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TAIT'S
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JANUARY, 1837.

MEMOIRS AND TRIALS OF THE POLITICAL MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND;* PERSECUTED DURING THE YEARS 1793-4-5.

Does any one require to be told who formed the illustrious band of patriots now familiarly termed THE SCOTTISH POLITICAL MARTYRS? The most eminent of them—those who can never be forgotten—were THOMAS MUIR, WILLIAM SKIRVING, THOMAS FYSHE PALMER, JOSEPH GERRALD, and MAURICE MARGAROT.

We do not imagine that any one of them is quite forgotten. The blood of the martyrs of the human race is the nurture of the tree of liberty. It is never spilt in vain. If history were silent concerning these illustrious men, tradition would in some sort keep alive and consecrate their memory. But one generation passeth away, and another cometh; and, amidst the struggles of life and the bustle and excitement of contemporary events, everything is swept into temporary oblivion. Even the youngest Reformers may have some vague knowledge that there were such men; and of what they did and suffered in the same cause for which the Reformers are still striving. Yet we consider the present publication peculiarly useful and well-timed. It is not alone due to their memory to keep their principles and their glorious testimony to truth in remembrance; but we consider that no better service could be performed to the cause of civil liberty, than setting before the world the example of that devotedness which they carried even unto death.

That blackest page in the recent annals of the Criminal Court of Scotland, which records their fate, also merits being exposed in the broadest light, were it only to shew the rancorous nature of Toryism, and its tendency to pervert justice, to corrupt the seat of judgment, and to convert those who should be the guardians and protectors of life and property into the vindictive and odious instruments of arbitrary power. At the present moment, we have another motive for calling attention to this subject, and for attempting to revive the memory of the Political Martyrs. We understand that Mr Hume, with the patriotic zeal and sound judgment which marks all his public conduct, is desirous that there should be some public and national demonstration of the deep gratitude and respect which the people of the United Kingdom feel for the memory of those noble benefactors and sufferers—those heralds of the bright day that, at last, is breaking upon us, and of which, even in the darkest eclipse, *they* never despaired. —If we be true to ourselves, and faithful to their principles, we shall reap those blessings the distant hope of which cheered and consoled them in exile, and sustained them in death.

Shortly before Gerrald expired, he said to those who stood by his bedside, "I DIE IN THE BEST OF CAUSES; AND I DIE, AS YOU ARE MY WITNESSES, WITHOUT REPINING." On his tombstone at Farm Cove, near Port Jackson, it is recorded, that "*He died a martyr to the liberties of his country, in the 36th year of his age.*"

The final words of Skirving to judges predetermined to condemn him, (for we fancy no one will now dispute this,) were—"*My Lords, I know that what has been done these two days will be re-judged: that is my comfort, and all my hope.*"

The words of Muir, in his address to his jury, were yet more remarkable:—"IT IS A GOOD CAUSE. IT SHALL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL—IT SHALL FINALLY TRIUMPH." And shall we leave to neglect the memory of any one of those to whom we greatly owe this coming triumph? Thousands upon thousands, we are satisfied, will warmly reciprocate Mr Hume's feelings, and vie with each other in giving effect to his wise and generous purpose. And is it not true wisdom that those who have faithfully served the People, whether they be alive or dead, should not lack due reward and homage?

Among the numerous banners which graced the Reform Procession of the metropolis of Scotland, there was one emblazoned, "TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF 1793–4, MUIR, SKIRVING, GERRALD;" and no one ensign, we are confident, was looked upon with deeper veneration—not even those which bore the names of Russell, Grey, and Brougham. This brief and passing show is, we imagine, all the public tribute which has yet been paid to those true patriots, in the servile city which formed the scene of their persecution, and which is adorned, or disgraced—at the reader's pleasure—with

* I. Life and Report of the Trial of Thomas Muir, Esq., Advocate, younger of Huntershill, for Sedition.
II. Life and Trial of William Skirving.
III. Life and Trial of Joseph Gerrald.
Muir, Gowans, & Co., Glasgow; Tait, Edinburgh.

statues of Henry Dundas and William Pitt. We hope to see this national reproach wiped away, and some solemn public demonstration made of the respect felt for their courageous services to the people.

To a monument, or an enduring memorial of some kind, we should not object; yet that signifies comparatively little—

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes,
Shall outlive the lofty tale—

recorded in the small publication before us. The true atonement would be, for Parliament still to express a strong opinion of the horrible injustice by which these devoted men were sacrificed, through the violated forms of law, in order that the progress of Reform might be arrested, and Tory supremacy more firmly established. Their trials were indecent mockeries of the very forms of justice. Their punishment filled all that were free in Europe with indignation and alarm. Even in these, the lowest times of Scotland's political prostration, the disgust of the people could not be repressed. An attempt was made in Parliament at the time to obtain inquiry in order to a reversal of the sentence of Muir, or some atonement for injustice, some apology to outraged freedom, for the iniquity perpetrated by the tribunals of Scotland; but in vain! In the Upper House of Parliament, Earl Stanhope, a man who, by his genius and public virtue, was an honour to the peerage, formed a glorious minority of *one*. A vigorous effort was made by the small Whig minority—then dwindled away (as, in times of trial, all *mere* Whig minorities will, it is to be feared, dwindle away) by the apostacy of Burke, and by either the real idiot-alarm or affected fears of the alarmists. Sheridan said that these trials in Scotland—"the transporting a man like a felon for fourteen years for lending a book—would be *enough to raise the people of this country in rebellion*. If Ministers attempted to make the law of Scotland the law of England, (but they dared not,) