last charge was well selected for the purpose of *coup de grace*, it having reference to Seignior's British possessions, the collection of t

venues of which had caused the insurrection of the Britons.

None of the eloquence or the wit of the evening was so much enjoyed as this covert attack upon Seneca ; and the malevolence, which inspired it, could only be equalled by the self-exultations with which it was concluded. This, however, was brief ; for Seneca's feelings were already too much irritated to suffer this attack to be made with impunity. Adopting, therefore, the satirical and indirect manner of Tigellinus, he retorted :—

“Were such a charge to be made against myself, I would reply to the person making it somewhat as follows :—‘I own indeed that I am not wise ; and to gratify your malevolence, I will even own that I never shall be wise. I do not require of myself that I should be equal to the best of mankind ; but that I should be better than the bad. I have not yet arrived, and I fear that I never shall arrive, at perfect health ; and, therefore, I prepare lenitives, rather than cures, for my gout ; content if it but rarely pinches me, and if it tortures me less than it was wont. Gouty, however, as my legs are ; compared with you,’ I would say to my opponent, ‘I am an Olympic runner!

This same charge of inconsistency in teaching precepts they did not practise, was brought against Plato, against Epicurus, against Seneca. Shall I, then, expect to be exempt from the charge from which Rutilius and Cato were not deemed inviolate? For even Cato—your own book tells us Cato—when he praised Curius and Cornelianus, and that age of simplicity, in which luxury was deemed an offence cognizable by the censor, to possess a few little plates of silver—Cato himself at that time possessed upwards of £32,000!* which, though much less than without doubt, than the wealth of Crassus, was more than Cato the censor was believed to possess. But, for my own part,” continued Seneca, “I do not blame him; for no philosopher can deny, that wealth affords a wider field for the exercise of virtuous inclinations than poverty. Fortitude and rectitude are the virtues of poverty; but temperance, liberality, diligence, economy, and greatness of mind are the virtues of wealth. Thus, although a man would not despise himself, because he was of low stature, or because he laboured with some infirmity or deformity; he would

* *Quadringenties sestertium.*

of the usual height, well formed and ro-
. All the sages, whom I have mentioned,
ht their disciples, not how they themselves
l, but how they ought to live; and in like
ner, I commend not myself, but I commend
e; and I also condemn vices, even though
be my own. It is the characteristic of a
orous spirit to have high resolves, though
may seem somewhat disproportionate to
means of accomplishing them; and to aim
excellence, although it should never reach it:
should it fall, it would fall nobly. But as
you, I would say to my accuser, when you
the excellence of any person praised, you
k and snap, precisely *as little dogs do at*
angers. If, therefore, those who make
ue their study, have *their* failing; what
t be *your* condition, to whom the very
e of virtue is odious?"*

Poor Tigellinus found the tables completely
ned upon him, and did not venture to
n his lips again, during the remainder of
evening, except to insert his oft-filled

The whole of the foregoing charge and defence will be
nd recapitulated in Seneca's Treatise, *De Vita Beata*,
17—21.

But it is time now to draw the curtains and conceal the remaining scenes of this entertainment; which were of such unmix'd splendour and bauchery, that the eloquence of Cicero and the wit of Petronius, could not describe them. (G)

CHAPTER VI.

I saw and knew too well the vice of courts :

• • • • •
 Ah, me ! too long I stayed, too much endured,
 Still by Ambition's treacherous voice allured ;
 But when my hopes and youth alike were gone,
 I then began my folly to bemoan,
 And bade to courts and crimes a long farewell,
 In life's more peaceful shades again to dwell.

TASSO.

On the morning after the entertainment, of which we have attempted a description in the preceding chapter, the "*Acta Diurna*," or daily paper, announced the death of the excellent Burrhus, and the inexpressible grief of the Emperor on the occasion ; who had, as it is stated, with his usual condescension and humanity, visited the sufferer daily ! The next day announced, that the command of the German cohorts, which had become vacant by the death of Burrhus, had been given to

Tigellinus and Fenius Rufus ;* the latter being nominally associated with the favourite, on account of his popularity, but the real power of the office, which was the most important in the state, being wielded by the infamous Tigellinus.

Seneca needed no ghost, nor even the friendly offices of those, who reported to him the calumnies of his detractors and the machinations of his rivals, to assure him that his power had irrecoverably fallen with the death of his excellent coadjutor. His household soon ceased to be thronged with courtiers at break of day : the tide of obsequious flattery which had filled his ample halls almost overflowing, subsided into a small stream of needy dependents. A few court favourites came, it is true ; but it was rather to gratify their malice, than any more kindly disposition.

To say, that Seneca was unmoved by this change, would be to do as he did—to conceal the truth. He felt it, indeed ; but not like an ordinary man : for he was a philosopher and a Stoic, although the world had well nigh spoiled him.

In forming an estimate of Seneca

* Tac. Ann. xiv., c. 51.

ter, we must bear in mind, that he had been exposed to the perils of two professions, of which all others the most hazardous to real virtue and philosophy — those of a courtier and a politician. In the former, he had been obliged to connive at crimes, until insensibly he began almost to tolerate them ; or, at least had, by long familiarity, lost that repugnance to them, which is the truest symptom of moral health. In the latter character, he had so often undertaken to defend what was really unjustifiable, that his notions of moral rectitude became, gradually, somewhat confused. Losing that exquisite sensibility, which constitutes what is termed a tender conscience, his principles grew uncertain and wavering ; until at last he impressed false views of virtue and vice upon himself as well as others. His defence of his own inconsistency, as related in the last chapter, will furnish an apposite illustration of the truth of these remarks. Eloquent, happy, and triumphant, as this was considered by those who saw the discomfiture of Tigellinus, it will suggest to the moralist many severe and painful reflections upon the weakness of human nature, and some of those who have been esteemed its

greatest ornaments. Such a person will immediately perceive, that the inconsistency of Seneca was not justifiable, and that it decried him from the weight of his authority; he will perceive that his superiority to an acknowledged profligate, upon which the piquancy of his retort rests, is no real cause for triumph; he will regret that the censure, even of an enemy, should have induced a good man to defend a line of conduct, which it ought rather to have made him instantly abandon.*

I have ventured to make this digression, because Seneca's defence of himself has always been considered available by all who have rendered themselves liable to a similar attack; and many persons are apt to forget, that it is an unimpeachable piece of sophistry, wholly at variance with the spirit of Seneca's best and most consistent writings; and that such objurgations as those of Tigellinus, if deserved, should induce humiliation and contrition, rather than false defence, and vain exultation.

To resume the narrative: the condition

* Had Seneca's defence been a mere retort, it would have been more excusable; but it is brought forward by a grave justification in an elaborate Essay, *De Vita Beata*.

which Seneca now found himself, was one upon which he had often meditated, in the hours of his prosperity; and although he could not help feeling acutely, when his usings were changed into realities, yet his contemplations had made the reverses of fortune familiar to him, and had deprived the blow of its shock. With admirable fortitude and philosophy, therefore, he resolved to anticipate what he could not avert; and by restoring to Nero the wealth and power, which that prince had conferred upon him, to place himself at once beyond the reach of the cupidty of the Emperor, the malignity of his courtiers, and the inconstancy of fortune. In accordance with this design, he requested an interview with Nero; and made known his intention in a speech, which he had composed while pacing his own deserted tablinum, where hung his favourite painting of the fortune-tricken Marius.

The speech of Seneca, on his resignation, together with Nero's reply, are both recorded in the inimitable language of Tacitus; * but I cannot forbear gratifying myself by a general

* Tac. Ann. XIV., c. 52-56.

allusion to the topics of both ; as no speech in the works of that master orator, Shakspeare, appears to me more characteristic of the speaker, than are those delivered by these celebrated personages.

Seneca began by adverting to the length of time during which he had been devoted to the Emperor's service, which now amounted to fourteen years. He then cited examples of ministers who had been allowed to retire from office, and contrasted their merits with his own, in the course to his own disparagement—but so far from the more to magnify the unbounded liberality of the Emperor towards himself. Having in the next place artfully defended himself against the attacks of his enemies, on account of his exorbitant wealth, by stating that the Emperor's munificence was not to be resisted, he concluded his memorable oration thus :

“ But both of us, Cæsar, have now filled up our measure—you, of what it was possible for a prince to give ; I, of what it was possible for his friend to receive. Further generosity would but increase envy ; which though it may be a deed, like other mortal ills, it would not befall your eminence, might yet fall upon me ; and therefore, it behoves me to avoid it. Adieu.”

aign, or a march, if overcome by fatigue, could supplicate for repose; so now in the decay of life, old and unequal to its pettiest, I can no longer bear the burthen of command, and therefore entreat to be relieved from command. I beseech you, O Cæsar, that your officers collect and restore it again to the public treasury. I shall not, indeed, force myself into poverty; but having given up my things, by the false glare of which I have been too much dazzled, I shall devote that which has been lavished on my gardens and villas, to the improvement of my mind. You, O Cæsar, are in the full vigour of your youth, and experience has taught you how to use it; but, surely, your more aged friends should be allowed to seek repose: nor will it diminish your glory to have raised those to the summit of prosperity, who can be content with obscurity."

To this courtly harangue the dissimulating emperor replied, in a manner, which showed the deficiency of natural talent. After having accepted the compliment of acknowledging that he was indebted to his former tutor, for any talents, which he might possess, in replying

extempore to this premeditated address proceeded to comment on the example produced by Seneca ; stating that none of the nobles afforded an instance of a minister having been deprived of his property on quitting his office. Adding, with an affected modesty, that his own wealth of Seneca, far from surpassing his own merits, did not equal, he blushed to see the opulence of some of his freedmen. He overruled Seneca's pretext of disability on account of age ; and, finally, refused to accept of his resignation ; urging his own need of the experienced counsels of the veteran statesman.

“ Should the volatility of youth,” said the king, “ lead *us* astray, it will be for thee to follow our steps ; and thus minister alike to the stability, and to the glory of our reign. It will not be attributed to *thy* moderation, shouldst thou resign thy wealth ; nor to *thy* desire of ease, shouldst thou retire from the service of *thy* prince ; but it will be imputed to *thy* avarice, and to *thy* dread of our rage. Therefore, Seneca, should thy moderation be applauded, it were not the part of a wise man to promote his own glory by the infamy of a friend !”

the close of this speech, Nero embraced his minister, with the counterfeit expression of warmest affection; so formed by nature, and so practised by long habit, was he to conceal the odious malice of his heart, under the mask of simulated friendship!

Seneca, however, though compelled to retain his office, laid aside all its pomp; and as far as was consistent with the almost nominal duties, free from the interference of the Emperor, and the encroachments of his sycophants had lived in comparative seclusion. Nor was he any less usefully employed, perhaps, than he would have been, had he still retained his ministerial functions; for the exercise of that oratorical talent, which he so eminently possessed, was now transferred from the incorrigible Nero, to others, more likely to remunerate his labours. Among these none was more distinguished than Claudia, whose improvement corresponded with her high advantages; though, perhaps, those advantages she never excelled.

She, therefore, Claudia's character was so much moulded by the education which she had received, and as her destiny was so closely

connected with the fortunes of Seneca ; we are anxious to render our readers with the manners and the characters principal personages of that day at Rome, hope, that we shall not incur the charge of having made an irrelevant digression, turning to that illustrious philosopher.

Seneca, at the period of his tendering resignation, although far from being an old man, was by no means unaffected by the ravages of Time commits upon the human frame ; the constant tension of his intellectual powers, the cares, anxieties, and disappointments of his life, had induced all the consequences of premature old age upon his overwrought system. Added to this, he was afflicted with a violent asthma, which confined him to his couch.* Such were the accumulated trials, with which he had to struggle—age, sickness, and the reverse of fortune ; under which last head were included some of the most cruel of all “the ills of flesh is heir to,” both of a public and private nature—the ingratitude of his cherished pupil—the triumphant env

* Senecæ, Epist., 54.

als—the frustration of all his public efforts
l political hopes—the responsibility of the
est of all governments, without the honours,
oluments, or control of it—the bereavement
an excellent friend, while confiscation and
ath were suspended over his own head!

Extremity is the trier of spirits;’ and in
wing the philosopher’s demeanour in this
al, one cannot help addressing him in his
n language,—“*Magnus es vir : sed unde scio,
tibi fortuna non dat facultatem exhibende
tutis ?**” Yes, Seneca, thou wert a great
an; but I should still have doubted it, had
not been for this adversity:—

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him :
For then, and not till then, he felt himself ;
And found the blessedness of being little. †

Let us, however, take a nearer view of his
nduct, and see, with what weapons he armed
mself against these various attacks.

As for his sickness, he rejoiced in it, as
fording him an opportunity of study; ‡ and
e for his age, he converted it into a subject

De Providentia, c. 4., s. 1.

† Henry VIII.

‡ Epist. 67.

for merriment, as will appear from the following facetious letter :—*

“Wherever I turn,” he writes, with humorous exaggeration, “I see proofs of my old age. I went the other day to my country villa, and having complained of the expense of my house getting so much out of repair, my bailiff answered, that it was no fault of his, but that he had done all he could, but that it was very old. Now this very villa,” continues Seneca, “had sprung up under my own hands. How can I therefore expect, if stones, not men, than myself, have decayed? Out of humour with my bailiff,” he continues, “I seized the next opportunity of finding fault with him. It appears, said I, that these plane trees have been neglected—they have no leaves ; so knotty and twisted the boughs are, and so the mossy, mouldering, condition of the trunk. This would not have happened, I told him, if he had dug round the roots, and watered them. My bailiff, however, swore by his genius, that he had done all this, and that he had never remitted his care, but that the trees were old and past cure! Now I must tell you,” adds Seneca to his correspondent, “that

* Epist. 12.

ed these very trees, and that I saw the leaf! Again," he pursues, "turning rds the gate, who is this decrepid old inquired I, and was proceeding with other ions relative to a personification of old which I saw there, when I was interrupted is asking, 'Don't you know me? I am io, your former little pet, for whom you used ing home gilt gingerbread * from the fair.'" this manner would Seneca sport with his nities, and defy the attacks of nature, as as those of fortune.

for his other trials, he was wont to boast, adversity had no more power to alter the , than rivers, or rain, or medicated springs, nge the waters of the sea, which they er affect in colour nor in taste. † Nor was in the present instance, an empty ora- al flourish, but his practice corresponded his profession ; for although, indeed, his master would not accept of his resig- on, or of his returned favours, yet the osopher provided against the very pre- us tenure, upon which he held his vast essions, by endeavouring to estrange his

sigillaria afferre.

Provid. 11., s. 1.

affections from them, and to accustom himself to those privations, against which he had no sure guarantee. He withdrew himself, therefore, from the princely halls we have described, and retired to the humble apartments of the house ; and in order to accustom himself to inconvenience and annoyances, he chose for his study, what he spent a considerable part of his time, over a public bath, where his ears were exposed to every species of interruption, from the puffing respirations of the swimmer, the heavy plunge of the diver : while the gesticulations of the Greek attendants contested the noise with the united hubbub of anointers, fumers, baker's boys, sausage-men, and cooks ; and perhaps an occasional vociferous tary, given by some youth enamoured of his own voice, yielded in its turn to the clamour of some sudden hue and cry at the interloping thief! *

The same antithetical disposition, which prompted this sudden transition from the summit of studious luxury to the depth of artificial poverty, determined him to reduce the number of his domestics ; and even

* Epist. 56.

at some, whom he deemed worthy of that
 honour, and others, whom he hoped to make
 equal, to his own table.*

Notwithstanding that his age and habits of
 life were such as to make luxuries almost neces-
 sary, yet he dispensed with them all. In his
 dress, he contented himself with but one atten-
 tion; and his diet was so moderate, that, to use
 his own expression, it did not soil his hands—
 in other words, it consisted of bread and dried
 figs. †

It is not to be supposed, however, that
 Cæsar's mind instantaneously adapted itself
 to this violent change. On the contrary, he
 acknowledged, that when he laid aside his
 magnificent equipage—his handsomely carved
 carriage, drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, all
 of the same colour, and attended by a number
 of Numidian outriders; and when he used, in
 his place, a shabby, rustic conveyance, drawn
 by a pair of mules, whose lazy movements
 fully sufficed to prove that they were living
 animals, and which were driven by an old,
 befooled mule-driver; he could not help
 sighing for his own appearance, whenever
 the splendid carriages of the nobility passed

* Epist. 47.

† Epist. 83, s. 3, et seq.

him. * He endeavoured, indeed, to fortify his mind with the reflection, that Cato, the great Roman, had been accustomed to share the back of a clumsy gelding, with a pair of poor saddle-bags; but it was in vain: and he was obliged, for the present, to content himself with tracing the evil to its true source, and not an undue concern for the opinions of men, and a false estimate of men, by their circumstances.

However, in time, his mind accommodated itself to his self-imposed privations. The journey which he made to the villa of the illustrious Scipio Africanus, and the contemplation of the monuments of ancient Roman simplicity there surrounded him, had the effect of producing this change. As he compared the dark bath, in which the 'dread of Carthage' once refreshed his manly limbs when fatigued with rustic labour, with the sumptuous apartments in his own house, resplendent with silver and precious stones; the soul of the hero, he says, seemed to him to descend from its celestial abode into his own bosom, and to inspire him, with contempt for the enervating luxuries of the age. †

* Epist. 87, s. 4.

† Epist.

But it was not to such momentary excitements as those produced, by standing under the humble roof which had once sheltered Cicerone, that he trusted for a permanent change of character. It was rather by unwearied study, and self-examination, that this object was to be effected. He was a constant attendant, even in his latter years, at the schools of philosophy; and ridiculed the idea of ceasing to learn, because only a brief opportunity for learning remained. "Learn as long as you are ignorant," was his motto; or, in other words, as long as you live.* He esteemed his books almost the only friends, whose converse was safe and sincere in those degenerate times, and he was wont to say, that although it was not in the power of any person to choose his *natural* parents, he might choose his *adopted* parent, from any of the sages of olden time, and not only inherit his name, but enjoy all the imperishable treasures which he had accumulated. † In the contemplation of the magnificence of nature, also, he learned to despise the petty luxuries of life. "Oh, how contemptible a thing is the man," he would exclaim, "who does not rise superior to human affairs!"

* Epist. 76., s. 1, 2.

† De Brevitate Vitæ, c. 15.

His hours of relaxation, too, were subservient to his mental improvement. It was his delight to be surrounded on all sides by a few of his more intimate friends, and to converse with them on subjects of philosophy; and when conversation flagged, he resuscitated it by having the works of his favourite author read aloud.* Nor did he ever retire to rest, before he had reviewed the events of the past day, in silent meditation, and scrutinized his own conduct in relation to them. †

Thus did Seneca endeavour to profit by those lessons of moderation and self-reliance, which he has inculcated in his tragedy of Thyestes, composed at this time, and under the circumstances described.

Let him, that will, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; as for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be;—
Give me some mean obscure recess—a sphere
Out of the road of business—or the fear
Of falling lower, &c.
Death is a mere surprise, a very snare,
To him that makes it his life's greatest care.

* Epist. 64, s. 1.

† De Ira., lib. III., c.

To be a public pageant; known to all,
But unacquainted with himself doth fall.*

* The above extract, from the Tragedy of Thyestes, is from the translation by Judge Hale, who, on his retirement from public life, thus elegantly employed himself.

CHAPTER VII.

And thou dread statue, yet existent in
 The austere form of naked majesty !
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's din,
 At thy bathed base, the bloody Cæsar lie,
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thine altar from the queen,
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey ? Have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene

CHILDE HARRISON

A PERSON must have been more than ordinarily obtuse of intellect, who could long under Seneca's roof, without improvement. The philosopher seemed to live only to instruct ; and rarely opened his lips but to enounce some moral aphorism. It is not, therefore, to be supposed, that Claudia remained unimproved or unbenefited by his society. For she, it is said, refused to accept of his assistance ; she was sensible of the golden opportunities which she enjoyed, and, to use her own language, resolved to take home some

for her own dear country, from Rome, in re-
 vival for those, which the Romans had carried
 away from Britain. Nevertheless, her character
 could have been very different from what it
 subsequently became, had it been entirely
 modelled by Seneca's tutorage. There was
 something too strained and frigid in his philo-
 sophy—too even and unimpassioned in his
 conduct, for his example to be so persua-
 sive or so edifying as it would have been, had
 his actions and opinions been the spontaneous
 effusions of nature.

This deficiency was, however, amply com-
 pensated by the influence of others, into whose
 company Claudia was thrown. Paulina, the
 wife of Seneca, was a perfect model of the
 Roman matron; and Lucan's wife, the high-
 born and beautiful Polla, who was a frequent
 visitor at Seneca's house, was endowed with
 every graceful accomplishment. Nor, indeed,
 was Lucan himself a person who could associate
 with another, without transfusing some of his
 own noble enthusiasm, into the mind of his
 companion.

It was Claudia's fortune to be a special
 favourite of the poet; for it delighted him to
 contemplate the motions of a generous spirit,

which had never been oppressed by the t
 mels of artificial society. He was wont
 her, his young Boadicea; and often declar
 her, that he would rather have descended
 Caractacus than from Cæsar.

One day, as he was taking her to see
 of the curiosities of the city, they happen
 pass Pompey's Theatre, and Claudia exp
 her admiration of its magnificent r
 basilica, and of the fine colossal stat
 Pompey, which stood there.

“It is a fine statue—a very fine s
 And *that* of a great man too,” said L
 “but it is out of its proper place here.”

Claudia, who could not exactly coin
 the propriety of this remark, asked him
 he would wish it to be placed.

“I would have it placed, or rather rep
 where it formerly stood,” he replied, p
 to some ruins of the Court of Justice,
 Pompey's Court, at a little distance.*

“You would not have such a beautiful

* Pompeii statuam, contra theatri ejus regiam,
 reo Jano (Octavius) superposuit, translata
 in qua C. Cæsar fuerat occisus.—*Suet. in Octav.*
 also notes on the stanza of Childe Harold prefixed
 chapter.

ent buried among those ruins, would you?" asked Claudia.

"There is a far more glorious monument, among those ruins," answered Lucan, "of which this statue formed a part, and from which it ought never to have been severed."

By this time, they had approached the site of the Curia Pompeii.

"There," said he, pointing to a discoloured pavement, at the base of a broken pedestal; that blood-stained marble is the noblest monument in Rome—for there Cæsar fell!"

Claudia would have asked more questions, respecting the death of the mighty Cæsar, whom her imagination had invested with superhuman attributes; but she perceived, that Lucan's mind was absorbed in contemplation. 'Twas well that she did not interrupt the train of his reflections, for on that moment hung the weight of Lucan's eternal fame.

It was there, as he gazed on the vindictive pavement, revolving the fates of Cæsar and of Rome, that the seminal idea of the immortal Pharsalia was conceived!

"Yes," he exclaimed, clasping his hands together, as they turned away,—“yes, the Romans even *then* were free!”

Claudia ventured to ask whether they were not still free ; but their conversation was interrupted, by a solemn procession of priests in white, and senators in purple robes, all crowned with laurels, followed by a vast concourse of people in their holiday caps and garbs. The train was proceeding to the Temple, to offer supplication, or thanksgiving, to the gods. It was the custom among the Romans, when any very fortunate event had happened. As Lucan passed Lucan, he turned to Claudia, and spoke loudly enough to be heard by all :

“ You asked me just now, whether the Romans are not still free. No, they are the basest of slaves.”

A friend of his among the crowd immediately whispered to him,

“ Lucan, are you weary of your life ?”

“ Almost,” he replied, turning his head scornfully on the procession ; without deigning to uncover his head, as one of the consuls passed.

Claudia was naturally desirous to know what happy event had occurred, for which the people were offering their thanks to the gods.

“ Ye gods !” was Lucan’s reply, as he pressed his hands together violently, “ must I p

the disgrace of Rome to a descendant of Caractacus? Nay, but ye have published it yourselves!"

He then told her, with a voice half choked with indignation, that these oblations to the gods had been decreed by the Roman senate, on account of the death of the unhappy Octavia, the wife of the Emperor, whom Nero himself had caused to be most cruelly murdered, because he felt a preference for another man!* Lucan might well blush that these things should come to the ears of a descendant of Caractacus!

Claudia, when she had in some measure recovered from her astonishment, which at first overpowered every other feeling, could not help exclaiming, "Poor Britain, and *these* thy conquerors!"

The high-souled Lucan returned from his exile, so mortified at the servility of his country, and her humiliation in the eyes of the stranger, that he resolved to leave the city immediately, and retire to his country villa. His resolution was heartily approved of by Seneca; who was very often alarmed for his personal safety, when he heard him give vent to his aspirations after

* Tac. Ann. xiv, 64; where the reader may see, with what noble indignation Tacitus records this circumstance.

liberty, and to his impatience of the increased thralldom, under which his country lay, impressions so alien to the spirit of those fortunate days, and even so different from his own prudential maxims.

Lucan had been a companion and favourite of the Emperor, at the promising commencement of his reign ; but, as the extreme viciousness of Nero's character began to display itself, and to draw around him more corrupt courtiers, he soon became supplanted. He therefore, wisely withdrew to his delightful suburban villa, on the sea coast at Laurentum, which was about seven miles' distance from Rome : and as Polla had conceived a strong attachment to Claudia, she invited her to accompany them ; to which proposal Seneca the more readily assented, as he thought his own mode of living might appear somewhat austere to his young protégée, and that removal from the city would be a removal from many temptations and corruptions.

Although it is my object, in the present work, to furnish the reader, as far as I can, with the information necessary to enable him to form a correct view of the various scenes brought before him ; yet, I do not deem it a minute description of Lucan's villa requi-

er the detailed account already given of
neca's mansion. I shall, therefore, only ob-
ve, that the peristyle was placed *before* the
ium instead of *behind*, which alteration caused
e great distinction between suburban villas*
d town houses. The pleasing effect of this
angement was shown, when the decorations
re such as to harmonize with the rural
enery which opened upon it, as was the
se in the present instance. There was so
uch taste, indeed, displayed in this particular,
at a very brief description of one of the chief
naments, which presented itself to the visiter,
ay not be unwelcome.

In the centre of the peristyle, and on
e borders of the impluvium, was a beau-
ul statue of Diana, in Parian marble,
rrounded by her hunting-dogs.† The
ajesty and grace of the goddess inspired
eeling of veneration; while the life-like atti-
de of the dogs, some of which were springing
rward with their fore legs in the air, excited
miration and astonishment. Behind the
ddress was a rocky cave, whose dark sha-
ows contrasted well with the bright form
f Diana, and which was overrun with moss,

* Vitruv. 6-8.

† Vid. Apulei Metam. lib. 11.

ivy, and wild flowers. At the sides of the cave, and overhanging the water, were fruit trees, from which hung pendant grapes and apples, all exquisitely wrought in colour and marble ; and which, being mirrored in the tremulous stream below, seemed like real fruit waving in the wind. Among the leaves of these trees, was seen the metamorphosed form of the too curious Actæon, now a beautiful stag. The execution of this *chef-d'œuvre* sculpture was such as to arrest all visitors, and it was observed, that no person ever passed it, for the first time, without stopping to admire it. Is it wonderful then, that it has detained us for a moment in our progress ?

There was an ample garden to this retreat, which I shall have a better opportunity of describing anon ; in the meantime, I will add, that nature and art combining, under the direction of taste, and supported by commensurate wealth, had rendered this retreat all that a poet could desire.

Here the 'thought divine,' which had sprung to life, as Lucan gazed on the majestic statue of Pompey, began to expand itself, and, under the fostering influence of this delightful situation, to throw out those rich blossoms of genius which were never doomed to fade.

Leave we then Lucan to his immortal hours, while we return to Claudia.

Surrounded, in this retirement, by all that could please the eye, and soothed by all that the most assiduous friendship could minister, Claudia's days passed, pleasantly and profitably. The fish-pond—the violet-bed—her harp, and her books, afforded an agreeable change of amusements; yet they did not make her forget her home. Often, on a summer evening, would she walk along the shore, and watch the wild ocean, which played at her feet, as if vainly wishing to beguile her thoughts of the distance which it interposed between her and home, until the tear would imperceptibly steal down her cheeks, and her sighs would mingle with the murmur of the waves. As the fleet from Britain was expected, her walks along the shore became more frequent; and indeed she spent a considerable portion of her time in this manner, with her favourite Virgil in her hand, seated on a rock, which overlooked the sea, and from which she could plainly distinguish the ships, which entered the mouth of the Tiber.

CHAPTER VIII.

My friend lies shipwreck'd all forlorn and bare,
 Unheeded by the gods his fruitless prayer;
 Their images, the relics of the wrack,
 Torn from the naked poop are tid'd back,
 By the wild winds, and rudely thrown ashore.
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The drifted vessel shews her open'd side,
 And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.

PERSIUS, ADAPTED FROM DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.

HAVING thus comfortably disposed of
 heroine, for the present, it is time to
 Pudens, whom we left very busily employed
 in the unprofessional task of peace-making.
 The immediate reward of his labours

* Dryden, in a note upon this passage in his translation
 of Persius's satires, says, "This is the most perfect
 description of any in our author; and since he and
 so great friends, I know not but Lucan might
 two or three of those verses, which seem to be written
 in his style."

allantry was the centurionship, vacant by the death of Valens, with the promise of his father's interest to procure him the post of a *tribunus militum*, which was a post of military preference that raised the person promoted to the equestrian rank.

Valens had not had much personal intercourse with Arviragus, after this appointment, on account of the remoteness of his station, which was at Rhotupinum; the ruins of which are now visible in Richborough castle, not far from Sandwich, and about a mile and a half from the retiring sea; but which at that time only frowned over the waves.(H)

Being in the confidence of his general, Pudens was dispatched to Rome, with the care of the transport ships, bound thither from Britain in the summer of the year 64. In the course of the voyage, a dreadful storm arose, in which either three or four of the accompanying vessels were wrecked, and his own was dismasted, and sustained so much damage, that it was thought expedient to remove the crew into a galley at Marseilles, which had joined their fleet for protection; and which, being more substantially built than their own, had not been so

much injured. As the waves ran full high, it was not, of course, an easy task to transfer the crew from one vessel to another. The two vessels were, however, after much difficulty, warped together, and all had now clambered into the galley except Pudens, who, considering it his duty as officer to see the vessel safely shipped, remained the last.

Now it happened singularly enough, that on board this galley was Frothall, who was proceeding to Rome, to seek restitution of his property, which Arviragus had very recently confiscated. Frothall had not seen him since the battle of Sherborne Chase ; but now saw him alone on the deserted vessel. A thought flashed across his artful mind, that the present was a fit opportunity of availing himself for ever of one, who not only had his adversary, but who might defeat the purpose of his visit to Rome. The means of accomplishing this project immediately presented themselves ; and fortune particularly favoured him in carrying them into effect ; for the unsuspecting Pudens was about to leave the disabled vessel, Ryno, who now accompanied him, as a kind of valet, called out " T

—the sick man!" This sick man was friend Linus, who, indeed, had been sick long, and had been laid up in a litter, like a young man; but the chance of escape had had an effect upon his irregular spirits, that he threw off his pallium, and pænula, and freed all the supernumerary vests in which he had been packed, and was one of the first to enter the galley.

As no person near had seen any thing resembling his abstract notion of a sick man; the soldiers went below in quest of his friend.

Prothall, who could not have desired a more favourable opportunity, cut the cord which had served to brace the vessels together; and the vessels, having a shred of a sail which, from the violence of the gusts, could be neither reefed nor haul'd down, soon parted company with their more tardy companion.

When Pudens had regained the deck, there, he found himself deserted, and his crazy vessel drifting about, at the mercy of the waves; while the galley was almost borne down by the sea. Without a moment's delay or consideration, he plunged into the sea, in the vain hope of reaching it by swimming, but the immersion

alone was almost sufficient to convince the futility of this measure : for it was when raised for a moment to the summit of the wave, that the galley was at all visible.

Meanwhile the storm increased : the waves, as they raised their crests, were dashed into foam ; and the foam itself was frittered into a fine white haze. By an almost miraculous chance, the man recovered his own vessel ; the sides of the boat, in the present state of the sea, it would have been impossible to climb, had it not been for the larger portion of the grappling cord which had been cut from them, having been cut close to the vessel. Poor Bran, too, which had been rescued from him by Arviragus, and was now his only travelling companion, was in great danger of being lost through her own fidelity ; for, not finding her master in the galley, to which she had been transferred, she had swum back again.

In the mean time, it may be remarked that the man had not passed quite so unobserved as he had thought the galley as Frothall could have wished ; for he had seen him sever the cord, and had not been able to see it, than he had revenged it, by hurling the man into the sea, as he leaned over the side of the vessel—there to meet the fate designed for his rival. Nor did it seem certain, that Ryr-

lf would escape that fate ; for a violent dispute arose, between the sailors of the galley and the crew which had just been quartered upon them ; the former espousing Frothall's part, and the latter Ryno's. This confusion alone, would have prevented the ship's being manœuvred as to afford any assistance, either to Pudens or Frothall ; but the increased, and still increasing fury of the storm, was such, as to render the most judicious efforts wholly unavailable

The rage of the elements, however, produced the beneficial effect : it effectually mastered and subdued the tumult of human passions ! A gigantic wave swept off two or three of the combatants ; and the rest, sensible of their own danger, immediately laid aside their animosity, and cooperated, with the most perfect unanimity, in attempting, in compliance with the remonstrances of Linus and Ryno, to put the galley about, in order to succour Pudens ; but the galley was as little under their pilotage as the floating island of Atalanta would have been ; and our hero was consequently left to his fate.

Thus abandoned, Pudens, wishing to remain on deck, lashed himself to the elevated prow which bore the figure of Prometheus ; and had

scarcely done so, when the vessel became a complete wreck. The stern being carried off, the prow, under which he and his dog were cowering, overbalanced the remaining part, and fell prostrate on the water ; in this situation it remained floating and buoyant, in consequence of its concave shape. In this scallop-boat Pudens lay all the remainder of that day and the whole of the night, without seeing any other object than those savage waves, at which his heart so sickened : still hope did not altogether forsake him, as he knew that the larger part of his fleet remained behind.

To his infinite joy, when hope deferred almost made his heart sick, he saw one of the vessels borne along towards him, dismasted indeed, and in the most shattered plight, but still outliving the storm. He shouted and made signals to her—but, alas ! the howling of the winds drowned his puny voice ; and the mountainous billows obscured his petty efforts. It passed him !

Heartless, and almost hopeless, he supplicated the heavens with vows and prayers, and Neptune seemed at last to have pity on him : for the ocean, though fearfully angry, became somewhat less furious, and his

eyes once more beheld a vessel approach-
ing him. It seemed impossible that this vessel
could leave him far out of its course: and he
had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon
this circumstance, when he saw it on the sum-
mit of a mighty wave, almost suspended over
him, and bearing down with such appalling
velocity, that he thought it must inevitably
overwhelm him. He uttered a shriek, which
the voice of the tempest itself could not drown;
and the steersman hearing it, and seeing whence
it proceeded, gave the rudder a violent turn, so
that the vessel's side merely came into slight
contact with his own raft; the only mis-
chief which ensued was, that Bran was shaken
about a few yards to leeward, and his master al-
most stunned with the concussion.

The captain of this vessel being a Tyrian, and
like most of his nation, a very skilful navigator,
and being also a benevolent man, commiserated
Pudens's situation, and ordered his vessel to be
put about, with the view of taking him in. His
attempt was, however, vain; the waves ran
furiously, and all the art of the mariner only
enabled him to fetch three wide circuits round
the helpless raft; during which Pudens re-
covered Bran; and the benevolent Tyrian was

obliged, as his predecessors had done, to abandon Pudens to his fate !

It were vain to attempt to describe the feelings of Pudens, as he saw this vessel, on which his last hopes were fixed, leave him. The prospect and that of a most lingering and horrible death seemed now to await him ! He was determined only to die, but to feel himself die ! In this agonizing state, suffering from hunger, and the contusions caused by the buffeting waves, and what is worse, almost rabid from thirst, he drifted about, till night came on.

About midnight, as he was endeavouring to close his despairing eyes, he caught sight of a glimmering light, which, from its fixed position, he flattered himself, was a beacon from the shore. This revived his almost extinguished hopes ; for he thought, and rightly thought, that he was not very far distant from land. The wind now abated, but, alas ! alas ! to complete the horror of Pudens's situation, the wind changed, and began to ebb from the shore, and every wave, therefore, carried him farther from the goal of his hopes. Faint and trembling, he sank down in a state of despair, which soon gave place to a state of insensibility.

Oh who can estimate the pangs which

responsibility saved him! for dreadful as his sufferings were, it would have given the rack of anguish one more excruciating turn, had he known the fact, that the light, from which every eye was hurrying him further, proceeded from the tower of his friend Lucan, who was, at that very moment, consuming his midnight oil in the description of a storm, to the horrors of which, his friend was exposed! Yes—there, in a favourite triclinium, which formed part of a veranda, projecting so far upon the beach as to be washed by the waves, was Lucan, absorbed in studious rapture; and while billow after billow in sepulchral mimicry was rolling over the senseless body of poor Pudens, he, like the Genius of musings invoked by Kirke White,

When Ruin gaunt bestrode the winged storm,
Sat in his lonely watch-tower, where his lamp
Faint blazing, struck the wreck'd man's eye from far.

CHAPTER IX.

The dog who lay
Before Russilla's feet, eying him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length
His noble master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up,
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech ; and moaned as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress.

ONE morning, after a very furious storm
which had raged all that night and the
following day, leaving behind it a swell of
the sea which had not yet subsided, Lucan invited
his wife and Claudia to take a stroll with
him on the beach.

"If you will come with me," said he,
"I will tell you what employed me so busily
yesterday and last night."

"It ought to have been something of
importance," said his wife, "to have come
with you for remaining so long in that

power, which I expected every moment would have been swept away by the furious waves."

"And if it had been swept away, methinks I could have died content," replied the enthusiastic Lucan; "I should not have lived in Britain, had I only lived to see that magnificent storm yesterday—but the swell is still very grand; for the wind, though not very violent, blows due south-west; but we are losing time—do you, ladies, accompany me?"

"The weather is so boisterous, I should prefer remaining within," replied Polla; "but Claudia can go if she likes; although I would strongly recommend her to follow my example."

"I do not mind the weather," answered Claudia.

"I thought not," observed Lucan, as he almost dragged her away in haste, amid the entreaties of his wife, that he would not venture so far on the beach.

"And take care, Claudia, too," said Polla, "that Lucan does not lead you into that danger in which he so delights."

Lucan, with all his haste, had not forgotten to take his *pugillares*, or writing tablets, with him, which, together with his *stylus*, hand-

kerchief, and purse, were suspended from the fringe of his girdle.

“This storm,” said he, addressing himself to Claudia, “this storm was the most fortunate thing which could have happened : I was wanting to describe a storm, and could not have had a better opportunity of witnessing one, than I had yesterday from my position.”

He then began repeating some of the verses which he had written :—

—Tantum nautæ videre trementes,
Fluctibus e summis præceps mare. *

Seeing Claudia impressed more with the grandeur of the scene, than with that of the verses, he remarked,

“You cannot hear, can you, Claudia?” without waiting for a reply, continued in a louder voice—“Nothing improves the mind more than reading, amid the noise of the waves. Demosthenes taught us this lesson :—

Cumque tumentes ;

and he continued swelling his lungs, until

* The verses here cited are contained in the *Phœnissæ* lib. v., v. 639., et seq.

ere ready to burst, and walking, as it were,
to the surge,—

Rursus hiant.—

The other part of this line was lost ; for as
had advanced unconsciously, during his
itation, some angry billow filled his mouth
l of sea-water, as it was opened to give effect
the last word.

This by no means disturbed his equanimity,
ough it recalled his attention to his situation,
d, as it would appear, inspired him with
ew thought ; for, as he receded, he ob-
ved,—

‘Ah! how magnificently they roll and curl ;
ad not observed that beautiful overarching;”
d then whipping out his stylus from his
dle, he substituted the following exquisite
es for some indifferent ones, which he had
viously written :—

Non ullo littore surgunt,
Tam validi fluctus, alioque ex orbe voluti,
A magno venere mari. *

While he was thus employed, Claudia’s
ention was attracted by some animal, which

* Phars., lib v., v. 618.

was thrown apparently lifeless on the beach, but which, as she approached it, gave indications of vitality. The sea foaming weeds had so disguised it, that it was not till some time before she discovered, that it was a half-famished dog. Lucan was too humane to allow so valuable an animal as a dog to be lost through neglect; and therefore returned to his house, and brought out some food for it. Claudia threw her *pænula* * around the dog, which fell hot upon the sand, and revived it sufficiently to enable it to take the food. Its strength gradually returned, and it was only suffering from exhaustion; its first symptom of its recovery was, a grateful and overwhelming embrace which it bestowed upon its benefactress. The poor animal now recognised itself, and displayed the shape and figure of a large kind of staghound.

“ How like this is to my father’s poor dog,” said Claudia.

The sentence was hardly concluded, when the grateful animal, whether in recognition of her own name, or of his former mistress’s name (it was our old acquaintance, the white-bellied Bran), displayed such signs of pleasure,

* A kind of cloak.

almost drew tears from the eyes of the spectators, who consisted of one or two sailors belonging to Lucan's establishment.

"'Tis Bran!" exclaimed Roscrana, almost overcome with astonishment.

Bran having by this time, in some measure, regained her former vigour, to the surprise of all, left her half-finished and oft-interrupted meal; and bestowing a mere passing salute on his mistress, seized the skirt of Lucan's tunic, and endeavoured to lead him towards the sea.

The poor creature plunged into the furious billows, from which it had so recently escaped, and moaned for some one to follow; and being disappointed, returned to land, and then again plunged into the waves, repeating these gestures several times.

As soon as Claudia had recovered from the first paroxysms of surprise, she suggested her surmises, that poor Bran must have escaped a wreck. With this clue, the motions of the more than half-reasoning animal were very intelligible; and were no sooner understood, than the generous Lucan resolved to follow his guide, be the consequences what they might.

A galley, which had been the day safely moored to the beach, but which was left several yards from the retiring waves, immediately launched, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his sailors, who were eloquent in describing the dangers of a lee shore, in a few minutes Lucan was embarked, and in triumph another line of his yesterday's task :—

Sperne minas, inquit, pelagi, ventoq̄e furentis
Trade siaum. *

Poor Bran, forgetful of her late fatigues and perils, and strengthened and directed by the unerring guidance of Him—

Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown be

plunged into the defying billows, and trod the trackless wastes, with as much alacrity and apparently with as much certainty, as she had ever have pursued her way along her best-known paths. Ever and anon, indeed, she would turn back, but it was to see whether her guide was followed ; and sometimes she would

* Phars. v., v. 578.

her head out of the water, and paddle about with her feet, without making way, as though to rest herself : on such occasions, an agony of anxiety was visible in her countenance ; but still she continued her pilotage. She had now swum several miles, when her progress became slower and slower, and a frequently repeated low voiced, whining kind of bark, announced that her strength was fast ebbing. The sailors tried to take her into the boat ; but she would not allow it, but pursued her weary way ; until at last her accelerated speed, and quickened bark, showed that she fancied she was not very distant from her goal. She now elevated herself in the water, as though to command a more extensive view ; and with a piteous moan, shifted her direction, as if the object, which she was in pursuit of, had drifted from the place where she had left it.

Having, however, repeated her reconnoitre several times, she exerted the remains of her strength, with the most distressing ardour ; and at last approaching a kind of raft, which was floating on the waves, which she attempted, but in vain to climb, she whined in a very peculiar manner. A human hand was seen hanging listlessly over the side of the raft, which the

poor creature affectionately licked ; and exhausted, sank to rise no more ! I did not know whether the sailors felt the anxiety for the shipwrecked individual, or their faithful guide ; but, certainly, the man was not attended to, until every effort had been made, but made in vain, to save the latter.

It was impossible to recognize the form, and almost equally so the form, of the man being ; his oozy locks streamed wild, his pallid countenance ; the foam of the sea had wreathed his brows ; and the sea-vested him, as if it had been his shroud. His body, however, seemed still to have some sparks of vitality smouldering within it ; though the extremities hung cold and stiff, there seemed some little warmth about the chest and trunk. With difficulty it was moved into the boat ; and with still more difficulty, for the surf ran high, was it conveyed to the shore.

The task was, however, accomplished. In the course of time the flitting spirit, soothed to linger in—I had almost said, turned to, her cheerless tenement.

The first ray of animation, which struck through the half opened eyes, discov

Claudia the emaciated, and hardly recognizable countenance of—Pudens !

The surprise of all parties, and the delight of Lucan, by whom Pudens was greatly beloved, may be more easily conceived than expressed : but the present was no time for exultation ; extreme exhaustion having so debilitated the sufferer as to render his life and reason very precarious. It was long before he could bear the light, or was at all sensible of his real situation : nor could he for several days recognize his kind deliverers.

In the mean time the most delicate and assiduous attentions were paid him by his amiable host and hostess ; to facilitate his recovery, he was conveyed to Lucan's sanctorium, which was a chamber, with a little library and parlour attached, to which Lucan was wont to retire, during the celebration of the Saturnalia, as being the only part of the house which did not echo to the clamour of the rioters. This retreat was peculiarly adapted for an invalid ; being in a distant part of the house, separated from the other rooms by double walls, with an intervening empty space ; and having shutters and a small stove, to modify the light and heat.*

* Plin. Epist. lib. 11. epist. 19.

Pudens's first inquiry, I am happy to record, was respecting his dog; grief for the faithful animal's fate, which he attempted in vain to be concealed from, retarded his recovery, as the doctors advised for some days : meanwhile, as he had seen Claudia, since he was able to distinguish his friends, Lucan amused himself with a surprise; not doubting that the alteration in her appearance would render her recognition somewhat difficult to her tutor.

CHAPTER X.

Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;

Her lion port, her awe commanding face

Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air!

What strains of vocal transport round her play!

In after days, shall Talliesin bear,

And draw fresh inspiration from the lay,

Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many colour'd wings.

GRAY'S BARD.

As soon as Pudens had become convalescent, was resolved that he should offer his oblations to Neptune for his preservation, and that the evening should be spent in a festive manner at the poet's villa; where a few of the most intimate friends of both parties should be invited. Before this took place, however, Lu-

can thought, that he would introduce to his former pupil, whom in consequence of his confinement to the sanctorium, he had never yet seen. He accordingly chose the time when Polla was accustomed to feed her tank with fish, as Claudia usually accompanied her; she had also a favourite trout, which she was wont to summon to receive its morning portion. She struck the thrum of her harp, with which instrument she generally amused herself, for some time, and then having attended to her pet.

In this manner were they occupied, when Lucan led Pudens to them, as though he had come naturally. Polla was leaning over the margin of the piscina; and Claudia was seated with her harp in her hand, in a rustic garden, which she was very partial, and around which a vine threw its wild luxuriance. A stream of a very beautiful cascade dashed from the

* The very favourite amusement of the Romans of taming tame fish is thus alluded to by Martial,

Piscina rhombum(a) pascit, et lupos(b) verna
Natal ad magistrum, delicata muræna(c),
Nomenclator mugilem(d) citat notum,
Et adesse jussi prodeunt senes nulli.

Epig. xxx.

(a) Turbot.

(b) Native sturgeon.

(c) Silver eel.

(d) Mullet.

ove; and the murmur of the waters falling most at her feet gave a delicate softness to the tones of the instrument.

Claudia had suspended her strains at the approach of the visitants; but Lucan begged her to resume, thus indirectly leading his companion's attention to her. As Pudens looked up, Claudia blushed and trembled; and to hide her emotions, bent over her harp, and concealed her face, as much as she could, with the ringlets of her hair. If her object had been to avoid recognition, she certainly attained it; though Pudens turned his eyes towards her more than once. She had attempted a Roman air adapted to one of Horace's odes; but her emotions were such, as to cause her to play very much out of tune; and Pudens, who loved music could not help observing to Lucan in a whisper:

"I admire her figure more than her performance." He, however, thanked her, when she had done, adding, "The water gives a delicate softness to your notes; but you will pardon me, I hope, if I say that you should hear the harp played in the country from which I am come, to judge of its capabilities. You Roman

ladies," said he, turning to Polla, "m
to the Britons there."

"Perhaps," faltered Claudia, "y
give us a specimen of British minstrels

The harp was accordingly passed
and taking it up, with some apologies
testations against judging of the minst
the British Bards by his performance, l
off, with great animation and effect, a
which Claudia herself had taught hi
which she had learnt from old Morgan

This was too much for poor Clau
grey-headed bard—the willow-tree—he
and her father's halls;—all swam be
eyes, as the tears streamed down her
countenance. She hid her face beh
vine tendrils; and retired to weep
sight.

Lucan had observed this; and was de
that Pudens should have another tri
his readiness of recognition. In the
as had been arranged, a small party me
can's, consisting of Seneca and his
young Persius, Tenax, a stranger who
afford another opportunity of introduc
self to my readers, and our friends

and Pudens. The company, including their host and hostess, did not exceed eight in number; which was as many as the Tortoise-shell table called a *Sigma*, on which the feast was set out, would accommodate.

The occasion being one of unusual festivity, though of a private nature, the guests were crowned with garlands, and presented a very picturesque group; but as we have already given such a full—perhaps it might more properly be said such a prolix—account of a feast at the Emperor's table, we will not weary the reader with a description of the entertainment; but content ourselves with a brief glance at some of the guests.

At one extremity of the table sat Polla, of whom we shall only observe, that it was not in the power of a high towering head-dress,* which accorded much more with fashion than taste, to conceal her beauty. Next to her reclined Lucan, whose vivacious countenance expressed every passing emotion, and agreeably relieved his natural Spanish gravity. He was habited in a new equestrian suit of peculiar splendour—a toga white as the drifted snow,

* *Suggestum comæ. Stat. Silv. lib. 1., c. 2.*

the upper part of which was concealed by a kind of tunic, called a *lacerna* of the Tyrian purple, with a border of ivory and gold, called an *augusticlave*. He had laid aside his red morocco slippers with the half moon fibula, which was one of the ornaments of a Roman knight: but he displayed an equivocal gold ring; and a large sardonian net hung from his neck suspended by a gold chain.*

Next to him sat the lovely Claudia, with all her guilelessness, was not ignorant of the charm which elegance imparts to beauty itself. Her dress was in the mode, which prevailed almost exclusively in the higher circles of society at Rome. It consisted of a white *pallium*, or loose upper garment, fringed with gold, and of such a texture, that Seneca called it "woven with gold." It was fastened, on the right shoulder, by an emerald *fibula*, and fell in graceful folds over her knees; where it displayed a silken or under garment, of celestial blue. Her hair was wreathed with roses; but clustered

* For the dress of a Roman Knight, vid. Mart. ii., c. 29.

early profusion, about her neck and shoulders. Her right arm was bare, with the exception of a pearl bracelet; as were also her delicate ankles, her yellow shoes being left, as was customary, at the door.*

Next to Claudia reclined Seneca, in his senatorial robes of scarlet, with the deep border of embroidered purple and gold, called the *lativave*. He looked indeed like a 'pillar of state;—

Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic.

MILTON.

By his side sat the affectionate Paulina, who proved herself, as ready to share his death, as his life and honours. There was nothing remarkable about her dress, which of course was rich and magnificent, except her ear-rings, which were of such immense value, as to have furnished one item in Tigellinus's charge of extravagance against Seneca.

Next to Paulina lay Pudens; whose pale features contrasted with the embronzed coun-

* See Pompeii, vol. II, plate opposite p. 315.

tenance of Tenax, a toga'd advocate, inclined between him and Persius by whose opposite extremity of the table was seated. A person who had marked the soft and serene features of the youthful Persius, especially expressive of modesty and amiable, would have been surprized at the independent stoicism and grave indignant censures of his precocious satires.* To him, we might with singular propriety, apply the lines of Martial—

*Castus moribus, integer pudore,
Velox ingenio, decore felix†.*

After dinner the company were amused with the feats of some rope-dancers ; who, like the Hours, were lightly tripping upon their unseen cords, resembling aerial inhabitants forming their noiseless evolutions in music. A myrtle branch was then presented to the company, who, after having, by the desire of the company, given them a brief narrative of his

* *Fuit morum lenissimorum, verecundiæ virginitatis pulchræ, pietatis erga matrem et sororem, exemplo sufficientis.*—*Suet. in Vita.*

† *Epig. lib. vi. e. 28.*

es, was requested by Lucan to repeat his performance on the harp.

“Nay, pardon me, my Lucan,” said Pudens, whose gallantry would not allow him to enross the attention of the company; “here a young lady who favoured us with a strain this morning, which perhaps she will repeat.” So saying, he passed the myrtle branch, which had been handed to him, to Claudia, whom he had not yet recognized; and at the same time a young slave crowned with roses presented the harp.

Claudia had purposely avoided the observations of Pudens; and the table, at which they sat, by its irregular projections, singularly favoured her intentions.

Excitement at first flushed her cheeks, and gave additional animation to her countenance; but this was momentary; bashfulness soon yielded to more powerful feelings. She was mortified, that Pudens had not recognized her performer; and she was still more mortified at the remembrance of her awkward débüt, in the morning: both of these reflections were somewhat aggravated by the indifference, with which the harp had been passed to her. Pudens had indeed hoped, that she would have refused

it, and had not perhaps been able to
his hope, from the penetration of fem-
tiny. Amid these conflicting feelings
sciousness of power began gradually
fest itself, and gave a triumphant ex-
to her dark blue eyes.

A wild symphony, with which she
her song, soon hushed every whisp-
drew every eye upon the performer ; w-
the modest grace of a newly beautif-
stringing her virgin harp, sang the f-
strain to her native land :—

Dear land of my fathers ! fair Isle of the west !
To thee my soul clings, as a child to the breast ;
It joys in thy joy, in thy sorrows it mourns ;
And where ever it wanders to thee it returns.
So the sun in his course through the regions of air
May smile, or may frown,—but he tarries not there
His eye still is fix'd where alone he can rest,
And his steeds fly more swiftly, the nearer the West

Beneath thy dark oaks, when the world yet was young
Thy Bards and thy Druids their midnight hymns sung
When the depths of the forest gleam'd bright with
And the night wind seem'd hush'd to the sound of
Their round, roofless, temples the gods ne'er confound
For they taught that no fetters a spirit can bind ;
And that life's but a gem on Eternity's breast ;
In the Ocean of time,—a mere Isle of the West !

Though other lands boast of a sunnier clime,
Of rivers more rapid, and hills more sublime :

ould the wren love less fondly the place of her nest
small when compared with the eagle's huge nest!
a no!—tho' less wildly thy rivers may flow,
the hall of my fathers is mirror'd below:
no' clouds may more often o'ershadow thy breast,
then clouds, too, are beauteous, when seen in the West!(1)

Claudia would have prolonged the strain, but she had touched too potent a spell; and the emotions, which she had awakened, like those of the Hebrew captive by the rivers of Babylon, were too intense for utterance. She, therefore, laid her harp aside, as soon as she began to feel her voice falter.

The melody, it is admitted, was simple enough: but sung in the impassioned manner, which true feeling inspired, and accompanied by an instrument which seemed to be controlled by mere volition, its effect was almost indescribable. This effect, too, was heightened by the youth and beauty of the performer, and by the interest of her situation, exiled, as she appeared, from her native land, whose loved image not all the luxuries of Rome could banish from her bosom! Under such circumstances her performance could not fail to be affecting; but the action acquired a degree of sublimity, when we take into consideration the

moral courage which it required, in the presence of the society of Rome, to profess attachment to a country which was so much in place esteemed so barbarous as Britain. Claudius could not but have felt this, and applauded it, with the generous ardour which distinguished him. He was indeed, indeed, there was but one person who could not join in the general applause—that individual was Pudens! Pudens, alone, could duly appreciate the magnanimity displayed in Claudius's joining with such enthusiasm of Britain; for he was humiliated, when he reflected, that he had sometimes blushed to own his country.

Admiration and surprise, therefore, at the greatness of soul and general improvement which he beheld in Claudia, rendered him perfectly mute! He could scarcely believe, that so elegant a form so tastefully adorned with the simplicity of a Roman vest, and whose every movement was a development of some fresh grace,—

Whose voice was music's softest key,
And her form the comeliest symmetry,—*

was the same, whose simplicity rather than any other of her endowments, had charmed

* Hogg's *Ellen of Reigh*.

That simplicity, indeed, remained; but it was mixed with so much refinement and dignity, that Claudia was only distinguished, from the accomplished and courtly wife of Lucan, and the ladies who visited her, by the want of thatensoriousness, superciliousness, and inconsiderate detraction, which the most amiable acquires, by a residence in the circles of fashion, and by the substitution of what, at the present day, would be considered a vulgar sinerity.

Unused to the dissimulations of polished life, it was almost amusing to hear her remarks on the manners of her associates. To feign a kindness, which was not felt—to slander a person, for whom the most intimate friendship was professed—to conceal feelings which, like the Spartan boy's fox gnawed, unseen :—these were conventional vices, in which she was so unpractised, that she sometimes displayed a most provoking ignorance and dulness of comprehension regarding them. This was of course deemed great awkwardness and stupidity by those, whose conduct she sometimes involuntarily exposed; but it endeared her the more to those who were capable of appreciating

her purity and guilelessness of which she excited rather envy than emulation. Few persons could appreciate the transparency of character, this *natural simplicity*, as it was happily styled by the poet, Martial,* better than Pudens. Few women, who could have interpreted the ardent look of admiration with which he gazed on her, would have been offended at her silence; for indeed it was far more eloquent than words.

Pudens's silence, however, was of no consequence; for common courtesy demanded that he should advance and greet Rosciana, after so long a separation: and I am sorry that the impartiality, which is incumbent upon the historian, obliges me to state, that his greeting was more awkward than that of a mere fashionable acquaintance—such *gallantries* did young gentlemen commit at that time for want of having studied, the *Book of Etiquette!*

Lucan, however, with that kind re-

* Quo nec sincerior alter habetur
Pectore, nec nivea simplicitate prior.

Mart. Epig. Lib. v.

feelings of others, which constitutes true politeness, perceiving the observation of the company fixed upon them, relieved them from their embarrassment, by reading to his guests a description of the storm to which we have alluded, as well as some other parts of the *Æneid* which he had lately finished. By this device he drew off their attention, until it became more deeply absorbed, by the discussion contained in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

The present argument is the most abstracted engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest pitch, and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost attention, for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

SWIFT'S TALE OF

LEST any of my readers should be surprised that I have drawn them unwarily into a discussion on ethics, and in despair of finding their way out, throw down my book in disgust, I have selected a motto expressly to warn them of their danger. I would also inform them, that they may avoid the shoals and quicksands of a stormy sea of controversy, by making a tack to the chapter after the first, where the course of the narrative, whether it may or may not be, the course of true love, runs smoothly enough. Only let me beg that you will not to serve me, as Pliny complains that his guests used to serve him, who, a

name of philosophy, called for their slippers and took their leave altogether !*

To those who think, that the friendly contention of kindred souls is as beautiful as the play of the ocean waves, where billow meets billow in amicable collision, and each shines and sparkles but the more from the conflict—so such I would hope that no apology is necessary for introducing what I cannot but deem, an interesting debate, carried on, as it appears to me, with considerable ingenuity; and the different parts of which were sustained by such gifted individuals as Seneca, Lucan, and Perseus. In making this brief pause in the narrative, I am incited less, however, by the interest of the subject, or the celebrity of the disputants, than by the desire of representing, and holding forth for emulation, the intellectual manner in which the ancients were accustomed to live—who made the pleasures of the table subservient to higher gratifications; and who could with truth say of those social seasons,—

We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry.†

* *Plin. Epist.*, lib. ix., ep. 37.

† *Waller.*

It deserves mention, that, even in the dissolute society in Rome, these intellectual pleasures were not altogether banished; that the debaucheries of Nero himself were, in some measure, relieved by scenic exhibitions, poetic recitations, and philosophic discourses. The learned translators of Plutarch have made some remarks on this subject, not only *pertinent*, but so *pungent*, that I cannot forbear introducing them:—

“The discourse of people of education and distinction, in those days,” say they, speaking of the contemporaries of Plutarch, “was very different from that of ours. It was not on the powers or pedigree of a horse; it was not on a match of travelling between dogs and turkeys; it was not on a race of men started against each other on the table; it was not when they first came to light from the sheath of the filbert; it was not by what part you might depend a spaniel the longest, without giving him whine; it was not on the exquisite manœuvres and the highest manœuvres of play. The Romans had no ambition for attainments of this nature. They had no such masochism as Heber and Hoyle: the taste of those times did not run that way. The po

poetry and philosophy, the economy of human life and manners, the cultivation of the intellectual faculties, the enlargement of the mind, historical and political discussions on the events of their country—these, and such subjects as these, made the principal part of their conversation.”

The time is, I hope, fast approaching, if it has not already arrived, when modern society will vindicate itself from the censures of Shaftesbury, who attributes the unpopularity of the classical dialogue to the circumstance of its appearing to modern criticism an improbability, beyond the licence of fiction, that persons should carry on a long literary or philosophical argument without weariness!

The champion of the intellectual combat, which we are about to describe, was Tenax, the Corduban advocate, with whom I promised to make my readers better acquainted. Tenax was a professed Pyrrhonist; and affected to disbelieve all which could not be demonstrated by reason to exist. In many respects he resembled our rationalists and utilitarians, of whom he may be considered a kind of archetype; but he was withal a very acute sophist, and delighted in an argument.

The subject of dispute happened to the following lines of Lucan, which occur in the speech of an Egyptian courtier:—

Sidera terra

Ut distant, et flamma mari, sic utile recto.

As flame from ocean, earth from stars of
So differs the expedient and the right.

“I am glad,” said Tenax, “that you attribute these words to a mendacious courtier. I am sure that you, Lucan, would not have maintained such a proposition as an expedient of your own.”

“Perhaps I might not have used such a comparison,” replied Lucan; “but certainly I think, that there is a wide difference between the expedient and the right. What would Seneca say?”

“I perfectly concur with Lucan,” said Seneca.

“Then I have the misfortune of being wrong from you both,” said Tenax; as he glistened with pleasure at the anticipated discussion.

“And from me—and from me:” said Lucan and Persius, simultaneously.

* Phars., lib. viii., v. 487.

“Then from all, I suppose,” said the undaunted Tenax; “and although I might well shrink from provoking so many, and *such* combatants, yet I am very much disposed to maintain my opinion against your united opposition.”

“Thou art a bold fellow, my Tenax,” said Lucan, smiling, “and we will be merciful to thee: so now let us hear your proposition, that we may begin our dispute, as Cicero enjoins us, by stating explicitly the question in debate.”

“My proposition,” said Tenax, “is: That the *expedient* and the *right* are one and the same thing, and are to be judged of by one and the same faculty; and that this judgment is the result of circumstances, and does not proceed from what some vainly call an innate moral principle.”

Just as he was enunciating this twofold proposition, he was interrupted by the entrance of a neighbour of Lucan's, Ambobus by name, much more distinguished for easy compliance than for his subtlety in disputation; although his self-complacency often led him into difficulties; for sometimes wishing to be considered

the ally of each, he was treated as a
both parties.

“ You are come just in time of need
Tenax ; “ I want the assistance of
doughty friend to aid me in an argument.

At this appeal, Ambobus, erecting
into an oracular position, and wrinkling
forehead, till, as Shakspeare expressed
resembled,—

The sea-shore, which the ebbing tide has just

requested, that the point in dispute
stated.

When this was done, he desired
should be repeated ; and having heard
second time, he gave three profound
and with great gravity thus addressed
with a loud voice, which might have
heard by a much larger company than
present,—

“ Since, Tenax, you have done
honour to appeal to my weak judgment
hem !)—I will give my candid opinion.”
with the greatest solemnity, as though
was about to broach a series of novel

repeated as much as he could remember, and far more than he, or indeed any other person, could understand, of what he supposed had fallen from Tenax ; concluding thus,—

“Such, Tenax, is my humble opinion ; which I propose with the greatest deference to the gentlemen opposite !”—(bowing to Seneca, whom he wished to enlist on his side.)

“I cannot coincide in your views, or in those of Tenax,” said Seneca ; “but, on the contrary, I hold that the *expedient* and the *right* are terms perfectly distinct, and sometimes indeed the opposite of each other.”

“There I agree with you,” interrupted Ambobus about to repeat the words of Seneca : but Seneca silenced him with a bow, which seemed to anticipate all he was about to say, and render anything further unnecessary.

“In answer to Tenax’s proposition, that the expedient and the right are the same thing,” said Lucan, “I would observe that all languages employ two distinct terms to designate them.”

“With respect to languages,” replied Tenax, “it is possible that they may rather favour your opinion ; for I think that by far the

greater number of common errors, which I would reckon this opinion of are attributable to the vagueness of language. If, for example, we refer to Horace, that, speaking merely from memory, I could give you three or four different applications of the same word. You shall find the same word used in reference to speaking, to laughing, to dying, and to being idle; it is applied to a sound, to a taste, to a danger, to at least a dozen other different things.

Ambobus, who had been listening with attention, saw, from the puzzled looks of Tenax's friends, that they were a little at this answer; and wishing to come to his share of the triumph, to console himself from his dread of Seneca's opposition, he answered with great emphasis—"Yes," to at least a dozen different things.

The merciless Persius, who could not tolerate folly, was determined to humiliate his interlocutor, and therefore asked him what term Tenax had alluded to?

It was ludicrous, indeed, to mark into an awkward dilemma this unexpected, but answerable, question, threw poor Ambobus

Tenax, however, continued,

“The word to which I allude is—*dulce*, sweet; and you will remember that Horace says,—

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.* *

The sweetly laughing, sweetly talking Lalage! &c.; and I doubt not but that your memories will supply you with all the other instances.”

This quotation was archly thrown at Pudens, who accepted the challenge to take a part in the discussion, and observed:—

“You are entitled to great credit certainly, Menax, for your judicious selection of one of the most vague words in our language; but I think that if you confine yourself to the words, respecting the meaning of which we are now disputing, you will hardly be so successful; nor need we go further than the works of

* The other places referred to in the text are:—

Dulce mihi furere est amico.—Lib. 2, od. 7, v. 28.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.—Lib. 3, od. 2, v. 13.

Dulce est desipere in loco.—Lib. 4, od. 12, v. 28.

Dulcem quæ strepitum, &c.—Lib. 4, od. 3, v. 18.

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem.—Lib. 3, od. 1, v. 19.

Dulce periculum est.—Lib. 3, od. 26, v. 18.

Horace himself, to prove that he affixes a definite meaning to the word *expedient*, cannot be strained to apply to *right* :

The pious judge who justice keeps in sight
Never prefers the *expedient* to the *right*.*

This quotation was much applauded. Lucan resumed,

“To turn from words to things;—I prefer Tenax, that if we can adduce any action, which was *expedient* but manifestly *unjust*; or one which was *inexpedient*, and at the same time, indisputably *right*, that you then acknowledge, that the *expedient* and *right* are not synonymous.”

Tenax nodded assent.

“Then,” said Lucan, “I think that the instance, in reference to which I have used the language which originated this discussion, is decisive. Was the murder of Pompey just or unjust?”

“Unjust, doubtless,” replied Tenax.

“Was it not expedient, nevertheless?”
Lucan. “Did not Egypt, by these means, avoid a war with Cæsar, which might have blotted her from the map of nations?”

* Hor., lib. iv, Sat. 9, v. 41.

“I am by no means prepared to answer that question in the affirmative,” replied Tenax; “for had Egypt befriended Pompey, he might have rallied again, possibly have defeated Cæsar; and restored liberty to Rome: and then, in all probability, Rome, in her gratitude, would have made Egypt a free nation.”

Lucan felt a little repulsed at this answer, and replied,

“Rome is, I fear, too much of a slave herself to bestow freedom, with so lavish a hand, upon others, as you have done for her; but I think I can put a still stronger case. You recollect the scheme for the aggrandizement of Athens, by burning the fleet of the rival confederates; the adoption of which was referred to the decision of Aristides; and doubtless you recollect his answer—‘Nothing could be more *expedient*, but at the same time, nothing could be more *unjust*!’* What say you to this reply? Does it show that the expedient and the just are one and the same thing?”

Tenax was a little disconcerted at this instance; but he was too well disciplined a sophist not to recover; and, after a moment’s pause, he thus replied:

* Vid. Plut in Vit. Aristides.

“It simply shews that Aristides, himself, did not *think* them the same thing.”

“Well,” rejoined Lucan, “will you admit that the proposition of Themistocles to burn the whole fleet of the confederates was very *unjust*?”

“I have no objection to admit that it was *unjust*,” answered Tenax.

“Then,” rejoined Lucan, “I call upon you to prove, that it would have been *inexpedient*.”

“If I cannot prove that it *would* have been *inexpedient*,” retorted Tenax, “I can prove that it *might* have been; for it is at all improbable, that if Athens had not pursued her schemes of aggrandizement, to the expense of the confederates, the whole of the Grecian states, in revenge for the infractions of their liberties, would have combined, and have availed themselves of foreign aid, to destroy Athens: and the fate of Troy might have been the fate of Athens: who then would have doubted, that the *unjust* was the *inexpedient*?”

Pudens, finding that they did not make much progress in their attempt to bring down their Proteus-like adversary, now took up his argument.

“It is an endless task,” said he, “to speculate upon possibilities; but the probabilities, as Tenax himself must acknowledge, or otherwise he must profess to know more about Grecian affairs than either Themistocles or Aristides, are, that it would have been, as the latter stated, very unjust but highly expedient. However, giving Tenax the benefit of the doubt, I think I can propose an instance, which it will baffle even his ingenuity to prove equally right and expedient. It is the case of Regulus, who sacrificed himself upon the altar of Truth. Here was a good action; was it expedient? Was it expedient, as it regarded *himself*, to expose himself to the infernal tortures of the Carthaginians? Or was it expedient, as it regarded *his country*, to deprive her, in her hour of need, of the best, and bravest, and wisest of her sons?”

Tenax, with inimitable readiness, answered, “I do not hesitate to say that the conduct of Regulus was as *expedient* as it was *noble*. It was expedient both for himself and his country. As for him, he exchanged a short and precarious life for an immortality of glory; and as for his country, the irrepressible courage, which the

thirst for revenge inspired, and which to infuse his heroism into the bosom of a thousand imitators, well compensated Regulus for the loss even of Regulus: but you have effected within very narrow limits an effect, which could not be circumscribed either by time or space. The example will light up other kindred examples like beacon fires along the coast of time. Your bright example, like Vesta's fire, never will be extinguished to burn."

After the applause, which followed this display of eloquence had subsided, Pudens, who had seemed to have acquired fresh force from the contest, grapple with his opponent, replied,

"I am rather charmed with your eloquence, Tenax, than convinced by your arguments. For if the influence of example is to be introduced into the scale, farewell to virtue in obscurity. If a good deed is more virtuous, when performed in public, crimes will be less so when perpetrated in secret. The more ostentatious your charity, the more influential will be your example; and, therefore, the more conspicuous your conduct: on the contrary, your magnanimity, being exercised in private, will more deserve the name of a virtue. As the

ment of yours, drawn from example, will be a great stumbling-block in our way, and I am, therefore, the more anxious to remove it; I will take the liberty of appealing to Seneca, to strengthen myself, if I am right, with his authority."

Seneca, being thus appealed to, replied,

"I will not interfere in your dispute, which, I must do you the justice to say, is carried on with great spirit, further than to observe, that I concur with Pudens, that if the force of example is pushed too far, it will exclude all those unobtrusive virtues which are sometimes practised in the midst of privacy or obscurity, and which are, in my opinion, some of the noblest of which we are capable. What, for instance, can be a nobler spectacle—a spectacle on which the deity intent on His own works can look with greater pleasure—nay, what can be a more god-like object than a brave man composed amid adversity?*" I do not mean a man *acting his part* in the crowded arena of the world, for the world's applause may be a sufficient compensation for the inconveniences with which *he* may have to contend, but a man

* Senec. De Provid. Cap. 2.

bravely struggling with troubles and tions, with no spectator but his God. case might exist under circumstances would render it of no influence as an but the spectacle would not be less God, though less useful to man."

Pudens, having disposed of this thus resumed :

"I will now propose one more Tenax, and that is the last with which trouble you. Pyrrhus, as you are tempted to bribe Fabricius to betray his Fabricius refused the bribe. Was his right in so doing?"

"Doubtless," replied Tenax.

"May I ask you wherefore?" said

"Because," answered Tenax, "he which was most expedient for his country"

"Well," rejoined Pudens, "the same Fabricius had an offer from a physician Pyrrhus, which he not only declined himself of, but cautioned Pyrrhus to guard against similar attempts.—Was he right in this instance?—and if so expedient for his country?"

Tenax saw the dilemma to which he was reduced, and with great ingenuously answered,

“Pudens, I yield; you have fought like a *retiarius*; you have caught me in your net.”

“Nay,” answered Pudens, “my cause may have given me the advantage, but not my net; for had I used a net, our debate had been but a short one; for, from the very outset, you would have been obliged to concede that the expedient and the right are not one and the same thing, to render yourself intelligible. If, indeed, they were identical, it would follow that an action being admitted to be right or wrong, it must necessarily be expedient or inexpedient; and you could not have maintained an argument upon the subject!”

Tremendous plaudits followed this speech, in which Tenax himself joined, complimenting his adversary by observing that he had indeed fought like a *retiarius*, for he had used the net first, and the trident afterwards.

The uproar of applause awoke Ambobus who had fallen asleep, unobserved, and had slumbered through the greater part of the discussion: he, however, with his usual good humour, joined in it as heartily as though he had heard it all. When it had a little subsided, the undaunted Tenax was about to resume his argument; but Seneca, who had just observed,

from the windows of the *Cænaculum*, the moon rising from the silvered deep, hailed the signal for him to return to his home, and begged Lucan's permission to call for his *carpentum*.* This permission was with extreme reluctance accorded, but not until a promise had been extorted from him to attend the conclusion of the discussion on the morrow, till when, as the disputants had lost their arbitrator, the debate was adjourned.

* His carriage.

CHAPTER XII.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk,
From trivial themes to general argument.

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

AT about the fourth hour of the day, or ten o'clock according to our computation of time, the parties militant were assembled in a little meadow, or slope of lawn in the middle of Lucan's garden, one side of which was shaded by a knoll of fine old palm trees. In the centre of this lawn, was a marble statue of Plato, which Lucan esteemed amongst his most valued possessions, on account of its having formerly belonged to Cicero, who has described himself and his two friends Brutus and Hortensius as sitting at its feet, and enjoying that immortal

converse which has made us familiar with the orators of ancient Greece.*

The association of Plato and Cicero struck Seneca, and recalled to his memory a passage in the writings of the latter, peculiarly appropriate to the place, and the occasion.

“Why,” said he, pointing to a luxuriant plane-tree—“why do we not imitate Socrates, my Crassus, as he is described in the *Phædro* of Plato? for so your plane tree admonishes me, which extends its far-spreading branches to shelter this place with quite as much magnificence as that whose shade Socrates sought; and which, indeed, appears to me to have been less nourished by the streamlet of water which he has described, than by the eloquence of Plato. If Socrates threw himself on the grass, and talked of things divine, why should not we do as he did?”†

* *Brutus*, s. 6.

† *Cur. non imitamur, Crasse, Socratem illum, qui est in Phædro Platonis? nam me hæc tua platanus admonuit, quæ non minus ad opacandum hunc locum patulis est difusa ramis, quam illa, cujus umbram secutus est Socrates, quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse; et quod ille durissimis pedibus fecit, ut se abjiceret in herbam, atque ita illa, quæ philosophi divinitus ferunt esse dicta, loqueretur, id meis pedibus certe concedi est æquius.*—*Cic. de Oratore*, 1—7.

So saying, he took his seat under the shade of the plane tree, and the others, admiring and lauding his apt quotation, followed his example, as did also the ladies who had accompanied him from the house.

All eyes being now directed to Tenax, he commenced as follows :

“ I have been often struck, in reading history, with the sagacity of the Spartans in establishing it as a rule never to make war with the same nation more than once, if it could be avoided, lest that nation should, if vanquished, learn the art of conquering from the victor. It was for want of such a rule that the Athenians taught the Sicilians and the Lacedemonians how to conquer ; and in the same manner Hannibal taught us. Encouraged by these examples, rather than deterred by my discomfiture yesterday, I am not without the hope of gaining a lesson in tactics from my conquerors. I am also encouraged, too, by the reflection that my defeat was mainly attributable to my having stated my proposition incorrectly. Although, therefore, I acknowledge that I must give up the outpost of my argument, and concede that the *expedient* and the *right* are not identical terms ; yet I hope to recover my position by proving that the same test is applicable to both ; namely,

the amount of benefit done to society. I hope also to prove that the faculty by which we estimate actions is no innate principle, but simply the judgment modelled by education or other circumstances."

The audience unanimously cheered Tenax for the spirit with which he had resumed the discussion ; and he thus pursued his argument,

"When I look upon yonder beautiful statue, or when I contemplate in imagination the commonwealth* designed by its divine archetype, I feel admiration for the sculptor, or for the legislator. My admiration of Polycletus, or Plato, is the same in *kind*, though perhaps different in *degree* ; the degree depending upon the extent of the benefit conferred on society. So if I succeed in an arduous undertaking, it gives me pleasure ; and if I minister to the welfare of others, it also gives me pleasure. My end is the greatest amount of good to society ; and he who best promotes that end, appears to me the wisest and the best ; in other words, he effects that which is most expedient."

As Lucan and Pudens did not wish to ob-

* Republica.

trude themselves too much, but rather to draw Persius into the discussion ; the former, turning to him, said,

“ What says my Persius to this ? ”

“ My health will not allow me to say much,” replied Persius ; “ and I can only speak of my own experience : but I cannot help observing that my feelings are very different when, in reviewing my conduct, I reflect on having performed a good action, and when I reflect on having performed a prudent one. If I have devised a plan for the improvement of my estate, it gives me pleasure ; and if I have resisted a temptation to vice, it gives me pleasure : but, oh ! what a different kind of pleasure ! If I have committed an error attended with evil consequences, I feel disappointment ; but if I have committed a crime, I feel remorse. In both cases, I feel a grief ; but who shall compare the one with the other ? To repeat some lines which I have written since I have been staying with Lucan :— (K)

The tortur'd wretch in burning fetters bound,
 Who made the brazen bull with groans resound ;
 Or he who saw the hair-suspended sword
 Hang oscillating o'er the festive board ;
 Felt not the pangs which rive the guilty heart
 Which dares not to its friends its grief impart.

Depend upon it, there is no torture like that of a guilty conscience."

"I am disposed to deny the existence of what you call *conscience* altogether, you remember," said Tenax ; " but perhaps it would facilitate our discussion if you were to define the meaning of the word conscience."

"Pudens, I must leave the question in your hands," said Persius, whose declining, and fast-ebbing health was such as to make him feel almost exhausted by the slight exertion which he had made ; " for I do not feel myself well enough to sustain any prominent part in the debate ; and as success often depends upon the accuracy of the definition, I am unwilling to involve you in the consequences of an incorrect one, lest they should prove as mischievous to you as Tenax would have us believe they were to him."

This side-blow at Tenax caused a laugh ; and Pudens took up the argument.

"Definitions are difficult things, and require, among many other requisites in him who hazards them, a perfect knowledge of the nature of the thing defined ; however, I think I can give such a definition as will enable us to continue our disputation. I mean by conscience

an innate faculty enabling us to judge of right and wrong, which is always accompanied with moral approbation or disapprobation."

"I understand your meaning," answered Tenax; "although I might have expressed myself somewhat differently. I am willing to admit that we have a power of judging whether an action is expedient or inexpedient; or, if you please, right or wrong; but I must, nevertheless, contend that such a power does not proceed from any original faculty or innate principle; but is the result of education. It is, indeed, our judgment influenced by circumstances."

"That it is not an immutable principle is proved by the fact that it varies in different nations; and what one considers a crime, another esteems a virtue. To retort your own mode of argument;—you shall select some action which we are both agreed to call a crime; and I will undertake that, be it what it may, it shall be sanctioned by some nation. I care not how atrocious an instance you select."

Well," replied Pudens, "suppose we test your proposition by the conduct of Medea in

murdering her children. Is there any man who would not be thrilled with the representation of this tragedy ; and would he not call Medea's conduct a crime ?”

“ I will answer your question by proposing another,” replied the subtle Tenax. “ Did Brutus murder his own son ?—and did the Spartans murder their malformed or unformed children ?—and did not the Romans do the former deed ; and the Spartans tolerate the latter ?”

Pudens answered all these interrogations in the affirmative ; and Tenax pursued,

“ And would the Romans and the Spartans affect to regard the conduct of Medea as a horror ?”

“ Undoubtedly,” answered Pudens.

“ And yet,” observed Tenax, “ the crime was the same in all cases—the murder of a child by its parents. How then can you regard that there is an invariable principle of right and wrong ?”

“ Simply,” replied Pudens, “ because, though what you call the *action*, but not the *effect* in these cases, I should term the *effect* *produced*, was the same ; yet the *motives*

which these acts proceeded, were widely different. In Medea's case, hatred and revenge were the motives; and I do not think that any one will attempt for a moment to palliate the act by the motive. On the contrary, in Brutus's case, the motive was an inexorable love of justice; which, I am inclined to think, did not infer an absence of paternal love, which would have constituted the crime; but merely that a higher and nobler principle predominated. As for the case of the Spartans—I feel some little difficulty certainly, in justifying their unnatural exposure of their children; although it has been defended, and certainly may be palliated, by the reflection that if such puny children had been allowed to live in such a martial state as Sparta, where personal prowess was deemed the noblest virtue, they would have lived a life of ignominious misery. Their conduct, therefore, is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the circumstance of the voice of nature, and the dictates of conscience, being alike hushed, or drowned, by the false persuasions of *expediency*. I must, consequently, leave it to you, Tenax, to prove that, in this instance, the *expedient* and the *right* are one and the same thing!"

This ingenious turn was much applauded; and Tenax felt that the argument was by no means in his favour: he was, however, determined to hazard another instance; and proposed that of the cannibalism of the Anthropophagi; who Herodotus relates, eat the flesh of their own relations when they get old and infirm!

“With respect to this example,” observed Pudens, “of the force of which I will not attempt to deprive you by throwing a shade of suspicion over the veracity of honest Herodotus, who, I am sure, never related a falsehood in stating what he had himself seen; although, he might have been somewhat too credulous as to what he heard from others;—I would only remark that it was a singular taste, certainly, which made them eat each other; but that it bears no comparison with the conduct of Medea, inasmuch as it was done for compassion rather than malice. It must therefore be classed with the infanticide of the Spartans, as being based on a false view of expediency: so that it appears, Tenax, that you can hardly adduce any thing, however revolting or disgusting, which expediency has not tolerated! However, I am not desirous of pressing my

advantage in these monstrous cases, but assure you that if you can bring forward one instance of what we should deem a pure, unmixed crime, tolerated by any nation, I shall be disposed to become your convert. Is there any nation—is there any barbarian, who would attempt to defend an act of ingratitude?"

After a moment's hesitation, Tenax replied, "What say you to the conduct of the second Brutus? Did not Cæsar spare the life of Brutus: did he not heap benefits upon him; and did he not, foe as he had been, honour him with his friendship? Where in the whole annals of history can you find a baser act of ingratitude towards a friend and a benefactor than that of Brutus? Methinks the noisy creak of Ixion's wheel will never drown the upbraiding whisper of the dying Cæsar, "*Et tu, Brute?*" I am not over credulous, as you will admit, and do not feel inclined to attach much credence to ghost stories generally; but, if I did believe in the existence of what you call conscience, I should also believe what is told about the Evil genius of Brutus. I think that even Lucan, with all his hatred of tyranny, will confess that the conduct of Brutus savours somewhat of ingratitude.

“Does not,” said he turning towards Lucan, “does not the recollection of Cæsar’s generosity infix a deep stain *in sancto pectore Bruti?*”*

To this Lucan replied, “In defence of my own expression, Tenax, I would observe, that had it not been a far higher and nobler feeling than mere gratitude which actuated Brutus; and one which ought to have overpowered all of a more selfish character, I should not have extolled him: but it is as the “*scelerum vindex,*” as the avenger of his country, for which he sacrificed all his private feelings, that I have held Brutus forth to the admiration of mankind. And here, Tenax, I would advert to a very baneful consequence of viewing actions in reference to their expediency; which is, that it leads the mind to estimate actions by their consequences, rather than by the motives in which they originated; whereas I maintain with my Cato, that it is the *intention*, and not the *success*, which determines the morality of an action:—

Laudandaque velle

Sit satis, et nunquam successu crescat honestum†.

* Phars. l. ix., v. 17.

† Phars. ix. v. 570.

A virtuous wish the Gods approve and bless,
Nor are good actions bettered by success.

If the merit of actions were to be estimated by their success, poor indeed were the meed of Brutus, and still poorer that of Cato! And yet, let us pause for a moment to contemplate the character of the latter. Behold him toiling on foot at the head of his army, across the burning sands of Lybia, and waiting until the meanest of his soldiers had drunk, before he raises the cup to his own parched lips. Oh! if Fame be the reward of the really good, and virtue can exist independent of success, where is the man who shall be compared with Cato?

This triumph, this, on Lybia's utmost bound,
With death and desolation compass'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius's mighty name, and great Jugurthine wars.*

This was repeated with such emphasis that the poet appeared inspired; and Tenax, unable to withstand his generous enthusiasm, far more convincing than his most subtle rhetoric exclaimed: "Most noble Lucan, I yield, I

* Phars. ix. 598.

yield. I know not how it is, but I cannot argue with you ; for you contrive to put me out of humour with my cause. My philosophy seems cold before your fervid eloquence, and droops and withers as our Italian flowers would do before the warm breath of a Lybian simoom." After recovering, however, a little from the paroxysm which Lucan's ardent manner had excited, he resumed more cautiously ; " But I am not yet satisfied that conscience is an innate principle."

" I do not mean," replied Lucan, " that before we can understand the nature of an action we can pronounce whether it is good or bad ; but we can do so very long before we can calculate its consequences. The conscience may be biassed by prejudice, or obscured by passion ; and its sensibility may be blunted by continual opposition, or rendered more acute by education ; but I believe that it is a germ implanted by nature in every breast.

I believe, indeed, that

The Gods teach right and wrong to all on earth,
And give men conscience when they give them birth.

Dixitque semel nascentibus auctor
Quicquid scire licet.

LUCAN, LIB. IX, v. 575.

The acute Tenax, who felt that he was rapidly losing ground and saw the propriety of confining his efforts to self-defence rather than hazard the attack, began to drop the disputatious style, and asked whether the principle alluded to by Lucan might not be *reason*, influenced by education?

"I think," replied Lucan, "that I am entitled to consider *that* an original principle, and not the mere result of education, which acts in one consistent course, amidst a thousand different, and opposite kinds of education: but I confess I should much prefer hearing Seneca's opinion on this subject."

"Nay," interposed Tenax, "I have the right of appeal; and before I hear the irreversible judgment of Seneca, I should like to hear the opinion of that young lady (pointing to Claudia) who has honoured us with such undeserved attention."

"What say you, Claudia, then," asked Lucan, "of the philosophy which teaches, that expediency is the spring of action, and that we have no conscience?"

Claudia, who had listened to this debate with intense interest, blushed on being appealed to, and answered,

“ I know nothing of philosophy, Lucan, and did not even know that such a dispute as this is called philosophy ; nor, can I tell how expediency may influence others ; but this I know, and of this I am quite sure, that it never enters my thoughts, when I do what I think a good action ; and if it did, it would spoil all my pleasure, because I should think that I had acted from a mercenary or unworthy motive. As to there being no such a thing as conscience, I never can believe it, for I *feel* that I have a conscience ; and although I could not perhaps convince others that I have, all the eloquence in the world, would not persuade me that I have not : but, I should very much like to hear what Seneca has to say ; for I feel that it is presumption in me to speak on such a subject in his presence.”

Seneca being thus appealed to, delivered his sentiments as follows :—

“ The question whether the *right* and the *expedient* are identical, reminds me of a problem which has very much divided the schools of philosophy, namely whether *virtue* and *pleasure* are the same ; and what has been said on that subject, is equally applicable to this, merely substituting the word *expediency* for

pleasure. Let virtue precede, and expedience will follow, and will accompany it as the shadow does the substance. What then, it will be asked, prohibits virtue and expedience being considered the same? Simply because though the right may be the expedient, expedience is no part of rectitude! Expedience may be a *consequent* but is not a *constituent* of virtue*. As Fortune, or chance seems to arbitrate the consequences of actions; whoever confounds virtue with expediency renders virtue as changing and uncertain as fortune: indeed, it makes virtue dependant upon fortune; and would subject him, who acts virtuously to all the anxiety, suspense, and uncertainty, incident to a calculation of casualties and contingences. Instead of giving to virtue a solid and immoveable foundation; it places it on a most precarious basis†. In nothing do persons so much differ, as in their views of expediency; as may be inferred from your dispute last evening. Expediency must therefore be a very uncertain spring of action. Human events, too, are linked together in so

* In the original "*consequentia non consummantia*."

† Senec. De Vita Beata, c. xv.

long and so intricate a chain as to defy human speculations as to the ultimate utility of any action; so that utility must be a very unsafe guide, and a guide of which few have the ability to avail themselves.

The Gods have very wisely veiled futurity from the ken of mortals; and they almost appear to delight in thwarting the anticipations of men, by producing effects the very contrary of their expectations. When Brutus slew Cæsar, for instance, how little did he think that he was building a throne for a Caligula, or a Claudius!

“ With respect to the existence of an innate moral principle; I would only add to the ingenious reasoning of Lucan, and the unanswerable appeal to experience of Claudia, that there are indications of conscience in the most profligate characters. The worst men are not ignorant, though they may be negligent, of its admonitions, as appears from the circumstance, that they conceal their crimes, and while they enjoy the fruits of vice, dissimulate the vice itself*. A good man shuns not publicity; but an evil man fears even the deepest shades of

* Senec. Epist. 98. s. 10. 11.

obscurity: so that, as it was elegantly expressed by Epicurus, although it might happen that a vicious person *may* remain undetected, yet he can never believe that he *does* remain so: or, in other words, he may be *safe*, but can never feel *secure*! Again, have you not observed how the theatres ring with plaudits where any moral truth is recited?—such as the following, for example:

Many comforts are wanting in penury's stall,
 But avarice can boast of no comfort at all:
 The miser does no one much good with his pelf,
 But the miser wrongs no one so much as himself.

“The most avaricious miser in Rome would applaud these verses, and delight to have his own vice ridiculed*. As Horace has aptly said,

He sees the better and approves,
 Yet follows vices which he loves.

“He has a principle within perceiving and commending what is good. It is to this principle that all writers address themselves; it is this principle in which Alexander confided when he staked his life on the fidelity of his

* Senec. Epist. 108, s. 9 and 10.

physician: and lastly, it is this principle to which Leonidas appealed when he led his brave troops to death at Thermopylæ*. Did he argue on the expediency of their conduct? Did he philosophize on the amount of good done to society? No. 'Dine my comrades,' said he, 'as those who are to sup with the dead!'

"I have heard, indeed, of one of our own generals adverting to the expediency of an attack, and that too with the same result; but mark his charge. 'It is necessary for us to go forward,' said he: 'but it is not necessary for us to return!'"

Prodigious plaudits followed this speech of Seneca, and the discussion being thus brought to a conclusion, Lucan led the way to a very beautiful alcove, in a distant part of the garden where some refreshments awaited them. This alcove was of such a singular construction, that it deserves a brief description. It was fronted with white marble; and the portico, which was supported by four elegant columns of the beautiful cærulean marble of Carystus, was gracefully overshadowed by a vine. In the interior was a triclinium, in which

* Epist. 82.

marble seats were ranged round in the form of a horse-shoe. A thousand tiny streams of water gushed forth from innumerable orifices on the inner side of these seats, as if pressed out by the weight of the person reclining. A stone cistern received their sparkling contributions, and they rose again, in a polished marble basin placed in the centre, which was thus kept constantly full but never overflowing.

This basin, having a very broad brim, was used as a table, the larger dishes being placed round the margin, and the smaller ones, being made in the form of little vessels or water-fowl, floated about in the water*.

* Vide Plinii secundi Epist.

CHAPTER XIII.

Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis,
Marmoreis.

JUV. SAT., VII., v. 79.

Lucan, content with fame, may lie at ease
In costly grots, and marble palaces.

DRYDEN.

HITHERTO Pudens and Claudia had enjoyed little opportunity of converse; and their intention of devoting the early part of the morning to a private *tête-à-tête* was frustrated unintentionally by Lucan, of whom, as we are about to withdraw our attention from him for a season, the following anecdote will not, we hope, be deemed too digressive.

Lucan was, as we have stated, at the time to which our narrative refers, amusing his leisure with the composition of his poem—The Pharsalia. He had been very much struck

with Claudia's allusion to the Druids, in the simple lay to her beloved country, which she had sung at his table, and had, accordingly, made a note on his tablets at the time. Early, therefore, on the morrow, just when she was hoping to enjoy the freshness of the morning in the garden, she received a summons from Lucan to attend him in his sea-beaten study.

Lucan was accustomed to rise early, generally about six o'clock, in the summer, and when he had matured his plans for the day, to call in his Greek amanuensis, and dictate to him any composition which he had in hand. His present object in sending for Claudia was to converse with her respecting the doctrines of the Druids; and, singular to say, a memorial of this conversation exists at the present day, in a description, which, if not the most beautiful, is certainly the most interesting, in the whole poem.

Lucan had thought, until better instructed by Claudia, that, in his enumeration of the deities of the Gauls, he had done justice to the subject when he had made mention only of the shrine,—

Where *Hesus*' horrid altar stands,
Where dire *Tentates* human blood demands;

K 2

Where *Taranis* by wretches is obeyed,
 And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid.

ROWE'S LUCAN.*

His attention, however, being now directed to the brighter side of Druidic superstition by Claudia, whose memory dwelt on all that was beautiful in her country's religion, his noble mind expanded with the thought of the doctrine of the soul's immortality being taught in the deep groves of Britain ; and, as though in emulation of the songs of the bards themselves, he seized his lyre, and poured forth the following strain, which, well-known and trite as it is now become, cannot, I think, be read without emotion by any Briton, who reflects that it is the description of the religion of his forefathers, nor, indeed, by any Christian, who views it in its relation to the author, as exhibiting an elevated spirit groping after immortality, amid the dark shadows of heathenism !—

Ye bards ! whom sacred raptures fire
 To chant your heroes to your country's lyre ;
 Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
 Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain ;

* Luc. Pharsal., lib. 1., v. 444.

Securely now the tuneful task renew,
 And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
 The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
 Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore ;
 A tribe who singular religion love,
 And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
 To these, and these of all mankind alone,
 The gods are sure revealed or sure unknown ;
 If dying mortals' doom they sing aright,
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night :
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
 Nor seek the dreary, silent, shades below ;
 But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,
 And other bodies in new worlds they find.
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
 And, like a line, death but divides the space—
 A stop, which can but for a moment last,
 A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear—the fear of death, despise ;
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel ;
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
 To spare that life which must so soon return !

• ROWE. •

When Lucan had acquired from Claudia the materials which he thus wove into verse, he pleased her to her morning's employment ; Claudens soon found her in her favourite grotto near the fish-pool, not sorry, if the truth

• Luc. Phars., lib. 1., v. 450.

must be told, of being thus sought, and thus found.

It would be difficult to describe the emotions, with which Pudens and Claudia regarded each other in their first interview. Claudia, instead of running to meet him, as she was wont to do, timidly retired ; upon which Pudens remarked,—

“This is not the welcome which my pupil used formerly to give.”

This observation called forth a deep blush ; but Claudia did not venture to reply. Pudens gazed upon her beautiful countenance, and as the manners of those times allowed—(alas that they were ever altered !)—imprinted a kiss upon it : nor was he satisfied with a cold or solitary salute.

Claudia, perhaps taken too much by surprise to offer more than a faint resistance, at first, upon recovering herself, bade Pudens remember that she was no longer Roscrana in her father's hall, but the exiled Claudia, far away from her friends, and in a land of strangers ; and begged him not to deceive her in her reliance upon his being too generous to take any advantage of her unprotected situation.

Pudens was affected by this appeal; for there was a pathos, and a purity about her manner, which made him promise, with self-condemnation, that he would not again transgress. She therefore, rising from her seat, proposed a walk in the garden, as she was anxious to hear the news which he could relate to her about her country.

But here I must pause to describe the garden; for, interesting as the conversation was to Pudens and Claudia, even they could not help interrupting it occasionally, to descant on the beauties which surrounded them. The garden, which was very capacious, was surrounded with shrubs and trees, towering one above the other, like a verdant amphitheatre; which it also resembled in shape. The outward boundary consisted of plane-trees, closely planted, the trunks of which were covered with ivy, which intertwined and connected them with each other. In this manner were formed the two sides; and the semicircular boundary which connected them was one thick living wall of cypress. Box-trees and bays completed the enclosure. There were several circular walks, rather drives, within, forming what was called the Hippodrome, which was Lucan's

first resort in the morning. These various drives were hedged with box or rosemary ; and the innermost circle was a shady walk of vines, soft even to the naked feet. Under the shade of these vines grew fragrant beds of violets ; and on the more sunny side, the border was filled with the most delicious roses. These winding alleys led to a straight walk, out of which several others branched, having on one side trees cut into the letters of Lucan's name, and into obelisks and other fantastic shapes, and on the other a beautiful lawn, surrounded by a well-trimmed hedge. This part of the garden, which was too formal and artificial to accord with the true principles of taste, led to a kind of wilderness, where everything seemed to grow with the luxuriance and graceful negligence of nature, and which was haunted by scarlet flamingoes, silver pheasants, and a variety of other foreign birds. *Here*, vines climbed their guardian elms, and *here* mulberries, figs, and the most tempting fruit-trees, scented the air with their odours, or charmed the eye with their diversified foliage. A serpentine path led to the centre of this wilderness, in which were the knolls of plane-trees, with the little meadow

prætula Platonis, which we have described, in which sequestered spot Lucan used to exercise his voice in recitation, immediately before bathing. A walk, shaded by the graceful acanthus, winding amid beautiful, but perhaps somewhat too artificially, clipped shrubs, conducted from hence to the alcove before alluded to, and the beauty and luxury of which, to be duly appreciated, must be always viewed in connection with the fervent splendour of an Italian sky.

Between this cool and delicious retreat and summer-house at the other extremity, which fronted it, was a fountain, whose sparkling waters never ceased to play. The summer-house was built of the rarest marble, and its portico opened upon a smooth turfed terrace-walk; its upper windows commanded a view of the whole garden. In this summer-house was a sleeping apartment, delightfully cooled and darkened by a clustering vine; here it was that Lucan was accustomed to enjoy his siesta or afternoon nap.

Further description of this luxurious garden would be tedious; suffice it, therefore, to say, that elegant marble seats were disposed in the most commodious places, generally shaded by the vine, and always cooled by a fountain, and

that the stream, which had its rise near Claudia's favourite rustic grotto, not only supplied the piscinas and the different fountains, but purred along in several little murmuring rills, and refreshed and beautified the whole garden.* In this artificial paradise, then, whose charms were enhanced by the picturesque views to be seen from every eminence, and by a climate so bright and so balmy, that the very air seemed delicious, were Pudens and Claudia conversing.

Their confabulations were, indeed, interrupted by the discussion which has been recapitulated, but it was only to be resumed in the evening, when Lucan took his accustomed walk or a drive.

In the meantime, the siesta, the gestatio or airing, the declamation, the athletic exercise, the bathing, and the cœnatio with its accompanying dramatic or lyrical entertainment, had to be gone through.†

Passing over these occupations, let us now listen awhile to a sunset conversation respect-

* For a description of a Roman garden, vid. Plinii Epist. lib. 11, epist. 6.

† For an account of the manner in which a studious Roman spent the day in retirement, vid. Plin. Epist. lib. 1x, ep. 53.

ing Britain. Claudia's first inquiries were, as may naturally be supposed, relative to her father, which Pudens answered by stating that Arviragus had then, indeed, recovered his health and spirits, but that he had been ill some time before; and as his illness had occurred about the time when the Roman tribute became due, the people had imputed it to that circumstance. "Doubtless," said Pudens, "it did fret his proud spirit; and I do not know that all my persuasions would have prevailed upon him to pay the tribute peaceably, had not old Morgan told him that the brave Cassibelaunus had done so before him."

Pudens also stated that this high-spirited chief had felt so annoyed at the near neighbourhood of the Romans, that he had resolved to abandon his residence at Sorbiodunum, and was then employing himself in the erection of a castle at Windsor. Claudia, who could sympathize with her father's feelings, asked whether Pudens thought that her presence would not alleviate his sorrows; but he assured her that her father had more than once expressed the wish, that if she were comfortable at Rome, she should remain there until he had completed his building at Windsor, or, as Arviragus ex-

pressed it, could take her to some place which was not overlooked by the Romans.*

After some other inquiries relative to her father, Claudia next asked about her favourite old Morgan, and learnt, with more sorrow than surprise, that he was no more. The short sequel of poor old Morgan's history is as follows. After the disastrous battle of Cranbourn Chase, he attempted to solace his declining years by making songs on the brave exploits of Brennus, which he would sing to his harp under the old willow-tree. He used frequently to visit Brennus's grave, and turfed it round, and strewed it with wild flowers. In one of these visits, he caught a cold, which speedily terminated his existence. Such was the visible and perhaps the immediate cause of his death ; but he never recovered the shock which he had sustained, in being at once deprived of Brennus and Claudia, the latter, especially, being the darling of his heart, whom

* In a poem entitled, "A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove, by R. Chester, 1601," this fact is commemorated,

Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,
First built by Arviragus, Britaine's king.

MALONE'S NOTES ON CYMBELINE.

he never mentioned without some tender and affectionate expression. One day, as he was walking with Pudens, they happened to see a very luxuriant woodbine twining its fragrant blossoms around an old apple-tree. "That poor apple-tree," said Morgan, "resembles me, when my sweet Rosy," for so he called his favourite, "seemed to hang upon me, listening to my songs, I thought more of the support which my mind ministered to hers, than of the beauty, the gaiety and life which her soul threw around mine; but now those clustering blossoms are removed, I perceive my own barrenness and age, my weakness and decay. Ah well! ah, well!" he added, "I trust that the clime whither she is transplanted will prove propitious, and that a nobler support than I have been able to give will keep those blossoms unsullied.

Poor Claudia wept bitterly at the death of old Morgan; and when her perturbation had sufficiently subsided to resume the conversation, inquired, as well as she could, how her father had borne the death of his old bard.

"He seemed to feel it very acutely," replied Pudens, "and for some time shut himself up, and would not eat anything, or suffer any per-

son to come near him. Two or three days after the occurrence," continued Pudens, "I saw him, and ventured to condole with him, but he answered bitterly, 'I do not know why I should feel the loss of a bard when his harp can be of no further use; for those whose deeds he sung are gone, and those he used to teach are gone, and I only am left, like some scathed trunk which has survived the conflagration of a forest.' "

Pudens went on to relate that old Morgan had been buried, by his own desire, under his favourite willow, and that his harp had been laid in the grave by his side.

"And this reminds me, Claudia," continued Pudens, "that your father desired me to ask you whether you could remember an old dirge, which he and his brother, and old Morgan, had once composed, *I forget*," said Pudens, "upon what occasion, but it began :

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

"Your father," he continued, "could only remember this and the last verse, which, if I recollect, was :

No exorciser harm thee ;
Nor no witchcraft charm thee ;
Ghost unlaid forbear thee ;
Nothing ill come near thee ;
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave.

Claudia knew the song well, which, as my readers need hardly be reminded, has since been so freely but touchingly translated by Shakspeare,* and did not forget to transmit it to her father.

Thus Claudia and Pudens spent the evening together, conversing about the changes which had taken place since Claudia had left Britain ; and these topics naturally led to others, and the scenes of their former acquaintance were reviewed, till, imperceptibly, the feelings of Claudia's former attachment were revived, and those of Pudens renewed—altered, indeed, in their nature, but certainly not diminished in their intensity.

Claudia's feelings were not, however, so diverted from the deep though noiseless channel of sensibility, through which they ordinarily flowed, as to forget her dear preceptor old Morgan, and her first employment and solace were

* In the beautiful play *Cymbeline*.

to string her harp to *his* praises, who had taught her how to sweep it. Time has only spared a fragment of the simple elegy which she composed, and that so closely resembles the annexed stanzas, that they may be considered an elegant paraphrase of it. I prefer, therefore, giving these stanzas to attempting a translation of the fragment, as I would not throw a shadow of suspicion on the originality of the following exquisite verses :

In yonder grave a druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds,
His airy harp shall now be laid;
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

COLLINS' ODE ON THOMSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

Divided by a river, on whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes.

PARADISE REGAINED, B. IV. V, 32.

ON the morrow Pudens rose at dawn of day, and hastened to Rome before the heat became oppressive. It is difficult to describe his emotions on entering the metropolis not yet aroused from its slumbers! Looking down from a hill, which commanded a view of the whole city, he beheld the gilt dome of the pantheon kindle into an orb of fire, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it. The marble portico of the temple of Venus sparkled like silver, while the shaded columns seemed softened into ivory. The eastern hills threw dark tracks of

shadow over the city, and the yellow Tiber was wreathed with morning mist. Silence, too, added to the impressiveness of the scene. The forum of Augustus was as still as the hundred statues which adorned it, and which seemed the genii of the place ; and the colossal figure of Apollo in the centre, towering into sunshine, as though wearing his diadem of glory, seemed to watch in silence over the sleeping capital. The circus, the campus martius, and the porticoes, were all deserted. No chariot sparkled along the marble intersections of the Flaminian and Salarian ways ; but the whole scene appeared as motionless and as beautiful as a vision.

The restless spirit, whose terrible motions agitated and awed the remotest corners of the earth was hushed into repose ; and nothing savoured of life, except the lazy step of the wearied sentinel pacing before the Temple of Saturn, guarding the treasures of the nation, and the spirit-like form of one of the vestal virgins, who seemed to have wandered into the portico to cool her brow, fevered by her night's watch, in the freshness of the morning breeze.

While Pudens gazed on the scene, one part after another recovered its suspended animation,

the heavy wain creaked along the Flaminian way, the bargeman's clamour echoed from the shores of the Tiber; and the movements of a squadron of soldiers, ascending the Capitoline steps as they advanced to relieve guard, were revealed by the corruscations caused by the flashes of light reflected from their glittering breast-plates and helmets.*

But the object which, perhaps, more than any other, excited the interest of Pudens, was the golden miliarium or pillar from which the distance was computed to the extremities of the known world. It appeared to him, as it glittered behind the temple of Saturn, to be the centre of the universe—the golden pivot, around which the fates of empires revolved! To this focus the wealth of all nations was conveyed—this was the starting point of limitless dominion. By this standard, the different degrees of civilization were realized—by this scale, the measure of the exile's punishment was computed.†

Pudens beheld this gorgeous spectacle with desolateness of heart, which his new teeming hopes could not dissipate. He seemed return-

* Martial has given a lively *coup d'œil* of the imperial city, lib. iv. epig. 64.

† For a full description of the golden mile-mark, (*miliarium aureum*.) See Brotier in Tac. Hist. I. c. 27.

ing, a comparative stranger to the place which he had always deemed his home; and he felt that he could now lay but a very diminished claim to the glory of the city upon which he gazed.

These thoughts were, however, soon chased away, by the affectionate reception which he met from his old patron Aulus Plautius. That veteran was delighted with the military career of Pudens, of which he had received a most favourable account from Suetonius; and perhaps still more with the patience with which Pudens listened to his oft repeated story of his own campaign in Britain. As Aulus Plautius had no children of his own, he formally adopted Pudens as his heir, by the name of Aulus Pudens, and not only compensated him for the losses which he had sustained in his late shipwreck, which were not inconsiderable, but procured for him a primipilarship, and gave him a sufficient allowance to support the dignity of the Equestrian Order.

Pudens made it his first duty to offer a thanksgiving sacrifice consisting of a snowy lamb to Juno, and another to Minerva, and a milk-white bull, bred on the banks of the famous Clitumnus to Jupiter. (L) He then repaired to the temple of Isis, and employed one of the artists

attached to the establishment* to paint a representation of the shipwreck from which he had lately escaped, to be hung upon the walls as a votive tablet.

A few days enabled him to despatch his public business, after having done which, he resolved to lose no more time in seeking his friend Linus, of whom he had heard various and contradictory rumours at the Prætorian camp. He knew Linus's gay disposition too well, to expect to find him in any very secluded place; he therefore sallied forth with a determination to go the whole round of fashionable lounges in quest of him.

Early in the morning, he hastened to attend the levy of Pallas, a freedman of Nero's, which was then amongst the most magnificent in Rome. Having passed through the crowd waiting at the threshold for the customary doles, amongst whom were to be seen

Rome's old nobility of Trojan blood,
Gaping among the crowd for their precarious food.†

he had the honour of saluting as lord, the

* *Pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci.*—*Juv.* 12. 28.

† *Juvenalis, Sat. 1, v. 95, c. 8.*

despicable owner, who moved about, enfolded in purple, with all the pride of an eastern monarch, but whose bored ears bespoke his former servile condition.

Having wasted about two hours, namely, from six in the morning till eight, at different levees, following the miserable tribe of courtiers who rushed from one hall to another to salute those who did not return their salutation, he repaired to the forum of Augustus.

He was soon involved in a considerable crowd, which was gathered round a young advocate who was haranguing under the ivory statue of Apollo.* To his great delight, he recognized among the crowd his former friend, Martial the poet. Martial was leaning against a marble column, listening to the orator, with a half-amused, half-chagrined countenance, and occasionally writing on his tablets, as if taking notes of the evidence. Pudens could not, for a long time, gather from the speaker the object of his suit; but he inferred that

* *Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum ;
Sportula, deinde forum, jurisque peritus Apollo, &c.*

Juv. Sat. 1. v. 127

some great and public crime had been committed; for he heard all the public events recapitulated, and almost all the public personages appealed to, who had influenced the destinies of Rome. The Orator seemed to inveigh, with Demosthenic vehemence, against some person, or some crime, but had not yet arrived at any specific charge, when, casting his eye on the clepsydra or looking glass, in which the lapse of time was meted by water instead of sand, and perceiving that the moments were ebbing fast, with ludicrous abruptness, he gave his audience to understand that all this exordium was but prefatory to a charge which he had to make against some person for having stolen three goats from Martial's fold! Before, however, he could substantiate his charge, his opponent told him that the time allotted him was expired, and that he must now give place to him. Pudens was almost convulsed with laughter at the dismayed look of the crest-fallen advocate, and the indescribable expression of Martial's countenance, in which seemed to be pourtrayed a ludicrous struggle between annoyance and amusement.

Martial did not wait to hear the advocate for

the accused, but was beating a retreat from the crowd as speedily and unobservedly as he could, when Pudens came up and accosted him. They looked at each other for a moment or two, and then burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter.

“ Did you ever hear such a magniloquent ass in your life ?” said Martial. “ I wanted to hand him up my tablets, but he threw himself about so wildly, that I was afraid, if I offered them to him, that they would only be beaten out of my hand. Look ye,” said he, handing the tablets to Pudens, “ what I had written to him.”

Pudens, with difficulty, deciphered the following epigram :—

To Postumus the Advocate.

Against no homicide do I appeal,
 By poison'd chalice, or by murderous steel ;
 But simply want to have his worship told
 That I have lost three goats out of my fold,
 Stol'n by a neighbour ; this is all the crime,
 And this to prove won't occupy much time ;
 But you, as though you were retained by Mars,
 Fight o'er again dread Mithridatic wars,
 Complain of punic treachery and rage,
 And bring the ghosts of Canna on the stage ;
 Tearing your throat, and shaking all your frame,
 As Marius, Scylla, Scævola, you name,

Your eloquence would gain a nation's votes—
*But pray say something of my three poor goats !**

Pudens's commendation of this epigram soon reconciled Martial to his fate ; or rather it induced him to return to await the decision of the judge. On returning, however, they found that the prisoner's advocate having prevailed on the judge to extend the time allowed him for his speech to the awful length of seven hours, to be measured by the clepsydra, was blustering away almost as mercilessly as his predecessor, and, to their amusement, quaffing large draughts of water to refresh himself under such arduous exertions !

This was too much for the patience of the petulant Martial. He drew out his tablets, and wrote the following epigram :

To Cæcilian.

The judge reluctantly to you has given
 Of brimming hour-glasses no less than seven ;
 And you, athirst, and hoarse with labour vain,
 With beuded back the water-bottle drain :
 If you must drink, the *bottle* put aside,
 And from the *hour-glass* draw the tardy tide.†

Having thus vented his spleen, Martial left

* Mart. Lib. vi., epig. 19.

† Mart. Lib. vi. ep. 35.

the prisoner to his fate, thinking that three goats were well exchanged for two epigrams.

In this manner, they whiled away about two hours, during which time the scene had been increasing in animation, and was now at its maximum. From ten to eleven, was the most busy time for all classes in Rome.* The streets, the courts, the shops, indeed every place seemed to teem with activity; and Pudens could not help contrasting this giddy vortex, in which the tide of life seemed to boil, with the calm scene of repose on which he had gazed in the morning.

Resuming his search after his friend Linus, he followed the directions of the dissipated Martial, who was well acquainted with the resorts of loungers like himself;† and who, although obliged to leave him for a while, promised speedily to rejoin him at the baths. Acting under this advice, he first directed his steps to the Portico of Europa—a magnificent colonnade of marble, which derived its name

* The division and apportionment of time in Rome may be learnt from Mart. lib. iv., epig. 8.

† For an account of the Roman lounges, vide Mart., lib. ii., epig. 14.

from a painting of Europa on its walls, by the masterly hand of Antiphilus.* This portico was on the borders of the Campus Martius, of which it commanded the entire view, and was the resort of the fashionable, who amused themselves with the sports, military exercises, and other spectacles, which this Hyde-Park of the Romans presented. Pudens scanned in vain the different loungers, as they sat on the benches disputing about the foot races, or paraded the walks of clipped box, which were connected with the Portico : — no Linus was there.

Leaving this portico, he went to the Ovilia, or Septa, which were the polling-places, where the Romans were accustomed to give their votes on any question and around which the gayest shops in Rome were ranged. He was very much amused there by watching the conduct of a person of the name of Mamurra, whom Martial has immortalized in the following epigram, which he composed from the laughable relation of Pudens :—

* This artist was celebrated for having represented a boy blowing a fire, so faithfully, that the whole house seemed illuminated with the flames ; and likewise, for having given apparent motion to the women's distaffs, in a painting of a spinning scene.

There goes Maturra ! all the live-long day,
 Around the polling-booths his footsteps stray ;
 From shop to shop, where golden Rome spreads forth,
 For competition, every thing of worth.
 He first attends the slave mart, and inspects
 Those which the master from the crowd selects ;—
 Not those exposed to vulgar folks, like me,
 But such as prodigals alone may see !
 Yon costly tables next his soul absorb ;
 See, he uncovers that resplendent orb,
 Examines the rich claws of ivory,
 And takes them off that he may better see !
 Then gravely walks yon dining table round ;
 Four times his steps the hexagon have bound :
 'The tortoiseshell,' he says, 'his choice might fix,
 But his own citron will seat more than six.'
 Thence, turning to the statues ranged in rows,
 He puts a little image to his nose,
 To smell if it be true Corinthian brass ;
 Nor can a Polyclete uncensured pass.
 The crystal vases next attract his eye,
 And, flaked with glass, scarce stand the scrutiny ;
 Nevertheless, with criticising tone,
 He counts out ten, and marks them for his own ;
 Then pores o'er drinking vessels, richly chased,
 To see if Mentor's hand their moulds had graced.
 Some emerald earrings next he scans with care,
 And counts the gems, lest one be missing there.
 A sardonyx and jasper then he spies,
 Questions their genuineness, and asks their price.
 Thus time wears on—the shadows lengthened, fall,
 And five o'clock his wearied steps recal ;
 He buys—two paltry cups of common delf,
 And, shuffling home, he carries them himself !*

 As Pudens did not recognise his friend

* Mart. Lib. ix. Epig. 60.

Linus, and as the superb temple of Neptune was in the vicinity, curiosity prompted him to enter, to view the splendid painting of the Argonauts on the walls, which had converted this temple into a kind of national gallery. Not being more successful in his search after Linus, he proceeded thence to the magnificent and mysterious-looking temple of Isis, curious to see whether his own offering still retained its place. To his great surprise and delight, he not only saw the commemorative tablet which recorded his offering; but he likewise beheld his old servant, Ryno, gazing upon it, while a companion deciphered the inscription for him!

This faithful fellow had visited the shrine of Isis almost daily, ever since his arrival in Rome, hoping to find some memorial of his late master, among the many which had decorated the wall since the late storm. Ryno no sooner recognised Pudens, than he gave the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, throwing himself upon the marble pavement, and seizing his knees, and kissing his hands. He was at present, it appeared, in the service of Linus, who, he informed Pudens, was at some place of public resort, although he could not

tell precisely where ; but he thought that he might probably be found at Agrippa's Portico with the hundred columns ; or at that of Pompey with its shady groves. Pudens, to his great relief, found Linus in the latter place ; but, to his surprise, Linus did not greet him with that cordiality which characterized him, and seemed somewhat embarrassed in his society. After having discussed the most common-place topics, they relapsed into silence, which Pudens availed himself of to contrive some excuse for parting company, as he attributed this change in his friend's conduct to the effect which some sudden turn of fortune had produced upon his volatile mind. Linus, however, at length broke silence in the following extraordinary manner :—

“ Well, Pudens,” said he, “ I cannot disguise my feelings, and therefore I must tell you the plain truth.—I heartily wish that you were at the bottom of the sea, where I thought you had been !”

“ At the bottom of the sea !” repeated Pudens, with astonishment :—“ Why, what harm have I done you, Linus ?”

“ You have done me more harm,” rejoined

Linus, "than any other individual ever did; that is to say, you have caused me more annoyance and perplexity."

"How so?" inquired Pudens, wondering: "Why, I thought that we had parted excellent friends?"

"So we did," answered Linus; "and we should be excellent friends still, if you had gone to the bottom of the sea; as I tell you, I thought you had. Who could ever have expected you to have escaped from that storm? You had no business to escape, it was contrary to the course of nature. I repeat it—you *ought* to have gone to the bottom of the sea; and if I had known that you were determined not to go, I would have gone myself, rather than have seen you again in Rome!"

Pudens was, for some moments, speechless with surprise at this extraordinary and mysterious salutation. At last he exclaimed:—

"In the name of all the Gods, Linus, tell me what I have done; for it seems that you are mad, or that I must be?"

"You have done nothing," replied Linus; "but *I* have done a great deal. It was but yesterday that I finished the public reading of a book of commentaries, respecting my adven-

tures in Britain, which I have been employing my nights upon ever since I arrived in Rome, and in which, thinking that you were drowned, and that I should not be depriving you of the fame of your actions, I have taken the credit of a few of the most marvellous for myself! Yes," he continued, "old Neptune pin me to a rock with his trident, as I thought he had served you, if I have not put myself in your place, filling a whole chapter with an account how I was half-parched on a Druid's fire, and another how I was three parts smothered in a cromlech. Now I would ask you seriously, can anything under the sun be more provoking than that you should be alive after all this?"

This question was proposed with such comic gravity, and real earnestness, that the effect was irresistibly ludicrous; and it was some time before Pudens sufficiently recovered from the violent laughter which it excited, to soothe Linus's apprehensions, by good-naturally assuring him, that he would be as silent respecting his adventures in Britain, as though he were at the bottom of the sea.

Linus being thus relieved from his anxiety respecting the consequences of an exposure,

welcomed Pudens with sincere pleasure, telling him that nothing ever affected him more painfully than losing him.

“Unless,” interrupted Pudens, “it were finding me again!”

“Nay,” rejoined Linus, with characteristic *naïveté*, “I do not think I could have got over my sorrow, if I had not thought of turning the matter to account.”

Pudens, knowing the whimsical character of his friend, laughed heartily; and told him, that he might rely on his silence, or on any other service which he could render him—except, going to the bottom of the sea!

Linus again shook Pudens’s hand, and repeated his protestations of pleasure, adding an assurance that he would burn his commentaries.

“Nay,” said Pudens, with assumed seriousness; “you need not do that; for, if you do not think it prudent to publish them *now*, you may do so at some *future* time, if any misfortune should happen to me.”

“True,” said Linus, thoughtfully; “I did not think of *that*. But it certainly does deserve consideration; for it is very hard to lose one’s labour, and one’s laurels too, even though

some of the leaves have been filched from another man's wreath."

Pudens's knowledge of Linus's ordinary volatility and inconsiderateness did not prevent his laughing at the coolness, with which Linus seemed to contemplate such a catastrophe; and he somewhat discomposed him with his gibes upon it: but the latter soon recovered his wonted buoyancy; and it being now between eleven and twelve o'clock, which was the hour of the siesta during which all business was suspended, they both turned into Linus's house, which was near at hand, to enjoy their repose from the heat of the midday sun.

CHAPTER XV.

Num thermis iterum cunctis, iterumque lavatur.

MART. LIB. II. EP. 14.

He laved, and laved again, his limbs unsoil'd,
Till in the fuming baths they seem'd parboil'd.

It has been my object to make the reader familiar with the haunts of the idlers at Rome at the period to which this narrative refers, and I have therefore followed Pudens in his morning round, until the siesta terminated *his* labours as well as our own. After the siesta, he proceeded with Linus to the Etruscan baths, as those were called which had been erected by the steward of the Emperor Claudius: and hither I must crave leave to accompany him; for although I do not wish to enter the field of competition with the numerous authors who have assayed their powers of description upon these most superb institutions, yet a work professing to treat of the

manners of the Romans, however superficially, would be incomplete without some allusion to the exercise of bathing, which formed one of their principal amusements, and which, when not abused, was as healthful and delightful as it was fashionable.*

The Etruscan baths stood in the midst of an extensive garden, at the entrance of which, half concealed by the plane-tree walks, stood a marble temple to Esculapius. The principal building was surrounded by a portico, supported by six hundred Corinthian columns of exquisite proportions. Here our friends paid a very trifling sum for admittance, and proceeded to a grand circular vestibule, the dome of which was of gilt copper, and the lattices of the windows of brass. These windows were so arranged as to admit the sun at all seasons in fine weather, and hence the vestibule was called the solar cell. In the centre of this solar cell was a spacious area, for exercise in inclement weather; and on each side were four halls, for steam, warm, tepid, and cold baths.

* Among many learned books on this subject, I do not know one from which the reader may get so much information, with so little labour and waste of time, as from "Pompeii," chap. viii.

Pudens and Linus undressed in an apartment for that purpose, called the *apodyterium*, which communicated with the circular hall by means of a corridor, in which were hung six hundred silver lamps. Here they left their garments in the custody of a *capsarius*, whom they hired for the occasion ; and then passed on to the *elæothesium*, or oil-room. The *elæothesium* resembled a modern chemist's shop, the walls being covered with beautiful phials, vases and boxes, containing the most precious ointments and oils. Having anointed themselves with a coarse kind of oil, they proceeded to the *sphæristerium*, which was a large and elegant apartment, suited for all kinds of exercise, and particularly used for that of the tennis-ball. Here, to their great surprise, they beheld the Master of the World playing at ball with a number of boys, only distinguished from his companions by his bald pate and scarlet tunic, and by his attendants, among whom were two eunuchs, one of whom held a silver bason, while another counted the balls which the Emperor allowed to fall to the ground. A third servant stood by his side, with a bag full of balls, to furnish him

with a fresh supply, whenever contact with the marble pavement had rendered a ball unfit for imperial service. When the Emperor had concluded his game, he snapped his fingers, and was supplied with water, in which he dipped the tips of his fingers and wiped them in the slave's hair. He then threw around him a purple cloak, and took his seat in a litter borne by six tall servants, and preceded by four others; while a favourite slave of his, remarkable alike for the obliquity of his eyes and temper, was carried in a sedan by his side, and played to him on the flageolet by the way.

Pudens and Linus remained in the sphæristerium, awaiting the summons of a bell, which ordinarily announced that the baths were ready. On the ringing of this bell they hastened to the *caldarium*, or vapour bath. This was an immense room, divided into three compartments, at one extremity of which was the *laconicum* or sweating-room, which was heated by hot water conveyed through silver pipes; in the centre was a marble basin, called a *labrum*, and at the other extremity was the *lavacrum*, or hot bath. The heat of the laco-

nicum was regulated by a bronze shield, which could be drawn more or less over an aperture in the ceiling.

Pudens and Linus performed their ablutions in the lavacrum, and their servants scraped their limbs with a strigil, and poured vases of water over them; they next rubbed them dry with a cotton cloth, and threw over them a light woolly mantle, called a *gausape*.

Young slaves then brought them the most precious oils and perfumes, in elegant vases of terra cotta and alabaster. Nor was the application of these unguents an unimportant or indiscriminating operation; on the contrary, various oils were used for different purposes. Serpyllinum, or wild thyme, was rubbed on their hair and eyebrows, to give them luxuriance; the oil of watermint was applied to their arms, to render them lubricous; and the costly oil of cinnamon was used to strengthen the muscles of their body. After these oils had been effectually rubbed in, they were completely anointed from head to foot with a liquid perfume of roses, called rhodium; having sustained this "extreme unction," they resumed their clothes and repaired to the *tepidarium*.

The tepidarium was a warm chamber, of a mild temperature, calculated to moderate the transition from the hot to the cold bath. The greatest magnificence prevailed in this apartment. The walls were richly carved, and the vaulted ceiling appeared to be supported by Telamones, or statues, between each pair of which was a niche containing some exquisite piece of sculpture. Massive seats of silver were placed about in the most convenient situations, and a kind of stove, of the same precious metal, tastefully carved, stood in the centre.

The next stage in their progress was the frigidarium, or cold water bath. This latter apartment was of a circular shape, covered with a cupola, in the centre of which was a glass window. The plinths and cornices were exquisitely sculptured, with symbolical representations of dolphins, sea horses, etc. and niches were disposed at equal distances in the wall, in which were marble seats, called *scholæ*, for the bathers or spectators. In the middle of this apartment was an *alveus*, or basin, formed of spotless white marble, the descent into which was by three marble steps ; at the bottom of this there was a kind of marble

cushion, called a *pulvinus*, serving as a seat for the bathers. The water which supplied this basin seemed to flow from the elegant cone of a triton, beautifully sculptured in Parian marble.

Pudens and Linus, having performed their ablutions, returned to the circular vestibule; and leaving the baths on their right, they proceeded to a large hall, in which were no less than two hundred marble seats for the use of the bathers. On each side of this hall were magnificent libraries crowded with persons as idle as themselves, and as much in want of amusement; these they left to their own resources and strolled into the *odeum* or music-hall.

Having listened awhile to the performance of a Grecian minstrel, they wandered hence through two or three *exedææ*, or halls where philosophers and rhetoricians were teaching and declaiming, until they came to one where the poets were wont to recite their verses, and where they saw a group of people standing round some favourite of the muses, whom they immediately recognised as their friend Martial!

Martial was reciting an epigram containing

a very lively description of the Etruscan baths of which the following is a translation :—

ON THE ETRUSCAN BATHS.

TO OPIAN.

Unless Etruscan Baths my Oppian lave,
 Unwash'd he must descend into his grave :
 Not Apona's warm springs so genial seem,
 Nor the soft Sinnessa's healing stream ;
 Not Anxur's proud, nor Passer's fervid waves,
 Nor the hot well where Phoebus' priestess raves,
 Nor the delightful baths on Baia's coast,
 Waters so limpid, or so pure can boast.
 The sparkling waves reflect the rising sun,
 And hold him captive till his race is run.
 In bright mosaics round the crystal fount,
 Green marble from Taygeta's rocky mount,
 And Phrygia's purple, Lybia's yellow gems,
 Glitter like jewels in Eastern diadems ;
 While ophites shine like serpents 'neath your feet,
 And onyx walls reflect the summer heat.
 If you prefer hot vapour to a stream,
 Two rivers* here you find dissolved in steam.
 The waters shine so lucid and so clear,
 That water you will scarce believe is here ;
 And white Lygdonian pavements seen below,
 Make it appear an empty pit of snow.
 Heed, then, my Oppian—unless here you lave
 Unwashed you must descend into your grave.

* The two rivers referred to are the stream called Virgo, conducted into the city by Agrippa, and the stream called Marcia, after Ancus Marcus, who had conducted it into Rome : these two streams supplied the Etruscan baths.

† Mart. Lib. vi. Epig. 42.

From the baths, Pudens and Martial adjourned to Linus's abode to dine, where they would have spent a very merry evening, but for an unfortunate request which Martial made to Pudens, to relate his adventures in Britain; which, of course, placed Linus in a very awkward dilemma. Pudens, however, good-humouredly spared his friend as much as possible, and denied himself that gratification and *éclat* which always attend those who have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune; which self-denial on the part of Pudens, we would remark, appears to us the greatest piece of heroism that we have related in the whole course of this narrative.

Pudens was an attentive observer of nature and manners, and, therefore, his relation could not be uninteresting; but it was not enlivened with any thing like personal exploits, and, consequently, was not of so exciting a nature as had been expected.

When it was concluded, Martial observed to Pudens, that he had not had the good or ill fortune to meet with so many adventures as Linus: then, addressing himself to the latter, he requested him to recapitulate some

of his anecdotes ! Poor Linus was sadly perplexed at this request, but excused himself upon the ground that he had already often related them to Pudens ; and that as Martial too was familiar with them, time might be spent in a more amusing manner, particularly if Martial would favour the company with one of his epigrams.

Martial seemed to acquiesce in the propriety of this suggestion ; but requested that Linus would, nevertheless, relate one favourite adventure of his ; that," he continued, addressing Linus, "when you overturned the rocking-stone, and killed the Arch-Druid and his three Ovates ; or that of the Druidical Fire, when twelve living men were thrown into the flames !"

Pudens could hardly keep his gravity when he heard how his own adventures had been magnified, as well as misappropriated, and that the single Ovate had been quadrupled, and the corpse of the Roman officer metamorphosed into twelve living men ! He, however, kindly said that he would prefer hearing an epigram of Martial's ; as he had often had occasion to congratulate Linus on his fortunate escapes.

“Please the Gods I escape now,” said Linus to himself, “you may congratulate me.”

The epigram which Martial happened to select was the following, which, from its peculiar adaptation to present circumstances, seemed as though it had been handed to him by Puck himself, for the annoyance of Linus :

TO A PLAGIARIST.

Rumour informs me whatsoe'er I write,
 You, as your own, to listening crowds recite;
 My book you're welcome to, but own it mine,
 Or purchase it, at least, to make it thine.*

The reading of this little scrap had such an effect on Linus, that as soon as his company had left, he destroyed all his MSS. commentaries, and, to the day of his death, never usurped the honours or celebrity of any other person.

Happy had it been for the memory of Martial, had all his epigrams been as unexceptionable as this, and the others which I have introduced; unfortunately, the tame and the trifling, the debauched and the disgusting, which he distinguishes as his ‘*nugas et car-*

* Mart. Lib. 1. Epig. 30.

mina lasciva,' bear so large a proportion, that it is surprising that so many have survived the wreck of much nobler literature. The licentious taste of the age, and the necessitous circumstances of the author, are perhaps the best palliations of his conduct ; but it somewhat mitigates our severity when we reflect, that even a life of servile sycophancy had not so wholly enslaved his mind, nor a constant familiarity with vice so corrupted his heart, but that he too could mourn his misspent time, and sigh for more innocent enjoyments, as appears from the following epigram addressed to a companion of his dissipations, and recited in the course of the evening :—

Oh, if 'twere given to me, my friend,
My days secure with thee to spend,
And so my leisure to employ
As life's true pleasure to enjoy,—
We'd shun the levees of the great,
Nor mid their haughty statues wait ;
We'd leave the forums, courts, and halls,
And quibbling suits, and factious brawls.
These all forsaking, we would hail
The morning ride, the book, the tale.
Ah, then the walks where sun ne'er scathes,
The Virgin stream, the public baths,
The field of Mars, the colonnade,
Should be our haunts, our labours made.

Now, neither for himself, alas,
Lives, though our days so quickly pass :
We feel them perish, and we know
That they will all be reckoned, too (M).
Oh, who can thus life's pleasures taste,
And be content his life to waste ?*

* Mart. Lib. v. Epig. 21.

CHAPTER XVI.

Je me suis couché souvent le soir au bruit de la belle mer de Naples, sous les rameaux pendans des vignes, auprès du lieu où Virgile a voulu que reposât sa cendre, parce que c'était le plus beau et le plus doux site où ses regards se fussent reposés.

LAMARTINE, VOYAGE EN ORIENT.

Soon after after the events which we have related, Nero took up his residence at Naples, for a short time ; and Lucan availed himself of the opportunity to remove his family to Rome: so that Pudens spent a considerable portion of his time with them : and, as might have been expected, the favourable impression, which the lovely Claudia had made upon her re-introduction was increased at each interview.

The time for Pudens's return to Britain, had now nearly arrived, when he found himself included in an invitation which Lucan had received, to spend a few days with the poet

Silius Italicus, at his delightful villa at Naples, whither Polla and Claudia were to accompany them.

The journey of this little party from Rome to Naples was remarkable for an incident which occurred at a place called Tres Tabernæ, or the Three Taverns, about thirty miles from Rome. As they were halting here, two parties arrived from opposite directions: the first was Nero, who was returning to Rome, with his usual travelling equipage, consisting of one thousand baggage waggons, the drivers clad in scarlet, and the mules shod with silver, and a large troop of African slaves, adorned with rich bracelets on their arms, and mounted on horses most sumptuously caparisoned: the other party was a group of the new sect of Christians, escorting their beloved apostle, St. Paul, who had lately arrived in Italy, * after his escape from the perilous shipwreck off Melita; which shipwreck, by a singular coincidence, happened to be caused by the very storm in which Pudens had so nearly perished! †

Christianity was not, as yet, the object of

* Acts, c. XXVIII., v. 15. † Acts, 27th and 28th chapter.

persecution in Rome ; but its adherents were viewed, and in some instances welcomed, rather as a sect of philosophers come to promulgate some new ethical system, than as the enemies of the national religion. St. Paul was, indeed, a prisoner, and was in the custody of a centurion ; but nothing, save his determination to appeal to Cæsar detained him now in bonds ; his prescience in the late storm, and his miraculous escape from the viper's bite at Melita had caused him to be regarded as a person of supernatural endowments, even by the officer in whose charge he was placed. Curiosity had consequently gathered a crowd around him, amongst whom, though unrecognised by Lucan's party, was the poet Statius, who was on his way to Naples, having been invited thither by Silius.

Lucan's party alighted, and uncovered their heads, when the imperial equipage approached ; * and the Emperor condescended to stop his litter, and converse with them. Lucan, anxious to avoid being under the necessity of introducing Claudia to the Emperor, stepped forward in advance of his party ; but, by so doing, he

* Senec., Epist. 64, s. 9.

exposed her to the view of a still viler libertine, if possible, than the Emperor himself, namely, his favourite Tigellinus, who displayed unwonted courtesy in paying his respects to Polla and Claudia, with whom he talked until the parties resumed their opposite courses, which they did, after a very brief delay. Short as this interview was, it was long enough to awaken feelings, which produced consequences of the utmost import to the lives and fortunes of those affected by it; who, it will be seen, were not merely those who were present.

Silius Italicus, the host on the present occasion, was a man of wealth, taste, and literature. He was, indeed, rather distinguished for his appreciation of the more celebrated authors, than for his rivalry of them; and his poems, which are extant at the present day, display much more critical accuracy than genius. His favourite author was Virgil; and, so great was his veneration for the Mantuan bard, that he became his servile imitator, and acquired for himself the cognomen of Virgil's ape.

The occasion of this party was, the anniversary of Virgil's birthday, which Silius

celebrated with much more *éclat* than he did his own : * every object which met the eye bore witness to his enthusiastic attachment to that divine poet, and was calculated to awaken associations connected with his memory. His library was adorned with a beautiful marble bust of Virgil, and a valuable MS. copy of his writings, elegantly cased in purple, with a scarlet label at each end of the roller of the scroll, and scented with the oil of cedar. † The walls of the triclinium were pictured with scenes taken from the *Æneid*, principally connected with the love of Dido and the fate of Carthage. The storm which dispersed the hunting party, and drove Dido and *Æneas* into the cave for shelter, was vividly portrayed ; but the artist had forgotten to represent what the poet has described as sculptured on a shield, namely, the clamour of the hunters, and the barking of the dogs ! ‡

* Plin. Epist., lib. III., 5.—Multum ubique librorum, multum statuarum, multum imaginum, quas non habet modo, verum etiam venerabatur. Virgilii ante omnes, cujus natalem religiosius, quam suum, celebrabat ; Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire, ut templum, solebat, &c.

† Mart., Epig., lib. III. ep. 2

‡ Silius Italicus, in describing the sculpture of a hunting

On the marble tessellated floor was depicted, in mosaics, Virgil reading that *chef-d'œuvre* of human composition, the sixth Æneid, to Augustus, and a small party of his most favoured friends (N). The execution of this piece was almost worthy of the subject, which was certainly the most interesting incident in the life of the poet, and perhaps in the whole science of literature.

There was the princely Augustus, the master of the world, listening with an earnestness which seemed to absorb all the constraint and care of royalty;—there was Mæcenas, whose attention seemed divided between the prince and the poet, his countenance beaming with satisfaction as he seemed to read in the eyes of his royal master a confirmation of his own judgment in having selected the poet as one worthy of royal patronage. There also was Horace, his face glowing with that enthusiastic

scene upon a shield, has absurdly enough, introduced into it,—

Clamor ad auras,

Latratusque canum;—

PUNIC. II., v. 417.

as if it were possible for the chisel to represent sound!

pleasure which the kindred genius of Virgil seemed to inspire. Had a painter wished to pourtray him, in the act of writing the second ode of the fourth book of his own divine poems, * he should have caught the expression of that moment !

But the most interesting personage in the group, next to the modest poet himself, was a female figure in deep mourning—the fainting Octavia, on whose ears the well-known line,—

“Tu Marcellus eris,”

had just fallen, and startled her with the knowledge that she had unconsciously been hanging so long in admiring suspense over the immortal requiem of her own darling son !

A person who had seen the anguish of affection, surprise, and admiration—nay, the thousand beautifully blended feelings so inimitably represented in that countenance, would not have thought the two thousand pounds, with which the few lines that had produced this effect had been rewarded—an extravagant guerdon for a poet, who could use such witchery over the human soul !

* Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c

But that which Silius prized as the dearest monument of his master Virgil, was his tomb, which he literally idolized. It had been Virgil's last wish to be buried at Naples ; possibly he was induced by the poetical motive alleged by La Martine, because it was the loveliest spot his eyes had ever rested upon : certainly, the place of his sepulchre was just such as a poet might have desired, and such as must have peculiarly harmonized with his mind and disposition.

The mountains which towered around would have been sublime, but the woods and vineyards which encircled them rendered them beautiful. The gloomy grandeur of the rocks was lighted up by the glittering cascades which leaped from ridge to ridge, as though chasing each other, like the wild goats which gambolled amid the precipices ; and the billows, as they majestically rolled into the curved shore, seemed rather to be seeking a place of rest from the wild turmoil of the ocean, than invading the land in their fury.

In a marble tomb, built like a temple, and almost concealed by the dark foliage of the grove of intermingled cypress and olive which

surrounded it, was the urn containing perishable remains of Virgil! Over the urn was the modest inscription written by the poet, making no mention whatever of the divine Ænead:—

Calabrians claim'd me, Mantua gave me birth,
And Naples now retains my mouldering earth.
To shepherd's loves my trembling lyre I strung,
Then rustic lore—I set to verse and sung.*

The party invited by Silius was rather numerous, and embraced some of the principal literary characters at that time in Rome. Besides our friend Lucan, there were also, as has been related, Statius, whose idolatry of the poet almost equalled that of Silius; a young orator of the name of Quinctilian, who distinguished himself by his judicious criticisms on the various works of Virgil, which formed the staple of conversation on that day; Piso whom we have already described; the satirist Persius; and Martial who had introduced his epigram by the following epigram:

Silius has purchased Tully's country seat,
And calls us now round Maro's tomb to meet:
E'en Cicero and Virgil might despair

* Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Sic uterque quod Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

To find a fitter or more filial heir
An orator's estate—a poet's tomb to share.

MART. LIB. XI. EPIG. 9.

The party walked in a kind of procession to the tomb, each wearing a garland of roses, Silius preceding them, bearing a goblet of rich Chian wine wherewith to make a libation, and the others carrying flowers to be scattered over his tomb.

Silius proposed, as a part of the ceremony, that one of the company should pronounce an eulogium on the poet, and that they should all draw lots for the person on whom this task should devolve. This proposal met general acquiescence; the lots were examined by the different parties with great curiosity, and in some instances with some little perturbation, as it was deemed rather a formidable undertaking, even by those who were constantly in the habit of declaiming in public, to address such a select assembly!

To Pudens's concern the lot fell on him! His temporary embarrassment was, however, soon dissipated by the cheers and kind encouragement of his friends, among whom, Lucan distinguished himself. Having com-

menced his oration, by modestly expressing regret that among so many poets, orators, and critics, so arduous a task had been assigned him, he added, kindling into enthusiasm, and apostrophizing the great subject of his panegyrics, "Not, oh Virgil! that I would give in admiration of thee to any present, but I need thine own divine language to give succour and assistance to my thoughts. Yes," he added, "being inspired with inspiration from the beautiful scenery which now surrounded him, and adopting the poet's words:—

What recompense is for thy labours meet?
 To me the whispering breeze is far less sweet;
 Less sweet the murmurs of yon wave-beat shore
 Or where mid rocks the falling waters roar?!"*

Then, glancing rapidly over the beauties of Virgil's works, and touching on the want of that dramatic individual character which distinguished Homer, he continued, with great eloquence, pursuing the comparison between the poets:—"If Homer is the eagle of poetry, Virgil is the swan; if the eagle's flight be more daring, it is also more unobtrusive; if all too ardent and unabashed, it soars

* Virg. Eccl. v. v. 81.

and glitter in the sun, it is sometimes hidden in the cloud, one moment, perhaps, reflecting the light of heaven, and anon bearing the stains of earth. The swan is less rapid indeed, but more majestic, no gore upon its breast, no soil upon its wing. If Homer were the *father* of poets; Virgil was the *Prince*. If the preference be given to the genius of the one; it must be given, also, to the productions of the other. Virgil need not, nor indeed did he, decline competition with Homer. Nay, in one instance, that of the final fate of Troy, he has caught up the canvass, and finished the painting of the great artist: nor is anything relating to 'Troy divine,' painted in more vivid, more affecting colours, than the progress of the fiery deluge which overwhelmed it. Here then," continued Pudens, "we see these mighty geniuses employed on the same subject; and who, I would ask, will impute any inequality to Virgil?"

"But, wherefore, should we always endeavour to institute a comparison between these two matchless authors. Need we disparage the one to appreciate the other? Let the Chian eagle and the Mantuan swan preserve their own, their different, their incomparable beauties! Our

business is with the latter ; and instead of suing this vain and interminable dispute, it is unfair to Virgil in respect of his poem left unfinished, let us turn to some part of immortal fragment, which has received the touches of the master's hand, and we may form some opinion of what the whole would have been. There is a portion, indeed, which will answer our purpose, in which the poet concentrated all his powers : and I think we shall agree, that not only all the rich ducts of Homer's genius, but all the treasures of human literature, shall be ransacked in vain to produce anything which will sustain a comparison with it.

“Need I,” asked Pudens, “mention the sixth *Æneid*? Was ever strain heard so melodious, so unearthly, as this death note of the Mantuan swan? Poetry, philosophy, and religion seem here blended in such a rival loveliness, as once blessed the vision of Ithaca when the three goddesses revealed themselves in friendly contention for the palm of beauty upon the summit of Mount Ida! Nor need the reader of Virgil envy the young shepherd, for the poet has placed him amid scenes far

sublime and heavenly. His weary mind is abstracted from the petty cares of this world, and lulled by the harmony of numbers into that dreary kind of repose, which blends the most blissful visions with the most soothing slumbers. Plato's shadowy abstractions are *here* invested with reality; and that thirst for immortality which he has excited, seems *here* half satisfied.

O Heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming, to my ravished ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares opprest,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the traveller parched with noontide heat,
The crystal rill soft purling at his feet!*

DRYDEN AND WRANGHAM.

Pudens retired amid the applause of all present; his application of Virgil's own verse being deemed peculiarly felicitous. But the approbation of Silius himself was best evinced by his adoption of the precedent; and, with a grace and an enthusiasm which would have warmed the coldest heart, he poured forth a brimming goblet in libation to the manes of the poet, repeating at the same time the follow-

* Virg. Ecl. v. v. 45.

ing verses, taken from the very eclogue which Pudens had made his quotations :—

While boars the hills, the streams while fishes love,
And Hybla's thyme to bees shall grateful prove,
Or dew to the Cicada's thirsty taste ;
So long thy rites, thy name, thy praise shall last !

ECL. 5, v.

Loud were the plaudits, which this triumph to the Mantuan bard elicited ; but flattering incense was offered in the course of the day, as attention was called, successively, by one or other of the parts, almost all the most beautiful passages of his works.

It would now be trite to recapitulate the criticisms ; but I may perhaps be allowed to mention a singular circumstance connected with the literary amusements of this reign. Lucan having in the course of conversation been asked, to which of Virgil's eclogues he gave the preference, answered, that he preferred the fourth, and enthusiastically quoted the commencement of it :

Comes the last age, by Cumæ's maid foretold ;
Afresh the mighty line of years unroll'd,
The Virgin now, now Saturn's sway returns ;
Now the blest globe a Heav'n sprung child adorns,

Whose genial power shall whelm earth's iron race,
 And plant once more the golden in its place.
 His shall it be a life divine to hold,
 With heroes mingled, and mid gods enroll'd ;
 And form'd by patrimonial worth for sway
 Him shall the tranquil universe obey.

v

WRANGHAM'S TRANSLATION.

“ How delightful, how refreshing is it,” said Lucan, “ to turn away from the scenes of turmoil and tyranny, of confiscation and corruption, which every where surround us, and to feast, though but in imagination, on such visions as these of the golden age !”

“ And how shocking and revolting to humanity,” observed Piso, “ to return in reality from these halcyon scenes to the spectacles of oppression and cruelty, which weary our sight! How degrading, too, to submit to such things, when the remedy is in our own hands !”

“ True, too true,” sighed Lucan ; “ but,” he added, as his eyes kindled with indignation, “ willing slaves deserve the scourge.”

Statius, who had been for some time apparently lost in a reverie, wishing to divert the conversation from the political channel into which it seemed tending, here related that he had, in his journey to Naples, fallen in acci-

dentally with a new sect of philosophers, or priests, who wished to establish the worship of some being called Christ, and who from their description seemed identical with the personage predicted by the Cumæan Sybil ! It had not, he said, struck him before ; but if what they stated was true, the coincidence was very remarkable. Statius's relation did not excite much interest in the company ; but the subject subsequently awakened his own curiosity ; and, as we may infer from Dante, ultimately led to his conversion to christianity (O) !

CHAPTER XVII.

Taste in thought again

Of the stol'n sweetness of those evening walks,
When pangsied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests by etherial touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision ; and thy heart
Enlarged with thy new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all.

ION.

LUCAN and his party, including Martial, Pudens and Claudia, remained at Naples several days ; and in the experience of the two latter, in that brief period was concentrated the bliss of years. Every thing seemed to contribute to their felicity. It must have been a sad or a wicked heart that could have sighed amid such scenes. The wooded shores of the beautiful bay of Naples were still more lovely from the tint of autumn ; the vineyards were lighted up with the lively colours of the

costume of the peasants gathering in their luscious harvest ; and the cloudless sky and deep blue wave seemed to blend in harmony.

One afternoon, Pudens had conducted Claudia to the acclivities of Mount Vesuvius, to give her a more extensive view of this indescribable scene. It was delightful to watch the shadows of the clouds changing the colour of the mountain side as they swept over it. The verdant hue gave place to a sombre brown, which passed almost imperceptibly into a deep purple ; and thus tint succeeded tint, like the changeful colours of the dying dolphin. Little did they think, as they gazed on the marble houses of Pompeii, sparkling amid the luxuriant vines which embowered them, that in a few short years they would be sought for in vain, enshrined in desolation, for the curiosity of future ages !*

No such gloomy forebodings as these haunted their minds : they could only gaze on the loveliness, the inexpressible loveliness which the declining sun momentarily increased. Claudia was enchanted, Pudens intoxicated with the beauty of the scene.

* See Martial's beautiful epigram on Vesuvius, lib. iv, ep. 44.

“Oh! Pudens,” exclaimed the former, as she felt the physical exhilaration of the rarer atmosphere, “I am too happy, I could weep with pleasure: When I ascend so high above the every day world as this, I could almost wish never to return to it again. My soul seems to expand, to plume her wings as if for flight, and to long to soar to other scenes. I cannot help feeling a kind of impatience or regret that I am tethered to earth. I recollect old Morgan once saying that no person, who had ever ascended Snowdon, would doubt of the immortality of the soul; for that on such heights, the soul seems conscious of faculties of which it was before quite ignorant. He compared it to the eaglet looking from its rock-built nest on the vale below and the ocean around, when the ruffling of its untried pinions shews that it disdains its contracted nook, and longs to soar through boundless space!”

“That was a beautiful thought of old Morgan’s,” answered Pudens, “and might have delighted me upon Snowden, with the fine old fellow by my side; but do not now tell me of another world. Were that world Elysium,

and Elysium such as Virgil describes it, one hour such as this—one hour's converse with you, my Claudia, amid such scenery, is worth a whole Eternity amid

Those verdant fields which e'en with Heaven may vie
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls below,
Where their own suns, and their own stars they know.*

“O Virgil,” he exclaimed, “I envy not your Elysian groves, where shades elude the vain embrace, if Earth affords such bliss: I would rather that you should send your hero there than me !”

“Fie upon you,” said Claudia, smiling and blushing at the same time,—“I am afraid that *you* will never reach Elysium; I am afraid that you will never get further than Tartarus.—But tell me, Pudens,” she continued, her sublimer thoughts being checked by the dash of passion thrown in by Pudens; “tell me,—do you not think that it would have been

* Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo ; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

ÆN. VI, v. 638.

very just of Virgil to have left his hero in Tartarus!"

"You mean, I suppose," replied Pudens, laughing, "that if Æneas had not bidden Dido farewell, in the shades below, he would never have wished her good bye at all."

"I meant to ask," retorted Claudia archly, "if you did not think that the poet was determined that his hero should be taught the real value of his protestations; and that therefore he makes Dido heed his deceitful tears so little? You recollect his description of Dido's conduct at meeting Æneas in the shades:—

Then turning round,
She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;
And what he says and swears regards no more
Than the deaf rocks when the rough billows roar.*

"Oh Dido! Dido! this had been wisdom before; but it was too late when you were wandering in the gloomy forest of the realms below."

"Ah well, my Claudia," replied Pudens,

* *Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat;
Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.*

ÆN. VI, v. 470.

“with seriousness, I can only say for myself that I would not have encountered Dido's shade had I been Æneas for all the wealth of Carthage. His tears, I think, were not unfruitful then, when he looked on her pale ghastly face and reflected that unrequited love for him had banished her from this cheerful earth, to the gloomy regions.”

“He might have spoken as touchingly to her, of some unhappy queen of Troy, as you do now to me;” was the mischievous reply.

“Nay, Claudia, say not so,” said Pudens. “had he loved Dido as I love you, no power but the resistless arm of death would have dragged him away so unkindly.”

This was uttered in so passionate a manner that Claudia could not immediately find a reply; but willing to prolong her tantalization she continued, “Your speech is fair, and was that of Dido's lover; but it was false, my dear member.”

“Claudia,” replied Pudens, vehemently, “you are cruel, more cruel than Æneas was. Were the images of those we love engraven on our hearts, as poets feign, I would rather tear out my heart that you might see your lover

image there, than that you should deem me false. Assign me any test; I fear not flood or flame—only drive me not mad by thinking me insincere.”

It was impossible to resist such a passionate appeal as this; and therefore the cruel Claudia, released her victim from Love's torture, merely asking playfully, “Must I believe you then, Pudens, or should I not act more wisely if—

What you say or swear I heed no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the rough billows roar?

“I could almost wish that the poet's will had been observed, and his poem burnt, before you had caught hold of that foolish story about Dido,” said Pudens: “and yet,” he added, looking affectionately, “I should have missed that beautiful smile, which I would almost encounter Dido's fate to have bestowed on me!

“But, my Claudia, what but our own wills should keep us asunder now? Far from the control of friends, we are free as yon waves, which rage the more fiercely the more they are thwarted.”

“Yon waves obey their ruler, however dis-

tant," answered Claudia, "I too must obey the will of my father."

"If you think," replied Pudens, "that your father's consent is necessary to ensure you a dowry, dismiss your scruples; for I am not penniless, and even if I were, my good sword would carve my fortune, and you should share it—yourself my richest treasure."

"Pudens, hear me," rejoined Claudia, "I never can be your's, but with my father's consent; for such is the law in Britain, and I will never, never break it."

"Then, my Claudia," said Pudens, "I will tempt death wherever he is to be found—I will war with the Parthians—I will fight with beasts—I will beard Nero himself."

"In short—you will do every thing that is foolish, Pudens," said Claudia, provokingly; "but what should you do all this for?"

"For you, to be sure," replied he, somewhat angrily; "am I to seek your father almost in another world,

— *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*[•]

Am I to risk the chance of another Frothall, and that too when there is nothing to oppose

[•] Virg. Ecl. 1, v. 67.

our union but our own waywardness? Oh that I had perished in the waves instead of Frothall!"

"I am sure, Pudens, if you loved me, you would not distress me by talking in this wild manner," said Claudia: "I cannot, as you know, dispose of myself, without my poor father's consent; but if you will have the patience to wait until I have obtained that, and will promise me that you will—what shall I say, Pudens—love me? Ay, that you will love me; then I will promise that, at all events I will marry no one else."

"If I will promise to love you," said Pudens in a transport of joy, seizing her hand and showering it with kisses,—“Nay, make me promise that I will hate every one else—yes, my Venus!—my everything that is beautiful and good! I will promise to love you: I will promise—I will more than promise—I will swear—and pledge my oath upon what I most value in the world, that I will love you, and none but you: I will live for you, and for none but you!"

With a blush and a smile, which it would be impossible to describe, Claudia replied,

“Well, Pudens, I suppose I must not now say:

That what you say or swear I heed no more, &c.

Poor Pudens was too much ecstasied by that look and smile, to be able to answer otherwise than by a sigh: and thus ended this dialogue between the lovers; for though they remained several minutes longer, I do not believe that a single syllable escaped the lips of either: language was utterly inadequate to give utterance to their overcharged feelings, which, in ‘expressive silence’ best conversed!

Within two or three days, the iron ring of betrothment, called the “*annulus pronubus*,”* presented by Pudens to Claudia published the engagement to the world; and Martial hastened to convey the news to a mutual friend of the name of Rufus in the following epigram:—

TO RUFUS.

The lovely stranger, Claudia, oh, my friend!
Her fates with those of Pudens means to blend:
Haste, Hymen, with thy torch, nor hope to see
Between two souls more perfect unity!

* Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxiiii, c. 1.

Thus cinnamon and nard their sweets combine;
Thus Attic honey melts in Massic wine!
The vineyard's daughter, fond dependent thing,
Around the elm does not more fondly cling;
The lotus does not love the water more;
Nor better does the myrtle love the shore.
Fair Concord! ever in their dwelling reign,
And, Venus! bind them in an equal chain.
May *she* love him with youthful love when grey;
And in *his* eyes may her charms ne'er decay!

MART. IV, EP. 13.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Era già l'ora che volge 'l desio
 A' naviganti, e intenerisce 'l cuore
 Lo dì, ch' han detto a' dolci amici, a Dio.

Soft hour, which wakes the wish and melts the
 Of those who sail the seas on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart

LORD BYRON'S TRANSLATION.

LUCAN'S party returned to Laurentum
 day or two before Pudens's departure
 Britain ; which brief interval the lovers
 themselves of to renew their vows, and
 their plans for future happiness. The
 hour of parting—one of those seasons
 “press the life from out young hearts,” at
 rived ; but we will not prolong the farewells
 as they did. The business of departure
 bustle and excitement incident to a pub-
 lic employment—the pageantry of a military
 departure— all combined to divide P

thoughts, and to prevent their being concentrated on one single object ; but poor Claudia needed even more, but felt much less, the alleviating effect of all these dissipating circumstances.

Pudens took his leave on the night before he joined the fleet ; and early on the next morning set sail from Ostia. As they kept rather close to the shore, he passed Lucan's Tower at no very great distance ; and a flag waving from its summit assured him that the affection of her whom most he loved, would attend him through his perilous navigation. The magnificent mole at the mouth of the Tiber, although a work of art at that time unrivalled, did not detain his attention ; but the last object on the land visible to his strained sight was, I need hardly say, that tower—the same from which the light had some few months ago streamed on his drowning eyes !

It was well perhaps for his military dignity, that his sight could not distinguish the pale countenance of his loved Claudia there, who had outwatched all her companions, and repressed her tears, lest they should obscure her gaze, until the last white speck of sail had vanished in the horizon. Then it was

that her overpowered feelings seemed to with tenfold violence from the restraint she had imposed upon them. She had the sensation of loneliness before, and sometimes wept when she thought of her separation, but this separation seemed the loneliness of widowhood—the desolation of bereaved widowhood!

Bitter, however, as was her anguish, she did not know whether it was more painful than that which Pudens suffered, when the excitement of departure had subsided, and the setting sun seemed to have stilled all nature, that his communings with his own heart might be undisturbed. The rivulet reflects a thousand fleeting and confused images, but it is like a still, unruffled lake which preserves the most vivid, unbroken picture, mirrored there. It was not so with Pudens; the repose of nature had calmed his bosom, until one loved object seemed to remain alone, but pictured with such a semblance of reality, that a thousand little circumstances now struck him which he had never before contemplated. It was only the absence which he now deplored, but he began to think of the dangers and temptations which surrounded the beautiful Claudia.

he could not reflect, without the most painful solicitude, on her being exposed to the licentious gaze of the profligate and unprincipled courtiers of Rome. Was the falling Seneca capable of protecting her from the lawless violence of those, who would not scruple to sacrifice him if he attempted to interpose any obstacle?—or, indeed, was her young unsuspecting heart a sufficient security from the wiles of those whose manners were as elegant and attractive, as their hearts were vicious?

“If she escape the rapine of the brutal Tigellinus,” thought he, “who will insure her from the seductions of the voluptuous Petronius?”

“Oh, Claudia, Claudia!” he burst forth, “the last time the sun sank in these waves, we stood together on the shore, watching it until sky and sea were of the same rosy hue, and you were safe, and I was at your side to defend you; but now, every wave carries me further, and every hour may perhaps bring danger nearer.”

Under the influence of these melancholy feelings, he composed the following plaintive stanzas:—

TO CLAUDIA.

Dear Claudia, farewell to thee, maid of my heart!
 Would 'twere farewell to life, since from thee I must part
 O'er my path, like a sunbeam, thy pure spirit shone—
 It brightened, it cheered, it encouraged me on.

At the dark clouds of life, I could smile and look gay
 For I knew that my Claudia could chase them away ;
 Or if not, like the rainbow, would shine midst the storm
 And the darker the cloud seemed, the fairer her form.

When the bright star of evening was sinking to rest,
 Till it seemed a mere dew-drop on night's sable vest ;
 We have watched its departure, but watched without sorrow
 For we knew that its beams would shine forth on the morrow.

When the nightingale's note, which so sweetly would
 'Midst our wanderings at even, across the still lake,
 Hath ceased its soft thrillings, it caused us no pain,
 For we hoped on the morrow to hear them again.

But *thy* form shines no more where so brightly it shone
 Like the Pleiad, it seems from my heaven to have flown
 And *thy* voice with its silver-toned accents so dear ;
 Oh, say, shall it e'er again melt on my ear !"

Whether the fears of Pudens were well
 groundless, will be best known from the following
 ing letter—

Claudia Rufina to Pudens.

“ If you are well, I also am well.—I had thus begun my letter, when I was called away ; and my paper being left open upon my desk, was accidentally seen by Polla. I would, my Pudens, that you could have beheld how immoderately she laughed at my commencement, which, she says, is as old-fashioned as Baucis.*

“ Lucan, however, who happened to come in at the time, insists upon my sending it to you unaltered, antiquated as it may seem ; for he says that it savours of the good old times of the commonwealth, when Cicero used thus to write to Atticus. Indeed, to tell you the truth, it is from Cicero that I borrowed it, for I have been lately reading his letters ; but I am sure that he never wrote it with more sincerity than I do now ; for if you were not well, I should not be well. My happiness and health are both bound up in yours ; and if any ill were to happen to you, I am sure that I could not survive it. I am delighted that my father so cordially consents to our union, for I feel every day more and more strongly

* The mythological Noah's wife.—(vid. Ov. Metamorph.) This mode of commencing letters was obsolete in Seneca's time, who says:—*Mos antiquis fuit usque ad meam servatus ætatem, primis epistola verbis adjicere : si vales, bene est : ego valeo.*—*Sen., Epist. 15.*

that I could not exist for another ; and I am quite sure that existence would not be worth the care of it, without you to share it. Nay, the only thing which makes it tolerable in my present exile—for exile it now seems—is the hope that the day is not far distant when our fates shall be blended, as I feel our souls are ; and when, far from the vices and miseries of this all-ingulfing capital, we may do something to mitigate the wrongs of our poor countrymen, or, at least, teach them to bear what cannot be removed. Oh, Pudens ! you too are a Briton, or I never could love you as I do ; although I fear that I could not do otherwise than love you, even if you were not. I am afraid that I have said too much ; for I have written a great deal more than I should have spoken to you, were not that wide sea between us. And yet I love that sea, for it seems in some measure to connect us ; and I thought the other evening, as I was walking on its shores, that perhaps you were at that moment gazing on the same object ; and you cannot think what happiness that thought inspired.

“We have lately spent another day with Silius Italicus ; but not at the same villa, but at one which used to belong to Cicero. Pliny was

there, * and was as much elated, as his philosophic nature could be, at the recent birth of a nephew. † The company was very much the same as that which met at Virgil's tomb, except, that poor Persius was not there, of whose death I suppose you have heard; if not, I am sorry that my letter must be the bearer of such mournful tidings. He died somewhat suddenly at last, of an inflammation. ‡ Lucan felt his loss very much, and delivered a funeral oration over him, in which, with his usual force of expression, he said, that the last breakwater to the torrent of licentiousness is now removed. I did not like Pliny much, for he considers it a waste of time to do anything but read and write. || He cannot tolerate any kind of amusement; and while a beautiful pantomime was being performed after dinner, he talked to me the whole time about the Druids, and actually wrote down all I told him about the gathering of the mistletoe. § After dinner, the company talked about Cicero; and particularly discussed his opinion respecting the

* Pliny the elder. † Pliny the younger. ‡ Suet. in Vita.

|| Plin. Epist., Lib. III., epist. 9.

§ Plin. Nat. Hist., Lib. XVI., cap. 44.

immortality of the soul. I was very much delighted with this, and with the selections which they read from his works ; but I could not help thinking that poor old Morgan—not to say the Arch Druid—would have proved the soul's immortality much better than they did ; for Lucan and Seneca argued, as though they did not really believe it, and Pliny altogether denied it. The discussion reminded me of that which you had with Tenax ; and I am afraid that my thoughts were more frequently with you in Lucan's garden, or perhaps at the foot of Vesuvius, than with the eloquent Cicero.

“ I often think that the days which we spent at Virgil's tomb, and particularly after the rest of the company were gone, were the most pleasant of my life ; and that I should have been very content to have died there.

“ I have just returned from a walk in the city with Lucan, who has taken me over Saturn's temple, and shown me the ivory tablets there, which contain a list of the tribes, and the public accounts. You will infer from this, that we have got back to Rome which, I am sorry to say, is the case. I felt, I assure you,

no slight regret at leaving the grotto, and garden, and lake, and tower, at Laurentina, endeared by so many delightful associations: but Lucan has recently had a quæstorship offered him, which makes it necessary for him to reside in Rome.

“Tigellinus, the Emperor’s favourite, has called upon Lucan several times since we met him on our way to Naples; and though Lucan at first rather repelled than courted his acquaintance, yet he seems to have overcome his aversion at last, particularly, as I am informed, that it was Tigellinus who obtained for him the quæstorship. Certainly, Tigellinus has behaved kindly to him, and has also invited Polla and myself to spend a few days at his villa at Baia; but I do not know whether we shall go; for Seneca says, that notwithstanding Tigellinus’s courteous behaviour at present, he is a bad, very bad, man: and Lucan himself has not a good opinion of him, on account of his public oppressions and confiscations, although he is now under some obligations to him.

“Farewell, my Pudens, farewell! I am afraid that my letter will be as much as your

left hand can grasp, which Polla also tells me is highly improper.*

“P.S.—I have written to my father, but in thanking him for some money which he sent, I did not specify the object for which I wished it so much, nor how I applied it, lest I should seem ostentatious ; but since I have sealed my letter, it has occurred to me, that it will appear extravagant and covetous in me to have asked so much, when I know how many demands he has upon him, especially since the Roman tribute commenced : will you therefore, if you think proper, tell him that it was employed in purchasing liberty for several British slaves, whom I one day saw exposed for sale in the Septa.

“ On further reflection, I think that it will be better not to tell my father what I did with the money, lest he should be irritated, and rebel against the Romans for selling his subjects as slaves.”

It is hardly in the power of language to describe the emotions with which Pudens read this affectionate, artless epistle : the former

* Sed ne epistolæ modum excedam, quæ non debet sinistram manum legentis implere, &c.—*Sen. Epist.* 45.

part, all that a lover could wish; the latter, almost all that he could fear.

“Ye gods!” was his exclamation, as he tore his hair with passion; “and has that execrable villain, Tigellinus, drawn her pure soul within his blasting influence?—I would rather see her in the poisonous coil of a Lybian serpent!”

NOTES.

(B.)—PAGE 9.

STREETS IN ROME.

Milton has well described a scene in the capital :—

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;
Lictors, and rods, the ensigns of their power :
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;
From th' Asian kings and Parthian, among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane,
Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreath'd ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,

Germans, and Scythians, and Samartians north,
Beyond Danubius, to the Tauric pool.

All nations now to Rome obedience pay.

Paradise Regained, b. iv, v. 61.

(C).—PAGE 11.

BUILDING FOR POSTERITY.

See Wordsworth's Sonnets, on King's College Chapel, Cambridge, for some fine remarks on the prophetic anticipation of future greatness displayed in the architectural design of that magnificent structure, and applicable to all public works of magnitude :—

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd ;
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white robed scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence !
• • •

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 35.

(D).—PAGE 12.

PRIMITIVE ROME.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus, horrida dumis.
• • •

Ad tecta subibant
Pauperis Evandri, passim que armenta videbant
Romano que Foro et lautis mugire Carinis.

Æn. VIII, 347.

To the rude Capitol his guest he leads,
 Now roof'd with gold, then covered in with weed

* * * *

And bowing herds their stalls and pastures crave
 Where now the Forum stands with marble pave

On which the classical Gibbon observes :
 ancient picture, so artfully introduced, and so exquisitely
 finished, must have been highly interesting to
 habitant of Rome ; and our early studies allow
 sympathize in the feelings of a Roman.

Decline and Fall, &c., c. 71,

(E).—PAGE 40.

ROMAN DOMESTICS.

For further information on this very important subject
 the reader is referred to Blair's elaborate work, "The
 State of Slavery among the Romans," which contains
 a list of no fewer than 312 distinct servile occupations
 connected with a Roman establishment ; and when we
 considered how many persons were necessarily employed
 in the same occupation, some idea may be formed of the
 number of servants. Indeed, it is said that some individuals
 possessed as many as 2,000 slaves, which fact seems to
 be recognised by a law, which enacts that a man should
 be free above a hundred slaves by his will, though he had
 20,000.

Some estimate as to the number of domestics which
 Romans maintained in their service, may be formed from
 the following anecdote. During the year preceding the
 period of our narrative, a remarkable discussion took
 place in the Senate, in consequence of a slave who had
 murdered his master, the Prefect of the city. Under these
 circumstances, every slave in the service of the

where such murder had been committed, was, by ancient usage, liable to capital punishment. Since that usage was first established, the number of domestics had increased to an enormous extent; and the question for decision was, whether that law was now to be enforced in all its rigour. After a very interesting debate, for which I must refer my readers to Tacitus, it was decreed by the majority, that the law should take its course, and accordingly 400 slaves were put to death!

(F).—PAGE 77.

SENECA'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

I will not disguise the fact, that I have not met with the anecdote here recorded in any of the authorities which I have been able to consult. At the same time I would state, that it is in perfect keeping with the wonderful presence of mind displayed by Seneca, on an occasion related by Tacitus. During the minority of Nero, his execrable mother was ambitious of arrogating to herself the supreme dominion in Rome, and not satisfied with exerting her influence secretly, she wished to display it even to foreign states. The Ambassadors of Armenia, having been admitted to an audience with the Prince, Agrippina prepared to ascend the throne, and to preside jointly with her son. All who beheld the scene were paralyzed with terror and amazement, except Seneca; but he, with inimitable presence of mind, bid the Emperor leave the throne, and advance to meet his mother; thus, under the pretext of filial piety, saving the honour of the state!—*Tac. Ann. xiii.—Ed.*

(G).—PAGE 88.

THE WIDOW OF EPHEBUS.

As I am anxious to remove all occasion for reflection on a work, which is peculiarly calculated to vitiate the imagination and corrupt the moral feelings, I have thought it proper to append a free translation of this tall and celebrated Divine, Jeremy Taylor, whom Mrs. More has not inaptly styled the Shakspeare of divines. The classical scholar will, I feel assured, derive pleasure in examining this specimen of the fanciful, ornate style of the eloquent bishop.

“The Ephesian woman, that the soldier to whom Petronius, was the talk of all the town, and the example of a dear affection to her husband; descended with the corpse into the vault, and there attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death, or die with famine or a distempered sorrow: from her resolution nor his, nor her friends, nor the request of the principal citizens, who used the entreaties of piety and charity, and their power, could dissuade her. A soldier that watched seven dead bodies hanging from trees just over against this monument, crept up, and awhile stared upon the silent and comely disorder, and sorrow, and having let the wonder awhile breathe, he looked into each others eyes, at last fetched his supper and a draught of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and stilled himself with that sad prettiness. His pity and a draught of wine, made him bold and curious to see if the maid would drink; she having, many hours before, felt her resolution faint as her wearied body, and his kindness, and the light returned into her eyes.”

they danced like boys in a festival ; and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress's sorrow should cause her evil to revert, or her shame to approach, assayed whether she would endure to hear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness and dissolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order, at the arrest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which, like leeches, they had sucked their fill, till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk ; and he was so pleased with the change, that he who first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the music of her returning voice, especially which himself had strung and put in tune : and the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart were soon possessed with a little wine, and she grew gay, and talked, and fell in love ; and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pomps of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.

“ By this time, the soldier began to think it was fit he should return to his watch, and observe the dead bodies he had in charge ; but when he ascended from his mourning bridal-chamber, he found that one of the bodies was stolen by the friends of the dead, and that he was fallen into an evil condition, because, by the laws of Ephesus, his body was to be fixed in the place of it. The poor man returns to his bride, cries out bitterly, and in her presence resolves to die to prevent his death, and in secret to prevent his shame ; but now the woman's love was raging like her former sadness, and grew witty, and she comforted her soldier, and persuaded him to live, lest by losing him, who had brought her from death, and a more grievous sorrow, she should return to

her old solemnities of dying, and lose her hono-
 dream, or the reputation of her constancy, with
 change and satisfaction of an enjoyed love. T
 would fain have lived, if it had been possible,
 found out this way for him; that *he should take*
of her first husband, whose funeral she had so s
mourn'd, and put it upon the gallows, in place of t
thief! He did so, and escaped the present da-
 possess a love which might change as violent
 grief had done. But soon have I seen a c
 disordered people, rush violently and in heaps,
 utmost border was restrained by a wall, or ha
 the fury of the first fluctuation and watery progr
 by and by it returned to the contrary, with t
 earnestness, only because it was violent and ungo

Jer. Taylor's Holy Dying, ch. 5

(H).—PAGE 119.

RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

Holinshed has the following reference to Rich-
 Castle :—Sometime Rutupinum, (or, as Beda ca
 Replacester), stood in the Isle of Thanet, b
 through alteration of the channel of Dour, it
 quite out, and annexed to the main. It is called
 days, (Regn. Eliz.) Richborow, and as it shou
 builded upon an indifferent soil, or high groun
 large bricks also yet to be seen there in the ruinou
 declare either the Roman, or the old British wo
 ship. But as time decayeth all things, so Rutup
 now become desolate, and out of the dust thereo
 wich producted, which standeth a full mile fr
 place where Heptacester stood.—*Chronicles des*
p. 12.

The oysters of Rutupinum, are referred to by Juv. iv., 141.

(I).—PAGE 149.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

It rejoices my antiquarian heart, that my son has been able to present the reader with the foregoing verses (p.148); as they seem to have eluded the search of that sagacious and learned antiquary, Camden, who doubts of the existence of such precious relics. Speaking of poets, he says, "Neither are our poets destitute of Arte, prescribed by reason, and grounded upon experience : but they are as pregnant, both in witty conceits and devices, and also in imitation as any of them. Yea, and according to the argument, excel in grandity and gravity, in smoothness and propriety, in quickness and briefness. So that for skill, variety, efficacie and sweetness, the four material points required in a poet, they can both teach and delight perfectly. *This would easily appear if any lines were extant of that worthy British lady, Claudia Rufina, so commended of Martial.*

"Oh! what a loss has our society sustained, in not having enrolled my son among its members. We might all, then, have shared in the honour of having discovered this long lost relic.—*Camden's Remains, p. 30.*"

(K).—PAGE 177.

REMORSE.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the very spirited passage, in the original of which Dryden's is but an indifferent paraphrase :—

Magne pater divum, sævos punire tyrannos
 Haud alia ratione velis, quum dira libido
 Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno,
 Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juveni,
 Aut magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
 Purpureas subter cervices terruit, *imus*
 Imus *præcipites*, quam si sibi dicat, et intus
 Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor.

PERS. SAT. III. v. 35.

(L).—PAGE 212.

Lord Byron has described the Clitumnus, in lines which, to adopt the expression of a modern traveller, flow as sweetly as the lovely stream which they describe:—

But thou Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, *thou dost rear*
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steed
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
 A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportions, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter, with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;

While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling
tales.

CHILDE HAROLD.

(M).—PAGE 239.

MARTIAL.

Nunc vivit sibi neuter, heu! bonosque
Soles effugere, atque abire sentit,
Qui nobis pereunt, et imputantur.

The last line, many of my readers will remember, is the happily chosen motto of the sun dial in Lincoln's Inn: possibly it may not only have suggested to the classical law-student a useful moral, but also have excited a sympathetic feeling, when the lines in connection recurred to his memory:—

Si disponere tempus otiosum
Et verè pariter vacare vitæ:
Nec nos atria, nec domos potentum,
Nec lites tetricas, forumque triste
Nossemus.

(N).—PAGE 245.

VIRGIL READING THE ÆNEID.

This scene has been thus described in the Introduction to Dryden's Translation, published by Valpy.

Augustus was eagerly desirous to peruse the Æneid as far as it had been carried; and intreated Virgil to communicate it to him in several letters, in the warmest manner. Prevailed on, at last, by his importunities, Virgil recited, (and it is remarkable that he read his

verses with a wonderful sweetness, and propriety, he dedicated the sixth book to Augustus, and his sister, Octavia, who had just lost her son Marcellus, the darling of Rome, and her adopted son of Augustus, made one of the audience, to alleviate and divert her sorrow. Let us indulge in a simile that is naturally pleasing, for a moment,—Virgil dedicated the finest part of the *Æneid* to the lord of the world, earth, attended by his sister, and perhaps by Augustus, Horace, and other favorites! He had asserted that beautiful lamentation for the death of Marcellus, beginning with,

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum
but suppressed his name till he came to the line,

Tu Marcellus eris;

on hearing which Octavia could bear no more, and was suddenly struck with surprise and sorrow, fainting away. When she recovered, she made the poet a present of five sesterces for every line in praise of her son, which amounted in the whole, to above two thousand sterling, a reward equal to Octavia's generosity, but not above Virgil's merit.

(O).—PAGE 256.

THE CONVERSION OF STATIUS.

The account which Dante has made of Statius's conversion to Christianity is so curious, that we may crave leave to introduce it here; hoping the reader will pardon the length of the note.

The poet, Virgil, meeting with Statius in Purgatory almost ripe for Heaven, expresses his surprise, and the following conversation between them ensues:

Then, thus to him that sung Jocasta's pain,
Began the master of the rural strain :

VIRGIL.

Still some remaining doubts my soul assail ;
Your song no vestige of Emanuel shows,
No sudden spark of pure devotion glows,
For faith, by which our deeds alone avail.

What beam of noon or spirit of the night
Illum'd your darkness with celestial light,
What lamp ethereal led your favour'd prow,
'Cross the pure waters by the fisher plough'd ?

STATIUS.

The bard replied—You both the gifts bestow'd,
And with the balm and laurel deck'd my brow.

Like one that bears a shaded lamp, you threw
A beamy light behind ; unseen by you,
And with benighted feet your pupil led,
By the long radiance streaming from your hand,
To the bless'd entrance of the promis'd land,
And to its blooming bounds my journey sped.

When first you sung the golden times return,
And a new progeny from Ether born,
To bless the world with justice at his side ;
I caught at once from your immortal lyre,
The flame of Salem and the poet's fire.
And seized the deathless boon to you denied.

BOYD'S TRANS.

Statius then goes on to relate that he had been baptized ; but that to avoid persecution he had made no open profession of his faith : and that, as a punishment for his cowardice, he had suffered banishment from Heaven to the regions of apathy in Purgatory, for 400 years—

In holy converse, with the saints, I pass'd
 My hours ; but when the wolfish tyrant* chased
 Those lambs to death, yet still aloof I stood ;
 Till with all other sects, their lives compared,
 Made me all other doctrines disregard,
 And every scruple of the heart subdued.

Long ere my muse had led the Grecian band
 To the dire conflict on Ismeno's strand,
 In other streams the pure baptismal rite
 I shared ; but still concealed my nascent faith.
 Heaven I provoked, to shun a mortal's wrath,
 And worship'd Hades and eternal night.

For this, while Phœbus journeyed round the year,
 Four hundred times I coursed, in full career,
 Round yon low rampires, with the frigid train ;
 Who, dead to charity's celestial glow,
 Run at full speed, and kindle as they go,
 Till love has wing'd them for the blest domain.

BOYD.†

* Dioclesian.

† See the beautiful original ; of which this is but a sorry translation,
 in canto xxii. del Purgatorio.

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STONEHENGE;
OR,
THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

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STONEHENGE;

OR,

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF NERO.

BY

MALACHI MOULDY, F.S.A.

Nathless a British record (long conceal'd
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank,) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things.

WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1842.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Qui est-ce qui sait triompher de lui-même jusqu'à la mort ?
O mon ami ! si la vie est courte pour le plaisir, qu'elle
est longue pour la vertu !

ROUSSEAU.

STONEHENGE;

OR,

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Pour toute ambition, pour vertu singulière ;
Il excelle à conduire un char dans la carrière ;
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains ;
A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains ;
A venir prodiguer sa voix sur un théâtre ;
A réciter des chants qu'il veut qu'on idolâtre.

RACINE, BRITANN.

VERY few incidents chequered the monotonous course of Roscrana's life for a considerable time after the departure of Pudens. She continued the guest of Lucan, admired by all who saw her, and beloved by all who knew her. Sensible of the value of her present opportunities for improvement, she prosecuted her studies with an ardour which ex-

posed her, in some measure, to the animadversions so freely bestowed by Juvenal on the literary ladies of Rome : but when taunted on this score, she used mildly to reply, “ Were I to remain in Rome, I might *learn* all my life ; but when I return to Britain, I must begin to *teach* ! ”

After the lapse of a few months, however, an event occurred which obliged her to leave Lucan’s family, and ushered in a series of changes, not only affecting her fortunes, but even her character. Leaving her for awhile, we must return to the Emperor, who will have to act a conspicuous part in the few remaining scenes of this narrative.

I have selected the quotation prefixed to this chapter in order to call the reader’s attention to Nero’s inordinate passion for distinction in the Grecian accomplishments there particularized. As a charioteer, he had, as might have been expected, excelled most of his competitors ; but not content with his supremacy in the circus, he aimed also at the histrionic crown, and had resolved to bear away the palm of poetry. Unfortunately for Lucan, he was the chief obstacle to Nero’s triumph in this department ; and it was neces-

sary to depose him before the Emperor could reign unrivalled. But how was this obstacle to be removed?—how was this deposition to be accomplished? If the Emperor challenged him, and failed, the ignominy would be unendurable: if, on the contrary, Lucan were not challenged, he remained in undisturbed possession of his laurels.

After anxious deliberation on the subject, it was resolved that the gauntlet should be thrown down, and that some of the courtiers should use their private influence with the poet to induce him to acknowledge the Emperor's arrogated superiority. Lucan was accordingly recalled to court, and received, among other marks of favour, the office of quæstor. It must, however, in justice to this high-souled poet be acknowledged that although it is probable—such is the weakness of human nature—that he felt flattered by the Emperor's notice, yet that these distinctions were rather submitted to than courted; and that a refusal would have looked suspicious, and would have exposed him to dangerous consequences.

These preliminary steps having been taken, Nero, in due time, published a challenge against all competitors; but of this challenge

Lucan wisely took no notice. This general measure not having succeeded, the poet was informed that it was the Emperor's particular desire that the public should decide the question of superiority between them : but Lucan very respectfully, but firmly declined the contest, as he could not help suspecting some design to ensnare him ; more especially as Tigellinus was very pressing in his recommendations to him, to gratify the Emperor.

This monster's design, it needs no extraordinary sagacity to discover, was, by procuring the quæstorship for Lucan, and obliging him to reside in Rome, to draw Claudia a little more within his own reach ; and then by inveigling the poet into an altercation with the Emperor, to deprive her of her protector. He, accordingly, with that knowledge of character with which Satan endows his favourites, finding his persuasions unsuccessful, had recourse to another and more effectual mode of attack, and employed some of his satellites to taunt Lucan with cowardice in claiming superiority, and yet refusing competition. It was in vain that he denied having made any such claim : the homage, it was observed, was received by him, and he was afraid to allow his pretensions to be fairly disputed. This

weapon was aimed at his most assailable part, and proved but too successful. Lucan was too vehement a man, and too genuine a poet to endure this charge, and he therefore accepted the challenge.

The Emperor having gained this point, directed his efforts to induce his antagonist to allow him the victory; and to attain this object the most lavish promises were made to him of compensation for a defeat, should such occur!—a hint not difficult to be understood. Thus were matters arranged, when the important day arrived. The scene of contest was Pompey's glorious Theatre, of which we shall attempt a brief description, as it appeared decorated for the occasion :

It might be deem'd on our historian's part
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of noble Pompey, and his large expence.

DRYDEN'S PALAMON AND ARCITE.

This magnificent edifice was built of stone, and was capable of containing forty thousand spectators. The niches between the marble pillars were filled with statues of the most exquisite sculpture, among which the most celebrated were

the images of the fourteen nations conquered by Pompey. The bronze colossus of the hero himself stood in the Basilica; and within was a marble statue of Jupiter, erected by Claudius. The scene and the walls were covered with gold; and the awning was of purple studded with golden stars, embroidered in the centre with a representation of Nero as Apollo guiding the chariot of the sun! The varying tint, which the awning gave to the marble statues and to the walls, as it tremulously waved in the breeze and moderated the bright glare of the sun, was not the least beautiful effect produced by art. It reminded the spectator of that purple light which poets have delighted to ascribe to the atmosphere of Elysium. There was another instance of refined luxury too, which must not pass unnoticed. This huge building was perfumed by concealed conduits of liquid scents, carried into the marble statues before described; whence the perfume passed through invisible apertures, and diffused an atmosphere of fragrance.

However, to pursue our narrative:

Lucan had not apprized his family of his intention to contest the palm with the Empe-

ror but took his wife and Claudia to the theatre, as though to witness an ordinary performance.

The ladies seated themselves in the portico, which was the place assigned by Augustus to the female part of the audience; and Lucan left them, apparently to take his place on one of the fourteen rows, assigned to the Equestrian order, which formed the barrier between the orchestra appropriated to the senate and other distinguished persons, and the higher seats occupied by the plebeians.*

Nero, anxious to ensure an audience to witness his triumph, and not considering that the novelty of his own disgraceful exhibition would be a sufficient attraction, had given notice of the event in such a manner as to render it unsafe for any person of dignity to absent himself; insomuch, that several Roman Knights, being rather late, were actually crushed to death in the narrow passages leading to their seats, so dense was the crowd.† Nor was his anxiety confined to the mere col-

* For information on the structure and arrangement of the Roman Theatre, see Pompeii, vol. 1, c. 8.

† Tac. Ann. xvi, 5.

lection of an audience : it was of still greater importance to secure their favourable opinion ; and for this purpose common soldiers were distributed over the theatre to take care that the applause should be kept up without intermission by a set of hirelings, some of whom were severely chastised for having relaxed their efforts through weariness !

Besides these precautions spies and informers were stationed, in different parts of the building, to watch the countenances of the spectators, who carefully noted down and reported to their master any symptom of disgust manifested by the unwary. Among those who did not escape their observation, it may be noticed, was Vespasian the future Emperor, who being so uncourtier-like as to yawn, was insolently reprimanded by one of Nero's freedmen, and only saved himself from more dreadful consequences by a voluntary retirement from court !

Nero's name was emblazoned in white letters in the list of harpers, and other performers, among whom was our friend Lucan. The priority of the different singers was determined by lot ; and when Nero's turn arrived, procla-

mation was made by a consul, that the divine Emperor would sing a poem of his own composition, styled, 'The Metamorphosis of Niobe.'

The author of the piece—about to undergo a stranger metamorphosis than his heroine—then advanced, preceded by the prefects of the Prætorian cohorts, Tigellinus and his colleague, bearing his harp, and followed by the military tribunes, and the most distinguished of his courtiers. At first he only ventured upon the *proscenium*, or rostrum, from whence he recited his poem; but being entreated by the populace to exhibit all his accomplishments, he took his place in the orchestra, and conformed to the rules of the stage, which allowed no performer to sit down or to use his pocket-handkerchief.

His voice was neither loud nor clear; and it was in vain that he deepened the scarlet of his naturally red face, and stood tip toe, straining to fill that huge theatre with his unmouthable poetry.

However, having ceased his performance, the master of the world knelt on one knee, and, with outstretched hand and simulated

anxiety, supplicated the lenience of his audience.*

It is almost needless to add, that it was not supplicated in vain. Men of thought and principle indeed felt not only themselves but their nation degraded by this display; but they yielded to compulsion: the sycophants of the tyrant, of course, attempted to outvie each other; and as to the lower orders, they were unfeignedly delighted, and expressed their pleasure in one measured note of applause.

Lucan's turn succeeded. It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed; suffice it to say that every eye was fixed upon him with the most vivid suspense; and the more so as he had hardly communicated his determination to any person. The courtiers envied him the opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Emperor: Seneca, who had pressed upon him for once to be content with mediocrity, watched him with painful interest as though distrustful of his advice being followed: his family gazed upon him with agonizing anxiety.

* Suet. in Neron. 21—24.

No individual present, however, scanned his movements with more impatience than the Emperor, who visibly trembled lest this experiment should fail, and he should lose the darling object of his heart.

“Yet,” thought he, “Lucan knows that I can either make him half a God, or annihilate him: surely he cannot vanquish me, if he would. Nay, more than that, he will not, if he can.”

This last consideration afforded the Emperor by far the greater consolation: but he knew not the character of his antagonist. Lucan was a man of spirit, and he was a poet. To him honour and reputation were dearer than life; and the determined, dignified step, with which he advanced, manifested at once his resolution even

In those degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, and strike for honest fame!

GOLDSMITH.

He consequently exerted every energy, and threw all his genius into his performance.

The subject was The Descent of Orpheus into the infernal regions: and the effect of his recitation was such as could hardly have been imagined. One universal deafening shout of

applause rent the walls of the theatre ! The soldiers dropped their spears, and the informers, for a moment, forgot their odious task ; nay, the courtiers themselves unconsciously joined in the plaudit !

Ingratus Nero dulcibus theatris,
Et noster, tibi, præferetur Orpheus !

STATIUS SILV. II.

CHAPTER II.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look when he fawns he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

RICHARD III.

Every thing had happened hitherto precisely as Tigellinus wished; and the further progress of his plot is best developed in the following subtle epistle to Lucan, written immediately on his return home from the theatre.

Tigellinus P. P. C. to A. Lucan Quæstor.

“Not a moment, as it appears to me, my Lucan, is to be lost in apprizing you of the probable consequences of the events of yesterday. It would be impossible for me to describe to you the furious chagrin of the Emperor on being vanquished. The ravings of

Cædipus were puerile, compared with precatious. The pious wish of Caligula all the nation had but one neck that he sever it, is mild, compared with his detestations against the senate, soldiers, and and particularly against yourself. As I am some measure instrumental in bringing this contest, I feel it to be my duty less than it is my inclination, to advise your danger. Let me, therefore, conjure if you are not weary of life, to fly from *immediately*. Confiscation, assassination, a thing which is dreadful, menaces you. therefore, haste, out of the city; or it may be your last. As it will be impossible for you to remove your family with the same precipitation, send Polla and the Briton privately to my house; and I will create and protect them, to the best of my power, until the storm is blown over. In the meantime will use all my endeavours to allay it, and will not fail to apprize you of that concerns you. Vale!"

The consternation of Lucan's family receiving this letter, is indescribable. The impulse of the impetuous Lucan was to

publicly, and to endeavour to rouse the citizens to arms, to repel the common danger which awaited them. Now is an opportunity, thought he, to wreak a nation's vengeance upon the tyrant. A little further deliberation, however, made him sensible of the extreme hazard of such an enterprize; and he was finally led to abandon it by the reflection that it would be an unjustifiable return for the kindness—for such they all deemed it—of Tigellinus, to expose him to the hazard of the Emperor's fury, which would, of course, be directed against him for having betrayed his master.

After considerable discussion, it appeared that, on the whole, the best course that could be pursued would be to adopt the suggestion of Tigellinus, that Polla and Claudia should avail themselves of his proffered protection, while Lucan made his escape.

The only obstacle to this arrangement was the extreme reluctance of Polla to leave her husband at such a crisis; which objection once removed, all Tigellinus's schemes would be easily accomplished.

Happily, while the scales of Claudia's fate were still oscillating, Seneca was announced;

and his counsel was, of course, anxiously solicited.

As to the immediate departure of Lucan from Rome, Seneca entirely coincided in the propriety of that measure; but he strongly dissuaded Polla and Claudia from accepting Tigellinus's offer of protection: for, although he could not penetrate into that monster's motives, he knew the villany of his heart too well not to suspect some evil design.

After mature deliberation, therefore, it was resolved that as Polla was desirous of sharing the fate of her husband, she should accompany him in his exile; and that Claudia should return to her former domicile until the storm were past: for although Seneca deemed his house the most opened to suspicion, and therefore the least adapted for a sanctuary, he considered his fair protégée at all events secure from Nero's persecution.

Thus did our heroine escape for awhile as deadly a snare as innocence was ever exposed to: although doubtless many are the snares from which virtue is protected by the kind vigilance of her ministrant angels, where she is as unconscious of her danger as she is ignorant of her deliverer! Little was Seneca

aware of the peril from which he had rescued Claudia : still less was he aware that he had drawn all the hostility of her treacherous foe upon his own head !

Tigellinus, being informed of the departure of Polla with her husband, concluded that Claudia had accompanied them : and as Seneca had, with that prudence which long experience alone induces, inculcated upon her the necessity of strict seclusion ; it was not until the lapse of a considerable period that her asylum was discovered. This discovery, however, led to fresh machinations, more foul, more fatal, than those which had been so happily frustrated.

The great object of Tigellinus was, now, to seduce his intended victim from her present retreat ; and to accomplish this purpose, all his villanous cunning was put into requisition. He first attempted to insinuate himself into the confidence of Seneca, and thus obtain an introduction to his pupil ; but finding that his character was justly estimated by the philosopher, and that his unwonted familiarity was regarded with suspicion, he resolved to effect that by violence, which it seemed in vain to attempt by more insidious

arts, and determined upon a no less audacious piece of atrocity than the murder of Seneca. This was too bold an enterprize, how difficult it might be undertaken without powerful coadjutors; for there was no man in the realm so highly esteemed as Seneca, an attack upon whose authority there was reason to fear, would be universally resented.

Sensible of this, but undeterred by the difficulties of his undertaking, he resolved to summon the Emperor himself to his assistance, to whom he well knew that the reprover of his vices was peculiarly obnoxious. To fan the smouldering sparks of ambition into a consuming flame of hostility, was more bold in the design, than arduous in the accomplishment. Addressing himself to the Emperor's master's passion for literary distinction, a trait of character upon which he had successfully based his former intrigues, he now availed himself of Seneca's recent publication of the tragedy, from which I have made a quotation in a former chapter, to represent the author as one who, after having attempted in vain to eclipse the Emperor in oratory, now presumptuously aspired to excel him.

own divine art of poetry !* Nay, feeling that he had now struck the right chord to produce the desired vibration, he further accused him of having also incited Lucan to contend with the imperial Apollo, having been instigated, as he observed, not so much by his insatiate love of fame,—though that reflected no honour on his philosophy, but by envy of Nero's superiority, and a malignant desire to avenge his own defeat !

The Emperor hardly needed these additional incentives to make him co-operate with Tigellinus ; but though he entered with great alacrity into the design, the popularity of their intended victim was such that the remorseless and unscrupulous tyrant himself saw the necessity of using great caution. To avoid public odium, therefore, or possibly even a general insurrection, it was finally resolved, that the best means of carrying their purpose into effect, would be to suborn Seneca's freedman, Cleonicus, to carry off his master by secret poison.

* Tac. Ann. xiv. c. 52.

CHAPTER III.

He saw a pale and shivering form,
By age and frenzy haggard made;
Her eyes, still wild with passion's storm,
Belied the snows that shroud her head.

THE CURSE OF MOY.

CLEONICUS, who had been hired to assassinate his master, was a weak, rather than a wicked man, and might have served Seneca faithfully and contentedly until the day of his death, had it not been for the artful tempering of Nero's agents.

The person to whom the negociation of this matter was chiefly intrusted was one Julius Pollio, a tribune of the Prætorian cohorts, to whom the custody of the famous poison-vender Locusta had been committed.*

Pollio, meeting Cleonicus one day in the street, affected a surprise that Seneca, with such a magnificent fortune, should allow

* Tac. Ann. XIII. cap. 15.

old a servant to wear his livery, when the freedmen of so many less wealthy persons had become masters of princely establishments of their own.

The simple Cleonicus observed, "that his master lived in a still more frugal and abstemious manner than himself."

"Yes," said Pollio, "and I can tell you wherefore;—it is merely to afford him a pretext for gratifying his sordid disposition in withholding from you your due."

Pursuing this artful course, and feigning sympathy for merit so unworthily neglected, he excited the vanity and ambition of Cleonicus, and at the same time a mistrust of his master's motives, and thus prepared his mind for the hellish seeds of covetousness, treachery and murder, which he was about to implant.

It was a long time, however, before these seeds produced the desired fruits; for the weakness of character, which constituted almost the only adaptation of the soil to receive them, was very unfavourable to the production of actions which required unusual energy. It was not until after several interviews, that the irresolute Cleonicus determined upon the commission of the crime, and accepted a foretaste

of his future reward ; but when he proceeded thus far, the scheme had almost abortive for want of sufficient courage, he had a personal conference with Locusta, the preparation of the fatal potion trusted, and from whom he was to receive instructions how to administer it.

The uneducated people of Rome attributed supernatural powers to this Cleonicus was so far from being superstitious, that his terrors were magnified by his guilty conscience. The fearful wretch assayed to visit her ; but his cowardly heart fail him. Menaced with the fate which he was commissioned to execute upon his master, feeling himself hesitated to go, and afraid to go alone, at the same time fearful of committing his purpose to any friend, lest he should be a witness rather than an accomplice, he had recourse to the pitiable expedient of taking with him, as his companion, a blind girl belonging to Seneca's establishment, Harpaste. This poor half-witted girl had been retained by the philosopher on the general reduction of his household from motives of charity than for the

ment derivable from her extraordinary sayings; although the custom of keeping jesters at that time prevailed in Rome.

The singular fantasies of poor Harpaste sometimes, indeed, provoked a smile on Seneca's grave countenance; but they more frequently afforded him a subject for philosophic meditation. Of the reflections thus suggested he has left posterity a singular specimen in one of his epistles, where, after relating that this afflicted girl, being wholly ignorant of the nature of her malady, had considered the darkness to be local and not personal, he subjoins the reflection, 'that those who laughed at this demented creature's ignorance of her own infirmity laughed at all mankind; for that all are blind, and doubly blind, inasmuch as they do not know it.*' To return to our narrative:—

It happened, one day, that poor Harpaste, feeling the shadows obscure her sight, and not being able to comprehend how the darkness could proceed from a defect in her own vision, fancied that the house was dark, and anxiously begged that she might be taken out for a

* Vid. Senec. Epist. 50.

little exercise in the brighter sunshine, importunity having obtained the fulfilment of her singular request, Cleonicus seized himself of the opportunity to pay his visit to Locusta.

All things having been previously arranged with Pollio, Cleonicus called, with his usual companion, at a strange looking house, the purloined purlieu of the celebrated Mamertine. Upon his giving the door a slight kick, it opened by the tribune in person, who, having satisfied himself of the mental condition of Harpaste, introduced them into Locusta's apartment, which, from its low ceiling, solid walls and enclosed situation, appeared to be one of the cells of the prison.

The hag was leaning over a large wooden table, the light of which she was counting upon. Fully the indentations in a notched stick, the fitful flames lighted up her haggard features, and shed a lurid, but uncertain glare over her ghastly figure. Being a native of Gaul, she continued to wear the white dress and brazen girdles in which she had been accustomed to celebrate the half druidic rites of her country.

"Locusta!" said Pollio, as he entered.

towards her, leaving Cleonicus and Harpaste just within the door, "Locusta, I say!"

Several times did he thus accost her, raising his voice and varying the epithet at each repetition, but with no effect. She heeded not his clamour, but continued to pass her bony fingers, resembling harpy's claws, over the wand which she grasped, and to press her long ebon-tipped thumb-nail into the indentations, to assure her of the correctness of her calculations.

"Mother of hell!" at last roared out the impatient Pollio.

"Hold! till I have finished my task," said the unterrified hag.

"Mutter thy charm when I'm gone," replied Pollio; "and now attend to me."

The beldam took no further notice of this than to say, with a malicious grin, "Fool that thou art, thou hast put me out, and I must now begin again."

So saying she deliberately stirred the fire, and recommenced, from the extremity of the wand, with the most provoking sullenness.

Pollio, though almost choked with rage, knew from experience, that it would be vain to attempt to divert her from her purpose;

and he therefore allowed her to proceed without further molestation.

The increased light of the fire not only threw into full relief the strongly marked wrinkles of her ghastly countenance, thinly shaded by a few grisly locks, but revealed more distinctly the various objects which surrounded her. They were such as were used in her horrible vocation; some of them extremely fantastic, but most of them too disgusting to be described. Cleonicus, looking towards the fire, beheld with terror a serpent from which she had recently torn out the poisonous secretion, half consumed, and yet apparently but half dead, writhing amid the embers. As he was watching its struggles, the flickering flame exhibited the mangled, macerated head of a human corpse, with the hooks in it, just as it had been drawn from the gemonia, the body being concealed by the form upon which the hag was sitting!

The trembling freedman shuddered almost convulsively, and cast an instinctive look towards the door; but he found that it had been shut, and all egress barred by the portentous figure of Pollio.

Locusta, having completed her calculations,

clapped her hands, and her green eyes glistened with joy, as she roared forth with a fiendish gesticulation,—

“ A cycle of cycles save one ! A cycle of cycles save one !—And now,” she added, addressing herself to Pollio, “ what wantest thou, my sweet son ?”

“ I want the sweetest potion in all your stores,” answered he : “ but first put that wretch of a snake out of its misery.”

“ Ah !” she said, turning to the snake, “ I did not mean to torment *thee* ; *thou* never didst me any injury :” so saying, she thrust it into the hottest part of the fire, which consumed it instantly. “ And for whom is this sweet potion designed ?” she inquired of Pollio.

“ My friend here can inform you better than I can,” replied he, leading forward the trembling Cleonicus, who never let go his grasp of the hand of the unconscious Harpaste.

Locusta anxious to know who was destined to be her next victim, and concluding from the gesture and appearance of Harpaste, who advanced with the hesitating diffidence of one who is blind, that she was the person, snatched

a burning brand from the fire, and rudely held it so near to her face, as almost to singe her eyelashes, in order the more minutely to inspect her features.

As the blaze approached her sightless orbs, Harpaste exclaimed :—

“’Tis lighter!—’tis lighter! I told you it was not dark out of doors.”

“A fool! a born fool, thou hast brought me!” exclaimed Locusta; “and thou wantest me to potion her; perchance she is one of thine own begetting.”

And so saying, she set up a fiendish laugh, and threw the brand on the fire.

“Nay, hope not to potion a child of mine;” scornfully retaliated Pollio.

“Then I potion no such child at all,” said the hag. And now,” she continued, raising her voice, and snatching up her notched wand, “hear me, Pollio! Thrice have I told over the number of thy countrymen, whom I have sent to appease the ghosts of a mother and a sister, burnt by thy accursed general Plautius, in the Druid fires of Mona.* The number of

* *Vetus Scholiastes Juvenalis, Satir. 1-71, ait ‘Locustam ex Galliis matronam veneficam a Nerone accitam fuisse,’ &c.*

Bretier.

them, as these wands shew, make three cycles, save one ! Four score of Roman knights and Roman nobles has thy kind Emperor sacrificed to my revenge ! The young prince Britannicus headed the train.* I spared not his youth ; I heeded not his beauty ; I regarded not the pride of his birth, or the delicacy of his limbs ; though my heart almost yearned over him. A murdered mother, and a murdered sister demanded him ; and three score and nineteen have since followed. One more victim is wanted to fill up the number, and to complete the great cycle. Thinkest thou, then, that such an one shall be a demented CHILD—that I will crown the rich sacrifice of Rome’s choicest blood with a daft low-born bairn such as thou mightest beget ? I tell thee, nay ! It was not for this that I refused thy Emperor’s offer of rich possessions in my native land !”†

She uttered this speech with such unnatural vehemence, that the very lips of Cleonicus were blanched with terror.

Pollio, no longer able to suppress his rage, replied,

* Tac Ann. XIII. cap. 15, et seq.

† Suet. in Neron. 33.

“Thou mother of hell, and queen of the furies ! who wanted thee to poison this child ? ’Tis well that a maniac should pity a fool ; but if your tiger’s maw is too pampered to relish plebeian blood, here is one,” pointing to Cleonicus, “ who will tell you how you may slake your hellish thirst upon something more delicate.”

She now fixed her paralyzing gaze upon Cleonicus ; but he was too much terrified to utter a word, or even to stand without support.

After a pause, however, and with considerable assistance from Pollio, Cleonicus contrived, at length, to falter forth his commission, and to give such a description of his master’s habits of life, as would enable Locusta effectually to compound the deadly draught. This task she performed, indeed, with undisguised pleasure, observing, as she put the colourless fluid into the trembling hand of Cleonicus,—

“ Put a drop of this into the old man’s cup, and I warrant thee, he who drinks this thirsts no more.”

She then, with frantic step, trod the concluding evolution of the mystical dance, in which she had often joined around the brazen

cauldron at the same time holding aloft the poisonous phial from which she had supplied Cleonicus, in her withered hand, and screaming again and again, in a wild and terrible manner, and in the Gallic dialect, the couplet which concluded the chaunt of the nine sibyls, as the last ingredient was thrown into the magical caldron :—

“ To these fourscore I add but one,
And then the sacrifice is done !”

She then dashed the contents of the poisonous phial into her mouth ; and, horrible to relate, fell down dead instantaneously !

The horror and alarm of Cleonicus may be imagined ! He staggered out, he knew not how, and reeled forth, he knew not whither. He could scarcely be said to have recovered his senses, until he had reached the banks of the Tiber, which were full three quarters of a mile out of his way ; the sight of this river having recalled his wandering intellects, one of the first thoughts which presented itself was the determination to throw the deadly potion into it. He had actually drawn the carefully-enfolded phial from his bosom for this purpose, when his arm was stayed by the hand

of Tigellinus, who had watched and followed him from Pollio's door.

Tigellinus, seeing his bewildered condition, soothed his disordered mind in the best manner he could, telling him that the old beldam was phrensied, and that there was nothing to be alarmed at: he added, moreover, that having gone so far, he had involved the lives and reputations of his employers, and rendered it necessary for them to enforce the completion of the undertaking. Having thus closed the door against a retreat, he recommended circumspection and courage; and left a handsome *douceur* in his hands, as a further earnest of the reward which awaited him.*

Could Seneca have known the fated hour, it would have caused him less perturbation than that which racked the breast of Cleonicus during the dreadful interval of suspense. Independent of the compuncions of conscience coincident to such an undertaking, the attempt itself was rendered peculiarly difficult in consequence of Seneca's abstemiousness; for since his partial retirement from court, he had lived on the most simple diet which could be procured, dry bread

* Tacit. Ann. xv., c. 45.

and wild apples constituting his food, and his drink being the crystal stream. This, and all other difficulties, were, however, at length surmounted by the ingenuity of the conspirators; the day was fixed, and the colourless poison was actually blended with the water to be drunk by Seneca with his meal.

Harpaste had, immediately after her visit to Locusta's cell, repeated various small fragments of the conversation which had taken place there, but in such an unconnected manner as not to excite the smallest suspicion. To prevent ill consequences, however, Cleonicus had contrived to find her employment in her own apartment, until, she having discontinued these repetitions, and her slight reminiscences of the transaction appearing wholly to have vanished, further caution seemed unnecessary. It happened, therefore, on this day, that she was in the Triclinium winding some silken cord for Claudia, who, commiserating the recent malady which the poor girl herself seemed so touchingly to bemoan, had kindly assigned her this task for an amusement.

The dread moment had arrived. Seneca was taking his frugal repast; and Cleonicus was putting the deadly draught into his master's

extended hand ; when, singularly enough, Harpate sang out Locusta's last couplet :—

“To these fourscore I add but one,
And then the sacrifice is done.”

The whole of the scene, in which these mystic lines had been uttered, was at once recalled to the affrighted imagination of Cleonicus. He dashed the cup to the ground ; fell at his master's feet, and confessed the whole !

History is silent whether the philosopher exercised that forbearance towards his freedman which he has inculcated in his ingenious, but prolix strictures *De Ira* ; but it suffices us to know, that to the trepidation of this novice in vice, Seneca was indebted for his life, and Claudia for more than life !

CHAPTER IV.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's which is proud; nor the soldier's which is ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's which is nice; nor the lover's which is all these: but, it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SENECA found, as I believe all have found who have taken the charge of a young heiress, that he could hardly have imposed upon himself a more arduous, or responsible duty. The confession of Cleonicus had opened his eyes at once to the perils which surrounded Claudia, and menaced all those who should attempt to befriend her. The only effectual remedy, he perceived, was her recall to Britain, and this recall he adopted measures to procure as speedily as possible; but in the meantime he was necessitated to provide her another sanctuary, as it was evident that his own hearth would afford her no protection. Important, how-

ever, as was her immediate removal, it was not an easy task to know how to dispose of her; for in these perilous times proscriptions menaced all who were virtuous, and there seemed to be no restraint whatever for the vicious. After having revolved this perplexing matter in his mind for some time, he decided on placing her under the care of a lady of the name of Pomponia Græcina, the widow of Aulus Plautius, who had lately died. This high born lady seemed to be eminently qualified for this charge, for many reasons: but those which principally biassed Seneca in the selection were her secluded habits, and the interest which she felt in the Britons as a nation, from having been made familiar with their habits by her husband's conquests in this island.

Few persons, even in these troublous times, had experienced more sorrow than Pomponia: but the affliction, which she appeared to bewail most, was the bereavement of her beloved friend Julia, the daughter of Drusus, who had been torn by violence from her bosom, which had left her quite inconsolable. 'For forty long years,' says the historian, 'she pined in grief for the loss of her friend; during which time

she did not lay aside her mourning weeds.' Such fidelity in friendship, at a time when the most heartless insincerity generally prevailed, gave a sanctity to her grief which preserved her life, and has perpetuated her memory.*

Every heart, however, knows its own bitterness ; and if sorrow is sometimes concealed, the cause of it is still more often disguised. I would not derogate from the claims which this sorrowful lady has on our admiration for the ardour and long continuance of her affection; but could her heart have been scrutinized, other causes would have been found for her habitual melancholy besides the death of her friend, or her more recent bereavement of her husband. Time would have dried up her tears if there had not been a secret well-spring from which they were constantly renewed. Fourteen years had now elapsed since her friend had fallen a victim to the treacherous arts of Messalina; but an event had since happened which had still more affected her happiness. She had been accused of a capital crime—that of having embraced a foreign superstition ! She had, indeed

* Tac. Ann. XIII, 32.

been declared innocent ; but from the day of her acquittal her habitual melancholy had increased tenfold : nor will my readers be surprized at this circumstance when informed that the foreign superstition with which she had been charged was—the Christian religion !*

This accusation had been referred to the judicial cognizance of her husband, who, in conformity with ancient usage,† had summoned a number of her relations, and sat in judgment upon her.

On being brought before the shrine of Jupiter, when incense was given to her to sacrifice, Pomponia pale and trembling cast an inquiring look upon the stern countenance of her warrior lord ; but there she read the firm resolve that affection should yield to justice. She hesitated ; the semblance of her dying friend, with her pallid countenance distorted with fear

* “*Superstitionis Externæ.*” In reference to which Brotier observes, *Hæc odiosâ nuncupatione designari Christianam religionem opinor. Eadem est Lipsi, Rhenani, Ryckii, et Ernesti sententia, &c.* He also cites Philipp. iv, 22.

† Heineccius, *Antiq. Roman. Jurisp.* i, 10. n. 6, cit. par Brotier.

and violence, presented itself to her imagination! Her frail nature recoiled at so near a sight of death; and she threw the incense on the altar, and was consequently pronounced innocent. Her friends applauded, and her husband embraced her: but though restored to favour, she was not restored to happiness; and it seemed as though, together with that handful of incense had been consumed all the elements of her future happiness. The long remainder of her life appeared one painful, protracted struggle between conviction and indecision. Her days were spent in broken resolutions, and her nights in self-reproach. Such was the real cause of that anguish of spirit, which embittered the life of Pomponia; and which, too poignant to be wholly concealed, was attributed to inconsolable friendship!

Had convents existed, at this period, and Seneca chosen the most secluded, Claudia could not have been placed in one, where she would have been more retired, or less exposed to the dangers which had surrounded her, than she was while under the care of Pomponia. This lady had not only shunned society, but

society had shunned her, there being something so dolorous in her manner, that cheerfulness seemed almost to wither in her presence.

But though she was but a cheerless companion, and Claudia's pupillage was rather more tristful than she could have wished ; she consoled herself with the hope of soon returning to Britain, and with the pleasure and self-approbation which she derived from her studies. That these studies did not deaden those amiable sensibilities which seemed to characterize her, will appear from the manner in which she referred to them in a letter to Pudens, wherein she described the progress, which she was making in her literary pursuits. After stating that she was reading the works of the oldest of poets, namely Homer, she thus continues : " You cannot think, my beloved Pudens, what pleasure it gives me to meet, in this old book, descriptions of things and manners exactly as they now exist in dear, dear Britain. I almost wept with delight to read that the chief, whose actions form the subject of the poem, was accustomed to solace himself with his harp as I have so often seen my father do :

and I seemed transported to Britain when I read the following lines :

Amused, at ease, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
With this he soothes his weary soul, and sings
Th'immortal deeds of heroes and of kings!*

“ I could not help shedding a few tears, too, to the memory of old Morgan, when I read these verses :

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound ;
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attempered to the vocal strings !†

“ As though the good old poet, who must have been such another as old Morgan, had determined to make the picture as complete as possible, he has also introduced two dogs, as accompanying the young prince to the council chamber, just as Luath and Bran used to follow my poor Brennus :

Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shined ;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind!‡

I could mention a hundred other lines which remind me of Britain ; for the poet seems to

* IL. ix, 186.

† Odys. iv, 17.

‡ Odys. ii, 10.

have had just such a country as Britain in view; but, I will only instance one or two more scenes descriptive of the primitive habits of his heroes. The first describes the king's daughter and the ladies of court as washing their own robes :

Then, emulous, the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vesture in the cleansing wave;
The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.*

Another shows that their manner of cooking their food was hardly so refined as ours, although performed by the united labours of the prince and his nobles :

His friend Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire;
The brazen vase another friend† sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The paff transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze.‡

“ The last is a sketch of the chief's house, which is even more simple and rude than my

* *Odys.* vi, v. 90. † *Automedon.* ‡ *Il.* ix, v. 295.

father's, of which, however, it will remind you :

Of fir the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore,
And fenced with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous length.*

“ You can hardly imagine, my Pudens, with what longing pleasure I turn from the artificial and empty splendour which surround me, to the simplicity and sincerity of such scenes as these. If the poet dwells on them with such minuteness, when they were to him only imaginary, you may conceive what *I* feel, who know that they are real ; that they are such as exist in my own country and in my home ; and when I recognize in the portraits a friend, a brother, and a father !”

The principal object of Claudia's letter from which we have made these long, but I hope not wearisome extracts, was to request Pudens to consult with her father as to her immediate recall to Britain : little, however, did she know what trials, awaited her in the interim.

* Il. xxiv, 450.

Pomponia, though a weak and wavering woman, was a Christian. Like Peter she had, indeed, denied her Lord ; but, like him she had wept bitterly ; and was now a sincere, though a secret convert. Painfully sensible of the truth and importance of Christianity, but having too little faith or firmness, to derive from it any support or consolation, her religion was a cold flame ministering little light and less warmth :

There, in its centre a sepulchral lamp,
Burnt the slow flame, eternal—*but unseen* ;
Which not the darkness of despair could damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.*

This melancholy lady would spend a considerable portion of her time in study : but what subjects, or what authors, engaged her attention, Claudia could not divine ; because she always put her book carefully away when she had done with it. One morning as they were sitting together reading, Pomponia occupied with her accustomed volume, and her companion with the Phædo of Plato which had been recommended by Pudens, Claudia happened to remark ‘ that the philosopher seemed

* Byron.

hardly so confident of the immortality of the soul as the Druids, for, that, notwithstanding the strong arguments which he had adduced in support of the opinion, he still concluded that we could not know it with certainty, unless some God would instruct us on the subject.' On looking up for a reply, she perceived, to her surprise, that Pomponia was in tears, and seemed to be suffering some violent mental struggle; for she continued muttering several broken sentences to herself, in a low but still audible voice, of which the following was the conclusion:

“Ah well! be the consequences what they may, this poor stranger shall not wander in darkness while I have light.” Then turning to Claudia, and handing her the scroll which she had been reading, she said: “This little book will teach you more than Plato or the Druids ever knew; about the immortality of the soul.” She would apparently have added more, but that she was too much agitated, and therefore, concealing her face as much as possible, she left the room.

Claudia opened the book, as may be supposed, with no small curiosity, and her eye fell

on the following passage, which was distained with tears, "He that is ashamed of me or of my words, of him will I be ashamed before my father, and the angels which are in heaven." The reader need hardly be informed that these words occur in the New Testament, of which Pomponia had been perusing a fragment. There was something mysterious in them, which induced Claudia to read them, as well as other passages in the context, more than once; still like the Eunuch of Ethiopia, she could not understand them without some one to guide her. Before, however, she had made much progress, the timid Pomponia hurried into the room to beg her not to allow any person to see the volume, or to know that either of them had read it.

Claudia having calmed her perturbations on this subject, ventured to ask her the meaning of the verse which we have quoted, and by whom it was written: and Pomponia feeling the applicability of this awful reproach to herself, summoned courage to enter into a long detail of the leading principles of Christianity.

This conversation produced but little im-

mediate effect upon Claudia, further than exciting her wonder and curiosity; but the subject was as often resumed as the excessive timidity of Pomponia would allow; until at length the lovely Briton became a sincere convert to Christianity.

CHAPTER V.

“ Ce n'est pas là, vous le savez, la doctrine de St. Paul ni celle qu'on professe dans notre eglise.

NOUVELLE HELOISE.

CLAUDIA had been so amiable and so beneficent before her conversion, that the change wrought in her heart scarcely produced any *visible* change in her conduct and outward demeanour ; but the same actions were now performed from a higher motive. The deeds of benevolence, which, before, seemed to emanate from a kind of instinctive impulse, proceeded, now, from principle : and that unfailing stream of kindly affections, which endeared her to all who knew her, and which flowed spontaneously from a happily constituted disposition, flowed on as usual, but derived its source from a higher and purer spring, where it was less liable to be rendered turbid by human frailties, or intermittent by the parching influence of human ingratitude. These kindly affections,

too, displayed themselves in a different, as well as more extensive manner; and her wish to civilize, became the desire to christianize, her beloved country.

In consequence of her having renounced paganism, she was introduced to some of the principal christians at Rome, and among the rest to St. Paul, who was then resident there, and to his influential friend Aristobulus. Before these holy fathers of the church, she pleaded the cause of her countrymen, and pressed the claims of the poor Britons upon their attentive ears with such affectionate zeal, that she induced the apostle of the Gentiles to send out the first Roman convert* as a missionary to our island.

Aristobulus was the more willing to undertake this high commission, from the circumstance of his having had an interest in the welfare of our benighted ancestors increased, if not excited, by the narratives which he had

* Aristobulus, who, our chronicles relate, suffered martyrdom on his landing in Britain, is believed to have been the person whose household was greeted by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, and is supposed to have received his conversion on the day of Pentecost, being, it is imagined, one of the Romans, stated by St. Luke to have been present.

heard of their singular superstitions from Pomponia, with whom he lived in intimacy, and who had imbibed from him her first notions of christianity.

Although, however, Claudia's new religion did not produce any very manifest alteration in her outward conduct, it most sensibly affected her feelings and prospects in life. In the early days of the church, when its existence, according to human calculations, could only be maintained by the most exemplary demeanour of its members, the female converts were particularly admonished not to subject themselves to the temptations which must necessarily be the consequence of intermarriage with idolators. It also too often happened, either that domestic peace was sacrificed, and reproach to the sacred cause incurred on that account; or, on the other hand, that the fortitude of the Christian yielded to the persuasions of love or of fear, and a relapse into idolatry ensued. Claudia, had constantly before her a most affecting illustration of the unhappy consequences of a difference of religion between the husband and wife in the case of Pomponia Græcina, which had transformed the one into a judge, and the other into a culprit.

It was to obviate such estrangements and apostasies, that St. Paul had recently given those strict and explicit injunctions to the infant church at Corinth, which we find in his 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?*"

This subject was the cause of bitter affliction to Claudia; and her mind was cruelly tortured with the struggle between faith and love—the things of Heaven and those of earth! Nor was she at all assisted or solaced by the timid counsels of Pomponia, to whom she communicated her uneasiness, and who vainly advised her not to rack her bosom with unnecessary scruples. "It might be," she told her, that "Pudens was, or would become, a Christian before marriage—or her influence would undoubtedly make him one afterwards; and there could be no real harm," she assured her, "provided she felt

* Chap. 6. v. 14.

sufficient confidence in her own ability to withstand the seductions to which she might be exposed. "Indeed," concluded Pomponia, with strange self-deception, "I think it betrays a want of fortitude to shun the encounter with such a temptation."

Nothing can exhibit more strongly the contrast of characters in these two individuals, than the simple but saint-like answer of Claudia.

"True," she replied, with tears, "I think that it does betray a want of fortitude; and I am ashamed of it: but God will grant me more, I trust, before the day of trial."

One might have expected that Pomponia's habitual melancholy and timidity would be dispelled by her sister convert; and that having been the honoured means of conducting a lamb to the fold of the church, that she would feel a portion, however small, of that pleasure which swells the bosoms of the bright spirits above,

When hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

But no, a little before the dreaded day of

trial arrived, her timid mind suggested to her the possible consequences of her own conduct in being instrumental to Claudia's conversion; and her dreams were haunted with informers and accusations, and with visions of tribunals and tortures, and with appalling apparitions of death! She, therefore, entreated Claudia not to divulge her new opinions, without her consent.

“Above all things,” she said, “tell them not to Pudens, as by so doing you would expose me to inevitable death, and possibly draw upon him the same fate; for the violence of his love might induce him to renounce idolatry, and he might suffer the penalty of martyrdom in this life, without ensuring its future and eternal reward.”

Poor Claudia promised secrecy, and was thus deprived of the counsels of better advisers, and forced to bear this heart-rending struggle in solitude and silence. Had she been able to submit her case to St. Paul, there is no doubt that her scruples would have been removed, and that, satisfied with the sincerity of her faith, he would have encouraged her love, and have endeavoured to turn it to the

conversion of her intended husband : and she might then have been another Bertha.* At all events, she would have received guidance for her future conduct ; but this consolation was precluded by the cruel promise of secrecy extorted from her by the timidity of Pomponia. Nor was this all, she was not only deprived of her physician, but of her remedy ; for she was debarred using that influence, which affection naturally gave, in attempting the conversion of her lover ; and unconverted, she must not marry him : so that he appeared lost to her, both for time and for eternity. The dreadful alternative, therefore, seemed unavoidable, either of renouncing her alliance with Pudens, or her connection with the church—her love, or her religion—her happiness here, or her bliss hereafter !

It is not of course for us to describe the alternations of this conflict, which were known only to herself and her God ; but some idea of the pangs which it cost her may be formed

* Bertha was the queen of the Anglo Saxon King, Ethelbert, and being a Christian, very much facilitated the introduction of Christianity into these realms. See 1, Corinth. 7. 16.

from the circumstance, that the part of her MSS. copy of the Epistle to the Corinthians, which contained the passage which has been cited, was so steeped in tears as to be perfectly illegible !

CHAPTER VI.

Ah whence yon glare
 That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon ?

• • • •
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men,
 Inebriate with rage :—loud and more loud
 The discord grows !

QUEEN MAB.

IT was a calm summer evening, in the midst
 of June, when the galley which bore Pudens to
 Rome had almost gained its longed-for haven.

A lovelier night never hushed a care-worn
 world to rest. The moon shone full on the
 Tyrrhenian waves, whose ever varying surface
 broke the beams into a thousand lights and
 shades, and exhibited a glittering strife of
 beautiful colours, for which artists indeed have
 no name, as canvas has never yet represented
 them, but which bore no slight resemblance to

the changing hues of molten metal. The only sound was the splash of the well-timed oars, and the hoarse murmur of the vessel's prow breasting the briny billows.

The sluggish motion of the half-becalmed ship was, in some measure compensated for by the tranquil beauty of the scene; but still Pudens could not help feeling impatient at the delay; and to beguile this impatience, he drew forth his tablets, and, reclining on the deck, composed the following—

ANACREONTIC TO CLAUDIA.

'Tis sweet on the beautiful sky to gaze,
 As the night steals o'er progressively,
 And to watch through the evening's silvery haze
 The star-beams flit successively;
 But 'twere sweeter, my Claudia, to watch thy soft eye,
 Where love sheds its radiance so rapturously!

And 'tis sweet to repose near the coral caves,
 Which the naiads of ocean have deck'd with pearls,
 When the spice-breathing zephyr sweeps over the waves
 So lightly, it scarce the silk pennon unfurls;
 But 'twere sweeter, my Claudia, thy soft lips to press,
 And to drink in thy soul-soothing sigh of caress!

Hardly had Pudens finished these voluptuous stanzas, when his attention was excited by

an unusual brightness of the atmosphere in the direction in which his well-tutored eye sought for the capital. As they approached the mouth of the Tiber, the very waves seemed reddened with more than a sunset glow; and some of the superstitious sailors declared that the river poured a stream of blood into the sea! To increase their apprehensions, an old chronicler on board reminded them that this was the anniversary of the conflagration of Rome by the Gauls; and that precisely the same period had now elapsed since the Gallic invasion, as had intervened between that event and the foundation of Rome:* “And there is no doubt,” added he, “that such calamities are periodical, and that something very similar has happened now!”

The inference seemed borne out by the facts: for the fervid atmosphere exhibited, as they advanced, a more unequivocal brightness; and flashes ever and anon broke forth of the most terrific magnitude!

The awful truth at length burst upon their astonished minds, that the city was in flames!

It is impossible to describe the horror which

* Tac. Ann. xv, 41.

thrilled their hearts at this discovery. Was it another Gallic invasion?—And had the enemy destroyed the capital, while they had been establishing peace in the extremities of the empire? Tears rolled down the most rugged cheeks; but they were tears of rage rather than grief, and prompted by patriotism rather than private loss; although it must be confessed that disappointment at having all their hopes thus blasted, was mingled with nobler feelings.

Pudens dashed away the scalding drop from his eyes, that he might have a more distinct view, still clinging to the hope that it was but a casual fire, but when he saw it towering forth in all directions, it appeared too unequivocally the work of incendiaries.

“Ah well!” said he, “if thou, proud city, art doomed to perish, I have not come from Britain in vain to perish with thee; for base indeed is the man who can survive thee! Nay,” he added, “though thou art but my adopted parent, I shall esteem myself happy if, before throwing myself on thy funeral pile, I may feed the flames with but one of thy foes!”

Leaping ashore, in a state almost approaching phrensy, he drew his sword, and, rushing

through the gates, ascended the Mount Palatine, from whence he had a distinct view of this terrific scene. At first, one huge pyramid of flame, whose base seemed to include one half of the city, and whose summit pierced the clouds, concealed its own aliment from his sight. The wind becoming more violent humbled this flame, and sweeping off its crest, reduced it to one vast level lake of fire ; out of which rose the mouldering ruins of temples and amphitheatres, and, above all, the blackened pile of the Circus Maximus, rearing its head like some gigantic rock. Again the fiery element was victorious, and the lake became an ocean, whose fiery billows rolled in awful grandeur ! The wind once more passed over these billows, and checked their pride ; and, like a forest of pines, they bowed their taper heads, as though to avoid the blast ; but, like the pines, they raised them again almost immediately !

Pudens stood for a moment absolutely paralysed with the appalling sublimity of this spectacle : his sword fell from his hand, and all the faculties of his soul seemed absorbed in astonishment ! He soon recovered, however, from this paroxysm, as single objects of deso-

lation arrested his attention. When he beheld the thrice ancient fane of Evander, and the thrice hallowed temple of Vesta in flames before him ; and when he saw at his feet the chapel of Jupiter Stator, and the palace of Numa—the one coeval with the city herself, and the other with her laws,—already a shapeless mass, serving, like some flood mark, to shew how far the fiery tide had reached,—when his eye wandered over these ruins, which he could hardly identify ; he wrung his hands in agony, and hastened down to the scene of desolation.*

At every step, his way was obstructed by some inestimable relic of religion, or antiquity, like wrecks thrown on the shore by the retiring surges of flame. Here was a mouldering fragment of the palladium, which the Vestal virgins had, with peril, snatched from the consuming temple, and were now wildly weeping over it. There, was a molten mass of Corinthian metal, resembling a pool of uncooled lava, which once had been a beautiful statue, the pride of the temple of Diana, whose antiquity and illustrious founder, Tullius Hostilius, had been unable to preserve it from the general destruction !

* Tac. Ann. xv. 41. et not.

The streets of Rome were, at all times, very intricate and narrow,* the ground appearing to be promiscuously occupied, rather than laid out in any regular design. With all these super-added obstructions, therefore, it would have been utterly impossible to thread the labyrinth, but for the clue afforded by the Tiber, which never so well deserved its epithet of ‘yellow’ as now; when, instead of reflecting the gorgeous palace of Numa, or the holy temple of Vesta, in its pride-swollen bosom,† it mirrored the flames which marked out its bank, content to hurry forward in its shrunken channel, and resembling ‘fierce Phlegethon, with waves of torrent fire.’

Had Pudens, indeed, embarked on Phlegethon itself, he would hardly have been wafted to scenes of greater desolation and misery than he now entered. The crash of falling houses—the groans of the wounded—the shrieks of the fearful—the cries of the helpless—and the moans of the dying; here, young men perilling

* Tac. Ann. xv., c. 38, et not.

† Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ.

Hor. lib. 1., Ode. 2.

their lives in carrying off a palsied father—there, delicate females rushing into the flames to save their children : old age rudely dragged forth from its last living retreat ; and sickness unceremoniously snatched from its couch ! Every countenance haggard, and distracted with fatigue, terror, or anxiety ! Fathers counting or recounting their families, to see if any were missing, and seeking those again in the fire who were only lost in the crowd ! Hurrying off they knew not whither ; and returning again for they knew not what ! Multitudes trampling each other to death, because they dared not encounter such a calamity alone !

The citizens appeared quite panic struck : Pudens attempted in vain to learn from them who were the authors of this direful visitation. They seemed too distracted to understand the question, although often repeated ; nor could he get any answer until a hoary headed senator, whom he saw standing before the Temple of Venus, tearing his venerable locks and bewailing his country, pointed out to him a band at the head of which was a tall Moor, who happened to be one of the Emperor's eunuchs. This wretch was actually applying

a torch to a heap of prepared combustibles just within the porch of the sacred and beautiful edifice !

Pudens, maddened at the sight rushed upon him, and transfixing him with one stroke of his sword, left him weltering amid the burning pile which he had collected. His mischievous purpose, however, was not frustrated ; for the torch falling from his hand, ignited the combustibles, and the flames instantly communicated with a painting on the walls, and would have reached the interior of the building if our hero had not torn down the canvass. With imminent peril, too, he directed, and assisted in the removal of the statue of the goddess ; but was not so fortunate as to preserve her costly shrine from the depredations of plunderers.

This service effected, Pudens thought, as a soldier, that the Emperor had the most claim upon his services, particularly as the fire was pouring with unabated fury along the Sacred Way, and towards the gardens of Mæcenas, in which was the favourite imperial residence. Nero had remained at Antium hitherto ; but as the conflagration, which had now raged for four days, was approaching his domains, he

had returned to Rome. Pudens, accordingly, hastened to the palace to proffer his assistance.

On his way thither, as he was passing the Temple of Evil Fortune, which was not far from the gardens, and which was wrapt in flames, a most affecting calamity occurred. A palsied, age-stricken man was borne, or rather dragged along, on a cumbersome couch, close to the burning building, by two of his sons. The cripple had observed a tottering column a few feet before them, about to fall; and with that instinctive impulse which terror alone could supply, he leapt from his couch, although he had not been able to use his limbs for many months. The burden being thus unexpectedly lightened, his sons fell forward; and the fiery mass was precipitated upon them! Half crushed, half burnt to death, they struggled for a few moments, and then expired in dreadful agonies; but the phrensied father, conscious of having been the innocent cause of their death, seized the glowing column, with the vain attempt to remove it, and never relaxed his grasp, until half consumed, although unheeding his sufferings, he shared his children's fate; while his wife, a respectable Roman

matron, who had followed at a little distance, was only prevented by force from doing the same. Leaving this desolating scene with feelings hardly to be described, Pudens hastened to the palace: but, what was his horror and indignation, when, on approaching the tower of Mæcenas, the first object which caught his sight was Nero standing in a conspicuous part of the Tower, clad in a stage habit, with harp in hand, singing the destruction of Troy, and occasionally interrupting his performance, to comment on the sublimity of the spectacle, which he was viewing with infinite delight!*

Pudens had had his heart almost rent with the agonizing shrieks of the helpless victims, whom he had just left; and the moans of the bereaved mother were still ringing in his ears: but these were music, compared with the mocking strain which issued from that accursed harp, which faithfully responded to the inhuman pleasure which the tyrant felt, and which the poet has so well described:—

Nero

High over flaming Rome, with savage joy
Lower'd like a fiend, drank with enraptured ear
The shrieks of agonizing death, beheld

* Suet. in Ner. 38.

The frightful desolation spread, and felt
A new created sense within his soul
Thrill to the sight, and vibrate to the sound!

SHELLEY.

Whatever loyalty our hero felt—and he was not devoid of that ennobling quality, without which a soldier would be little better than a chartered homicide—it was counterbalanced by the disgust excited by the Emperor's conduct: he resolved not to mar his *amusement!* but, leaving the imperial domains to the mercy of the less merciless element, to use his efforts where, if not better employed, they might be better appreciated.

He could have wished to present himself before his mistress; but feeling assured that the residence of Pomponia, from its situation, was not exposed to any danger, he felt it his duty to attend to the calls of humanity rather than obey the dictates of love; and, therefore, to his credit be it spoken, he did not remit his exertions all that night, nor the ensuing day, but continued his labours until he was so exhausted by fatigue that he could hardly crawl to a tavern! Great as were his exertions, however, he was not without reward; for the preservation of a considerable part of the city was the

consequence of his judicious counsels, in urging the pulling down of several large edifices on the Esquilian hill, by which means the progress of the flames was arrested. Nevertheless, on retiring to rest, the next evening, he was so fatigued, that notwithstanding the din and tumult which prevailed around him, he slept for nearly twenty-four hours without intermission ; and on awaking from his *nap* had the pleasure to find that the conflagration had ceased !

CHAPTER VII.

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of Fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour,
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell.

LALLA ROOKH.

PUDENS, having discharged his duties to the public, now attended to his own private affairs, and hastened to see the object of his affections; but not until he had unpacked a beautiful necklace or corslet of pearls, which he had been commissioned by Arviragus to convey to his daughter, to enable her to make a suitable present to her kind protectress Paulina. Having carefully placed this in his bosom, he almost flew to the house of Pomponia. There, fresh as a young eagle—in all the bloom of health, and with eyes radiant with love and hope, he presented himself at the door, and hurrying impatiently past the porter, his arri-

val was hardly announced before he clasped his loved Claudia in his arms !

His imagination had been feasting on her beauties in his absence; and remembrance of her had solaced many a tedious hour, when the sluggish wave seemed resolved to bear him no further in his lonely course over the wide sea. Reality, however, exceeded even imagination! His mistress was more beautiful, because more womanly than when he parted from her, and her paleness now yielded to the most witching blushes. Happy youth ! His midnight watchings, and weary marches,—and ocean's perils, all seemed compensated by the rapture of that embrace !

But who shall describe the feelings of Claudia ! She would have fain withheld her eyes from encountering her lover's, but she could not help stealing a timid glance, at his fine soldier-like figure, and handsome face, which presented a striking contrast with the pallid features half shrouded with sea-weed which still remained imaged in her mind. For a moment her opinions, her resolves—heaven itself was forgotten : her soul was melted and absorbed by the passionate glances of those eyes which now seemed to dart sunbeams. She sank almost overpowered in his arms, but was soon re-

called to consciousness by his burning kisses, which he showered like lava upon her: returning consciousness brought with it all those feelings, which had been banished but momentarily by surprise; and a sense of her situation, of her destinies, and of her duties, at once flashed across her mind. She gently disengaged herself, and was about to summon an expression of reserve which would have repressed the too ardent advances of her lover; but the gaze of passion, with which he first greeted her had subsided into a smile so unutterably kind, that again she felt her courage wane, and her heart dissolve, as it had done before. Tears, but not words, flowed for her relief; but they drew from Pudens such compassionate tenderness as only increased them; and had he not wisely ceased to soothe, they might have flowed for ever.

As earthly weakness thus ebbed forth in tears, celestial resolution seemed to supply its place. But oh! what a cruel resolution did it appear! "Must I," thought she, "destroy his long and faithfully cherished hopes; and what is worse, not tell him wherefore? Oh God!" she prayed internally, "who hast promised to

give us strength according to our need, be it now according to thy word."

Her prayer seemed to have prevailed, and she felt renewed courage.

"Pudens!" said she tremblingly, resolved to disclose to him his fate.

Pudens looked up, and she had a full view of his fine countenance, lighted up by all that was amiable and expressive. Again earth prevailed, his sentence died upon her lips. She blushed, and hung down her head, and half concealed her face with her hands, while the big tears again filled her dark blue eyes.

Her lover thought it would be more kind to allow nature to take her own course ; and therefore paced the room backwards and forwards, to allow her time to recover herself. Slight as was the attention which his surcharged mind could bestow on any other object than his soul's idol, he could not help noticing that her harp seemed thrown aside, and that garments of different kinds, and other articles, apparently designed for the relief of those suffering by the late calamity, were laid up in different parcels, as though she had been engaged in assorting them for distribution.

After an interval of some minutes, during which her lips were seen to move, either in silent ejaculations, or from convulsive affection, she intimated a wish to resume the conversation, and uttered the name 'Pudens;' but her countenance became so deadly pale, and she pronounced the word so sadly, and so solemnly, and with such suppressed emotion, that her lover, unable to bear the suspense, fell back as though an arrow had transpierced him. His face became as blanched as her's, and his eyes wild with terror.

"Speak, Claudia," he said; "ye gods! what wouldst thou say, Claudia! Art thou dying?—speak—but look not so!"

"Be not alarmed," she replied; her tone becoming more mild, and her features assuming a heavenly composure and loveliness.—

Pudens still perceived something unearthly about her manner, which made him feel very unhappy; and he replied, "But I *am* alarmed, my Claudia.—Are you not well?—Are you not happy?"

"Yes," Claudia answered, kindly, "I am well, and I am—happy." (This last word was pronounced in a very quavering manner,) "but—but—"

“ But what ?” interrupted Pudens, anxiously. “ Ye Gods !—but what, my Claudia ?”

“ Only—” replied Claudia, with the meekness, and solemnity of a dying saint, “ only that you must not call me *your* Claudia.”

“ Not call you *my* Claudia ?—Not call you *my* Claudia ?” raved Pudens, wildly, as though not giving credence to his own ears.

His beloved one was too much terrified at his manner, and too much overpowered with her own feelings, to be able to reply.

“ Thou hast not broken thy vow ?” asked the agonized Pudens.

Poor Claudia could not reply.

“ Traiteress !—deceiver !” exclaimed her frantic lover, with terrible emotion. “ Thou hast !—Thy silence condemns thee !”

The poor girl could only weep ; and the wild turmoil of Pudens’s passion subsided into a more poignant, but less clamorous sorrow.

“ Oh, Claudia ! Claudia !” he repeated in a tone of the deepest anguish, wringing his hands, and could add no more. His quivering lips and upraised eye, almost broke her heart ; and as soon as she could sufficiently control her feelings to speak, she advanced

towards him, to endeavour to soothe him, but was repulsed with withering coldness.

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had froz'n his blood.
 So mazed and motionless was he;—
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or some mute, marble habitant
 Of the still walls of Ishmonic.*

Just at this moment a cry of fire! fire! was raised; and the door being opened, the building appeared to be environed with flames! The fire, which proceeded from the renewed incendiarism of Rome, had reached the cedared roof of the Atrium, and blocks of the marble columns, and of the alabaster copings, were falling in all directions. It must have been raging for some time; but the souls of Pudens and Claudia had been so engrossed, that they had been no more disturbed by it than the combatants at Thrasymene were by the earthquake.

Pomponia was not at home, and the other

* A petrified city in Upper Egypt.

members of the household had escaped, and so intent had they been on their own preservation, that, with one exception, they had all forgotten Claudia; and now a fiery chasm intervened, rendered almost impassable by the burning rafters and glowing fragments, which strewed the pavement, and darkened by the smoke and steam which proceeded from the hot embers, falling into the impluvium.

Immediate danger produced a singular change in the conduct of the two lovers. As soon as the first pause of astonishment had elapsed, Pudens said, "Well, Claudia, I will save you *now*, for whomsoever it may be."

"Nay, save yourself," said Claudia; "haste—haste—before the flames reach this apartment, and leave me here;—for I cannot follow you. Leave me, I pray you, and save yourself."

Her fears were occasioned by the *matériel* of her dress; which, being linen, would expose her to peculiar peril in walking through the fire.

"For whom should I save myself? said Pudens, somewhat sternly; as he threw around her some of the less combustible garments which she had been making."

“ Stop! stop!” said Claudia, “ I have left a little book in that cabinet—”

“ Nay, we must stop for nothing,” said her preserver; and having hastily folded her in woollen, he snatched her up in his arms, and seeing the beams and ornaments falling from the fretted roof, placed his helmet upon her head, and carried her safely forth amid the plaudits of the spectators.

Having deposited her in a place of safety, he rejoined the scene of danger, encountering peril after peril, in such a heedless manner, as to exhibit, what indeed he felt—a perfect recklessness of life. After engaging himself, for some time, wherever any hazardous enterprise was to be found, he recollected Claudia’s little book, which was, indeed, a scroll of the gospel of St. Matthew; and with fate-provoking audacity, he walked through the flames and clambered over the burning ruins in quest of it, as though determined to seek death.

Half suffocated, he groped about in alternate darkness and flashes, until he found the object of his search; but in returning, his feet were so burnt, that before he reached the outer door, he fell prostrate on the floor, and a piece of the entablature of a column falling upon

his unprotected head, stunned him ! In this senseless condition he lay for some time, and in all probability would have perished, had not some stranger taken him up, and carried him away to his own house.

It only remains to be said, in reference to this second fire, that it was the fiendish work of the monster Tigellinus, supposed to have been done at the instigation of Nero, in order that the old city might be destroyed, and that another, *honoured* with his own name, might be built in its place ! It raged unintermittingly for three whole days, and was at last subdued with great difficulty, and not until it had so far aided the work of its immediate predecessor, that together, they destroyed three of the fourteen regions into which Rome was divided, and reduced to a miserable state of ruin and desolation seven more, leaving only four uninjured !*

* Tac. Ann xv. c. 41.

CHAPTER VIII.

Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too
much light.

CHILDE HAROLD.

IT so happened that the house into which Pudens had been taken, was the residence of a slave of Epaphroditus, one of Nero's freedmen. Here he lay for some weeks in a delirious state, raving about Britain and Lucan, and above all, about Claudia. It was probably to this latter circumstance, that he owed the preservation of his life: for the master of the house recognized in him the person who had slain his companion on the evening of the fire; but having heard him mention the name of Claudia, and judging Claudia to be the British lady of whom Tigellinus was enamoured, he thought that his

interest might be promoted by deferring his revenge, and eliciting all the information which he could from his patient, in order to ingratiate himself with the Emperor's favourite.

One morning, as Pudens was reclining on his couch, before he was able to get abroad, he heard the following conversation in an adjoining apartment :

"This young fellow," said one voice, "maintains that pain, and all the other evils of life, of which we complain, are merely imaginary, and exist only in opinion."

"There is a very easy method of testing that," said another voice, "a stripe or two on the young philosopher's shoulders will prove the truth of the matter ; and I am sure he will think truth cheaply purchased at the expense of a few twitches."

"An excellent thought," replied the first voice ; "but I think I can improve upon it.—Here, young philosopher, give me your leg."

A few moments elapsed, when a younger voice, as of one suffering some violence, was heard to exclaim, "You will break my leg, I am sure you will."

This exclamation was repeated two or three times, each time with increasing earnestness ;

until, at last, a crush was heard, and the second voice exclaimed, "By Jove! you have broken his leg!"

The younger voice was then heard, indistinctly, and apparently with great difficulty, to say, "I told you that you would break my leg."

The noise of attendants, which now succeeded, rendered it impossible to distinguish the voices any longer.

Pudens had heard enough to excite his horror, commiseration, and curiosity; and one of the first things which he did, on finding that the bustle had subsided, and that the apartment was cleared, was to repair thither. There he found a poor deformed young slave, with a broken leg, who, I need not inform my classical readers, was the person afterwards so well known, and so justly celebrated, as the stoic philosopher Epictetus! His cruel master Epaphroditus had been wantonly torturing him to try his fortitude, and having fractured his limb, only elicited from him the mild complaint, "I told you that you would break my leg!"

Pudens's interest and compassion for the youthful philosopher soon ripened into a warm

attachment; and while himself confined to the house, he was often a visitor at the bed side of Epictetus. It was surprising to hear the latter, although necessarily suffering the most severe pain, conversing with cheerfulness: nay, stranger still, notwithstanding his own suffering, he actually undertook to administer consolation to the heart-stricken Pudens, and would collect his shattered strength, to argue in support of his beloved philosophy!

Seeing him one morning, in a very desponding mood, and wishing to alleviate his grief, he told him an anecdote of a person who had lost his only son, the solace of his heart, and the hope of his age. He drew a very affecting picture of the affliction of the bereaved father, and of course, did not fail to elicit from Pudens strong expressions of condolence. He then gradually drew away the conversation to other topics, until the tale of sorrow seemed forgotten; when, after a desultory conversation, he thus again recurred to it:—"I know not, young master, what may be the cause of your grief; but, before you indulge in it again to such excess, remember how you were affected by the tale which I have just told you; and how soon you have forgotten it! Why should your

sorrow, at another's affliction be so transient, and at your own so lasting ?”*

This singular address led to an interesting, if not consoling, dissertation on the ills of life ; which, the stoic maintained, principally arose from opinion, and consequently, that the only cure for them was an indifference to opinion.

“Think,” said he, “how few real evils there are, compared with those which proceed from opinion !† Luxury, which is the cause of so much oppression and dishonesty, and when fortune frowns, too, of so much distress, is a mere vice of opinion. It is not that an army of servants promotes one's comfort, or that being deprived of one half of our luxuries is a real hardship; it is only opinion which endears them. An athletic man, in health, would much rather walk, than be helplessly whirled about in a carriage ; but deprive him of his troublesome litter, and let him, when on foot, encounter his former associates, and no man would deem himself more wretched. It is in vain to rave about political freedom, when we are such slaves to opinion !”

Pudens availed himself of the pause which

* Epict. Enchirid. c. 33.

† Ibid. cap. 10.

followed this philippic, to observe, that he admitted that there was a great deal of truth in what Epictetus had said ; but, for himself, that he considered whatever is accordant with nature, to be conducive to our well-being ; and that we are not endued by the Gods with any natural, or instinctive feeling, which is not beneficial in its proper exercise.—“ It cannot be questioned,” he continued, “ that a regard to the opinion of others is a natural feeling ; and it only remains to prove that it is beneficial in its operation ; which, I think, will not be disputed by any person, who reflects on the restraint which it imposes upon those who are beyond the reach of all moral or political laws.”

“ I admit your general proposition as to the wisdom and beneficence displayed in the designs of nature and providence,” replied Epictetus ; “ and I think that to trace that wisdom and beneficence is our noblest employment ; for God has introduced man into the world to be a spectator of himself and his works ; and not a spectator only, but an interpreter of them : and I admit also, that public opinion is a very powerful corrective, and might be made much more equal than any law ; for let a crime be thought ridiculous, and it will soon be fore-

sworn; and let public opinion be enlisted on the side of any virtue, and the most vicious characters will not dare offend:—but,” said he, “I am speaking of things as they *are*, rather than as they *ought to be*; and you will find that public opinion is precisely the reverse of what it should be. A man is valued according to the gifts of fortune, rather than the acquisitions of merit. As an example—genius is commended more than industry; whereas the former is a divine gift, the latter is a human virtue. So again, a person is honoured for his personal beauty, for his high birth, and for a thousand other adventitious things, over which he has no control, and is despised for his want of them, though they are wholly out of his reach. Voluntary poverty, such as Seneca’s, is admired; and involuntary indigence, such as mine, is despised. Now if poverty itself be a crime, Seneca and I are equally poor, and therefore equally criminal; but if no crime can exist independent of the exercise of the will, Seneca has offended and not I; for my poverty exists, despite of my will!”

“True,” said Pudens, “and the judgment of mankind, where it is not absolutely contrary in its nature, is very often extremely unjust

in degree, of which I will give you an instance :—I was observing a lad playing with his ball in a tennis-court, some time since ; and I saw him catch his ball *nineteen* times in succession ; but on the *twentieth* time the ball fell to the ground :—‘ You clumsy little urchin !’ said I, and turning on my heel, left him. Reflecting afterwards upon the circumstance, I thought, such is the judgment of the world ! Nineteen times has this boy shown his dexterity, and I have scarcely heeded it ; *once* has he failed, and I have forgotten all but this one unfortunate failure, and pronounced him a clumsy urchin ! How does this resemble the conduct of the Athenians towards their generals ! How truly does it accord with our harsh opinions of each other !”

“ Your reflection is very just,” said Epic-
tetus ; “ but mankind err less in their want of charity, great as that is, than in their excessive laxity. Many vices are actually deemed virtues by public opinion : and there are few, even of the most odious, which are not tolerated under false names. I recollect that Thucydides* tells us, that, in a civil commotion among the Corcyrians, the people confused and reversed the

* Thucyd. lib. iii. cap. 82.

names of virtues and vices : and so it is now, and so it ever will be, when public opinion is not rectified by a higher standard : so that, I think, you will own, that if it is a restraint upon some vices, it is a license for others."

" I do not mean," replied Pudens, " to substitute public opinion for conscience ; but I mean to say, that considering that it has a powerful influence on human conduct, it is the duty of those who can control it, not to neglect it, but to endeavour to make use of it to promote the interests of virtue : and I think a contempt of the opinion of others proceeds too often from arrogance, and an exaggerated notion of our own superiority. If we respect a person, as wiser than ourselves, which is the only legitimate claim which his judgment has on our respect ; his opinion will, necessarily and unavoidably, be esteemed by us ; and if we think no person wiser than ourselves, I fear we shall evince a self-conceit ill becoming philosophers !"

" I do not coincide with you," said Epictetus ; " for I think that a true philosopher ought to feel, and ought to inculcate, an indifference to praise and censure, and indeed a perfect con-

tempt for opinion;* nor will he fail to remember what I before stated, that it is not from things themselves, but from our opinions of them, that half the ills of life proceed. Death, for instance, is not terrible, as Socrates himself acknowledged; but the opinion that death is terrible, makes it terrible.”†

“My good friend,” observed Pudens, “you are like many other professors of extreme doctrines,—much better than you profess; for your allusion to Socrates, shews your reverence for his opinion.”

Epictetus could not help smiling at being detected in this little inconsistency; and the entrance of the surgeon saved him the immediate exercise of his ingenuity in repairing this breach in his system.

In this manner did the two invalids attempt, and not without success, to amuse and console each other: but, as it is far more difficult to administer to a mind diseased, than to restore the ailing body, Pudens continued a close prisoner as long as Epictetus; nor could he help feeling, at times, that the stoical tenets of the latter prevented the display of those kind-

* Enchir. cap. 72.

† Enchir. cap. 10.

lier sympathies which constitute the very balm of friendship; which indeed were not wanting in the bosom of Epictetus, although the genial current was iced over by a frigid philosophy.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord! how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee.
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of Heaven and learn the way.

WATT'S INFANT HYMNS.

WHEN Pudens became convalescent, the events which had happened since his last return to Rome seemed, one after the other, to recur to his memory; but as stragglingly and unconnectedly as the disorganized band of mourners returning from a funeral. He retained broken recollections of sorrowful scenes and sad incidents; but they succeeded each other in such wild confusion, that it was long before he could form a distinct idea of his situation. The shock, which his affections and hopes had received from Claudia being the most painful, was one of the first circumstances which recurred to him; and as it was hardly possible

for imagination to aggravate this, his memory was content to present the simple reality. He therefore resolved, as soon as he could get abroad, to lose no time in obtaining another interview. But where was that interview to take place? Claudia's former residence was a heap of ruins; and he could find no clue whatever, to lead him to her present abode. One night as he wandered listlessly about the streets of Rome, his attention was incidentally attracted by an unusual light in the Emperor's garden. "Surely," thought he, "there is another conflagration;" but on directing his steps thither, he beheld an illumination, as though in celebration of some public event. Figures, like statues were ranged at brief intervals, covered with some highly inflammable substance; which burnt so brightly as even to rival the light of the sun. They formed the boundaries of a chariot course, down which the Emperor was driving, clad in the habit of a common charioteer!

Pudens advanced towards the line, to have a better view of the performance, when the burning statue near him seemed to move; and, to his infinite horror, he discovered that it was

—a human being enveloped in flames!—nay, that each mass of fire was a living mortal!* To describe his feelings would be impossible. The scene swam before his eyes; a cold shuddering seized his debilitated frame; and was followed by a violent sickness.

It was a considerable time before he was sufficiently recovered to ask who these tortured wretches were, and what was their crime; but on doing so, one of the bystanders replied: “I can tell you who they are;—they are Christians; but as for their crime, it is not so easy to say what *that* is. They are accused of having set the city on fire: but no one believes the accusation to be true. They are, however, I believe,” continued “he, a miserably superstitious set of misanthropes:—but, hush! hush!—this poor half burnt wretch is saying something.”—

“By Jove he is praying for us.”

* Tac. Ann. xv. 44. et Not. Brotieri.—Suet. in Nerone. cap. 16.

Juvenal thus alludes to the persecutions of the Christians

Pone Tigellinum: tæda lucebis in illa,
Quà stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant
Et latum media sulcum diducis arena.

Juv. Sat. i. v. 155.

Martial also refers to their sufferings, Lib. x, Epig. 25.

“Nonsense!” interposed another. “He is praying to us, perhaps; and much good may it do him.”

“Nay, hark!” replied the other; “he is praying that this sin may not be laid to our charge.”

“Then,” rejoined the other, “it is infamous cruelty to burn this poor wretch! even if he has helped to set the city on fire; for he is certainly mad—mad beyond all question, as well as beyond all cure!”

“It is my opinion,” said another, “that the greater number of them are mad; for I heard that fellow, on that high cross yonder, which is set up as a goal, actually singing! and this morning I saw one of them don the skin of a wild beast, to be torn in pieces by the British mastiffs, with as much pleasure as a boy feels in putting on, for the first time, the *Toga Virilis*!”

Pudens turned away from this revolting spectacle, sick at heart; and with that desponding wretchedness, which a compassionate heart feels at the sight of irremediable woe, he wandered forth, not knowing whither to direct his steps.

Nor would he have found consolation in his

own feelings, could he have excluded the impressions produced by the scenes of sorrow and sufferings which surrounded him; so cruel a shock had his hopes and affections sustained from the mysterious and inexplicable behaviour of Claudia. He knew that her conduct could not proceed from caprice, and that her heart was no dwelling-place for feminine fickleness. He had seen, and seen with terror, the mental conflict which she endured, and which had convulsed her delicate frame, and banished the colour from her cheeks to her eye-lids. Her soft blue eyes, too, he thought, had never expressed so much tenderness; but the words, '*You must not call me your's*', uttered with a voice as decided as it was meek—as firm as it was feminine—rang constantly in his ears like a knell, not only forbidding hope, but almost inquiry. With a wounded spirit, therefore, did he roam about the ruins of the city, whose kindred desolation harmonized with his feelings.

As Pudens pursued his way, the noise of revelry fell louder and louder upon his aching ears—

Sadder than owl shrieks, or the midnight blast :

and from the number of torches carried in procession he judged, and judged truly, that the mirthful clamour was caused by Nero, and some of his debauched companions, returning from their horrible amusement. They were approaching in the most riotous manner, assaulting every person whom they encountered in their progress.

As Pudens was seeking how to avoid this company of incarnate fiends, he saw the door of a mean looking house unlatched, and walked in. Having closed the door behind him, he listened for any sound which might determine his steps, and overheard a voice which seemed to proceed from some upper apartment. Thither he accordingly directed his course, and seeing an unusual light through the crevice of the door, he opened it gently, and entered the room unperceived.

To his surprise, he beheld a large concourse of people listening to some person who was addressing them, and on whose discourse they were hanging with breathless attention. The orator was of rather diminutive stature, and spoke with some little hesitation; but there was an earnestness about his manner, and a sublimity in his language, which entranced his

audience, the greater number of whom were weeping around him. A celestial glow seemed diffused over his whole countenance as he pursued his discourse :

“ Yes, brethren !” said he, “ Here indeed is balm for the broken heart !—Weep, then, for your sins ; but weep not for your sorrows. Had your eyes beheld the glorious visions which have gladdened mine—had your breasts ever felt the raptures which have overpowered mine ;—no tear could ever again bedim your eyes ; no groan could ever again escape your breasts. But those visions are indescribable ; and those raptures are unutterable : eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, heart hath not conceived, the happiness which awaits you. I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glories which shall be revealed : for our light afflictions, which are but for a season, work out for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.”

As the speaker was uttering these last words, his eye for the first time fell upon the armed figure of Pudens ; and his countenance was blanched for a moment, doubtless judging from his military accoutrements, that he was a

messenger of death to them. It was but for a moment, however; and his features immediately recovered their wonted calmness: and his eye seemed lighted up with a superhuman radiance as he pursued his discourse:—

“It is possible, my brethren!—Nay, it is very probable, that we shall not all meet again; for death surrounds, and tortures await us: but death will but hasten our happiness; and tortures will, from contrast, increase it. Nay, the flames which burn so brightly yonder will but serve, like Elijah’s fiery chariot, to waft us the swifter homeward.” He then concluded his address in the same triumphant manner, and almost in the words, which *he*—for need I tell my readers that the speaker was St. Paul?—has used in his eighth chapter of his epistle to the Romans. “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ! Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—Nay—in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the

love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!" St. Paul, having finished his discourse, knelt down and prayed with his audience : and such a prayer it was as we may suppose his predecessor, St. Stephen, made, when the scales of mortality fell from his eyes, and he, ' being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God !'

An interval of some moments succeeded after he had ceased speaking, during which the audience remained in breathless silence ; and it was not until after that had elapsed, that they became sensible of the presence of their martial intruder. There seemed then, no doubt in their minds, but that he was sent to apprehend them ; and one universal shudder seemed to thrill the whole assembly. Heedless, however, of their own safety, they rushed to surround their speaker, weeping sorely, and falling upon his neck and kissing him.*

Pudens, availing himself of the confusion, stole out of the apartment, and hastened to his temporary residence, where he found his

* For an account of the mode of worship among the primitive Christians, see Caves's *Primitive Christianity*, Chap. ix, Part 1.

host carousing with some of the most profligate characters of Rome. The conversation turned upon the barbarous, or as they were pleased to call it 'amusing' spectacle, which they had witnessed; and if any thing could be more shocking to humanity than such a spectacle, it was their observations upon it.

Pleading fatigue, therefore, Pudens returned to rest, to spare his feelings the disgust which these brutal remarks, and obscene conversation caused him, resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity to seek a fresh domicile. He could not help, as he was revolving the events of the day in his mind, and endeavouring to compose himself to rest, reflecting upon the scene which he had witnessed, in the upper apartment of the obscure house which he had entered, and contrasting the Christians with their persecutors. "While the latter," said he to himself, "are torturing these innocent people in the most inhuman manner, their poor victims are actually praying for their tormentors. While Nero is glutting his cruelty with their sufferings, they are invoking the gods on his behalf, as though he had been their greatest benefactor. And there is another thing which is still

more marvellous," continued he, soliloquizing, "and that is their cheerfulness and fortitude. There were they, singing their hymns, and praising their Gods, while the flames of their comrades actually illumined their room; and those who were suffering all that human ingenuity could devise, bore their torments without a murmur! And yet," resumed he after a slight pause, his mind recurring to his own afflictions with the wonted selfishness of sorrow,—“and yet there is one thing which I do not think that they could bear, but which, nevertheless, I am called upon to bear—the blasting of all one's schemes—the betrayal of all one's affections—the annihilation of all one's hopes! Oh, Claudia! Claudia! I have played with thee as a brother; I have instructed thee as a friend: I have watched over thee as a parent: ay, and I have loved thee—Thou knowest how I have loved thee! With what rapture have I marked the development of thy beauties! Fool that I was, I thought that I saw in thy mind and thy affections the same faultless symmetry which thou hast in thy form; and now, just as thou hast ripened into perfection, and I thought that thou wert mine,

another has snatched thee from me. Oh Claudia ! Claudia ! well mayest thou flee from me!" With such reflections, and with such vain lamentations, did Pudens sink at last into his restless slumber.

CHAPTER X.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware ;
Awake ! Awake !

SONG IN THE TEMPEST.

WHILE Pudens was sleeping, his enemies were maturing a conspiracy against him, the object of which was to discover Claudia's residence, and perhaps through his means, to gain access to her for Tigellinus. Early the next morning, as he was about to go forth in quest of another lodging, a magnificent litter accompanied by a numerous retinue, who cleared the portico to make room for it, deposited the wretch, for whom these efforts were being made in the Atrium, on a visit to Pudens.

The wily courtier, assuming an air of the

most friendly familiarity, told the invalid that he had heard of his accident, and was come to offer him his condolence, and likewise to beg him to accept the shelter of his own roof, until better provided for. Pudens politely declined the last offer; and, after a mutual interchange of compliments, and a brief conversation on indifferent topics, Tigellinus thus artfully introduced the object of his visit:

“Why you look as pale, and as interesting as a poet in love. Do you court the muses?”

“Very little; I might almost say not at all,” answered Pudens. “Their sex are not very propitious to me.”

“I am sure, then, that the ladies do not show their discernment,” was the courteous reply. “But you must be referring to the women of Britain,” subjoined the speaker; “for I am sure that repulsiveness is not a very general fault among our Roman beauties.”

“I have spent so little time in Rome,” said Pudens, “that I do not know much of the Roman ladies; but different suitors, I suppose, meet different receptions. A person who would disdain the obscure Pudens, would think herself too honoured, and too happy,

to receive attentions from the noble Tigellinus."

"I have no reason to complain," observed the self-complacent courtier; "but what sort of women are they in Britain—a set of savages I suppose?"

"Not so bad as they are represented," was the reply.

"I wonder how they would bear schooling in Rome," said Tigellinus. "Did you ever try one?"

Pudens was a little posed at this question; he, however, replied,

"The Gods forefend that I should ever have the trouble of importing a woman from Britain to Rome: I should think to import a British mastiff would be a much better speculation. I suppose you know the strength and courage of these dogs, do you not?"

"I know something about them," answered his visitor, "for I have three, which cost me more than my two lions; and the purchase of my lions took very nearly half my share of the confiscation of old Lucullus's estate. But we shall know something more of the pluck of these dogs to-day; for there is to be a grand

hunt of Christians in the circus. These horrible wretches are to don the skins of wild beasts, and we are to have a glorious hunt ; which, indeed, it was one of my objects in calling, to ask you to accompany me to witness."

Pudens could hardly conceal an involuntary shudder at this proposal ; but excused himself, on account of his ill health ; which, having been referred to by his visitor himself, was a ground of apology which he could not refuse.

Our hero was just pluming himself on his success in giving the conversation such a turn, when Tigellinus, by a skilful manœuvre, brought it back again to the point from which it had diverged.

"Talking about the circus, and about British women," said he, "you know, Lucan, I dare say. He once brought a splendid British girl to the theatre with his wife. Did you ever see her ?"

There was no evading this question ; Pudens, therefore, answered in the affirmative.

"I have not seen her for a long time," observed Tigellinus ; "do you know where she is ?"

“No, I do not, indeed,” replied Pudens.

The courtier put several other very ingenious interrogatories to elicit the residence of Claudia ; but was not, of course, successful, because Pudens was as ignorant as himself :—a fact, however, of which all his asseverations failed to convince Tigellinus. The monster at last took his leave, with many protestations of friendship, but with a determination, nevertheless, to make what use he could of Pudens in promoting his designs, without the least scruple of sacrificing him, should it be necessary, or even convenient.

On quitting the house, he left strict injunctions with Epaphroditus to keep strict, but private watch over his guest, who, he doubted not, would soon direct his steps towards the abode of his mistress, and thus reveal the secret which he was so anxious to discover. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed ; for Epictetus had heard the wily scheme, and immediately forewarned Pudens against it, who consequently remained, though very reluctantly, a close prisoner.

Things continued in this perplexing state for a considerable time ; when, one day, Carus, an

intimate friend of Tigellinus, called upon Pudens, and proposed to accompany him to the baths.

Carus was not unknown to him, as one of the most notorious of that infamous class of men at Rome, called *Delatores*,* who gained their livelihood by accusations; but he thought it more polite to comply with his request, however odious, than to incur the resentment of so dangerous an enemy by a refusal. As the *Comitia*, or courts of law, lay in their way, Carus begged Pudens to excuse his absence for a few moments, while he stepped into the hall, and meanwhile to occupy himself with glancing over the teeming lists of persons accused. While the latter was thus engaged, he heard his companion reciting the usual form of accusation, called *nominis delatio*,† against some person, whose name he requested the Prætor's permission to enter in the list of the accused.

A tablet was, accordingly, given to him, upon which he wrote something, and presented it to the Prætor, who having read it, entered into a short conversation with him in an under voice.

* Juv. Sat. v. 36, and Mart. lib. xii., ep. 25.

† See Adam's and Kennett's Roman Antiquities.

At the close of this conversation, to Pudens's surprise, a lictor was dispatched to him to call his attention to the Prætor, who thus addressed him ;—

“Aulus Pudens, you stand accused of two capital offences, *crimen majestatis*, or the crime of treason ; and *crimen sacrilegii*, or the crime of sacrilege. I appoint one month from this day, for you to take your trial respecting the said crimes. Are you prepared with sureties for your appearance on that day ?”

Pudens, whose dismay and astonishment at this unexpected accusation can be better imagined than described, replied, that he had no sureties present, for he knew of no crime which could be laid to his charge ; but that, although he had not resided in Rome long enough to know that it was dangerous for an innocent person to walk the streets without sureties, yet he had resided long enough to be able to rely upon the friendly services of one or two persons, who, he felt assured, would readily come forward, and whose names were a sufficient guarantee of his innocence. He then named Seneca, Lucan, and Petronius.

Carus smiled significantly at the Prætor, who returned the smile ; and the latter told Pudens

that if he was unprepared with sureties in court, it was his duty to commit him to the custody of a centurion, to whom he consigned him accordingly, giving directions, however, that no unnecessary restraint should be used, but that he should be allowed the highest degree of liberty compatible with his safe custody, for which, of course, he should hold the centurion himself responsible.

CHAPTER XI.

Tu tempestatem, cœlo multo antè sereno,
 Prædixti sociis, nil tale timentibus augur ;
 Sed tamen è numero fracta rate defore nullum.

VIDE HYM. PAULO APOST.

'Twas thine, when cloudless shone the azure sky,
 To tell the heedless crew a storm was nigh ;
 And when the hopeless wreck bestrew'd the main,
 'Twas thine to tell them all their fears were vain.

THERE is a certain degree in the scale of affliction, beyond which calamities cease to produce their ordinary effect, and sometimes have even an opposite tendency, as water in the act of congelation is warmer than when at the freezing point, and when in the act of ebullition, is cooler than immediately before ! In accordance with this moral paradox, the treacherous cruelty of which Pudens had become a victim, did not enhance his mental sufferings, but on the contrary, afforded him

an indefinable but positive sensation of pleasure.

“ Yes,” said he to himself, in bitter mockery, “ this instance of the faithlessness of man is a very proper accompaniment to that of the fickleness of woman ; neither would be quite complete without the other.”

The chill which he had received from the conduct of Claudia, had made him so reckless of his fate, that, although he felt confident that a line from himself to either of his friends, would liberate him from custody, upon their responsibility, so far was he from writing that line, that he gloried in his imprisonment, and would rather have had his hand amputated, than have availed himself of its assistance. The only shadow of disinclination to his captivity, of which he was sensible, arose from its disabling him from prosecuting his search after Claudia, of whose fate and fortunes he could not endure being left wholly ignorant. The same recklessness, arising from hope deferred, until his heart was sick, made him perfectly indifferent as to the accusation under which he lay, and inactive as to his defence.

Although the centurion, to whose custody he

was committed, being naturally of an humane disposition, was kind and attentive, he was a strict disciplinarian, and, moreover, a very conscientious man. He felt his humanity appealed to by the unfortunate situation of his prisoner; but this did not allow him to dispense with the chain, with which it was customary to secure persons in similar circumstances;* nor did he think it consistent with his views of moral rectitude to indulge in too much familiarity, until he felt assured that his companion's character was unsullied with any real turpitude. As soon, therefore, as the unsocial sullenness produced by Pudens's sense of injustice had subsided, he availed himself of the first opportunity of inquiring into the grounds of the accusation against him. Nor did he remain long unsatisfied; for Pudens, with that frankness which characterized him, gave him more ample details of his eventful history, than were required for mere exculpation.

Henceforth, they became more friendly, and enjoyed several agreeable conversations to-

* St. Paul alludes to this chain (Acts 28, ch. 20.), where he says, for the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain.—

See *Paley's Horæ Palinæ*, ch. 6, No. 5.

gether, in the course of which, Pudens happened, one day, to give his companion an account of his former voyage to Rome, and the shipwreck, and dangers to which he had been exposed. When he had finished this part of the narrative, the Centurion, who had listened with the most marked interest, told him, to his surprise, that he, too, had been wrecked in the very same storm, at Malta, after having been tossed about for a fortnight. He related, moreover, "that a prisoner on board his vessel had foretold the storm, when the sun was shining bright, and the Alexandrian sailors had prognosticated a fair voyage; and that afterwards, when the tempest raged, and neither sun nor stars were visible, and every creak of the ship seemed the last, that the same prisoner had assured them that not a soul should perish; and that so it had happened: for, notwithstanding the vessel was dashed to pieces, on a lee shore," said the Centurion, "every individual of the crew, amounting to two hundred and seventy-six persons, escaped safely.—

Not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel!

SHAKSPEARE.

Pudens's companion and guard, indeed, narrated to him all the superhuman events, which are recorded in the 27th Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where this perilous voyage is inimitably described: for the prisoner, referred to by him was none other than St. Paul; and he who now told the tale was Julius, the Centurion of Augustus's Band!

The reader need hardly be informed that the Apostle was indebted to this Centurion for the preservation of his life: but we may infer, from the Centurion's subsequent character, that this obligation was not altogether unrequited by him who had received it. Pudens was very anxious to know what had become of this illustrious prisoner and prophet; and the Centurion told him that he had brought him to Rome, and delivered him over to the Captain of the guard, of whom he had made a proselyte; and that in the course of his journey he had performed many miracles, and amongst others, had escaped unhurt from the coils of a venomous viper!

This conversation led them to advert to the sufferings of the Christians,—

“ I pity these poor wretches with all my soul,” said Pudens; “ for—to relate what I

am afraid seems incredible—after witnessing the most revolting cruelties perpetrated upon them, I happened to enter one of their assemblies by accident, and there I heard them pray to their Gods on behalf of those very persons who were then inflicting, and luxuriating in, their sufferings.”

“Take care,” said Julius, “if you would not share their fate, you should be silent as to their merits.”

“I have no wish to share their fate, I assure you,” answered Pudens; “but I cannot help pitying it: and if I am not more deceived than I ever recollect to have been in any judgment which I have formed of my fellow-creatures, I must say that it appears to me very undeserved.”

“I do not wonder,” replied Julius, “that you are now my prisoner, if such sentiments as these escaped you, in the house of Epaphroditus; but let me recommend you, my young friend, to be more cautious.”

“As for that,” observed Pudens, “you will not betray me.”

“You have known me, as yet, but a few hours,” said Julius, “and how is it possible

for you to be sure that I shall not betray you?"

"Well," replied Pudens, "I am at your mercy, then; but I would rather be betrayed than suspect."

"You need not fear me," observed Julius, "I only wished to inculcate a little caution, than which nothing is more necessary in these perilous times; and the want of which, I think, has brought us into such close society: but, to return your frankness, I do not disagree with you in the opinion which you have expressed; and I must tell you further, that the person whom you heard preaching a few nights since, is the very individual of whom I have been telling you—the prisoner, and the prophet, of the storm, and the wreck!"

Pudens's surprise was only equalled by his curiosity to see this mysterious personage again.

"I am not much astonished at what you relate," said he to Julius, "for when I reflect a little, there was something more than human about the speaker. I would give my life to hear that man again."

"Permit me to ask you one question," said

Julius, earnestly. "You are a soldier, as well as myself. You know the decrees against people of his religion, or superstition, if you please.—If you knew the residence of this man, should you think it your duty to cite him before the Prætor?"

"Certainly not," replied Pudens, "from anything which I know of him. If he had wrought any ill against the state or the Emperor, I should think it my duty to report him; but I do not believe that such a man could injure either."

"Then," said Julius, "as he appears to have excited your curiosity so much, and as I feel assured you will not betray him, you shall know more of him."

Sometime after this conversation, the Centurion stated, that he had some business to transact in the neighbourhood, and asked Pudens whether he would accompany him. The latter having consented, they called together at a small shop in an obscure street, which appeared to be that of a tent maker. It was about the hour of the siesta, when the inhabitants of Rome were accustomed to take a brief repose; the excessive heat of the sun

obliging them to suspend their labours for an hour or two.

Pudens would have concluded that the owner of the shop, and the other inmates of the house, had commenced their siesta, but for the circumstance of hearing a voice, as of a person reading, in an inner apartment. Thither they directed their steps ; and there they saw a man, apparently the master of the house, busily employed in cutting out cloth for tents, and, at the same time, dictating to a person who was writing at a table near him. What with his manual exercise, and his mental exertion, the speaker seemed too busily occupied to notice his customers, and pursued his instructions to the following effect :—

“ For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.”—

The latter part of this sentence was uttered with such tender and deep emotion, that his voice was broken and hardly intelligible ; but he appeared to be portraying the character of those to whom he had referred : for he concluded the sentence with this trait,

which he uttered in a sad and solemn manner :—

—“ Who mind earthly things.”

He then pursued in an increasingly animated tone :—

“ But our conversation is in Heaven from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.”

As the speaker dictated this latter period, the tent-cloth dropped from his hands, which he clasped upon his breast, and turned his eyes upward ; while an ardour, such as poets only feign, irradiated his eyes, and lighted up the whole of his care and toil-worn countenance.

On his raising his head, Pudens immediately recognised the features of the orator of the preceding evening ; for, in sooth, the speaker was St. Paul, dictating his Epistle to the Philippians, to Epaphroditus, who was writing it from his lips !

Our hero, of course, listened with tenfold interest, anxious, if possible, not to lose a syllable ; but such was the awe, as he after-

wards expressed it, which the appearance of the Apostle inspired, that he could but catch here and there a sentence, until the speaker proceeded in a more deliberate and didactic manner, anxious, apparently, to give effect to every word of the following exhortation :—

“ Finally, brother, whatsoever things are true—whatsoever things are honest—whatsoever things are just—whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on those things.”*

The greater part of what followed seemed to be of a more private nature : but there was a salutation from Cæsar’s household which particularly struck Pudens.

Whether it was that the divine unction which inspired the Apostle and his fellow-labourer, so absorbed their souls, as to bar all the avenues of communication with the outward world, except so far as their senses were necessarily employed in their spiritual employment ; or whether it hap-

Philipp. iv. 8.

pened merely casually, I will not attempt to determine; but certainly so it was, that neither of them were sensible, or at least appeared sensible, of the presence of the intruders, until they had completed their Heaven-assigned task!

CHAPTER XII.

Fortunate animi ! quod paucis contigit olim,
 Hausisti mortalis adhuc mortalibus oris
 Lucis inaccessibleis jubar, immemorabile lumen !
 Illa tibi vivo sublata nube tueri
 Ora datum est, quorum aspectu illustrata beantur
 Omnia, quæ superæ vix possunt cernere mentes,
 Alituum cælestium acies, gens incola cæli.
 Fortunate animi ! quàm dulci pectus amore
 Tunc tibi flagrabat ! quanta dulcedine ! quali
 Nectare perfusus præcordia distillabas !
 Timotheus bibit inde, &c.

HYM. VIDÆ, PAULO APOST.

WHEN the Apostle and his companion had terminated their divine labours, Pudens was introduced to them by the centurion ; and, as soon as an opportunity occurred, with a graceful diffidence, expressed the pleasure which he should feel in receiving any instruction as to the immortality of the soul, which he inferred, from what he had heard, was one of the dogmas which the Christians were active in promulgating.

St. Paul, with a mingled dignity and sim-

plicity of manner, accorded with his request; and perceiving from his questions that he was well acquainted with the writings of the ancient philosophers on this subject, adapted the style of his conversation to the capacity of his auditor, and gave full scope to all that erudition and intellectual power—that mastery of argument and control of language—with which he once made the walls of the Areopagus tremble.

Pudens had read, and read with intense delight, the sublime meditations of Plato; but a greater than Plato now stood before him. He had, indeed, soared with the philosopher, in those lofty flights which had made the world look small beneath him; but still he had only risen to the region of the clouds, and there seemed a darkness, and a coldness around him which he was unable to surmount: but, now, he seemed to bask in the sunshine. The Apostle spoke not as though wishing to combat with his own doubts, or as expressing his hopes, rather than his belief; but he spoke like one who had conversed with the risen dead, and who had seen an ascended Saviour, and beheld in his body the prototype of glorified humanity: nay, more than this, the Apos-

tle had himself been, for a season, divested of the earthly house of this tabernacle; and had visited the mysterious mansions, and participated in the ineffable raptures of disembodied spirits! He had anticipated the time,

When this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud—
When, amid the wide ætherial,
All tho' invisible shall crowd ;
And the naked soul, surrounded
By innumerable hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the infinite.

And he alone of all mortals could tell—

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Souls shall grasp the mighty vision
And adore its influence.

CONDOR.

It is, indeed, true that his holy lips were sealed, and that he durst not reveal the mysteries of the unseen world; but his having been personally initiated into them gave his language a vividness, an ardour, and an authority, such as mortal language has rarely been accompanied with.* Speaking, therefore,

* “ And if it were given to any of us to see paradise, or the third heaven, (as it was to St. Paul,) could it be that ever we should love anything but Christ, or follow any

of the immortality of the soul with such an unwavering conviction as could only be derived from experience or revelation, he seemed, like some divine oracle, to *command* belief. Pudens listened with such attention as we may imagine Laodamia paid to the brief conversation of her departed lord, Protesilaus, when he was allowed to pay a three hours' visit to this sublunar world ; and when, as poets feign,

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
 The past unsigh'd for and the future sure ;
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;
 Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey !

WORDSWORTH'S LAODAMIA.

When the rapt apostle had ceased his dis-

guide but the spirit, or desire anything but heaven, or understand anything to be pleasant but what shall lead thither ?"—Says the eloquent Jeremy Taylor in his beautiful sermon *Of the spirit of Grace*.

course, his young auditor, as though awakening from some beautiful trance, exclaimed, "Holy man! when I read Plato's' spiritual abstractions, I *hoped* for the soul's immortality; when I conversed with the Druids, I *believed* it; but since I have listened to you, I *know* it Surely you must be he who our philosopher has told us would come to clear up these mysteries, and reveal more perfectly the destinies of man."

"Nay," said he whose humility did not think himself worthy to be called an apostle, "I am but the minister of him of whom your sages have dreamt, and your poets sung. Him whom you ignorantly worship, as the unknown God, Him declare I unto you."

He then proceeded to reveal the nature and attributes of the deity in a manner in which Pudens had never before heard them represented. He had, indeed, heard of a being of infinite power, even of perfect purity; but he had not heard, nor could ever have conceived the idea of such a being having so tender a sympathy in his creatures, as to 'be touched with the feeling of their infirmities.'

Oh, what consolation did his wounded spirit

at once receive from this view of his relation to his Maker! How unlike the repulsive indifference of the stoic's doctrine seemed the Christian's! He began already to feel, what Fielding has so eloquently expressed in the following comparison between philosophy and religion, "Philosophy makes us *wiser*, but Christianity makes us *better men*; *Philosophy elevates and steels the mind*; *Christianity softens and sweetens it*. The former makes us the objects of human admiration; the latter of divine love. *That* ensures us a temporal, but *this* an eternal happiness."

St. Paul, after having given Pudens such instruction as circumstances allowed, promised to send him a teacher, who would explain the subject more fully to him; and accordingly on the morrow he was visited by a pale, studious looking young man, whose fervent spirit had, as it appeared, almost out-worn its weakly integument. His new teacher's knowledge, was not so varied as that of the intellectual Apostle; nor when he spoke on the glorious mysteries of the Christian religion, did he speak with that rapturous enthusiasm, which characterized the conversa-

tion of the half glorified saint; but there was something singularly sublime and spiritual in his manner, which bespoke a mind unsullied, by the sordid, sensual pursuits of mankind; as though his thoughts and affections could derive no sustenance from things below. He was one to whom we might apply the expression of his master, 'not of the *earth earthy*.' Under the tuition of the pure-lived Timothy—for him we have been describing—Pudens made rapid progress in divine lore; although he did not give immediate assent to the supernatural truths of Christianity, nor, indeed at once acquiesce in the propriety of all its tenets.

There were some things, it must be acknowledged, which he heard with repugnance; and many at which he felt not slightly offended. Among the first was the subservience of reason to faith; which, until better instructed, he presumptuously called the preference of ignorance to knowledge. Again, he was greatly offended at that mysterious change in the very views and motives of human actions which was demanded; and which, he mistakingly said, was abrogating the office of conscience, as though

one should say, that correcting the aberrations of the needle, by astronomical calculations, is superseding the use of the compass ! Another objection which he made to the Christian religion was its uncompromising nature, which, he observed, seemed incompatible with such a mixed state as the present, where so many claims divide the heart ; and, he added, not discordant claims either. But what disgusted him more than all was the self-renunciation which it enjoined.

“ After doing,” said he, “ what appears to me almost impossible ; am I to have no merit for it ? When Cicero foiled Catiline he boasted of it till his hearers were tired of the name of Catiline ; but if I were to foil a hundred Catilines I should not, I suppose, be allowed to take any glory for my pains !”

These objections were combated by Timothy ; but he was not wholly successful in removing them : nor, perhaps, would Pudens have been so easily induced to renounce his beloved Platonism for self-denying Christianity, had it not been that Timothy, being unacquainted with the Greek philosophy, thought it advisable to send some person, who was familiar with it, to institute an impartial comparison

between it and the new religion, that his disciple might choose for himself. The readers may imagine Pudens's surprise on finding that the person selected for this high and important purpose, was—his volatile friend Linus !

CHAPTER XIII.

—*Linus hæc illi.*

VIRG.

PUDENS could hardly recognise his old friend, when he beheld, instead of the gay, the sanguine, the frivolous and dissipated Linus, a simple, sober, persecuted Christian! His countenance expressed cheerfulness, but not levity; and his manner displayed a graceful animation, rather than a vaunting vehemence. There was nothing gloomy or ascetic in his demeanour; nothing repulsive or pharisaical in his address; but, as though unconscious of the change, which rendered him so unlike what he was, he advanced to salute Pudens with a most affectionate cordiality, which completely re-established their former friendship. The train of events which had led Linus to embrace Christianity was rather singular, and is not, perhaps, unworthy of being related.

Linus had been invited to the house of the poet Silius Italicus, on the festive occasion mentioned in a former chapter, and had actually proceeded as far as the Three Taverns, on his way thither, when his curiosity was excited by the arrival of St. Paul, and the party of Christians. Whilst mixing in the crowd gathered round them, he saw Lucan, and Pudens, and not long afterwards Martial, pass by on the same destination as his own; and it immediately occurred to him, that it was by no means improbable that he might be appealed to by some of his companions to repeat the self-appropriated tale of his friend Pudens's adventures; and that he should, thereby, perhaps, expose himself to the ridicule of the sarcastic Martial. He, therefore, resolved to go no further on his destined course; but to postpone his visit to Silius Italicus, and to amuse himself by listening to the discussion of the Christians.

Amongst other prodigies related of their great leader, whom they had gone forth to meet, none had been more widely circulated, than those connected with his shipwreck and miraculous escape; and the curiosity thereby generally excited was not at all diminished in

Linus's case, by the circumstance of his having himself been exposed to the perils of the same storm! The Apostle, as was his wont, led the conversation into that channel, from which every thing not relating to his sacred mission seemed a digression; and the precious seeds of divine truth were not wholly thrown away upon our volatile, but susceptible friend, although they produced no fruit at the time.

Sometime afterwards, Linus having dissipated his fortune by his thriftless habits, and being in adversity, his ill-disciplined mind became sobered down to reflection, and was thus rendered much more favourably disposed to receive the new religion. Being renounced by his gayer associates, and disgusted at the constant slights to which his poverty subjected him in Rome, he resolved to leave that city, and to endeavour to repair his fortune by giving lectures on philosophy at Corinth; where, as he was very well versed in Platonic lore, and no despicable orator, he gained considerable fame as a sophist.

It so happened, that just when his labours had begun to be remunerated, a young orator of a different class, and professing what was esteemed a new system of philosophy, arrived

at Corinth ; and, among others whom his novel tenets attracted, was Linus. These novel tenets happened to be the Christian religion ; and the young orator who was promulgating them was Timothy ! The Platonist, in the course of a short time, became a proselyte to the new faith ; and, leaving his school, returned with Timothy to Rome, where his acquaintance with Platonic philosophy made him useful to the Christians in exposing its sophistry, or pointing out the precise limits of its legitimate application in subservience to Christianity.

In the case of Pudens he was singularly well qualified for the task assigned him by Timothy, from his former acquaintance with his friend's character. He saw that his mind was enamoured of the beautiful and the good, the true and the infinite ; and that he loved Plato, because of all the philosophers he was most conversant with such subjects.

Without derogating, therefore, from the merits of his favourite, which would only have excited his disgust, he showed the superiority of the Christian religion, as realizing or surpassing the sage's divinest dreams. " I admit, my Linus," said he, " that our Plato pressed upon the sphere of revelation, and seems to have

caught a refracted ray of inspiration, before the sun of righteousness had yet risen above the horizon; but it was a ray which rather dazzled than warmed."

Plato has led us to the shore of eternity; but he has not taught us how to pilot our course through that dread ocean: and the man who, charmed with its beauty, or enraptured with its sublimity, as he has described it, shall plunge rashly into its waves, and refuse a better guide when one offers, will suffer a worse fate than that of Cleombrotus. "Yes," he pursued, adopting a line of argument which St. Augustine has since used with great eloquence,* "Plato has taught us that in the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and was God, and that the world was made by him though the world is ignorant of him; but Plato himself knew not the glorious privileges of those who knew him, and that to as many as receive him to them he gives power to become the sons of God. Plato has acknowledged that the word was not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God; but Plato himself knew not the mysteries of the incarnation, and that the word was made man, and dwelt among

* St. Aug. Confess. lib. vii. c. 9.

us. Plato has inculcated that the son of God was *before* all time, and *above* all time; coeternal with the father, and incapable of change; and that inasmuch as spirits partake of his fullness they are happy, and are wise only as they participate in his wisdom: but Plato himself was ignorant of the great scheme of redemption, that Christ died for the ungodly!"

It was by enlarging upon such topics as these, not by disparaging philosophy, but by showing that it is sublime and elevating just in proportion as it resembles religion, but that in its strongest similitude it is but as a faint, fugitive, unsubstantial, shadow of it; that Linus overcame the prejudices of Pudens. In the course of a few conversations, he succeeded in his undertaking so effectually, that he and Timothy had the happiness, before the latter left Rome, which he did very soon after, to see Pudens admitted by baptism into the infant church.

CHAPTER XIV.

The more to inflame his desire, it so happened that he found a letter of hers so well written, so modest, so full of tenderness, that when he had read it, he declared that he thought in her alone were united all the charms of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided amongst the rest of her sex.

DON QUIXOTE.

ALTHOUGH Pudens's mind had been very much occupied by religion, it was not entirely to the exclusion of more earthly affections and sorrows. He was deterred, indeed, from making too active an inquiry after the retreat of Claudia, by the fear of his being the means of betraying the secret to those from whom he was most anxious to conceal it; but he could not banish her loved image from his bosom, nor could he banish the poignant anguish which the remembrance of her conduct

never failed to excite. Had it not been for the balm which Christianity instilled into his wounded heart, he would probably have been driven to desperation ; but the irritation of his feelings had subsided into a tranquil kind of melancholy, by no means unfavourable to the reception of religion.

Claudia was even still more painfully affected. The apparent cruelty of her conduct towards her lover, and the convulsive struggle with some of her most ardent feelings, had seriously injured her health ; and she gradually pined away, until her recovery was almost despaired of. It was quite evident that concealment was corroding away the very principles of vitality : and Pomponia saw that the consequences would certainly be fatal, unless some remedy was speedily found. She resolved, therefore, to mention the circumstance to one of the elders of the church, and to request his advice on the subject. The elder, on being consulted, very properly chided her severely for her cowardice, and desired her to absolve Claudia from the promise, which she had given her of not disclosing to Pudens the change which had taken place in her religious views : and he

further instructed her to explain to her that marriage with an unbeliever was not absolutely forbidden, but that it was esteemed dangerous, as it exposed the converts to Christianity to peculiar temptations.

Pomponia undertook to convey the purport of this communication to Claudia; but whether it was, that the extreme delicacy of the affair required some little preparation, or that she was deterred by the fear of consequences suggested by her natural timidity, she procrastinated from day to day, until her protégée, feeling her health gradually declining, anticipated her purpose, and requested her permission to write to Pudens, and to apprise him of her adoption of Christianity.

“I am,” said she, “in a state when mortal passion has, comparatively speaking, but small influence. That influence has been diminishing daily; and I do not apprehend that it will be long before I am released from it altogether by death. As, however, that diminishes, my desire of writing to Pudens increases. It is not that I wish to renew an attachment, which it seems to be the will of heaven to dissolve; but it is to justify my seeming hard-hearted-

ness, and to clear my memory from that stain of fickleness which must otherwise rest upon it for ever."

Her request was, of course, immediately conceded ; and Pomponia told her that she had consulted with some of the elders of the church as to the propriety of intermarriage with unbelievers, and that they had stated that there was no divine prohibition : she also added that, for her own opinion, she thought that if either party became a proselyte to the religion of the other, it would probably be Pudens, and not herself ; and she then began to enlarge on the beneficial consequences which might possibly ensue in such a case. Claudia thanked her, smiling faintly, while the tears trembled in her beautiful eyes, but replied that it had cost her too much to come to a resolution, for her to alter it. Having, however, obtained Pomponia's permission, she retired to her private triclinium ; and, when the dimming drops, which chased each other in rapid succession down her pale cheeks, would allow her, relieved her overcharged heart by writing the following letter :—

Claudia to Pudens.

Illness, and other circumstances have prevented my writing before, as I would otherwise gladly have done. I would that it were now in my power to make amends for this delay by the pleasure which this letter might afford; but, alas! much as I regret the delay, I still more regret that I can now find no topic of pleasure. Oh, Pudens! if I am not entirely forgotten, in what odious characters must your imagination pourtray me! Ungrateful, and fickle, and false, indeed, my conduct must appear, and the more base as exercised towards as fond and faithful a lover as ever woman had! I tremble when I think what a monster you must deem me! Yet, ungrateful as I must seem, I am not insensible to the thousand kindnesses you have shown me. Ah, no! I do not forget our lessons under the willow tree; I do not forget our sunset conversations in Lucan's grotto; nor do I forget our faith plighted at Virgil's tomb. You have watched over me at my studies like a father; you have accompanied me in my amusements like a brother; and, oh! in a still dearer character,

distance does not seem to have chilled your affection ; time does not seem to have shaken your fidelity. Unsatiated by familiarity, and unwearied by obstacles, you have loved me—yes, Pudens, I write it with tears—you have loved me with an unchanging love. And how have I requited that love? After your long and wearisome voyage, how did I receive you? My heart aches when I reflect on the apparently cold and heartless repulse which I gave to your generous ardour; and yet, noble youth! you risked your life to save mine, instead of precipitating me in the flames, as you must have been almost provoked to do. Oh, Pudens! Pudens! I ask again, what inhuman monster do you think me?

“But wherefore do I ask this question? Is it to deprecate your curse, or to beg your forgiveness, or to lead you to expect another change in, what you must deem, my fickle affections? Ah no! although I believe that your generous heart might yet forgive me, I dare not beguile you with the hope that I can ever again be yours, or that any other change is to be expected after that which has already taken place. But, oh! what a change is that! How shall I describe it? It is not so much that my

affections are changed, as that my whole heart is changed ; and so changed, that could you yourself behold it, you would find it so different from the one which you loved, that you would be more than reconciled to your fate. Yes, Pudens, though methinks I see you shudder as you read it, I am changed into a character which you would execrate. I am become one of those for whom the state has considered that no punishments can be too severe. I have renounced the religion of my forefathers, and embraced one which has been pronounced to be a ‘pernicious superstition,’ a ‘malignant misanthropy.’ Can it be wondered at, then, that if I have severed the ties of religion, those of love cannot hold me? ‘Faithless wretch!’ methinks I hear you exclaim, ‘and do you make this confession without remorse?’ Alas, Pudens! I do; but that God, whom now I serve, and who knows my heart, knows also, that what I now confess without remorse, or even without regret, has been attended with such pangs as He alone could enable me to endure. I dare not tell you the mental anguish which I have undergone, or the bodily suffering which that has occasioned, lest I should seem

to boast in the sacrifice, or, lacking resolution yet to complete it, be tempted to wish to snatch the yet unconsumed relics from the altar.

“In conclusion, although I cannot expect your love, or even hope to escape your hatred, I shall consider that I have not made the painful effort which this letter has cost me in vain, if I succeed in convincing you, that if your affectionate and faithful wishes have been thwarted by me, you have rather sustained a disappointment than a loss; and, therefore, that though my conduct may have caused you a momentary mortification, it need not be attended with any permanent regret. For my own part, I must be content yet a little while longer to bear up under the charge of ingratitude and inconstancy, or it may be, a still heavier charge; but my God can support me through it, and will take care of my memory when I am gone.

“I will not mock you with the expression of my wishes for your welfare; those wishes are registered where they will not be despised, and it only remains for me to bid you a long and last farewell !”

Claudia having thus disburthened her heart, began gradually to improve in health. It was some time before she could contrive any plan for sending this letter to Pudens, as his present abode was unknown to her; but she at length determined to entrust it to Martial's care, relying upon his partiality for her, and his friendship for Pudens, to undertake the difficult task of forwarding it.

The poet, proud of this confidential commission went forth in quest of his friend; but for a long time sought for him ineffectually. After many inquiries, however, he at last discovered the place of his confinement, where, Pudens being out, he left his servant with the packet, to await his return and explain the mode of its transmission.

It is difficult to describe the emotions with which our hero read Claudia's letter. Its deep and solemn pathos filled his eyes again and again with tears; but they were tears of joy! "Then she too is a Christian," exclaimed he; "an angel, then, I might almost say: but how have I wronged her! but yet, not in my heart. Nay, Claudia, I never believed thee fickle or false." Again and again he read the

precious epistle ; and each successive perusal afforded him increased pleasure.

Never did he feel such exultation of heart ! The hand of Providence seemed manifest to him ; and he bowed down and adored it. He forgot his chain, and thought not of his approaching trial, but hurried off with the happy intelligence to Timothy's lodging, who was preparing for his departure from Rome on the morrow. The sad confusion of this preparation, however, and the uncertainty in these perilous times of ever meeting again, sobered down his elation, and made him remember, that if happiness visits us for a moment, it is only because she has taken her flight from some other bosom !

CHAPTER XV.

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the blank simoom's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots of bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom.

MOORE.

PUDENS found Timothy busy in preparations for his departure from Rome, and would have withheld the communication which he had so much desired to make, as being inopportune; but his animated countenance betrayed the secret, and induced his friend to inquire of what happy intelligence he was the bearer. On Claudia's letter being shown to him, he informed her too happy lover, that the writer was no stranger, but that she was a darling of the church; who, in their extended hopes, had connected her conversion with the introduction of Christianity into the remotest

regions of the earth. He also warmly congratulated Pudens on having bestowed his affections on one so worthy of them ; and offered to delay his journey, if necessary, to promote their union.

St. Paul having entered while they were conversing, and the circumstance being related to him, he concurred in Timothy's views, and hailed the prospect of the institution of a Christian church in the distant isle of Britain, rejoicing that Claudia would be further protected by her marriage with Pudens from seduction from Christianity. His philanthropic soul expanded with joy, as the extension of his master's kingdom seemed thus insured ; and his upturned eyes betrayed his secret aspirations, as he silently supplicated Heaven that his wishes might not be disappointed.

Just at this moment a female entered, accompanied by two servants, each heavily laden ; and the reader may judge of our hero's surprise and delight at recognising in the lovely form and face of that female, his own Claudia ! She had come to take, what she feared might prove a final farewell of some of the brethren, and particularly of Timothy ; and her attendants were laden with presents of what she

thought would be useful to him in his proposed journey.

Claudia had not observed Pudens ; and Timothy, therefore, very considerably advanced to meet her, and prepared her for the interview which awaited her : the suddenness of which might otherwise have been attended with serious consequences in the very delicate state of her health. The lovers were then introduced ; but oh ! what pen can describe their feelings !—Strange to say, they looked at each other for a moment, and both burst into tears ; neither being able to utter a word. It was not surprising that Claudia's feminine sensibility should display itself in this manner ; but that a young soldier's emotions should thus express themselves, seemed to require the explanation which Pudens afterwards gave. Claudia, who was still in a state of convalescence, having been baptized but a day or two before, and being consequently clothed in the catechumen's white garb, looked so pale and so unearthly, that her lover shrank back appalled, fearful that if he did not actually gaze upon an angel, he gazed upon one who must very shortly become one. His beloved, on the other hand, seeing his emaciated appearance and his mourning suit, which he had just procured for

his approaching trial, thought that she had been the means of dismantling his cheeks of their bloom ; and fear was filled with anxiety as to what his sad apparel might betoken. Their tears of apprehension, however, were soon turned to tears of ecstasy, and of gratitude to Heaven, which had so mercifully brought them, by different ways, into the same fold.

In the course of the evening they were solemnly betrothed to each other ; and St. Paul and Timothy both assisted at the ceremony. The inspired Apostle told them, indeed, that in the present perilous times it became Christians to rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and to weep as though they wept not, remembering that the fashion of this world passeth away ; yet he commended them to that Providence, whose hand seemed so manifest ; and invoked the choicest of heaven's blessings upon their union, when it should be consummated.

A spectator of this scene, might have wished that the same 'inimitable hand' which has eternized the Apostle's preaching at Athens, had immortalized this group. The invocatory attitude of St. Paul, his countenance beaming with a tenderness and sublimity, in which the feelings of a father seemed commingled with

those of a saint—the enraptured look of Pudens, whose face seemed lighted up with a visible radiance, such as a brother's might wear, when, after a long separation he hails a favourite sister in those regions where parting is unknown; expressing all that fortune—defying security, which is produced by a sense of the perpetuity which Christianity imparts to friendship—these were indeed striking: but how shall I describe the appearance of Claudia; the beautiful Claudia! Britain's first, and loveliest Christian convert? In her sweet countenance the most hallowed, most amiable affections of earth and of heaven being blended, softened and heightened each other:

Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond weak tenderness of this!—
A soul too more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!*

Cold indeed must have been the heart that could not share in the interest, the absorb-

* Moore.

ing interest, with which the saintly Timothy, the delighted Linus, the admiring attendants, hung upon this fair scene !

It was a natural wish of St. Peter's, when he ascended Mount Tabor, and saw his beloved Lord enshrined in glory, that he might build tabernacles there to detain his heavenly guests, and tempt them to prolong their bright and blissful sojourn on earth. The sacred historian says, indeed, that he spoke this, not knowing what he said ; but it is in such unpremeditated, spontaneous expressions as these, that nature manifests herself.*

Having conducted my hero and heroine to this little Tabor, I have lingered on the spot, as though loth to leave it. But, alas ! it was not permitted St. Peter to erect even so impermanent a thing as a tabernacle on such an elevation ; but, even while he was speaking, the beautiful vision vanished ! Equally short-lived, was the happiness of Pudens and Claudia ; for anxiety, serpent-like, crept into their Eden, and destroyed it. The cause, however, is worthy of mention. The Apostle, in his prayer for their future welfare, prayed pecu-

* This allusion to the Transfiguration will, it is hoped, justify a reference to Keeble's beautiful verses on that subject in his hymn on St. James's day.

liarily fervently for *Pudens's deliverance in the trial which awaited him!* and these words sank deep into both their hearts; for every syllable which he uttered seemed to them to savour of inspiration. Claudia naturally magnified the danger by apprehensions, which were of course proportioned to her love, and the interest at stake; and Pudens felt almost dismayed, at the thought which now first struck him, that his situation, as it regarded the impending charge, was very materially affected, by his having subsequently embraced Christianity! Pudens did not of course take his leave of his mistress without having inquired her place of address, which he was informed was a villa at Tibur whither Pomponia had deemed it prudent to repair, during the present persecutions against the Christians; and where Claudia was in daily expectation of a messenger to convey her home, for Seneca had written expressly to her father, upon her removal from his roof, to recommend her return to Britain.

When Pudens had returned to his lodgings, he began to deliberate seriously on the best means of escaping from his present durance, and preparing for his trial: and he thought it advisable to commence by writing to his friend

Lucan, who, he had been informed by Claudia, was, when she last heard of him, living in strict retirement at his villa, where he was sedulously employing himself in the revision of his *Pharsalia*. The Emperor had forbidden him to publish any more poetry; but this prohibition did not prevent his availing himself of the present favourable opportunity to complete his immortal task, though with a more remote view of publication. Pudens's letter simply stated that he was in confinement for want of sureties, and begged the poet to befriend him. He was, however, too great a lover of literature to omit an allusion to the *Pharsalia*, and therefore told him, by way of encouragement in the prosecution of his labours, that "he had been informed of his secret work, and would desire nothing more than to be of assistance to him; but above all things he inculcated upon him, the great importance of keeping the Emperor in ignorance of his intentions."

The dispatch of this epistle considerably diminished our hero's anxiety: but to avert the consequences of a miscarriage, and to provide against all possible contingences, he also wrote to Seneca for his assistance, taking care not to give any detail of the events which had led

to his present situation, lest his correspondence should fall into the enemy's hands ; although he could not forbear hinting at Tigellinus's plot to obtain possession of Claudia, without, however, mentioning names, and expressing a wish that he could have the benefit of the philosopher's counsels on the occasion.

Having taken these steps, he commended himself to Providence, feeling assured that the protecting hand, which had led him thus far, would not desert him in his hour of need.

The ways of Providence, are, however, inscrutable ; and so they appeared to Pudens, when day after day came, and passed, and brought no reply from Lucan or Seneca. He wrote another and a more urgent letter to the former ; and to omit no precaution, wrote also to Petronius ; but, strange to say, he received no communication, whatever, from either party.

CHAPTER XVI.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

* * * * *

Arose ; and Lucan, in his death approved :

Oblivion as they rose shrunk like a thing reprov'd.

SHELLEY'S ADONIS.

As the period assigned for Pudens's trial approached, his anxiety naturally increased ; and the silence of his friends filled his mind with uneasiness and apprehensions. When the important day at last arrived, the court was adjourned, in consequence of certain political events which had taken place, and which seemed wholly to absorb public attention : his suspense was, therefore, prolonged ; but it was, in some measure, alleviated by the circumstance, of his old general, Suetonius, undertaking very kindly to be surety for his appearance ; upon which, he was restored to his liberty.

The first use which Pudens made of his freedom, was to hasten to Lucan's villa to

ascertain the cause of his friend's silence ; and there he arrived, just in time to witness—his death—poor Lucan's death ! The poet had joined a conspiracy, headed by Piso, and embracing the noblest characters in Rome, the object of which was to rid the world of the execrable tyrant Nero ! Their plans had, however, been discovered ; and, in consequence, Lucan, Piso, Petronius, and Seneca—all of them companions at the banquet mentioned in the beginning of the last book, were snatched from the earth at one fell swoop. The stoical death of Seneca—from the sympathising participation of which the affectionate Paulina was with difficulty rescued—and the epicurean death of Petronius, have been detailed by the inimitable Tacitus ; to whose narrative of the whole conspiracy and its consequences, I must refer the reader :* but as Lucan's death was witnessed by Pudens, and described by him in a letter to Claudia, I will take the liberty of transcribing his account of it.

Having mentioned the prorogation of his

* Tac. Ann., Lib. xv., cap. 48, usq. ad fin. libri. Petronius was put to death, on account of his intimacy with one of the conspirators.—*Tac. xvi.*, 18.

trial, and other domestic matters, Pudens thus proceeds :—

“ Rumour, my Claudia, which is always so swift-winged, and seems even more fleet in her course when laden with sorrow, will doubtless have anticipated the melancholy intelligence which I have to send you from Lucan’s villa. When I arrived there, I found a detachment of soldiers around the house, and could with difficulty gain admission ; and on my inquiring from the domestics the cause, they all, with the exception of one elderly woman who wailed aloud, preserved a constrained silence, answering me only with their tears.

“ Lucan, being informed of my arrival, immediately sent for me to a private chamber, at the door of which were stationed two or three guards. Within I found the amiable Polla, hanging, weeping over him, but evidently struggling to conceal her anguish : his family physician, a centurion, and two common soldiers were also near him.

“ Lucan was sitting on a couch, with a lancet in his hand, which he seemed examining ; and, as I entered, he turned round to me, and said with apparent cheerfulness—

“‘Ah, my Pudens, you are just in time to see my exit! And now, Polla,’ said he, addressing his wife, ‘my beloved Polla, we must part—and then the bitterness of death will be over!’

“Here he brushed away a single tear which had started into his eye, and gave her a most affectionate embrace. She, however, requested leave to stay—

“‘Nay, my Lucan,’ said she, with wonderful calmness, ‘I can bear it; I must—I must stay!’

“Her husband, after some little hesitation, consented; and then, turning towards me with a composed countenance, said in the language of his own Pharsalia:—

‘Intrepidus, quamcunque datis mihi numina, mortem,
Accipiam:’*

Fearless, ye gods, nor anxious still to live,
I will accept whatever death ye give!

I thought once, Pudens, that I should have been able, in such a situation as that in which I now find myself, to have added—

Licet ingentes abruperit actus
Festinata dies fatis.’

* Luc. Pharsal. v., v. 658.

Though vast designs and labours good and great
Will perish immature by sudden fate.

“ ‘ You may, at all events, add,’ said I—

‘ Sat magna peregi.’

I have not lived in vain to die disconsolate.

“ He then, amid the stifled sobs of all around him, commanded his physician to open his veins : and with tearful eyes his command was obeyed. Poor Polla’s heart, just at this moment, seemed ready to burst ; but she concealed her emotion wonderfully well. The blood flowed very freely ; and as the current diminished, the heat, receding to the heart, abandoned the extremities ! Lucan, though of course much exhausted, felt apparently but little pain, and retained his mental vigour almost as long as his life. As he watched the sanguine stream oozing from his veins, the similarity of his situation with that which he has described in the Pharsalia, struck him so forcibly, that he repeated the following lines :—

‘ No single wound the gaping rupture seems,
Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams ;

But from an opening horrible and wide,
 A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide :
 At once the winding channel's course was broke,
 Where wandering life her mazy journey took :
 Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
 And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead :
 Not so the nobler regions, where the heart
 And heaving lungs their vital powers exert ;
 There, lingering, late, and long-conflicting life,
 Rose against fate, and still maintained the strife ;
 Driven out at length unwillingly and slow,
 She left her mortal house, and sought the shades below.*

“ As he finished the last verse—he expired !

“ Poor Lucan ! I could have wished that some other and more consolatory passage, even of his own works, had occurred to him ;—that, for instance, in which he has so beautifully described the apotheosis of Pompey :—

Nor in the dying embers of its pile
 Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile ;
 Nor longer by the earthly parts restrained,
 Amidst its wretched relics was detained ;
 But, active and impatient of delay,
 Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urged its way.
 Far in those azure regions of the air,
 Which border on the rolling starry sphere ;
 Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
 Where Cynthia drives around her silver light ;
 Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
 Refined by virtue, and prepared for bliss ;

* Rowe, Pharsal. III., v. 638.

Of life unblamed, a pure and pious race,
 Worthy that lower heaven and stars to grace,
 Divine and equal to the glorious place.
 There Pompey's soul, adorned with heavenly light,
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest, was bright.
 New to the blest abode, with wonder filled,
 The stars and moving planets he beheld ;
 Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
 Surveyed our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
 And under what a cloud of night we lay.
 But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
 His headless trunk was cast for public scorn—
 When he beheld how envious fortune still
 Took pains to use a senseless carcass ill—
 He smiled at the vain malice of his foe,
 And pitied impotent mankind below.”*

“ When we consider the servile spirit of the age, what a bright exception did Lucan form, and what a treasury of noble sentiments has he left! Future patriots, in the latest times, will light their torches at his altar, and feel their hearts glow with the sacred fire which he has kindled! (A). If he felt such divine ardour in the contemplation of that liberty which Brutus worshipped, and found a mere shadow ; with what raptures would he have hailed the real, though distant prospect, of that amelioration in the condition of mankind, which Christianity presents ! Poor fellow! he was sensible,

* Rowe, Pharsal. ix., v. 1.

and most acutely sensible, of the groans with which the whole creation resounds ; but he knew not where to look for deliverance. He saw and felt the bondage of corruption ; but knew nothing of that glorious liberty which is now dawning upon the world ! Would to God, that instead of those fallacious hopes and vain remedies, which prompted him to join in Piso's conspiracy to rid the world of one tyrant, probably to make room for another, he had caught but a glimpse of that kingdom which is making its silent progress, until it shall embrace all the nations of the earth ! How would it have cheered his ardent, noble spirit ! How would he have exclaimed with our divine St. Paul,—

“ I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed ! ”

“ And with what sublime patience would he have shared in the earnest expectation of the creature waiting for this revelation ! I have been led, my dear Claudia, unconsciously into these reflections ; but I am sure that you will pardon them.

“ There is one circumstance attending the condemnation of Lucan, which has given rise

to some rumours likely to prejudice his memory, which I must not omit to mention. When he was brought before the Emperor, charged with having joined in the conspiracy, the executioner dragged him into the room, wherein was the rack on which Epicharis, the principal conspirator, though a slave, had been tortured ; Nero, pointing to it, told him that he might expect the same fate, if he did not disclose the name of his fellow conspirators. Lucan fixing his eyes on Nero, asked him, with a look, which cut the tyrant to the soul—

“ ‘ Would you have me accuse my mother ? Cæsar knows that such tortures are not necessary to induce a son to do that.’ ”

“ By this, he meant that such tortures were sufficient to break the strongest ties, but that Nero had needed no such coercion to make him perpetrate the crime of matricide. The tyrant knew, and felt his meaning ; but the infamous Tigellinus, with the subtlety of a fiend, exclaimed,—

“ ‘ He has betrayed his mother ; let her be questioned.’ ”*

* As this account of Lucan's death differs, in some respects, from that of Tacitus, it is but honest to refer the reader

“This account, I of course, gather from hearsay, as none but the miscreants concerned in the punishment of the conspirators were present: but Lucan’s fortitude in death, of which I was, alas! an eye-witness, seems to render it probable.

“I am at present employed in assisting his amiable widow in the arrangement and revision of the *Pharsalia*, which poor Lucan had hardly completed, and of which I send you the accompanying cursory criticism, which I made at Polla’s request.”

In the same parcel with this epistle, was a critique upon Lucan’s *Pharsalia*, which may not be unacceptable to the classical reader.*

to the latter.—Vid. Tac. Ann. xv. 56. Especially see Murphy’s Translation of Tacitus Note to Annals, Book 15, ch. 56.

* See note at the end of this volume, (A).

CHAPTER XVII.

A fabric huge

Rose like an exhalation—

Built like a temple, where pilasters round

Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

With golden architrave ; nor did there want

Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n :

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,

Nor great Alcairo such magnificence

Equal'd in all their glories.

PARADISE LOST.

IN consequence of the conspiracy of Piso, the persecution of the Christians was relaxed for a time, the Emperor's attention being too much absorbed in providing for his own safety, to allow him to attend to matters of less personal importance. When the excitement caused by this event had subsided, and the conspirators had atoned for their failure with

their blood ; and when the Senate had presented their servile congratulations to the Emperor on his escape, thanking him for a clemency, which had confounded innocence with guilt in one indiscriminate punishment,* Nero resumed, with redoubled ardour, the erection of his new palace, which had, indeed, been in progress ever since the destruction of his old one by the conflagration. The prosecution of this stupendous work necessarily employed a considerable part of his time, and afforded the Christians a valuable reprieve ; but it did not furnish that piquant gratification which he craved, which was only derivable from the exercise of cruelty. Happily for his fiendish appetite for blood, the Christian religion had, during this interval, been propagated with such success, as, in his opinion, to justify his interference.

The new faith had gained admittance into the court, the army, and even the family of Nero ! Such an intrusion was not, of course, to be connived at ; and, therefore, a most rigorous scrutiny was instituted, by which St.

* Tac. Ann. xv., c. 74.

Paul, and also St. Peter, who was then in the capital, were discovered and imprisoned. Pudens made use of his own liberty to visit these holy men in their confinement, preparatory to their trial ; and drew from their example that fortitude which he was so soon himself to require.*

Thus things went on at Rome, until the day arrived for Pudens to take his trial. As some of the court favourites took an interest in the matter, and as other criminals of importance were to be tried. the same day, Nero determined to gratify his courtiers as well as himself by presiding personally ; and, to give the proceedings the more éclat, had erected a tribunal in the hall of his new palace.

On his way thither, Pudens was forcibly struck with the contrast between that portion of the city which formed part of the royal domains in its present state, and when he had last beheld it enveloped in flames. In the place of densely populated streets, appeared now, though in the heart of the world's crowded

* St. Jerome states that St. Peter, while at Rome, converted two captains of the guards and forty seven soldiers, and also Nero's mistress.

capital, fields and lakes, thick woods and open prospects! Nothing could exceed the rich variety of landscape over which the eye wandered, encountering no bound but the horizon, which seemed more or less extended, according to the undulating line of the Esquiline Hill. A superb avenue, consisting of a triple row of marble columns, the middle row of which divided the footpath from the carriage road, and which extended exactly a mile, led to the magnificent vestibule.

Occupied, as Pudens's mind naturally was, with anxious thoughts, he could not help pausing now and then in his way to admire the snatches of scenery on either side, the beauty of which was doubled by reflection in the azure waters of the different lakes. One large lake in particular, mirrored a mimic city on its banks. Every kind of beast, remarkable either for beauty or rarity, and of bird, distinguished either by brilliancy of plumage or sweetness of song, gambolled upon the lawn, or beautified and enlivened the water and woods.

In the vestibule, and visible for some distance through the marble vista, stood a colossal statue of the Emperor in bronze, a hundred

and twenty feet high ! The magnificence of the interior corresponded with that of the exterior of the palace, as appeared from the access to the hall of justice, which lay beyond some of the most splendid apartments, the doors of which were purposely left open, and displayed such a dazzling profusion of gold, as to have acquired, for the edifice itself, the name of the **GOLDEN PALACE**.

One dining room, especially, attracted Pudent's attention, as exhibiting a very novel design. It was circular, and revolved, without intermission, night and day, in imitation of the diurnal motion of the heavens ! The gorgeousness of the state apartment itself baffles description ; suffice it to say, that it was radiant with gems, and that its decorations were almost entirely composed of mother-o'-pearl and precious stones : in the centre of the ceiling, was an ornament resembling a large flower, exquisitely carved in ivory, from the leaves of which distilled the most fragrant perfumes ; and the windows were formed of that transparent stone called phenigites, let into silver lattices. *

* All the information which has come down to us relative

Amid all this blaze of splendour, surrounded by his glittering guards, and seated on a kind of throne of enchased gold, beneath a canopy of Babylonian tapestry of inestimable value, sat the Emperor! Before him stood two men in chains; one of them leaning, as though much exhausted, against a marble column, and the other addressing the judge. The speaker was an elderly man, apparently a Jew, clad in the costume of a fisherman: but notwithstanding the rusticity of his garb, his long snowy beard gave him a very venerable appearance. Aged as he was, and heavily laden with chains, he spoke with such vehemence, that he made the spacious hall re-echo; and the massive links, which clanked as he raised his arm, seemed no impediment to his action. Pudens and his party were taken aside beyond the range of columns, there to await their turn; but as there was no barrier, except here and there an intervening pillar, they could see and hear

to Nero's golden palace, may be found in Tac. Ann. xv., c. 42, and Brotier's note thereon, where all the authorities are cited. Those who are not satisfied with the specimens of the luxury of that age, which I have culled in the course of this work, may find a few more adverted to in Brotier's elaborate note.

all that passed with great facility. The orator was haranguing in Greek ; and, to the astonishment of all but Pudens, who immediately recognised him, instead of defending himself from the charge made against him, which was that of propagating Christianity, and which he seemed to glory in, he turned accuser, called on the Emperor in the most impassioned manner to repent of his atrocities, and represented the awful consequences which must await him in the tremendous judgment to come ! No description could do justice to the speaker's eloquence : it seemed like melting lava, flowing on as exhaustlessly, and burning its way through every obstacle.

Nero trembled violently : his colour came and went ; his eyes seemed to protrude with terror ; and his very hair was not unaffected ! His favourites, among whom was the execrable Tigellinus, started forward two or three times, as though to rescue him from his agonising situation : but the moment the speaker's glowing eye fell upon them, they sank back as if spell-bound. And well they might ; for he who was now lashing into life their scorpion-like consciences, was he, at whose re-

proach the spirits of Ananias and Sapphira had fled from their bodies! Yes, Peter stood before them; and they felt as the imps of hell felt, in the presence of the Lord of Heaven, when with consternation they asked:—

“Art thou come to torment us before our time?”

With that vehemence and boldness which distinguished the disciple who had leaped into the sea to meet his Lord, and who, being brought before the chief of his nation, had justified his disobedience of the orders of the magistrates by the noble declaration:—“That we ought to obey God rather than men!”—with the same vehemence and boldness he now, as then, cut his hearers to the heart; and in his simple but sublime language, drew such a vivid picture of the dissolution of all things, and the terrors of that dread Judge before whose tribunal he must soon stand; that the tyrant might well tremble!

Little, I ween, did the Emperor reckon of the sumptuousness of his palace, when told, with a solemnity which was almost appalling, that “the day of the Lord should come as a thief in

the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up.”*

The Emperor trembled even convulsively, when the inspired Apostle spoke of the blast of the Archangel’s trump, which should rive all nature to its centre:—the quivering wretch thought of the trumpet sound which, in imagination, he had heard from Agrippina’s grave; † and the manes of a murdered mother, a murdered brother, a murdered tutor, seemed to flit around him! His mistress, ‡ who was sitting near him, shrieked with terror; and the agonized Emperor, with an almost expiring effort, raved out,—

“Away with him!”

Not, however, to prolong the scene—St. Peter and his companion St. Paul, for such was his weary fellow-captive, were listened to with consternation by all present; and when

* II. Peter, 3rd chap., 10th verse.

† Erant qui crederent, *sonitum tubæ* collibus circum editis, planctusque tumulo matris audiri.—*Tac. Ann.* xiv. c. 10.

‡ Might not this be the personage alluded to by St. Jerome?

they were at length removed by the trembling lictors, the terrified officers, who executed the Emperor's mandates, seemed much greater objects of compassion than their fearless prisoners !

CHAPTER XVIII.

—I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE Emperor had been too much excited and agitated by the trial of the Apostles, to hear any other accusations on that day: Pudens's trial was therefore postponed until the morrow. The fiery glance which Nero cast upon him, at his entrance into the judgment hall, assured him that the circumstance of his having witnessed his guilty judge's dreadful discomfiture by St. Peter, would not operate in his favour. In fact, the tyrant was resolved to revenge himself for the disgrace and exposure which he had suffered, upon the first victim which should present itself; and poor Pudens happened to

be that unfortunate individual! As though more securely to bar every avenue to hope, it also happened that his accuser was the famous, or rather infamous, Carus, who was determined, on this occasion, to concentrate all his infernal faculties in the performance of his part.

As the advocate plumed himself upon this speech as his *chef-d'œuvre*, we have deemed that a brief summary of it would not be unacceptable to the reader, as enabling him to form some idea of the style and art of this celebrated accuser. He commenced as follows :

“ Most noble Emperor,

“ I should neither consult your known clemency nor my own feelings, on the present painful occasion, were I to adopt the usual practise of orators, and to exaggerate crimes which I would far more willingly extenuate. Aulus Pudens stands accused of treason, and of sacrilege :* and I could, were it necessary, prove several distinct offences under each of these classes of crime ; but out of compassion to the accused I will confine myself within the nar-

* For the accusations of the Christians, see Stillingfleet's *Orig. Sacræ*, Book 2. ch. 9.

rowest possible bounds, and restrict my observations to one offence of each kind. In so doing I am aware, divine Cæsar, that I am exposing myself to the charge of having neglected my duty towards your august person ; and that such a charge, though forborn by yourself, is not unlikely to be pressed by others : and I am also aware that I am unnecessarily subjecting myself to the difficulty and responsibility of making a selection from the too—too crowded catalogue of crimes, though at full liberty to embrace the whole in one accusation. This difficulty of selection is, indeed, the greatest perplexity which I have had to encounter : for I confess that I remained for some time undecided, whether to charge the prisoner with the assassination of the Emperor's servant, and the plunder of Venus's temple ; or with his connection with the late conspiracy, and his propagation of that baleful superstition, called Christianity. Determined at length by motives of compassion, rather than by any other consideration, it is my intention to confine the present accusation to the two former crimes. All the other charges I abandon ; for though I am able, as the prisoner well knows, to bring

forward such proofs of his guilt as would paralyze even his ready tongue to deny; I will spare his youth—I will pity his folly—I would if possible palliate his guilt.”

Pudens being almost goaded to madness, by this cruel and hypocritical vaunt of lenity, interrupted the speaker to beg that the Emperor would call for such proofs, if his adversary had them: which request was immediately complied with. This was exactly what Carus had wished and hoped; for, otherwise, he could not have included the two last crimes in his accusation, they having been discovered subsequently to the notice of prosecution.

With triumph, therefore, he proceeded: “Since then, divine Cæsar, you have commanded, I must obey. Forgive me, noble Prince! if I add that I obey with reluctance; and that no petulance of the accused should have extorted from me the fatal evidence which it is now my duty to produce.”

So saying, he called for the letters which Pudens had written to Lucan and Seneca, during his confinement; and which had probably been intercepted. From the former he read the

following passage, "*I wish, my Lucan, that I could assist you in your secret work ; but, alas ! I cannot. My heart, however, I need hardly tell you, is with you ; and I sincerely wish you success. Your principal difficulty will be to keep the matter secret from the Emperor ; as, if he should have any suspicion of your design, it would be fatal.*"

The letter to Seneca contained this singular sentence : "*What would I not give, O best of men, (optime virorum,) to consult with you about a certain plot. Known as you are to all parties, and indeed in some measure involved, your counsel would be of incalculable advantage to me.*"

Carus having read these extracts, asked Pudens whether he could deny the writing, which, of course, he could not do ; and then he proceeded :—"Happily, my duty does not require any lengthened comment upon these passages. The meaning is, alas ! too evident. No reasonable being, within the circuit of this vast empire, can have a doubt as to the 'secret work' of Lucan, which, happily, it has been difficult to keep 'secret from the Emperor, although his suspicion may be fatal.'—This 'secret work' in which the accused states, 'his

heart to have been with Lucan, and in which he wished him success :' is identical with what, in Seneca's letter, is styled, if possible, less ambiguously, '*a certain plot,*' '*in which Seneca was somewhat involved.*' The design of that plot—the parties to it—and the success of it, are all now matters of history. Lucan and Seneca have both paid a fitting expiation for their crimes ; and I will, therefore, no further allude to it than to say, that the eloquence of our Cicero, when he hurled his thunder-bolts against Catiline, would not have found language adequately to describe so nefarious, so execrable, a conspiracy as that, which, if the Gods had not expressly revealed, would have deprived his country of a father, the world of a benefactor, and literature and the arts of their incarnate Apollo !

“ Having thus, divine Cæsar ! submitted these documents to your august perusal, and proved, alas ! too unanswerably, that the accused was privy to this horrible plot, and to use his own language, *sincerely wished the conspirators success,* I would observe, in mitigation of his sentence, that he was not actually and per-

sonally engaged in it. It might, indeed, be retorted that he was in durance, and unable to use his personal exertions ; yet I would entreat your clemency, august Emperor, to pardon ineffectual wishes, unaccompanied with more active operations !

“ It now behoves me, in obedience to your commands, to bring forward evidence of Aulus Pudens having been one of the propagators of that superstitious pest—Christianity. It is hardly necessary to call witnesses to prove that he was in the habit of frequenting their misanthropical meetings ; as this is a fact which I do not think that he will have the effrontery to deny : but the witnesses which I shall call will prove a much more singular, a much more decisive fact than this. They will prove that, in the second dreadful conflagration caused by the Christians, when every one tried to rescue from the flames that which was most precious to him, the treasure selected by this infatuated young man, and in the preservation of which he almost lost his life, was—this book (a fragment of the New Testament)—containing the infamous and most pernicious

doctrines of Christianity :—a book, which, (as I will shew you) inculcates hatred even to parents !”

He then produced Claudia’s copy of the scriptures, and read the following verse:—
 “ ‘ Think not that I am come to send peace on earth ; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother ; and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law : &c.’ ”*

When the expression of horror, which this quotation had produced had subsided, a witness deposed that Pudens was found, on the night of the second conflagration, near some burning ruins, in a state of insensibility ; clinging to this relic with singular pertinacity !

Carus then resumed, “ Thus far, divine Cæsar ! have I constrained myself, in obedience to your commands, to advert to crimes over which I would gladly have thrown the veil of oblivion. I purposely abstain from all comment upon their atrocity ; nor need I make any remark upon the evidence of guilt, which

* St. Matthew, 11th chap. v. 34.

is such as to leave no possibility of the existence of a doubt.”

The advocate then proceeded to the more immediate and legitimate subjects of his twofold accusation of treason and sacrilege, and under the first head, accused Pudens of having slain one of the Emperor's domestics on the night of his return to Rome; and under the second, of having robbed the shrine of Venus. The first offence was proved with little difficulty; and as to the second, although no accusation could be more false, yet, strange to say, the evidence adduced in support of it was such, as to establish it almost incontrovertibly. Witnesses came forward and swore that they had seen Pudens enter the temple of Venus, and take charge of the statue. Others swore that the offerings with which the shrine was adorned, including, among other things, a valuable corselet, or necklace of British pearls, with which it had been enriched by Julius Cæsar,* had been safe just before the fire, but had never been seen since: and to place the matter beyond doubt, a necklace of British pearls was produced, which had been found in Pudens's bosom, when he was taken to the

• Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. ix. c. 35.

house of Epaphroditus; and which was deposited to, by the priestess of Venus's temple, as the identical necklace, or torque of the goddess.

We do not mean to accuse the priestess, nor, indeed, any other of the witnesses, of perjury; but we cannot acquit her of error; for the fact was, that the necklace which she identified with that of the goddess, was the torque which we have before related to have been conveyed by our hero to his mistress, as a present from her father.

Such was the substance of the accusation against Pudens which Carus concluded with the following peroration:—

“ Thus have I proved, most divine Emperor! by evidence absolutely irrefutable, the commission of a series of crimes, of such turpitude, that death would be well merited by any one of them. If each, taken singly, is so odious, and so atrocious, what must be the combination? I have, as your august Majesty has witnessed, abstained from all exaggerating remarks, as they came before me in detail.— Nay, I have rather palliated, than aggravated them: and, indeed, as to some of them, I have

brought them forward hesitatingly and reluctantly, and only in submission to commands which I durst not disobey. But viewing them in their connection, they present an aspect so foul, that he who can behold it with features unmoved,—nay, he who does not avert his eyes with horror and disgust,—must be so habituated to the contemplation of vice, as to regard it at last with congenial indulgence. Palliation, in such a case, becomes toleration, approbation, and participation. Some crimes may, and do proceed from human infirmity, or from sudden and transient passion; and such infirmity, or passion, may be viewed in extenuation of them: but the crimes of which the prisoner stands accused, numerous and various as they are, proceed from one powerful, active, deep rooted principle — a principle which has obliterated, or absorbed all other feelings and which has been carried out with a pertinacity of purpose perhaps unequalled in the annals of youthful depravity. The nature and tendency of this principle, may be best inferred from the extract which I have read from the volume snatched out of the flames by the prisoner,

at the peril of his life, from which it appears, that it is one avowedly inimical to the most sacred social ties, and subversive of all peace and tranquillity. And so, indeed, it will prove, if we trace the application of it by the prisoner. Let us, by way of illustration, review his conduct on the night of his return from Rome.

“ If there be any sight which can melt the heart, and soften down even the most rancorous misanthropy ; it is surely that of one’s country in flames : and if there be a moment when the bosom is peculiarly susceptible of such generous weakness, it is at one’s first return to that country after a long absence ! Now, to a person so situated, viewing such a calamity,—what, I would ask—what, amid the general wreck, would seem to lay the strongest claim upon his exertions to rescue it from destruction ? Is it not something connected with the religion, or the glory of that country ? And would not a generous person sacrifice his life in the preservation of such a relic ? What, then, shall we say of one, who at such a time, and under such circumstances, could after a long exile, behold unmoved, the

fiery deluge overwhelming his country? Nay, could draw his sword against his prince's servant, employed in endeavouring to extinguish the flames; and what is even still more horrible, and almost incredible, avail himself of such an opportunity to deface a sacred shrine, and despoil it of a glorious trophy! Execrable, most execrable, were such crimes in any person; but when perpetrated by a soldier,—the professed protector of his country,—and a soldier just returned from Britain, too, who must have known what each pearl in that trophy cost the divine Cæsar—no words can designate the turpitude of such conduct! Verily, a religion which could have prompted it, must have been sent not to bring peace, but a sword, and to set a man at variance with his father! In other words, it must inculcate principles opposed to all that is most sacred and estimable; arming a man against his country—his country's government, his country's glory, and his country's religion!

“ But the deep-rooted inveteracy, as well as malignity, of these principles is deserving of notice. This is finely exemplified by the prisoner's conduct in confinement. To a per-

son in durance, one would imagine, all other thoughts, all other anxieties, would yield to the paramount desire of liberty. Not so, however, with Aulus Pudens: he desires, indeed, to be freed from his chain; but why?—‘To assist Lucan in his secret work.’ He is somewhat impatient of his confinement; but wherefore?—‘To consult with Seneca about a certain plot!’ Well may he have exposed himself to the most imminent perils to rescue from the flames a treasure which could inspire him with principles so noble and elevated;—principles which could enable him to despise the petty partialities of meaner minds, and thus sublimely to triumph over the love of one’s country, the love of liberty, and the love of life!”

Carus having concluded his accusation with this climax of irony, Nero demanded of the prisoner, what he had to say in his defence. Pudens had revolved the various charges of this accusation in his mind; and found that there was not one which he could satisfactorily refute. With respect to his letters to Lucan and Seneca,—he reflected, that if he attempted an explanation, he should perhaps be render-

ing Lucan liable to the loss of that immortal meed, which should reward his talents, on the one hand ; and on the other hand, be exposing Claudia, to the hazard of a discovery. With respect to his having slain the Emperor's servant, he saw, at once, that the Emperor, in his own defence, would justify the conduct of his servant, and resent his own interference. As it regarded his rescue of the fragment of the holy scriptures, — although incidental and fortuitous, it would lead to an exposure of his relation to Claudia, which he would risk his life to avoid : and as to the charge of his having robbed the shrine of Venus, it contained such a mixture of truth and falsehood, as would require evidence, which he was not then in a situation to procure, to exculpate himself.

Under these circumstances, he begged time to prepare his defence, alleging his ignorance of the nature of the accusation, and complaining of the insidious manner in which charges had been introduced of crimes, which if they had any existence at all, could only have occurred subsequently to the notice of impeachment. The ferocious Emperor, how-

ever, panting for revenge, refused to allow him any further time : and as Pudens confined his defence to a protestation of innocence, he ordered two lictors to 'do their duty,' which signified to hurry him off to the prison, there to await capital punishment.

CHAPTER XIX.

No light, save yon faint gleam, which shews me walls,
Which never echoed but to sorrows' sounds—
The sigh of long imprisonment—the steps
Of feet on which the iron clanked—the groan
Of death—the imprecation of despair!

THE TWO FOSCARI.

As Pudens's crime was considered a concentration of all that was atrocious, it was determined that his punishment should be exemplary; and he was therefore removed to a place, at the name of which humanity recoils—the Mamertine prison, or, as it was styled by one of the ancient poets, "*the cell of groans!*" This dreary edifice was built in the descent of the Capitoline hill, overhanging the Forum, and nearly in the centre of the Capitol; the rude remains of which still exist attest its antiquity and durability. It is supposed to

have been built by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, and was constructed of enormous masses of stone, averaging about nine feet in length, and three in thickness, laid one upon another without cement. The principal apartments, in this mansion of sorrow, were two cells, an upper and a lower one; the former used as a place of confinement, the latter of execution. The entrance to the upper cell was by a hole in the vaulted roof, through which it was usual to thrust the prisoner: and immediately under this aperture was another opening of a similar character in the floor, which was covered by a loose pavement, and afforded access to the lower cell, called the Tullianum. This chamber of death communicated with the gemoniæ, or stairs of groans, on which the bodies of criminals, when executed, were exposed, and from whence they were dragged by hooks into the Forum, and thence to the Tiber.* Such was the place to

* There is a very good description of the Mamertine prisons, as well as other remarkable edifices in Rome, in the *Saturday Magazine*, No. 283, &c.; also in Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, which I take this opportunity of strongly recommending to the classical student, as replete with interesting descriptions of the ruins and historical associations of Rome.

which Pudens was hurried, and brutally thrust into, through the aperture in the roof; and there he lay for some time, almost stunned by his fall, the ceiling being fourteen feet in height from the pavement!

Bruised and hurt as he was, however, he was not insensible; and the anguish of his mind soon obliterated the pains of his body. It is not for pen to describe the bitterness of the cup which he was now called on to drain. The transition from the bright sunshine made his dungeon at first appear perfectly dark; but as his eyes gradually accommodated themselves to the gloom, the darkness seemed to diminish, and the horrors proportionably to increase; while the filth of the floor, the humidity of the walls, and other disgusting objects, revealed themselves. It was some time before he ventured to explore very minutely the spacious, dismal apartment; but one of the first objects which he beheld was an imperfect skeleton, lying near that terrible instrument of torture, called the equuleus. As these appalling objects met his glance, an involuntary shudder crept over his frame, and seemed to pass through his very

hair, as though some noisome reptile was crawling over him ; nor could he seem to efface them from his sight, although he closed his eyes, and put his hands before his face, and even bent his head towards the ground to avoid the possibility of encountering them. In this posture he remained for a considerable time ; till, as he expressed it, his guardian angel recalled to his memory the sacred story of Daniel in the den of lions, of which St. Peter had lately told him.

“ Ah !” said he to himself, despondingly, “ I would not ask that the lions’ mouths might be closed, were lions here !”

The recollection of Daniel’s deliverance, however, somewhat mitigated his sufferings ; and at length he began to think that the same God who had delivered Daniel, was now his God, and to Him, therefore, he prayed in an agony of earnestness. His heart felt lightened by this exercise ; and for a moment he so far recovered, as to reproach himself with want of faith, and to endeavour to animate his confidence and courage by reflecting on the examples of St. Peter and his companion, who had sung hymns in the prison ; but the effect was tran-

sient : human nature would not be controlled. St. Peter's situation did not appear to him, as he meditated on it, half so trying as his own.

“St. Peter,” said he, “had a companion ; and St. Peter had not been snatched from Claudia !”

At the thought of Claudia, he smote his hands together in silent anguish ; and despair almost overcame him. It seemed to him, indeed, as though—

The cup of bliss
Had ever shunned him when he thought to kiss ;—

and that now, when he was raising it to his lips, almost overflowing with happiness, it was dashed for ever from his hand !

As the sun approached its zenith, it afforded him a better opportunity of exploring the dreary confines of his cell, which was indeed to him the cave of despondency ! The enormous masses of stone, which formed its rude and ill-constructed walls, rendered the very thought of escape preposterous ; but as the rays of the sun became more perpendicular, they streamed through the crevice in the imperfectly closed

aperture in the roof, upon the corresponding opening in the floor below. This opening he conjectured, and conjectured rightly, was the entrance to the famous cell of execution, called the Tullianum.

“That hole, then,” said he to himself, shudderingly, “is the dungeon in which the accomplices of Catiline were strangled! There, then, is the dreadful cold-bath of King Jugurtha, into which he was cast naked, after having been stripped of his purple robes; and there, he was starved to death!* This is to be the place of exit for me, I suppose:—this is to be my fate,—a lingering death!—a dishonoured name!”

The latter thought seemed almost maddening; and the anguish which he suffered caused large drops of sweat to stand on his forehead!

The aperture in the floor was closed by a heavy pavement, which curiosity prompted him to attempt to remove, to enable him to take a survey of this thrice horrible cell. This labour was the occupation—I had almost said, the amusement—of many hours. The stone

* Plutarch in Vita Marii.

was so massive, that he would have felt inclined to relinquish his arduous undertaking long before he had accomplished it, but his curiosity was stimulated by the faint sound of a human voice from the cell below. Having succeeded, at last, in making a little aperture, through which he looked down as though into a dark and deep well, he discovered two men writing, by a faint glimmering light which hardly found aliment in the sepulchral atmosphere with which it was struggling. The flickering flame, however, threw a sufficient gleam on the countenance of one of the persons, to enable Pudens to recognise the features of the Apostle Paul !

Strange to say, this holy martyr was at that moment employed in penning his last epistle to his friend Timothy ; and amid the horrors of that noisome dungeon, was writing that triumphant strain, which may be styled the Martyr's Io Pæan !

“ I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

“ I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith.

“ Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown

of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."*

Pudens could not see the Apostle's countenance distinctly, or he would have beheld it glowing with angelic rapture : and he would have almost thought himself compensated for his sufferings, could he have deciphered the close of that divine epistle ; for there his own name, and that of Claudia and Linus, were united in immortal fellowship !

"Eubulus greeteth thee," writes the inspired saint, to his beloved Timothy, "*and PUDENS, and LINUS, and CLAUDIA, and all the brethren.*"†

The other person whom Pudens with difficulty descried, was St. Peter, who was also putting a last hand to his divine labours. Pudens judged, by the extraordinary rapidity with which their hands glided over the parchment, that their moments were numbered, and therefore felt some hesitation in disturbing them ; but seeing St. Paul raise his head from his scroll, as though he had finished, he was

* II. Tim., c. iv., v. 6., et seq. † II. Tim., c. iv., v. 21.

just about to address him, when his own hand was rudely snatched away from the stone which closed the communication between the two cells !

CHAPTER XX.

Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

WISHING to preserve the narrative uninterrupted, as far as concerns the fate of Pudens, some few circumstances have been omitted, which it will be necessary to relate before I proceed further. Seneca, as has been stated, had written expressly to Britain, urging the importance of Claudia's being sent home, and describing, as explicitly as prudence would allow, the perils to which she was exposed from the licentiousness of the Emperor's court, against which his own influence had afforded her but little protection.

Arviragus felt, as might be supposed, extremely alarmed for the safety of his daughter, and not a little perplexed how to rescue her

from her critical situation. It happened, however, that the Arch Druid had just returned to court, after having provided a retreat for his persecuted religion among the mountains of Wales. His sagacity had been a resource to Arviragus in all the exigencies of the state; and it was, therefore, no small consolation to him to be able to consult it on the present occasion.

The Arch Druid, seeing the extreme circumspection required in the conduct of this enterprise, and being moreover moved by affection, and perhaps curiosity to see his son amid the wonders of Rome, yielded to the solicitations of the King, and undertook the arduous task himself of restoring Claudia to her anxious parent. He accordingly proceeded privately to Gaul, where he hired a vessel, and embarked for Rome; where he arrived a few days before Pudens's trial.

The recent execution of Lucan and Seneca, which deprived Claudia of the counsels and assistance of her best friends—the cruel persecution of the Christians—the profligacy of Nero's court, and the political commotion which now threatened, and soon after subverted

the government—all combined to render her immediate return a matter of absolute necessity. A Gallic merchant vessel was about to set sail in the course of a few days; and Pudens, therefore, conjured, and after considerable resistance, prevailed upon, the Arch Druid and his fair protégée to avail themselves of this opportunity, and secure their passage, without any reference to his own trial. If acquitted, he told them, he could soon follow; if otherwise, their presence would be of no avail to him, and would only put in hazard a life which might be of the greatest value to her country. All the arguments of religion were put into requisition to induce Claudia to assent to this arrangement; and it was even deemed necessary to extort the most sacred promises in order to secure its fulfilment.

Every preparation was accordingly made for their departure, which, as it happened, was appointed to take place on the second day after the fatal trial: and Claudia awaited the issue with agonizing anxiety. Her apprehensions had been painfully excited by the fate of the Apostles; but with all her apprehensions, she was but ill prepared to hear their realiza-

tion : and the blow fell with almost as overwhelming an effect as if it had been wholly unexpected.

It was no time, however, to yield to grief, though such as no language can pourtray ; as soon, therefore, as she had recovered from the staggering effect of the first shock, she concentrated all her feelings in one energetic purpose. Then might this lovely girl have been seen, though herself distracted, and half despairing, kindly supporting and consoling the Arch Druid, as though her own mind had been almost at ease on the subject. Nor was this all, but when his inventive genius, which had always been so full of resources, seemed paralyzed, she projected a scheme by which she hoped to procure the mitigation of Pudens's punishment, and even undertook to carry it into execution. This was nothing less than to apply personally to Suetonius, her late captor, but now the consul of Rome, to use his influence, which was known to be great, to induce the Emperor to rescind the sentence which had gone forth against her lover.

To effect this purpose, therefore, Claudia—the timorous, delicate, Claudia—set out with a

single female attendant, to the palace of the consul. That she was unappalled by the lictors with their fasces, and the armed attendants of the court, is no more than might have been expected from a free-born British lady; but she had a severer trial in the insolence of the idle crowd of domestics, and the impertinent curiosity of the visitors who still loitered about the atrium: these, however, she awed into respect by the dignity of her manner, which displayed all the majesty of grief. Nevertheless, when she found herself before the consul, and when the room was cleared, and his courtly demeanour reminded her of the licentious manners of the day, and her own situation, as the female intercessor for a handsome young soldier, flashed across her mind, she could scarcely support her steps.

Suetonius, beholding the blushing beauty of his lovely visitor, whom he did not at first recognise, addressed her in a tone of gallantry, which he expected would have been repaid with a smile, and which he designed as the prelude of a flippant conversation.

Claudia, however, felt too much anxiety to simulate a smile; and, therefore, with a look

of imploring dignity, she introduced herself as his late captive; and tremblingly and blushing, told the tale of her love, of her persecution, and of her present distress. She then appealed to his generosity, with an eloquence which impassioned and earnest feeling alone could inspire, and which was not unaided by the tears which chased each other down her burning cheeks.

Suetonius was a man, and was, therefore, not unmoved; but he was an officer, and an officer distinguished for the severity of his military and official character. The very circumstance of a person being condemned, was, with him, strong presumptive evidence of his guilt, notwithstanding the iniquity of the times. Again, he considered that the sentence of the law was too sacred to be repealed, even supposing it to be harsh, or even unjust. And lastly, he thought that had Pudens been guilty of any one of the charges, in ever so slight a degree, he had violated those rules of discipline which, in military life, were indispensable.

His supplicant's eloquence was, therefore, quite bootless, until he was satisfied that the charges against Pudens, although so difficult

to rebut, were wholly unfounded ; but even then, his original prejudices returned. To use his own expression of his feelings towards Claudia, he compassionated the poor young thing, particularly as she was a stranger, and so beautiful ; by Jove, it was a pity that she should not have a Roman husband, for she seemed to deserve one. Then he thought that Pudens would make her a very good one, for he was a fine young soldier, and had fought like a lion by the side of his general : but what could be done ? He could not be supposed to be moved by the tears of a love-sick girl ; and the matter did not seem to come before him *officially*. And then, again, he hated the Christians, and did not wish to embroil himself with any of the courtiers, on their account !

He revolved all these things in his mind, and endeavoured to pacify the fair intercessor with an answer couched in as kind language as he could find, to the effect that the matter was *out of his jurisdiction*, and that he would recommend her to apply to the "*proper authorities*."

Claudia, however, was not to be satisfied with such a reply as this. She renewed her

suit with increased importunity—she represented her own situation, and adverted to the confiding manner, in which she had thrown herself upon his honour with such pathos, and, indeed, pleaded so passionately and so eloquently, that, eventually, she prevailed upon Suetonius to undertake her cause, although, he assured her, he had no hope of success.

In fulfilment of his promise, therefore, the consul hastened to the palace, and was admitted to an audience with the Emperor, at which Tigellinus only was present. His presence, however, seemed so fatal to the undertaking, and, at the same time, it would have appeared so invidious or suspicious to express a wish that he should withdraw, that, but for a single-eyed, soldier-like sense of duty, Suetonius would have abandoned his enterprize altogether. He did, indeed, venture to introduce the subject, but was so discouraged and embarrassed, that he confined himself merely to a statement of the meritorious conduct of Pudens as a soldier in Britain, and his affianced to Claudia, the daughter of the British chief. Nero listened with impatience; for he was exasperated against the Christians, and deter-

mined to revenge, on the first victim, the humiliating discomfiture which he had suffered from St. Peter. As soon, therefore, as Suetonius had concluded, he replied, "That unless it could be shown that Pudens did not belong to that odious and execrable sect, he did not feel at all inclined to relax, at all events, further than to allow him to die by strangulation instead of being hunted to death by wild beasts, as he had intended.

Suetonius was obliged to be contented with this display of clemency, for which he thanked the Emperor, and was about to retire, when, strange to say, there appeared another advocate for our hero, and, stranger still—that advocate was—Tigellinus! The thought flashed across his depraved mind, that were Pudens's life spared, he might learn from him the place of Claudia's residence, and even, perhaps, induce him to betray her as the price of his liberty! He, therefore, joined with Suetonius in interceding for a commutation of punishment. The Emperor seemed somewhat displeased, even with his favourite for interfering, but, at length, consented, though with evident reluctance, that the sentence should be changed from death to perpetual banishment.

Providence, which orders all things aright for those who confide in it, had so disposed matters, that a transport vessel was lying in the harbour, destined to convey two or three other state captives to one of the Ægean Isles, which was to proceed on its course that very evening. Suetonius, fearful lest the Emperor might revert to his former sentence, the present alleviation of it having been extorted from him so involuntarily, kindly determined that Pudens should be embarked upon this vessel, without further delay; and, therefore, dispatched one of his lictors with the proper credentials, who dragged the prisoner off just as he was about to reveal himself to his two sainted fellow sufferers.

It so happened that along-side this transport was lying the vessel which was to carry Claudia's party, who had already embarked; the Arch Druid having wisely hurried his protégée on board immediately on her return, lest some of her licentious admirers might have seen her, and tracked her to her residence. This prudent old man had also instructed a trusty messenger to attend at the entrance to the palace, to learn from Suetonius, the Emperor's determination, and to report it to them instantly: from this messenger, they learnt

that Pudens's doom had been changed to perpetual banishment, and that the sentence was to be put into execution forthwith.

The evening was now advancing ; a fair wind had sprung up, and the tide which was to bear them off was fast rising. Claudia had, with tearful eyes and aching heart, taken a farewell of the imperial city, with which her fate had been connected by so many thrilling associations, and was sitting, muffled up on deck, to catch a last glimpse of Pudens, whom she thought she might never again behold. Wave after wave rolled in, meting out the precious moments, but still the object of her hopes and fears did not arrive ; and the tide beginning to recede, and no more passengers being expected, the mariners of the transport ship proceeded to weigh anchor. As the measured sound of the seamen's voices fell in musical cadence, like a dirge upon her ear, her soul seemed to die within her ; and to prevent her fainting, her attendants carried her, pale and passive, below deck. The bustle and creaking of the windlass in her own vessel, soon announced that the same operation was commencing there ; and she now swooned outright. While in this in-

sensible state, and just as the mariners of the Arch Druid's vessel were hauling on board the plank, Pudens party arrived, and mistaking the ship, and thinking that the Arch Druid, whom they saw on board, was the captain, they told him that they had brought another exile for the Isle of Patmos, and delivered up their prisoner to him.

The opportunity of a good stratagem immediately presented itself to the ready mind of the Arch Druid : telling the officers, therefore, that all was quite right, he hurried Pudens below deck, and ordered the sailors to crowd sail and make off as expeditiously as possible. All this was done with such haste that our hero was quite unconscious of his situation, and little dreamt that he was a fellow passenger with Claudia, and bound for Britain !

Events had succeeded each other with such rapidity, that he felt half stupified ; and as far as he was capable of forming an opinion as to his present destination from what he had learnt from the lictor who had dragged him so hastily from prison, he doubted not but that he was soon to encounter the waves of the *Ægean* ! The Arch Druid, however, soon found an op-

portunity of explaining to him his real situation, and, of course, inculcated the necessity of maintaining the most perfect secrecy until the termination of his voyage.

We will not attempt to describe the rapturous feelings of joy, and gratitude to heaven, which overflowed the hearts of the happy lovers on their mutual recognition as fellow passengers: suffice it to say, that they encountered no more perils until they reached the longed-for haven.

CHAPTER XXI.

O three times famous Isle, where is that place that might
 Be with thyselfe compared for glorie and delight,
 Whilst Glastonbury stood? * * *
 For rev'rence to that seat which hath ascribed beene
 Trees yet in winter bloome and beare their summers greene !

DRAYTON'S POLYOLBION.

THE wary Arch Druid would not allow Pudens to accompany him to court, lest it might lead to his discovery, or possibly involve Arviragus in a dispute with the Romans on account of his harbouring a person convicted of treason. Thither, however, he conducted Claudia ; and there we must leave them, for the present, and return to our hero, who it was resolved should retire to the Isle of Avalon*

* Now Glastonbury ; and is no longer an island, as it was when it afforded an asylum to Pudens, or in after days to the great Alfred. Its British name was 'Ynis Withrin.'

until the Arch Druid had prepared the King for his reception.

As Pudens was seeking some place of shelter, in this little frequented island, he happened to see an aged pilgrim, whose long flowing beard gave him a singularly venerable appearance, toiling up a hill, supporting his weary and tottering steps with a staff. The old man having gained a little elevation paused to recover breath, and thrusting his staff into the ground, leaned upon it, to rest himself; when apparently some object struck his sight, which wounded his feelings; for he raised his hands in a desponding kind of manner, and uttered the words, "I am weary! I am weary!" On drawing nearer, Pudens perceived that he was of the Jewish nation; and concluding him to be one of those who had lately been banished from Rome, he addressed him in a soothing tone, telling him that he presumed that they were brother exiles. Having by his kindness and gentleness removed the alarm which his sudden appearance had at first excited, he continued the conversation until at length he had so far ingratiated himself with the pilgrim as to venture to ask him, what had caused the emotion of dejection which he had witnessed?

The stranger, after a momentary hesitation, replied, that it had been called forth by a circumstance which probably would not interest him; for it was merely on account of having seen a man bow down before the branchless trunk of an old oak.

“And did this circumstance affect you so painfully?” asked Pudens, somewhat surprised: “that oak was the man’s God; and whom would you have him worship?”

“I would have him worship,” replied the stranger, as his countenance assumed a more resolute and animated expression,—I would have him worship, a God, mayhap unknown to you, but whom I will not shrink from declaring to you, be the consequences what they may. I would have him worship the God of Heaven and Earth!”

The old man looked steadfastly at his young companion, with a composure which seemed to have been prepared to receive a burst of contempt at the least, if not a more violent expression of contumely; but Pudens, to his astonishment, briefly and mildly replied:

“And so would I; for know, venerable pilgrim, that your God is my God!”

Tears of joy started from the old man’s eyes,

on being informed that his fellow exile too was a Christian; and he clasped his aged hands together, and looked up to heaven as though in gratitude; and then, forgetting his staff and the infirmities of age, he embraced Pudens with paternal affection, and leaning on his arm they descended the hill together.

Our hero, as may be supposed, felt no ordinary degree of curiosity as to the history of his venerable companion: as soon, therefore, as an opportunity occurred, he inquired of him "who he was that had thus left the land of his fathers, at an age when he could hardly hope again to return thither thus to sojourn with a strange people, who could never have heard of his nation, nor even of his God?"

"It is for that reason that I am come hither;" said the stranger.

He then related that he was Joseph of Amirathea! that he had determined to leave a nation which had crucified the Lord of Glory; and that having, when in Gaul, heard of the death of Aristobulus, who had been sent by St. Paul on a mission to Britain—at the request of Claudia, as my readers will remember,—he had agreed with St. Simon to fill up his place!

Pudens could not help expressing his surprise that he should manifest such ardour and perseverance at his advanced age : but when, after listening to the narrative of his persecutions and trials, he compassionated the pilgrim's sufferings, the old man smiled, and with glistening eyes told him, ' that if he had heard that groan which had reached his own ears from Calvary, and which had riven the earth to her very centre, he would despise all suffering !' He then gave a most vivid and affecting account of the crucifixion which he described as a spectacle from which the sun had shrunk aghast ; and which, it was evident, was the well spring of all his own thoughts.

It never, indeed, seemed absent from his mind ; and yet he never related it without tears.

If you had seene his death, saith he,
 As these mine eyes have done,
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee
 His torments think upon :
 And suffer for his sake all paine
 Of torments, and all woes.—
 These are his words and eke his life
 Where'er he comes or goes.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

Pudens remained a few days with this re-

markable old man, and rendered him very important assistance in the sacred cause which he had espoused; for among other useful suggestions, he advised that the age-stricken missionary should associate native converts, to aid him while living, and supply his place when he should be gathered to his fathers. What beneficial consequences resulted from the adoption of this advice may be estimated from the circumstance of posterity having canonized two of his fellow labourers, under the appellations of St. Duvian and St. Fagan!

Indeed, not only their venerable names, but those of all to whom this Island owes the irre-quitable boon of Christianity have been so well commemorated by the poet, that we shall make no apology for introducing the quaint but interesting record.—

The first that ever told Christ crucified to us,
(By Paul and Peter sent) was Aristobulus,
Renown'd in holy writ, a Labourer in the word,
For that most certain Truth, opposing fire and sword;
By th' Britans murdered here, so unbelieving then:
Next holy Joseph came, the merciful'st of men,
The saviour of mankind in sepulchre that layd,
That to the Britans was th'Apostle; in his ayd
Saint Duvian, and with him Saint Fagan, both which were
His scollers, likewise left their sacred Reliques here:

All Denizens of ours, t'advance the Christian state,
At Glastonbury long that were commemorate.

DRAYTON'S POLYOLBION.

Although Pudens was much occupied, however, in carrying into effect the holy purposes of the venerable counsellor ; yet his situation was one of the most painful suspense. His experience of the world, made him but too sensible of the difference between a Roman officer, esteemed at court, and a Roman exile, accidentally, or rather providentially rescued from capital punishment : a difference which it was not likely that a sagacious and ambitious prince like Arviragus would overlook. The alteration of his circumstances would, he knew, justify the alteration of Arviragus's plans, which were of course, conditional : for it was not to be supposed that, with all his paternal tenderness, he would consent to an alliance which might involve himself and subjects in an unequal war with the Romans ; when a different choice would, perhaps, greatly extend, or fortify his dominions. These reflections preyed much upon Pudens's spirits ; and he awaited tidings of his future destiny from Claudia, with the most anxious solicitude.

His suspense, although painful, was not protracted; for a messenger soon arrived with a dispatch, which convinced him that he had wronged the magnanimous Arviragus. That generous prince no sooner recognised his daughter, than he wept over her with delight, and seemed positively intoxicated with pleasure, as he scanned her improved appearance.

“It is not my daughter, it is Adraste;”^{*} said he.

“Nay, my father; it is your own Rosy,” said Claudia; as she fell on her father’s neck. But such scenes as these are not to be dwelt on; they are too sacred and delicate, to be exposed to public gaze:—

Oh if there be a human tear
From passion’s dross refined and clear;
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel’s cheek;
’Tis such as pious fathers shed
Upon a daughter’s duteous head!

SCOTT.

Among the innumerable questions which Arviragus asked his long lost daughter, one of the first was as to the welfare of Pudens and

* The British Venus.

why he had not accompanied her. The reason was soon told; the reverse which had taken place in his circumstances, and their apprehensions lest his appearance at court might be construed into a hostile protection of the enemies of Rome.

The King looked thoughtful for a moment, and then, addressing his daughter, said,

“ And dost thou love that youth still, my Rosy ?”

Claudia replied, that she thought that she ought to love him; for that he had preserved her life and honour, at the risk of his own.

Arviragus replied, “ And canst thou think, my daughter, that I can hear of these things,—nay, dost thou think that I can look at thee, and see in thee all that can gladden a father’s heart, or that can console him for all his troubles; and be indifferent about him who hath half made thee what thou art? Dost thou think that I can sit down, and coolly calculate whether the Romans will be pleased or displeased at my receiving a son;—ay, and more than a son, under my roof? Nay, thou wrongest me;—perish the Romans, and perish myself too; but I will provide a home for

that noble youth. Let the proud robbers filch from me my kingdom; but while I have a roof to shelter me, I will share it with Pudens!"

A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the Isle of Avalon; the King generously resolving to risk his kingdom, rather than forsake his friend.

Pudens, as may be imagined, was not unwilling to obey the summons to court; but he was not so much intoxicated with his own good fortune, as to be unmindful of his venerable friend, or indifferent to the welfare of the sacred cause with which he was connected. So far from it, he conducted the aged pilgrim to the palace, and introduced him to Claudia and her father; although it was not deemed advisable to bring forward the object of his mission in the present excited state of the family.

Arviragus, as might have been anticipated, received Pudens with the affection of a father; and within a week his friendship was matured into that degree of relationship.

And here, did not more important matters press, we might consider ourselves called upon

to give some account of the ceremony, and particularly of old Ana's conduct on the occasion; but we must content ourselves with observing, that she became so reconciled to the disuse of the braccæ, as not only to be remarkably civil to Pudens, but even to give her daughter in marriage to Ryno, who had adopted the Roman costume in this respect, and whose faithful services, we have the pleasure to record, were, not long subsequently, rewarded by Pudens with a Centurionship!

CHAPTER XXII.

He took the Sangreal's* holy quest,
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
 He might not view with wakening eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song,
 Scorned not such legends to prolong ;
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme.

MARMION.

PUDENS and Claudia, having thus surmounted the many and painful trials which encountered them in their entrance upon life, began, like David of old, to look out for a

* The Sangreal is the real blood of Christ, which is supposed to have been brought over by Joseph of Arimathea:—

Hither came Joseph of Arimathy.

And brought with him the holy grayle, they say.

Spenser.

Another version is, that the Grayle is a plate or vase

resting-place for the ark of their God ; and availed themselves of the first opportunity of introducing the subject of the new religion to the King. The ancient chroniclers are not agreed as to their success in persuading Arviragus himself to embrace and profess Christianity ; but they are unanimous in their testimony that his prejudices against it were so far removed, that he afforded Joseph of Arimathea his protection and countenance, and assigned him a retreat in the Isle of Avalon ; where, free from persecution or molestation, he had permission to promulgate his doctrines as he should think proper. * As an acknowledgment of this favour, the apostle of the Britons presented the King with a standard, on

of emerald, called holy from having been used, either in our Lord's Last Supper, or to receive his precious blood when Joseph of Arimathea washed the wounds of his holy body, to prepare it for burial. See a curious note of Pellicer's to the Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* (parte 1., capit. 49) on this subject, and the introduction of Christianity by Joseph of Arimathea.

* Joseph abode, and fully laudific'

The lawe of Christ, to whiche he was full fayne,
And the kyng gave, the sothe to sayne,
Twelve hydes of land, y^t then Mewtryn hight,
Which Glastenbury is nowe named full right."

Hardyng's Chron.

which Claudia, at his request, had embroidered a cross, similar to that which the British flag still bears, and which it has borne ever since, * defying for many—

A hundred years,
The battle and the breeze.

Their efforts to promulgate Christianity were also crowned with singular success in the case of the Arch Druid: for he was so struck with the similarity between many of the rites of the old Testament (a copy of which Joseph of Arimathea had with him), and those of his own religion, that it was not difficult to convince him of the divine inspiration of the

* Joseph converted this Kyng Arviragus
By his prechying, to know ye lawe devine,
And baptized him, as written hath Nennius,
The chronicler, in Bretayne tongue full fyne,
And to Christe's lawe made hym enclayne;
And gave hym then a shelde of silver white,
A cross endlong and overthwart full perfect.

These armes were used through all Brytain
For a common signe, each manne to knowe his nacion
Frome enemies, which now we call, certain
Saint George's armes, by Nennius's enformacion, &c.

Hardyng's Chron.

sacred volume. His strong, penetrating, common sense, also discovered such a fund of practical wisdom in the Proverbs of Solomon, that he was incited diligently to study the other books, and to listen with delight to the exposition of the venerable missionary; so that, in the end, he became a sincere convert, and the founder of the religious bards, whose descendants still flourish in Wales. His last days were spent at Glastonbury, where he assisted Joseph of Arimathea in his holy labours; and where his canonized name—St. Duvian—was long preserved in great veneration, associated with that of a Christianized bard, called St. Fagan. In taking our leave of this personage—the last of the Arch Druids in Britain—we may be allowed to relate one more little anecdote of him which is curious as exhibiting a trait in his character, and showing how tenaciously peculiar habits of thought cling to an individual throughout life, and become—

The ruling passion strong in death.

His love of the mystical and typical parts of religion never forsook him; but on his death-

bed he desired to have a resemblance of a fish laid in his grave, as a symbolical profession of his faith, the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, which signifies, "fish," containing the initials of Ἰησοῦς Χριστός, Θεοῦ Υἱός, Σωτήρ, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour: which symbol, thus introduced by him, received the sanction of the fathers, and was adopted as their peculiar badge by the Christians of the early ages.*

As Joseph of Arimathea was about to take his departure to the Isle of Avalon, it occurred to Pudens and Claudia that it might be conducive to the interests of the new religion, if they, too, were to retire thither for a season, until the political commotions in Rome, which ended with the death of Nero, had removed all apprehensions of danger. On the investiture of Vespasian with the imperial purple, Pudens not only procured a reversal of the sentence against him, and the restitution of his confiscated property; but was promoted to the præfecture of the city of Bath, which

* Tertullian alludes to this symbol where he says,—"*Sed nos pisciculi secundum ιχθῦν nostrum Jesum Christum in aqua nascimur.*—*De Baptis.*, c. 1.

city he so adorned and beautified, that, with its magnificent hills and stately buildings, it became a Rome in miniature. His country was indeed, some years after, more completely subjugated; but it seems probable that he was spared the pains of witnessing her oppressions, by being summoned to take a place in the Roman senate, where he acquired considerable distinction.*

It was small honour to be praised by a heathen poet, after having been mentioned by an inspired Apostle; but the high estimation in which the beauty, talents, and virtue of Claudia were held in the refined capital of the world, may be inferred from the following epigram of Martial, who seems to have expected her to extend his fame to Britain, and to teach her countrymen his works. †

Though Claudia Rufina in Britain was born,
 By ocean's blue waves from the universe torn,
 Not Rome, when her manners were purest and best,
 More virtues could boast than distinguish her breast;
 Roman matrons all envy her dignified air;
 And her form with the maidens of Greece might compare.

* See Speed's account of the religion of this island.

† Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus.—*Mart.*, lib. xi., epig 4.

In her beauty she rivals them both—in her speech,
Whether Latin or Greek, is deemed native by each!
May a numerous offspring her tenderness bless,
And still but one passion her bosom confess!

MARTIAL.

It only remains to mention, that one of the first undertakings of Pudens, in reference to religion, was to erect a church on the spot where he had first seen Joseph of Arimathea.

This was an humble edifice, and consisted only of a small oratory, having walls of barked alders or wicker wands, twisted together, and its roof thatched with straw or rushes. It was sixty feet long, and twenty-six feet broad; the door reached to the eaves of the roof, and there was a window over the altar in the east.*

Such was the first church in which Christianity was preached in Britain; and how far the auspices under which it was erected have been realized, will best appear from a relation of a very remarkable and encouraging circumstance which attended its erection! As Joseph

* Sammes and Hearne, cited by Holinshed History, p. 53 and 88, in folio, bl. let.

of Arimathea, and Pudens were surveying the ground, for the purpose of selecting the most favourable situation, they happened to find the patriarch's staff, on which he had been leaning when he was first observed by his brother exile; but which, in consequence of the rapture with which he heard Pudens's avowal of Christianity, he had left in the ground, and had afterwards often sought in vain. The old man recognized his staff, and his companion was about to pull it out of the ground for him when he discovered that it appeared to be budding forth, notwithstanding winter was fast approaching ! (C) This unexpected effort of vegetation, from which the famous Glastonbury thorn, which still blossoms in winter, drew its origin, struck them both as being in the nature of an omen ; and certainly one of a very auspicious character. The aged patriarch's mind was deeply impregnated with scripture lore ; and, to a person unacquainted with the character of the times in which he lived, and the events which he had witnessed, might appear a little tinged with superstition. It must be remembered, however, that in his early youth angels were no unfrequent visitors to mankind ; and that they had

not yet uttered their mournful farewell to the beautiful temple of Jerusalem.* Every sense was subjected, at the time of which we speak, to supernatural impressions. The star of Bethlehem had shone upon Joseph's infant eyes; the chorus of ministrant angels had sung in his ears the birth song of his lord; the Urim and Thummim still beamed forth their mysterious revelations; and the Shecaina yet glowed from the cherub-watched mercy seat! Nay, greater wonders than these were familiar to his experience; the secrets of the grave had been divulged:—the mysteries of the holy of holies had been exposed in his presence; and the greatest struggle, which had ever occurred between the powers of darkness and the Lord of life, had taken place in the sepulchre in his own garden!

Is it to be wondered at then, that he regarded the simple incident of his staff budding with an emotion of holy pleasure; and that it

* Josephus relates, that previous to the destruction of Jerusalem, on the Feast of Pentecost, the priests who were keeping vigil in the temple, heard a rustling noise and a supernatural voice as of a multitude, saying, "Let us depart hence." *Μεταβαίνωμεν ἐνρεῦθεν.* (*Bell. Jud.* iv. 34.)

suggested to his imagination the budding rod of Aaron, and the holy stem of Jesse ?

Intent upon these thoughts, and allowing his memory to bask upon the ecstatic visions of Isaiah, as he composed himself to slumber that night, his imagination continued her revels after his other faculties were overpowered by sleep ; and collecting the glittering fragments which Hope, and Faith, and Memory had scattered around, fantastically arranged them into the following dream :—

There appeared to him a tender shrub growing upon a mount, over which a dove continually hovered, and, tearing off little branches, gave them to different persons to plant. One of them being put into his hand for that purpose, he thought that he conveyed it to some far off island. His attention being recalled to the parent tree, he was surprised at its rapid growth, but was alarmed for the safety of the dove, seeing it furiously attacked by an eagle. The bird of Jove grasped a thunderbolt in its talons, and, soaring aloft, hurled it, with all its might, at the little plant, and enveloped it in flames. The fire diffused its radiance far and wide, with constantly increasing brightness : but though

the shrub continued burning, it was not consumed; and, fearful to relate, a figure of ineffable majesty, and indescribable glory, appeared in the midst of it! Ten times did the maddened eagle launch its lightnings against it; and ten times did the flames burst forth with increased vigour; soaring higher, spreading wider, and burning more brilliantly each time; until, at last, the weary eagle perished in them!

Wherever these little twigs were planted, there they sprung up, glittering and beautiful, like golden branched candlesticks: and an angel was deputed to watch over and guard them. But their duration was in some cases very brief; for if the soil on which they they were implanted was not genial, their celestial guardian speedily removed them. Such was the fate of no less than seven of these saplings, which, at first, glistened radiant as seven stars; but the flame becoming less pure, they were all transplanted.

With anxious solicitude, therefore, it seemed to the sleeping patriarch that he turned to see what had become of his own little sprig which, with the indistinctness and confusion incident to dreams, seemed identical with his budding staff! For some time it grew knotty and redundant, and wasted its strength in wild and

unproductive suckers ; but these being lopt off and pruned, it recovered its pristine vigour : and beautiful, indeed, was the spectacle which it then presented. The golden vine, whose exquisitely wrought foliage was the principle ornaments of the gorgeous temple of his native land,* could not vie in luxuriant beauty with the flourishing tree into which that sapling grew : and its fruit glittered from afar, with a radiance unsurpassed even by that which was flung from the golden candlestick placed on the summit of the holy fane, to catch the first ray of the rising sun. Reflecting all the light which fell upon it from above, and, at the same time, casting grateful shade below, its branches spread far and wide, until it overshadowed the whole island : and, like the palm tree of his own sultry clime, which draws a colony beneath it, glad of its umbrageous shelter from a scorching sun,—so peace and plenty, and all the blessings of civilization, prevailed wherever its shade fell.

But not only was the appearance of the

* For an account of this miracle of costly art, formed of gold and precious stones, and whose clusters were as large as the human form, see Brotier's Notes to Tac. Hist., Lib. v, c. 5.

island altered; even the surrounding ocean bore witness to the change which had occurred: for, instead of the light British coracles, borne like cockles on the restless waves, and the many oared Roman galleys, creeping like huge caterpillars through the billowy plain, vessels, such as the world had never yet seen, light and beautiful as spirits of the deep, crowded every port, bearing his own cross-embroidered banner, like some Heaven-signed passport, through the world of waters, to which all who haunted the seas did homage. While the sleeping seer gazed with rapture on the scene, these winged messengers seemed changed into doves, laden with branches from the sacred tree which he had planted: and verily, the leaves of that tree appeared for the healing of nations; since how barbarous soever was the shore to which they were wafted, they no sooner sprang up, than they produced the same happy effects which had made our own island 'a praise and a rejoicing on the whole earth!'

Such was the dream of the venerable counsellor, foreshadowing, as it appears to me, the progress of that kingdom which shall have no end; and against which the Roman eagle made war in vain, only adding to its extension

and purity, by its tenfold persecutions ! The fate of the seven churches in Asia Minor, there prefigured, has been awfully realized ; and it only remains to hope that the vision of Britain's glory may also be fulfilled !

ESSAY ON DRUIDISM.

Primordia gentis,
Terrarumque situs, vulgique edissere mores,
Et ritus, formasque Deum ; quodcunque vetustis
Insculptum est adytis profer, noscique volentes
Prode Deos.

LUCANI PHARS. LIB. X, 177.

ESSAY ON DRUIDISM.

ALMOST all the information which we possess relative to the Druidical institution is derived from Cæsar. His description has been adopted by subsequent classical writers as the basis of their histories; and they have rather amplified it by their commentaries, than augmented it by the addition of any new materials. Cæsar is supposed to have acquired his knowledge from Divitiacus, a Druid, and prince of the Ædui, with whom he was on terms of intimacy;* and who we may reasonably infer was a proficient in the mysteries of his own sect, as he is celebrated by Cicero,† to whom he was personally known, and at whose brother's house he was a guest, for his know-

* See Davies's *Mythology of the Druids*.

† Cic. de *Divinatione*, lib. 1, c. 41.

ledge of physiology and the arts of divination. Subsequent researches and discoveries have but served to prove, not only the accuracy, but the minuteness of Cæsar's account; and the extravagance of modern theories may be tested by their variance from it.

In the following essay, therefore, we shall consider Cæsar's narrative as our text-book, and other authors as commentators; only premising that under the generic term 'Druids,' we have included the three orders, Bards, Ovates, and Druids, whose respective offices have been thus distinguished and described by Strabo*. The bards sing hymns, and are poets; the ovates perform sacrifices, and are skilled in natural science; and the Druids, in addition to these proficiencies, are versed in ethical knowledge.

Following the example of our great master we shall view the Druids—first, in their political character; secondly, in their philosophical character; and thirdly, in their religious character: but as it was their religion which imparted so much political influence, and diffused its hue over the whole system of their philoso-

* Strabo, Causaub, Par. 1620. lib 4, p. 197.

phy, we shall pass but lightly over the statesman and philosopher, to scrutinize more narrowly the priest.

1st. As to the *political character of the Druids*, no supremacy was ever more absolute than theirs ; and their power was supposed not to be restricted to the present life. They are styled by the Welsh bards ‘supreme administrators’; and even Kings were esteemed their ministers, and possessed but a subordinate authority.* They were the judges in all controversies. In national disputes, they often mediated with success between public and private contending armies ; and they awarded the compensation or the punishment in all offences against the state, or against individuals.

A person refusing to submit to their decision was interdicted their sacrifices, denied the protection of the laws, excluded from all honours, and prohibited all intercourse with his fellow subjects.†

Their own affairs were administered under the presidency of an Arch Druid, who was

* See Dion Chrysostom and Helmodus, quoted by Mason in his notes to Caractacus.

Cæsar, lib. 6, Elz. p. 130.

elected from among themselves; and they held a general assembly annually in the territory of the Carnutes,* a central province of Gaul, for the discussion and regulation of public matters.

Possessed of such extensive political power, it seems almost unnecessary to add, that they had not been unmindful of their own interests, but had secured for themselves many privileges; such as exemption from service in arms, and payment of tribute, and an immunity from most of those sacrifices of private convenience for public welfare, which are demanded of the members of a commonwealth.

2nd. As a *philosophical sect*, the Druids were superior to almost any other upon record. In the preceding tale, we have adverted to their examination of their pupils in *ethical and mythological* subjects. Besides the triads there cited, which have been preserved by classical authors; many others on ethics, are preserved in the writings of the ancient bards; from which the following aphorisms have been culled as a specimen:—

“ A noble descent is the most desolate of

* This meeting is supposed to have been held where the town of Dreux in the Pays de Chartrain now stands.

widows, unless it be wedded to some eminent virtue.

“ The blessing of competency, is not inferior to that of abundance.

“ Many are the faults of him, who is not beloved.

“ Wealth of the world ! let it go ; let it come ! a state of anxiety is upon a level with real penury.

“ Serenity will succeed when the rain is over.

“ Amongst the children of the same nursery equality is seldom found :—the brave will play, whilst his blood is flowing about him,—the submissive will be trampled upon,—the fierce will be avoided,—the discreet is in covenant with prosperity,—to him God pours forth his bounty.

“ Woe to the land where there is no religion.”*

That the Druids also practised, as well as

* These examples are selected from some published by Davies, in his *Mythology of the Druids*, (p. 80. et seq.) Turner has also collected a few ethical triads of extraordinary beauty and force, in his learned *Vindication of the Ancient British Poems* ;—a tract which will amply justify the use which I have made of the mystical writings of the bards, to illustrate, and elucidate, classical authorities.

taught, correct moral principles, may be inferred from the testimony of Strabo; who states, 'that a very high opinion of their adherence to justice prevailed universally.'

They seem likewise, to have been fond of indulging in *metaphysical speculations*; as appears from the following questions proposed by Taliesin, a Welsh bard of the sixth century:—

Knowest thou what thou art,
In the hour of sleep?—
A mere body—a mere soul—
Or a secret retreat of light?

And again, referring to another sect, he states by way of disparagement:—

I marvel that in their books,
They know not with certainty,
What are the properties of the soul;
Of what form are its members:
In what part and when, it takes up its abode
By what wind, or what stream it is supplied.*

Nor were they less skilled in *natural philosophy, science, and the useful arts*. Cæsar informs us that they possessed considerable knowledge of astronomy; and the appellation

* Dav. Druids, p. 50. and 51.

Saronides, by which they were known to the ancients, is derived from two British words signifying ‘pointers out of stars.’* Livy relates an anecdote of a native of Gaul, having not only foretold an eclipse of the moon, but likewise the exact period of the continuance of the occultation; by which circumstance the Gauls acquired among the Romans the reputation of possessing knowledge almost supernatural.†

The Druids were accustomed to dispute concerning the structure and dimensions of the earth, and other subjects of physical knowledge. Taliesin,‡ certainly had no mean opinion of his own proficiency in these departments of science. “Let a river be specified,” says he, “I know its qualities, when it ebbs or flows, swells or subsides. I know what foundations there are beneath the sea.” The same author proposes the following among many other curious questions, which are not, we apprehend, to be answered by a tyro :

“At what time, and to what extent, will land

* Sér, stars, and Honydd, one who discriminates, or points out. Dav. Dru. p. 173.

† Liv. lib. 44. c. 37.

‡ Cæsar. Dav. Dru. 52 and 51.

be productive? What is the extent and diameter of the earth? Who is the regulator between heaven and earth? What brings forth the clear gem from the working of stones? Where do the cuckoos, which visit us in the summer, retire during the winter?"

And again in the following strain, in which he almost rivals the sublime interrogatories of Job :

O skilful son of harmony,
 Why wilt thou not answer me?
 Knowest thou where the night awaits
 For the passing of the day?
 Knowest thou the character
 Of every leaf which grows?
 What is it which heaves up the mountain
 Before the convulsion of elements?
 Or what supports the fabric
 Of the habitable earth?
 Who is the illuminator of the soul—
 Who has seen, who knows him?

“Who carried the measuring line of the Lord of causes? What scales were used when the heavens were reared aloft? and who supported the curtain, from the earth to the skies?”

The proficiency of the Druids in the medical art has been celebrated by Pliny; who likewise

informs us that in magic and the occult sciences, they appear to have instructed even the Persian Magi.*

Nor were they inept in *mechanical knowledge*; as that monument of dynamic skill, Stonehenge, sufficiently evinces at the present day. Indeed, an ancient triad celebrates as the three mighty labours of Britain, "Lifting the stone of Ketty," probably poising some huge rocking Logan; "building the work of Emrys," or constructing the sacred circle at Stonehenge or Abury; and "piling up the mount of the assemblies," which seems to refer to constructing the artificial mound of Silbury hill; which covers more than five acres of ground, and was deemed a sufficient obstacle to divert a Roman road.—Neither of which labours appear contemptible to the artists of the nineteenth century!†

It need hardly be stated that the Druids were well skilled in music:

These old gentil Bretons in (these) days
Of diverse adventures maden layes,
Rymed in hir first Breton tongue,
Which layes with hir instrument they sunge.

CHAUCER.

But we cannot help here introducing a

* Plin. N. H. lib. 30. c. 1.

† Dav. Dru. p. 402.

remark of the Reverend H. Bowles, relative to the peculiar form of the Celtic harp, viz. that its counterpart was found by Bruce, in a cavern at Thebes; but that there exists nothing of the kind in any other part of the world!*

To this brief notice of the intellectual attainments of the Druids, we will only add their *knowledge of letters*. Cæsar informs us that they used Greek letters in public and private affairs; but that they did not commit the mysteries of their religion to writing; because they did not wish them divulged, and thought, by exercise, to improve the memory.†

Where personal communication was impracticable, it is probable that they carried on their intercourse by means of a symbolical language; for which purpose they used leaves and twigs of different trees to convey their meaning. Of this fact we have tolerably conclusive evidence in the following poem of Taliesin's:—

The points of the symbolized trees,
 What is it they whisper so forcibly;
 Or what various breathings
 Are in their trunks?
These are read by the sages
 Who were versed in science.

* Hermes Britannicus.

† On the subject of the letters used by the Druids, see Davies' *Celtic Researches*, p. 237. et seq.

And again

When the sprigs were marked,
 In the tablet of devices,
 The sprigs uttered their voice,
 From the frame of distinct sounds.

And we have a glimmering light thrown on
 the meaning of these obscure symbols,

The top of the oak, the bitter sprig of the ash,
 And the sweet brakeweed declare—a broken laugh.
 The cheek will not conceal the anguish of the heart.

The top of hazels—privet of equal length,
 Tied up with oak leaves, declare—
 Happy is he who sees whom he loves.

The top of the birch declares
 When drawn under the pillow—
 The mind of the affectionate will be liberal!*

That this symbolical interpretation of trees, from which divination drew its origin, was not peculiar to the Druids, but in common use among all primitive nations, appears from the following, amongst other illusions in the sacred writings : The prophet Jeremiah having stated, that ' he beheld the *rod of an almond tree* in a vision,' his divine interpreter immediately explains the symbol thus :—"Thou hast seen well, for I will *hasten* my word to perform it.

* Celtic researches, pp. 266. 263. 250.

The almond tree being probably a symbol of haste, on account of its blossoming in the midst of winter, and bearing fruit in the early part of spring, when other trees are but beginning to put forth their buds! (D)

It is an interesting question, but one which has very much perplexed the learned, from what source did the Druids derive their vast and extraordinary funds of knowledge!

As the best solution of this problem is contained in their mythological system; we proceed to the most curious, if not the most important part of our division, and view them, thirdly, in their *religious character*.

Perhaps no religion ever exhibited a more incongruous mixture of sublimity and barbarism, than that of the Druids. They seem at once to have pressed upon the sphere of revelation; and yet hardly to have left the profoundest abyss of superstition. The same account which represents them as being able to commune

With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold,
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The mortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :—

concludes with a description of rites which seemed appropriate

To Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears !

Nor can we accuse this account of inconsistency: for the inconsistency was in the religion itself. There are four heads of inquiry on this subject, to which Cæsar has directed our attention.

1st.—The religious tenets, or practical doctrines of the Druids.

2ndly.—The gods whom they worshipped, or their celestial hierarchy.

3rdly.—Their rites and modes of worship.

4thly.—The mythological tradition as to the origin of the nation.

In briefly considering each of these subjects, we shall intersperse our investigation with some remarks on the resemblance between the doctrines or practices which we may have to describe, and those of other nations.

As to the religious tenets of the Druids:—Cæsar informs us that their principal doctrine, and that which they considered as the most

efficacious in subduing the fear of death, and animating the mind to virtue, was the immortality of the soul and its transmigration after death. They divided the whole of existence into three circles or spheres.

1. The circle of space.
2. The circle of courses.
3. The circle of happiness.

The circle of space was appropriated to the Deity, and could be alone pervaded by his presence. The other circles were reserved for man: the circle of courses as his probationary state; and that of happiness as his final destination.

Man's existence was a gradation from *Amoom*, the bottomless abyss or lowest degree of animation; through all the intermediate stages of animal life, to the highest state of spiritual being, next to that of Godhead. Human nature was the middle point in the scale of existence, and was termed the point of liberty. As man possessed freedom of will, he might attach himself either to good or to evil. If the latter predominated, after death his spirit had again to retrace its probationary course from a certain point in the animal creation,

according to its degree of turpitude. In due course of probation, it again animated the human frame, and sometimes passed through several successive individuals, until it became firmly and unalterably attached to virtue. Incapable then of relapse, and no more susceptible of adversity or death, it entered a higher sphere of progression in the circle of happiness.*

Such were their sublime speculations upon the spirit's destination: but we should err in supposing that they promulged these doctrines to the crowd; or that the vulgar mind ever soared to such exalted views. The ferocious, or sensual, painted the felicities of the circle of happiness with the hues of their own vitiated imaginations. *Their* felicity, even in a disembodied state, was, as Ossian expresses it, 'to pursue boars of mist along the skirts of winds; to ride on the tempest, and war with the clouds.'(E)

But the Druids, besides disputing about the nature and final destination of the soul, were

* For further information respecting the druidical doctrine of transmigration, see Turner's *Vindication*, &c., and the authorities there cited.

accustomed likewise to treat of the nature and power of the gods: and this leads me to consider,

2dly. Their celestial hierarchy.

Our great authority informs us, that their principal deity, and him whose power they deemed the greatest was Mercury; of whom they had many symbols, and whom they worshipped as the inventor of all arts.*

Mercury, styled by the Greeks, Hermes, is allowed by all competent judges to be identical with the Phœnician god Taautus, or Taute and the Egyptian Thoth. As this widely worshipped deity is one of the most mysterious personages in ancient mythology; we shall select a few particulars of his history, tending to illustrate his character with reference to his influence on Druidism.

Eusebius has preserved a fragment of a work 'On the Creation' written by Sancho-niathon a Phenician, who is supposed to have lived about three hundred years before Ho-

* On the subject of the British Mercury, see a very interesting and curious work by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, entitled "Hermes Britaunicus."

mer; and has the reputation of being a most diligent searcher, and faithful transcriber of the records of his country; in which Sancho-niathon states that *this fragment was originally written, by Thoth, whom he styles, 'his god Taautus,' and whom he describes 'as drawing the constellations, and inventing letters before the deluge.'**

Manetho, an Egyptian priest, and historian, who flourished about 260 years B. C., states that he derived some of the materials of his history from *certain columns which were engraved in the sacred dialect, and in hieroglyphic letters, by Thoth the first Mercury; and after the deluge transcribed into books by another Thoth, the son of Agademon.**

In a Chaldæan MSS., translated by Kircher, is the following allusion to this mysterious personage :

“Theut,” says the rabbi, “is styled by the Greeks Trismegistes (or the thrice great Hermes).” Authors assert that he ruled over the Egyptians, whom he furnished both *with letters and laws; and that he invented*

* Celtic Researches, p. 108 et seq. Hermes Britannicus, p. 46.

*alphabetical characters in the figures of animals and trees.**

Numerous, and various conjectures have been made as to the real character of the individual thus briefly and obscurely alluded to; but perhaps the most curious, if not the most correct, is the opinion held by the Greek Christians generally, who, we are informed by the author of the Universal History, “seemed to consider the first Hermes to be *antediluvian*, and no other person than *Enoch*, who walked with God;” and that the pillars spoken of, containing the record of the celestial and astronomical knowledge were erected by him *before the flood*. The Greeks also, we are further told, applied to him the singular passage in St. Jude; “And Enoch also the seventh from Adam, spoke of these things, saying, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints!”

Such was the Egyptian Thoth! the Greek Hermes! But it may be observed, that, ‘allowing the identity between the Egyptian, Phœnician, Grecian and Roman deities, a link is still wanting to connect them with our Bri-

* Euseb. Prep. Evan. Lib. 1, a. 9.

† Celt. Res. p. 306.

tish Mercury.' Happily the mythological triads of the druidical bards furnish this link, and thus complete the chain of evidence; proving that this very being was the principal object of the ancient Britons adoration!

The British Bards celebrate as the chief of the three elementary masters of poetry and memorial, "Gwyddon Ganhebon, *the first man in the world who composed poetry.*"*

They mention, in another of their triads, "*The stones of Gwyddon Ganhebon on which were read the Arts and Sciences of the World.*"†

This same mighty sage is further celebrated, as "*one of the great astronomers; and the galaxy was called after his name.*"‡

And lastly, Taliesin, as though to close this link, characterizes this same mighty sage as having established the symbolical writing of the druids; or, to use his own mystical language, "*set in order the elementary trees and plants!*"§

Let us now return to these mysterious

* Celt. Res. p. 160.

‡ Ibid, p. 174.

† Ibid, p. 157.

§ Brit. Druids, p. 504 n.

stones, or pillars, 'on which were read the Arts and Sciences of the World;' and collect a few scattered notices of their history, and the lore inscribed upon them.

These antediluvian monuments are thus alluded to by Josephus.* The descendants of Seth, lest the knowledge of heavenly things which they had acquired should be lost, built two columns; one of brick and the other of stone, (to survive when the world should be destroyed as foretold by Adam), on which were described their inventions; that in case of the force of the rains destroying the brick pillar, that of stone should remain. "Those pillars," Josephus added, "remained in his time in the land of *Syriad*; which commentators suppose to have meant Egypt, so called from Osiris. It will be seen, by a reference to the note at the end of this Essay, that it is probable that these commentators (among whom is the Revd. W. L. Bowles), have come to a right conclusion upon wrong premises, respecting the place in which these pillars of science were deposited. (F)

Pausanias states that these pillars were con-

* History of the Jews, chap. 3.

cealed in subterranean chambers in the neighbourhood of Thebes, beyond the Nile, and not far from the sounding statue of Memnon;* which account seems verified by recent discoveries: for Wilkinson relates, that “in a chamber of the Memnonium, is an astronomical picture; in the “hieroglyphics on the border of which mention is made of the *columns*, and of the building of this chamber of hard stone, where apparently were deposited the books of Thoth.”†

It only remains now to gather up a few fragments of the mystical lore inscribed on these tablets: and perhaps more information on this subject cannot be compressed into less space than is done in the following extract from the ‘Antient Universal history.’‡—“The most famous of all memorials were the columns of Hermes in Egypt, mentioned by several credible authors. Upon them he is reported to have inscribed his learning, which was afterwards explained more at large by the second Hermes in several books.”

* Pausanias, Lib. 1, p. 78.

† Wilkinson’s General View of Egypt, p. 28.

‡ Anc. Univ. Hist. Vol. 1. p. 105.

It is certain at least, that from *these pillars* the Greek philosophers and Egyptian historians took many things. Pythagoras and Plato both read them, *and borrowed their philosophy from thence*: Sanchoniathon and Manetho likewise made use of the same monuments, which were still remaining in the time of Proclus, a platonian philosopher, who lived about A.D. 505. Jamblichus has a remarkable passage in his book of the Egyptian Mysteries: "If," says he, "you would propose any difficulty in philosophy, *we will decide the matter by those ancient columns of Hermes*; upon which Plato, and before him, Pythagoras, formed the principles of their philosophy.*

The learned Stanley has given us the following brief hints as to the nature of the Pythagorean philosophy, which, it will be observed, bears that close resemblance to the Druidical, which might have been expected from the identity of their origin. "Pythagoras," says Stanley†, "said first that the soul

* Jambl. Myst. Egypt, lib. 1. c. 2.

† Stanley's Lives of the Philosophers, p. 407. It has been maintained by some that Pythagoras himself was indebted for his tenets as to the immortality and transmigration of the soul to the druids. (See Borlase's History of Cornwall and his authorities, p. 73.)

is immortal, and then, that it enters into other kinds of living creatures; or, as Diogenes Laertius expresseth it, that *the soul passeth through the circle of necessity, lives at several times in different living creatures*: he also said, that he had received this gift from *Mercury* to know the migration of the soul as it passed from one body to another, and into what plants and animals it migrated, and what things his soul suffered after death, and what other souls suffered." But besides these vague speculations concerning the future destination of the soul, it is supposed that these columns not only contained many important truths in science and philosophy, but also shadowed forth some of the mysteries of the revealed religion. It is the opinion of the learned, that Plato drew from this source his knowledge of the awful and most secret name *Jehovah*; and, certain it is, that among the hieroglyphics engraven on these columns, was the mystical symbol of the deity, consisting of a winged sphere and serpent; which has been thus interpreted by Sanchoniatan: "*Jove*," says he, "is a winged sphere, out of which a serpent is brought forth; the circle implies the *divine nature* without beginning or end; the serpent shows his *word* which

animates and fructifies the world; and the wings refer to the *spirit of God*, which vivifies the world by his motion.”*

From this passage writers have inferred that Hermes was not unacquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity: and St. Augustine applies to him, and the Egyptians generally, the language of St. Paul, “When they *knew God*, they worshipped him not as God, &c. Rom. i. 21. Indeed, Suidas expressly states that Hermes was called Trismegistos, because he asserted that there was a Trinity, and that in Trinity there was but one deity.†

But to return from the Egyptians to the Druids. There can be little doubt, I think, that long before they worshipped Hermes, they worshipped that God whose religion he had imperfectly revealed to them. Origen informs us that they believed in one God;‡ and the

* See a very learned and interesting essay upon the Doctrine of the Trinity appended to the first volume of the early editions of Series's *Horæ Solitariae*, for full and curious information on the subject. Speaking of this Egyptian symbol, the author reminds us that Moses lifted up the *serpent* in the wilderness as typical of *Christ*; and that the *spirit of God* is represented as brooding upon the face of the waters.

† Suid. in voce.

‡ Cited in Camden's *Introd. to Britannica*, p. 84.

mystic symbol of the winged serpent, which has been preserved in the configuration of their temples, seems to attest their knowledge of the Trinity.* It is certain that they also taught the immortality of the soul,† acknowledged a providence,‡ and believed that the world would one day perish by fire :§ and, it is extremely probable, that they had some vague notions of the scheme of salvation, and of a future day of judgment ;|| for Taliesin, who is styled in the Triads, “ One of the three primary Christian Bards,” alluding to his predecessors of olden times, asks, “ Have they not sung of Christ that was crucified, and of the future day of doom, and of one that *has been endowed with the lore of the deluge* ?”¶

Whatever knowledge of the true religion, however, they may have once possessed, it appears to have soon dwindled into an obscure myth of the person from whom it was derived ; and their adoration was, in later times, paid to the channel through which their knowledge

* See Stukeley's account of Abury.

† Borlase's Cornwall, p. 108, n.

‡ Borlase's Cornwall, p. 93, n.

§ Lucan, lib. 1. v. 457.

|| Mythology of Brit. Druids, p. 571, n.

¶ Brit. Dru. p. 545.

was conveyed, rather than to the great source whence it emanated.

Next in order to Mercury, the Britons worshipped Apollo, or the sun; whom they likewise called Belenus, or Bel; by which name he was also known to the Greeks. Adoration was paid to the sun, it would seem, as the symbol of an individual called Hu, or Hu Gadarn, in the same manner as this luminary was confounded by the Greeks with the person of their God Apollo. This deified personification is thus described by a Welsh bard of the fifteenth century,

The mighty Hu—
 He is the greatest, and Lord over us,
 And our God of mystery :
Light is his course and swift ;
A particle of lucid sunshine is his car :
 He is great on land and sea,
 The greatest whom I shall behold—
Greater than the worlds—Let us beware,
 Of mean indignity to him who deals in bounty.*

And again, Aneurin, a Welsh bard of the sixth century, alluding to this divinity, says—

“ And now the *lofty leader Huan, (the sun,) is about to ascend*; the sovereign most glorious—the lord of the British Isle.”

* Celt. Researches, p. 164.

And among other epithets which Taliesin applies to the same deity are the following :—

“The *Glancing Hu!*” “The *Sovereign of Heaven!*” “The *Gliding King!*” The Victorious Beli, Lord of the Honey Island, or Britain !*

Let us next direct our enquiries as to the real character of this ancient and mysterious individual thus symbolized by the sun.

Hu is supposed by those who, by their investigations and research, are best qualified to give an opinion on this subject, to be none other than the Patriarch *Noah*. The deluge, with which this individual is so intimately connected, is commemorated in one of the Bardic triads, as “*The bursting of the lake of waters, and the overwhelming of the face of all lands ; so that all mankind were drowned, except two individuals, who escaped in a naked vessel without sails.*”† In another triad, the ark is mentioned as the “*famous ship which carried in it a male and a female of all living, when the lake of waters burst forth.*”‡

Now *Hu Gadarn* is described as living at the flood, and as having made mankind acquainted with the properties of the vine, and

* Brit. Dru., p, 115, 121.

† Celt. Res. p. 156.

‡ Brit. Dru. 106.

the first principles of husbandry. He also, it is said, instituted traditional laws for the regulation of society, and disposed mankind into various tribes. The principal characteristics of this remarkable personage are thus epitomized by the bard, Owen Glendower:—

Hu Gadarn, the sovereign, the ready protector,
 A King distributing the wine, and the renown,
The Emperor of the land and the seas,
And the life of all the world, was he.
After the deluge, he held
The strong-beamed plough, active and excellent;
 Thus did our lord of the *stimulating genius,* [wise,
 That he might shew to the proud man, and to the humbly
 The most approved art.*

From these extracts, I think it appears manifest that Hu Gadarn is but another name for Noah; and, therefore, that Noah was worshipped by the Druids under the symbol of the sun; and if we now adopt the plan to which we had recourse in the case of the British Hermes, and recur to the great Egyptian prototype of this deity, we shall find a further confirmation of this opinion.

The sun was worshipped by the Egyptians under the personification of Osiris, who, Plutarch informs us, was a *husbandman*, a *legis-*

* ·Celt. Res. 164.

lator, and a zealous advocate for the worship of the gods. Their mythology relates that Typhon, or the sea, conspired against him, and that he was obliged to save himself by entering into an ark, or chest; in commemoration of which in after days,

With timbrel'd anthemes dark
The sable-stoled sorcerer bore his *worshipp'd ark.*

As though to complete the parallel, the poet Tibullus informs us that Osiris first taught *mankind the cultivation of the vine*:—

primus
Docuit palis adjungere vitem.

It is true that in the Grecian Mythology this last piece of service to mankind is attributed to Bacchus; but there is more connection between Bacchus and Apollo than might at first be imagined: as appears by the following quotation from Lucan, who associates them both with an old myth of the deluge. The poet, speaking of Parnassus, says:—

*Mons Phæbo, Bromioque sacer; cui numine misto
Delphica Thebanæ referunt trieterica Bacchæ,
Hoc solum fluctu terras mergente cacumen
Eminuit, pontoque fuit discrimen et astris, &c.*

PHARS. LIB. V, p. 73.

To *Phæbus* and the sacred god of wine,
Sacred in common stands the hill divine:

Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crowned,
The *double deity* in solemn songs resound.
When o'er the world, the *deluge wide* was spread,
This only mountain rear'd its lofty head.

Singular to say, the priesthood of this very Parnassian Apollo, was hereditary in a family which pretended to trace its origin to *Deucalion*.

To proceed, however, with the British pantheon:—Diana, the Moon, or the Queen of heaven, was another object of Druidic worship: her devotees, according to the opinion of Davies, which he supports in an elaborate dissertation on the subject, viewing in her pale crescent a resemblance to the ark of the deluge.* Besides these deities, Cæsar informs us that the Britons also worshipped Mars or Hæsus, Jupiter or Taranis, and Minerva, to whom they assigned almost the same attributes as those by which they were known to other nations.

III. Let us now proceed to consider a few of the rites and modes of Druidical worship.—

The principal characteristics of this worship appear to have been their circular temples, and

* Myth. of Brit. Druids, p. 185.

consecrated stones; their sacred groves and oaks; their holy fires; their absence of images, and substitution of symbolical idolatry; their human sacrifices, and their magical superstitions.

That the Druids had circular stone-temples, is proved, not only by the testimony of Hecætæus the Abderite already quoted; but by the mighty monuments still existing:—

Mysterious rows

Of rude, enormous obelisks, that rise,
Orb within orb; stupendous monuments
Of artless architecture, such as now
Oft times amaze the wandering traveller,
By the pale moon discern'd on Sarum's plain.

CIT. BY BORLASE, 117.

That they likewise had consecrated stones, we infer from certain orders of councils, and from a law of Canute prohibiting recourse to them.* These stone circles appear to be of patriarchal origin; as we may infer from the Gilgal of Joshua; the name of which signifies

* *Cultores Idolorum, veneratores lapidum accensores facularum, et excolentes sacra fontium, vel arborum, admonemus ut agnoscant quod ipsi se spontaneæ morti subiciunt qui diabolo sacrificare videntur.*—Concil Turin. A.D. 567, Baluz. Joni. vi, 1236. See Borlase, p. 110 and 195. See Josh. 5, 10, 1 Sam., 7 c. 16 v., and 11 c. 16 v., and Amos. 4. c. 4.

'the circle;' and which consisted of twelve stones. Nor are we left in ignorance of the purposes for which these hallowed precincts were used; for we learn that *here* the children of Israel kept the passover, and *here* judged yearly by Samuel; here Saul was anointed King, and *here* idolatry was subsequently practised.

The consecration of single stones may also perhaps be traced to an equally early origin; the patriarch Jacob, having anointed and set up as a monument, the stone which had served him for a pillow at Bethel.*

Another feature in the worship of the Druids, was their sacred groves, and the estimation in which they held the oak.† This peculiarity is so well known, that we will pass from its existence to its origin; which we may be certain was very primitive, from the numerous allusions in scripture to the idolatrous practice of worshipping in groves and high places. We will content ourselves by referring to one passage, illustrative of the reverence which early nations had for the oak; and which also alludes to the consecration of single

* Luc. Phars. lib. 1, v. 450. Plin. nat. hist. Lib. XVI, c. 44.

† Borlase, 161.

stones. Joshua, having made a covenant with the people of Israel, "wrote it in the book of the law of God, and *took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak*, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord." And Joshua said unto all the people, "Behold this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord, which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore, a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God."* It is rather a singular circumstance, that a similar adjuration of the oak itself, is recorded by Livy, as having been made by the ambassador of the Æqui.

"This sacred oak," said the ambassador, pointing to one which overshadowed the general's tent, "and whatever is divine about it, shall bear witness that the treaty is broken by you."†

It is not improbable that the abuse of these patriarchal institutions was the first deviation from the true religion. We have next to view the holy fires of the Druids.

The Druids observed four principal festivals, connected with their holy fires. The first was held on the 10th of March; or the 6th day

* Joshua, xxiv. 26 and 27.

† *Quidquid deorum est*, Tit. Liv. l. III. c. 25.

of the moon, nearest that which was their New year's day, and when they performed the ceremony of cutting the misletoe. The second, on the 1st of May; the third on Midsummer eve; and the fourth on the last day of October.

Toland informs us that two fires were kindled near one another on May eve, in every village of the nation, through Gaul, Britain, Ireland and the Isles; one on a stone barrow, and another on the ground adjoining; between which the victims about to be sacrificed were made to pass, as a mode of purification.* Chatterton alludes to this custom—

Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did *Tauran* name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fires in Maie.

We are also informed that the people were obliged to resort to that kindled on the eve of November, for consecrated fire for their own hearths; the domestic fire in every house having been for that purpose first carefully extinguished.

Mention is frequently made in scriptures of purification by causing to pass through the fire,

* Borlase, p. 135.

as a very ancient Canaanitish rite: perhaps it may be considered as a general superstition, as it is certain that it was practised by the earliest inhabitants of Rome in the festival of Pales.* The preservation of the sacred fire, and distribution of it among the people, seems to have originated with the Persians; amongst whom it is retained even to the present time: for the day after their feast, (which is kept on the 24th. April,) the people extinguish all their domestic fires, and go to the priests' residence, and there light a candle, paying the priest a fee of six shillings and three pence English money.†

Another striking characteristic of the Druidical religion was the absence of image worship. It is probable that the history which Herodotus gives of the progress of Persian superstitions, is applicable to those of the Britons.‡ 'The Persians,' says he, 'first worshipped an invisible being, calling the whole circle of the heavens their god, and not confining him within the bounds of any temple; they next worshipped the sun and moon, and visible objects of nature; and they lastly worshipped the gods of other nations: but

* Niebuhr's *Hist. of Rome*, vol. 1. p. 189, trans.

† Borlase, 147.

‡ Herod. *Clio*. 131.

they never consented to adore gods of human form.' So the ancient Druids, when the spirit of devotion began to flap her tired wings, and could no longer soar to the heights of spiritual worship and adore a being whom they acknowledged by their roofless temples could be circumscribed by walls, worshipped the sun and moon as intermediate objects with which their senses could hold communion and which they invested with a symbolical character. They next worshipped the oak denuded of its foliage and with two limbs extending like arms and the word *Tau* inscribed on the trunk,* as the representative of their Jupiter; while some unhewn stone was the symbol of Mercury.† In their further degradation too, they may have adopted the gods of other nations;‡ yet it was a principle of the Celtic religion, not to represent any of their gods by the human figure—

non vulgatis sacrata figuris
Namina sic metuunt.

LUC. PHARS. L. III. 415.

* Borlase 108.

† — Simulacraque mæsta deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis.

Luc. Phars. III. 412.

‡ Plutarch, (in Mario) informs us that, some of the Gauls swore to the observance of certain articles of capitulation

Another feature of Druidical superstition was their prodigality of human life; which they sacrificed to their gods whenever their own lives were in peril, either from sickness, or from war. It is a singular thing, and one which perhaps, more than any other, shows the weakness of our nature, and the inadequacy of human reason to supply the place of divine revelation, that this most revolting practice was the result of a false application of these principles, each in itself sublimely true: first a conviction that death itself is no evil; secondly, a persuasion that human life is so dear to the gods, as to be their most grateful oblation;* and lastly, that life could only be redeemed by life.† Such were the right premises, as we learn from Cæsar, by which,

upon a *brassen bull*; but it is evident, from the state of arts at that time, that this was a foreign idol, and probably of Egyptian origin imported by the Greek Colony at Marseilles.

* See Alfred's law based on this principle, abolishing capital punishment in several cases, '*because the redemption of human life had cost Deity too much to allow of its being trifled with.*

† The author of the 'Essay on the Trinity,' so often referred to, considers this horrid rite of human immolation a corruption of the original principle of religion, that, "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

through a kind of religious insanity, they arrived at such fatally wrong conclusions!

The cruel rite of human immolation, Borlase proves to have been practised by the Persians, as well as almost all the other nations of antiquity. Lastly, we would conclude this part of the subject by a brief allusion to one or two singular customs in the worship and divinations of the Druids. They had a custom of making three gyrations in their religious exercises; and sometimes of carrying lighted torches and sacred fire round their temples, by way of lustration. This custom still prevails in the Hebrides. 'In the Scottish isles,' says a writer quoted by Borlase,* 'the vulgar never come to the ancient sacrificing, and fire-hallowing Karns, but they walk three times round them from *east to west*, according to the course of the sun. Pliny observes, that the Gauls turned round in worshipping from right to left; contrary to the Roman custom, which was from left to right;† but in accordance with the precepts of Pythagoras!

The Druids too, had a particular reverence for the place where two roads crossed; as ap-

* Borlase, p. 130.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 28. c. 2. and Stanley, p. 418.

pears from an edict of Nantz, which accuses them of kindling their sacred torches at such places.* That this superstition was of very ancient origin appears from the testimony of the prophet Ezekiel, who records that “the King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination:”† and Borlase relates that the custom still prevailed in Cornwall, when he wrote. (An. 1769.)

Having thus briefly and imperfectly described a few of the leading features of Druidism; and traced the similarity, amounting almost to identity, between several of their myths and customs, and those of other nations; we will now enquire whether this mysterious resemblance can be rendered at all explicable by considering:

4thly.—The mythological tradition of the Druids, as to the origin of their nation. The Druids, Cæsar informs us, were very anxious to inculcate their descent from Dis or Pluto. The better to preserve this tradition, they

* Venisti ad aliquem locum, id est, ad fontes, vel ad lapides, vel ad arbores, vel ad *bivia*, et ibi aut candelam, aut faculam pro veneratione loci, incendiisti.

Burchard's Coll. Canon. Keyser, 17.

† Ezekiel, xxi. 22.

calculated their periods of time by the number of *nights*, rather than that of *days*. This custom is still retained by their descendants, the Welsh; who call a week, wyth *nos* eight *nights*; and a fortnight, pythewn*nos* fifteen *nights*. Pluto was considered by the Greek mythologists as the king of the *lower regions*: by which locality commentators understand the whole of Europe, which, lying to the west of Asia, must have appeared to the Asiatics who saw the sun descend, not only as *lower regions*; but likewise, as the realms of Pluto are represented, *the land of shades and darkness*. Now this is precisely that portion of the earth which was allotted to Japhet;* who, therefore, is supposed to have been identical with the mythological personage Dis. Again, the peculiar worshippers of Dis were the Cimmerians: and one of the names by which he was known among them was Ades; which is the name of the acknowledged patriarch of the Gauls, from whom the Ædui, a principal and most ancient tribe of Gaul and Britain, derived their origin and appellation.†

* See introduction to Gibson's Camden. p. 12; and Celt. Res. p. 148.

† See Celtic Researches, p. 167, and the authorities there quoted.

Leaving Japhet in possession of these honours, we will descend a step lower:— Josephus states that the ancestor of the Gauls or Celts was Gomer, the son of Japhet;* whose name is preserved in the national appellation of the Welsh Cymri; the radical letters of which are similar.†

Gomer is acknowledged by all to have been the father of the Cimmerians: of whom we know the following particulars. The Cimmerians were a nation of very high antiquity, and mentioned by Herodotus ‡ as residing to the north of the Euxine sea; whence a small portion of them were driven by the Scythians into Asia Minor, about 650 B. C; and the remainder migrated to the extremities of the earth, near the North sea. Their descendants, as we learn from Plutarch and other authors, were afterwards indiscriminately called Cimbrians, or Cimmerians, Gauls, and Celts; the designation Cimbrians, being properly the generic term,

* Josephi Antiq. 1. 6. Ex omnium historicorum fide certum est Gomerum seu Aschenazen, cum aliis Noemi nepotibus, Galliam primos inhabitasse.

Bulas in Frick, p. 154.

† See the excellent introduction to *Drew's Historical Charts*.

‡ *Clio*. 103.

and the appellations Gauls and Celts, the distinctive names of two different branches of the original family.*

A singular mode of tracing the erratic movements of this nomadic race has been hinted at by the author of *Celtic Researches*, which is certainly curious and plausible, if not correct; namely, by marking the progress westward of the name *Veneti*. The Celts or Cimmerians had such a partiality for this name, that they seem to have left it as a monument of their existence, and a clue to their wanderings. It will not be surprising, therefore, the Cimmerians having settled awhile in the north of Asia, to find a tribe of the *Veneti* in Paphlagonia. This tribe we are enabled to track to Italy; where, as might have been expected, we next recognize the name *Veneti* on the shores of the Adriatic. A little further westward we find the *Veneti* on the coast of France as a tribe of Armoricans: and their common origin with the *Veneti* of Italy has been satisfactorily traced by M. Mahe.† Having arrived so near home, it only remains to connect the Armoricans and the ancient Britons; which is not difficult, as

* Diod. Sic. lib. v. c. 32.

† See *Antiquités du Morbihan*, par. Mons. Mahé.

their affinity is proved by the tradition and histories of both nations, and by the relics of a common language and religion. Indeed, the assistance which the Britons administered to their allies, the *Veneti* of Gaul, furnished Cæsar with a pretext for the invasion of Britain.

If we now retrace our steps, and assume that the doctrines of the Druids originated with the descendants of Gomer, we are entitled to expect some relics of the true religion. Gomer had lived long with his father Japhet, and had probably learnt from him all the antediluvian lore which Noah could impart; and which, probably, embraced those mysterious, but sublime truths allegorized by Thoth, and referred to in the book of Job, as that which wise men have *been told from their fathers unto whom alone the earth was given* * Hence the dim reflex of revelation which we have noticed.

This religion, it would be natural to suppose, would be tinctured with patriarchal customs, such as prevailed in Chaldæa, before the separation of the sons of Noah; accordingly we have remarked in the druidical circles and anointed stones, a resemblance between their rites of worship and those of the patriarchs.

As the knowledge of the antediluvian world

* Job, chap. xv., v. 18 and 19.

had been collected and preserved by some renowned individual, it is not surprising, that when their religion was debased by idolatry, that individual should have been the chief object of their worship; nor is it surprising that the hero of the deluge—the great progenitor of the renovated race of mankind, and grandfather of their more immediate ancestor Gomer, should have been associated with him in their idolatry: accordingly we have found that Mercury, or the antediluvian Thoth, was their principal deity; and that next to him, they worshipped Apollo, whom we have identified with Noah!

Again, we might have expected that after the separation of the sons of Noah took place, whose descendants were the inheritors of particular blessings and curses, they would have been anxious to commemorate their ancestor, and to distinguish him from his fated brethren: we have accordingly found that the Druids inculcated, as a tenet of particular importance, their descent from Dis or Japhet; and preserved the name of Gomer, his son, in the generic appellation Gomerians, Cimmerians, or Cymric, by which the Welsh distinguish themselves at the present day!

It only remains to explain the resemblance

between the Druidical and the Egyptian superstitions; particularly as it regards the symbol of the serpent. There are two suppositions by which this resemblance may be accounted for: either by supposing that the Cimmerians, the remote ancestors of the Celts and Celtic Druids, borrowed this symbol from the Colchians, whose territories pressed upon their own, and who, Herodotus informs us, were a colony of Egyptians left by Sesostrius in the earliest times; or that it was a primitive symbol, coeval, or nearly so, with the deluge. We are inclined to adopt the latter theory, from the circumstance of the serpent being also a symbol among the Persian Magi;* and to consider the Persian Magi and the order of Druids to be of identical origin: Madai the ancestor of the former, and Gomer the ancestor of the latter, being brethren.† (G)

Druidism having, at a very early period, found an asylum in Britain; and being protected by its insular situation from the inroad

* Cited by Diogenes Laertius, *Præm.* p. 6.

† We are informed by Aristotle that the Egyptian priests were posterior to the Persian Magi; from whom the gymnosophists of India are sprung. Cited by Diogenes Laertius *Præm.*, p. 6.—See volumes by Maurice on the religion of India, and its resemblance to Druidism.

of many other foreign superstitions ; probably maintained a degree of purity, which, under other circumstances, it would have lost : for Cæsar informs us that the Gauls themselves, who wished to become more perfectly acquainted with any of its mysteries, applied to Britain for instruction. In the course of time, however, it became sadly adulterated with the idolatrous usages of other nations ; to which we must attribute the gross and anomalous incongruities which it presented in late years. In particular, we may instance the admixture of the impurities of Babylon, famed for her enchantments and divinations, which so soon sullied the patriarchal stream ; and which is easily accounted for when we remember that the Phœnicians, whose religion was a concentration of all that was most offensive in Sabian superstition, were the earliest discoverers of Britain : of whom, indeed, ancient poems preserve an obscure tradition that they arrived in a Phœnician ship on the coast of Cornwall, importing, among other things, a new religion in exchange for their freight of tin.* Tin for

* Since writing the foregoing essay, I have perused, with a great deal of pleasure, the second chapter of the Pictorial History of England, treating of the History of Religion ;

dross was not an inappropriate emblem of the exchanges made from time to time by our poor ancestors ; but happily their dross has at last been converted into gold ; or that which is more precious than even fine gold ! (H)

in which the origin of Druidism is discussed (p. 70). An earlier perusal would probably have deterred me from the prosecution of my labours, but does not make me regret them.

NOTES.

(A).—PAGE 164.

LUCAN AND BURKE.

LUCAN's works seem to have been very highly esteemed by our British Polybius, Burke! "But what is liberty," asks that profound statesman, "without wisdom, without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint. Those who know what virtuous liberty is, cannot bear to see it disgraced by incapable heads, on account of their having high-sounding words in their mouths. Grand swelling sentiments of liberty, I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart; they enlarge and liberalize our minds; they animate our courage in a time of conflict. *Old as I am, I read the fine raptures of Lucan and Corneille with pleasure.*" Reflections on the French Revolution—*Tac. Ann. xvi., 17.* See also Murphy's Translation and note.

Burke's familiarity with Lucan's writings, further appears by his adoption of this poet's vehement language to express his own heart-rending affliction, at the bereavement of his son. "Human sorrowing is too limited," said he, "too hedged in by the interruptions of society and the calls of life, for the greatness of such a loss. I could almost exclaim with Cornelia, when she bewailed Pompey,

'Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.'

'The vile one cannot die of grief alone.'

(*Phars. Lib. 9, v. 108.*) *Life of Mackintosh, vol. 2, p. 94.*

(B).—PAGE 167.

PUDENS'S PANEGYRIC ON LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

Among all the writers of antiquity, none ever portrayed mental or moral grandeur with such a bold and masterly hand, as Lucan. The anger of Achilles, as described by Homer, is the peevishness of a child, or the madness of a bully, compared with the irresistible might, the terrible activity, of Cæsar's soul; "intolerant of rest,* delighting to pave his way with ruins,† and thinking nothing done, while aught remained to be done!"‡ When wrapt in a plebeian cloak, he taps at the fisherman's cottage door, how does the greatness of his soul burst through his disguise, and his princely promises belie his beggar's garb!§ and when encountering all the fury of a tempestuous sea, how does his daring spirit rise above the storm?|| The versatility, as well as unwearied activity of his mind, is also well exhibited, when, after the battle of Pharsalia, he throws off the excitement and turmoil of ambition, and expatiates on the beautiful antiquities of Troy;¶ and, again, when amid all the voluptuousness of Cleopatra's court, he turns from the banquet to satiate his thirst for knowledge; and questions the source of the Nile, and begs to be instructed in the mysteries and religion of Egypt!** Such is Cæsar, as described by the poet; but what shall we say of Cato? Cæsar seemed superior to the elements; but Cato triumphs over fate! In Cato, Lucan has given a reality to the dreams of poets, and a life to the visions of

* "Nunquam patiens pacis, &c."—Phars. II., v. 650.

† "gaudensque viam fecisse ruina."—Lib. I., 150.

‡ "Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum."—II. v. 667.

§ "quanquam plebeo tectus amictu,
Indocilis privata loqui." v., v. 538.—(Vid præc. et seq.)

|| Phars. v., v. 659, cit. ante.

¶ Phars. IX., v. 150, et seq.

** Phars. X., v. 155, et seq.

philosophers. Never did uninspired pen draw a character of such moral grandeur—such majesty of soul! With what propriety does Lucan introduce the reader to him at midnight; revolving public cares in his mind upon his sleepless pillow; “fearful for others, but not for himself;”[•] like one, who, as he expresses it, deems his life given him “not for himself, but for the world!”[†] His speech on the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, is such a speech as never oracle yet gave;‡ and a more sublime picture was never sketched by a poet, than Cato pursuing his dreadful march through the Lybian desert; not ordering his army forward, but leading them; and standing patiently with fevered lips at the new-found well, until the meanest soldier had drunk, before he slaked his own burning thirst.§ Yes, noble poet! these two characters of thine—sketched with equal boldness and discrimination, and coloured so glowingly and so gorgeously, exhibiting the mighty mind of Cæsar, and the majestic soul of Cato; the one grasping the world, and the other soaring above it; the one a hero, and the other a demigod; make all the characters of Homer dwindle into men!

The poet having thus excited our astonishment at Cæsar, and our admiration of Cato, tries another chord of human passion on behalf of Pompey; namely, our sympathy: and his introducing him under the comparison of a dismantled tree, fixed in its own august dimensions, although denuded of its glory, effectually bespeaks it.||

• *Invenit lusomni volentem publica cura
Pata virum, casusque Urbis, cunctisque timentem,
Securumque sul.* Lib. II., v. 239.

† ——— *Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam;
Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.*

Id. v. 390.

‡ Lib. IX., v. 564.

§ Idem., v. 567.

|| Lib. I. v. 135. See Blair's remarks on this simile, and other parts of the poem, in his lectures on the *Belles Lettres*.

Lest this short lived feeling should languish, he revives it again with a most touching description of Rome's idol leaving Italy; while his paternal shores, and indistinct mountains, vanish, irrevocably vanish, from his sight; and as his weary eyes close, the doleful vision of his deceased consort appears to him.* Again the poet throws a veil of conjugal tenderness over his weakness; and draws a most affecting scene, when he contemplates removing Cornelia to a distance from the horrors and dangers of civil war.† Nor is it the least ingenious stroke, where, on the eve of the fatal conflict of Pharsalia, he dreams of his former greatness; and in his slumbers seems again to hear the plaintive shouts of crowded theatres, and again to taste the glories of his former triumphs!‡ How well does this usher in the sad reverse of fortune; which leaves her late favourite a ruined exile, pale, and careworn; his white hairs, and martial vest, disfigured with dust!§ I shall not notice his treacherous death, or simple funeral rites; as poetry could add nothing to the pathos of a fate, which drew tears from the eyes of his rival Cæsar.

In all these instances, Lucan has wisely appealed to our commiseration; knowing that Pompey, being neither so great as Cæsar, nor so good as Cato, yet nevertheless, great and good, had no such claims on our wonder or admiration; and, therefore, must appeal to our sympathy.

Such are the principal characters in the poem; and certainly the poet's labours, as he modestly expresses

* Lib. III. ab initio.

† Dum fovet amplexu gravidum Cornelia curis
Pectus, et aversi petit oscula grata mariti:
Humentes mirata genas, percussaque cæco
Vulnere, non audet sentem deprendere magnam / &c.

Lib. v. v. 357.

‡ Lib. VII. v. 7 et seq.

§ Lib. VIII. v. 55.

it, have not failed in contributing their meed to these great names.* But there is yet another drawn in such a spirited manner, that it must not be omitted; and that is the desperate and ferocious Scæva; whose prodigious feats of valour equal any of those performed by Achilles.†

Besides these characters, however, which, for individuality and consistency, rival the great Greek's. Lucan has introduced several scenes of the most interesting kind. Nothing, for instance, can be more affecting than the description of the rival armies encamped close to each other, and the interview which takes place between different relations and friends who find themselves ranged on opposite sides, and expect to be summoned from their short embrace to their respective ranks; perhaps the next moment to embrace their hands in each other's blood.‡ Nothing can be more vivid or exciting than his description of the siege of Marseilles, and the naval engagement:§ and there is not perhaps extant a finer specimen of the horribly sublime than his sketch of the witch Erichtho.|| There are many other masterly descriptions which might, and perhaps ought, to be mentioned; but the great beauty of the poem is, that view the vivid picture of passing events in what direction you will, Rome—majestic Rome—is seen in the distance; wrapped in gloomy grandeur, and throwing its venerable shadow over a subject world!

In speaking of the merits of Lucan, I may possibly be expected not entirely to pass over his faults. There is discernable in the Pharsalia, a false antithetical style,

* Sive aliquid magnis nostri quoque cura laboris
Nomimbus prodesse potest, &c.

† Lib. III, v. 388.

‡ Lib. VI, v. 507.

§ Lib. VI, v. 140.

|| Lib. IV, v. 169.

much crude erudition, and some tasteless exaggeration; and the whole is too declamatory. To these defects, some critics have added a culpable and mean adulation of the Emperor, in the introduction of the poem: but no poet ever less deserved such reprobation; as will appear from the following considerations:—Lucan commenced his poem before the Emperor's character was developed; and when it appeared to promise all that was amiable, and all that was virtuous. At this time, the poet lived on terms of intimacy with his prince: and a personal friendship, and a congenial love of literature, and taste for the fine arts, may have had their influence, and induced him to dedicate his poem to the Emperor. As time, however, began to elicit, and events to blacken that character, the poet's views were altered: and, therefore, knowing that the most effectual way to render flattery harmless, was to make it preposterous; and being, moreover, stimulated by personal pique; he interwove ridicule with adulation;* but has done it so artfully, that it has misled some persons, who are unacquainted with the circumstances under which it was penned.

To conclude,—when I think of the learning which Lucan has displayed in his poem; when I think of the unwearied spirit which animates all his descriptions; and when, above all, I think of the deep patriotism and high-souled philosophy which pervade every part of it;—and when I reflect on the age of the writer, who was snatched from his labours in his twenty-seventh year—I must confess that I do not find, in all the annals of literature, any work of genius which will bear a com-

* I cannot help thinking that the lines from the 45th to the 55th (lib. 1) at least, are written in ridicule of the Emperor; especially

Sed te flammigeros Phæbi conscendere currus—(v. 48.)

in contempt of Nero's boasted jockeyship; and the verse,

Unde tuam videas obliquo sidere Romam—v. 55)

as a malevolent scoff at the Emperor's obliquity of vision.

parison with it! Apollo inspires prophecy as well as poetry; and if there is one line in poor Lucan's poem more immediately inspired than another, it is the one where he says :—

Pharsalia nostra
Vivet, et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.

LIB. IX, v. 965.

(C).—PAGE 234.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

This popular legend may be found in Collinson's History of Somersetshire; and is preserved in the Somersetshire dialect, in the following lines, which I take the liberty of transcribing from the graphic illustration—a book to the perusal of which I am indebted for the suggestion of the foregoing volumes; my attention having been first drawn to this subject, by the Essays on the Study of Antiquity contained in that work. If the reader, therefore, has derived any amusement from my tale, let him join with me in thanking its Editor, E. W. Brayley, Esq.; who, I hope will not be offended at this acknowledgment from a stranger.

A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

Who hath not hir'd of Avalon
 'Twar talk'd o' much and long agon.—
 The wonders o' tha *Holy thorn*,
 The which zoon âter Christ war born,
 Here a planted war by *Arimathé*,
 Thic *Joseph* that com'd over sea
 And planted Christianity.
 Thâ zâ that when a landed vust,
 (Zich plazen war in God's own trust)
 A stuck his staff into the groun

And over his shoulder looking roun,
 Whatever mid his lot beváll,
 He cried aloud now, "weary all!"
 The staff het budded and het grew,
 And at Christmas bloom'd the whol dâ droo.
 And still het blooms at Christmas bright;
 But best thâ zâ at dork midnight
 A pruf o' this, if pruf you will,
 Is voun in the name o' Weary all Hill!

(D).—PAGE 254.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

As a further illustration of the symbolical character with which trees have been invested, it may be mentioned that Kircher thus translates an explanation of the properties of the tree of knowledge: "The great tree in the midst of Paradise, the twigs and leaves of which were letters, and the branches words!"

Cited by Davies, Celt. Res. p. 306.

The poet Moore has, with his usual felicity, poeticized this doctrine:

The image of love, that nightly flies
 To visit the bashful maid,
 Steals from the *jasmine flower*, that sighs
 Its soul, like her in the shade.
 The dream of a future, happier hour,
 That alights on misery's brow,
 Springs out of the *silvery almond flower*,
 That blooms on a leafless bough.
 The visions that oft to worldly eyes
 The glitter of mines unfold,
 Inhabit the *mountain herb that dies*
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—

That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshy *mandrake's* stem,
 That shrieks when pluck'd at night,
 The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the *cinnamon*, sweetest then !

Light of the Harem.

(E).—PAGE 257.

PLUTARCH AND OSSIAN.

“Plutarch,” says the Rev. W. L. Bowles, “informs us, that according to the Celts, the souls of the mighty, on leaving the body, rode on the winds and tempests.—What an unexpected corroboration of the souls of the heroes in the clouds of Ossian.”

Hermes Britannicus.

This post mortem exercise has suggested to different poets, a variety of applications of it. Ossian uses it as a means of relaxation in heaven; Milton and Shakspeare of punishment in hell; Coleridge, as a means of probation in purgatory; and Dante has employed it as part of his machinery in both of the latter places.

(F).—PAGE 262.

Extract from Witsius's Treatise on the Egyptian Mysteries relative to the pillars of Thoth.

“Et primo quidem illud a doctissimis viris observatum est antiquissimum illum Mercurium, qui in Africani dynastia Ἀβέρης dicitur, filius Menios primi Egyptiorum regis, quemque Egyptii vocant Θωθ, Alexandrini Θωθ

Græci 'Ερμῆν, nullos libros scripsisse, sed *stelas* solum *aliquas*, sive columnas, *exarasse sacra dialecto*: quæ, Pausania teste,* in antris conditæ sunt subterraneis apud Thebas, trans Nilum, non procul a sonante Memnonis status: in loco quem τὰς Συριγγας nuncupant. Sunt autem Syringes, interprete Ammiano Marcellino†, subterranei quidam et fluctuosi secessus; quos ut fertur, periti rituum vetustorum (adventare diluvium præscii, metuentesque ne cærimoniarum oblitaretur Memoria) penitus operosis digestos fodinis per loca diversa struxerunt: et excisis parietibus, volucrum ferarumque genera multa sculperunt, et animalium species innumeras, quas Hieroglyphicas literas appellarunt. Ex iis secundus Mercurius, Mose recentior, libros suos consarcinasse dicitur. Manethos apud Syncellum, ad Ptolomæum Philadelphum scripsisse fertur *περὶ τῆς ἑρμηνείας τῶν ἔδεντρῶ Ἑρμῆ βεβλήτων*, de interpretatione librorum Mercurii secundi. Ex stelis, inquit, positis *ἐν τῇ Συριαδικῇ γῆ*, pro quo Valesius legi mavult, *Συριγγικῇ γῆ* et exaratis sacra dialecto, et Hierographis literis a Thoth, qui est Mercurius primus, secundus Mercurius, Agathodemonis filius, Tati pater, libros traduxit, quos in templorum Egypti adytis reposuit. Ex iis sua Sanchuniaton in linguam Phœniciam; Manethos sua in Græcam transtulit."‡

(G).—PAGE 287.

IDENTITY OF THE PERSIANS AND CELTS.

"A l'égard des Perses, je ne doute point du tout qu'ils ne fussent le même peuple que les Celtes. Ni la langue des Perses, ni leurs coutumes, ni leur religion ne différaient pas anciennement de celle des Celtes." Pelloutier,

* Witsii *Egyptiaca*, Lib. II, c. 5, s. 4.

† 1 Lib. I. p. 78.

‡ 2 Lib. XXXI.

Hist. des Celtes, p. 19, quoted by Borlase. Among other circumstances, which prove the resemblance between the Persians and Celts are certain round towers existing in Ireland, and no where else discovered, except in Persia and India. See this resemblance further traced in the Pictorial History of England, pp. 13, 14, &c. Also p. 36, where it is stated "that the scythe-arm'd cars of the Britons may be assumed as one of the many links in that chain which seems to connect them with Persia and the East, where similar vehicles were in use for many ages."

(H).—PAGE 289.

THE DRUIDS.

The religion of the Druids must not be confounded with their institutions as an order of priesthood: for though Britain may have been primary peopled from Gaul, and have derived its name, as Triads record, from Prydain, a native of Brittany, and descendant of the famous *Æd*; and though Celtic religion may have been introduced by his followers: yet the institution of the Order of Druids for the maintenance and regulation of that religion is generally deemed of British origin.*

* Dr. Borlase has more than once repeated the observation "that whatever religious ceremonies and tenets we find recorded to have been among the Germans and northern nations, they are parts of the old Celtic religion, common to all the West of Europe and consequently to the Druids; and therefore the superstition of Germany and the Northern countries may give great light into that of the Druids, and may justly be referred to, as they frequently are, in this work. But this argument will not bear being inverted; the inverse is not true, for what we find recorded of the Druids, can by no means be asserted of the Germans and Northern Nations."

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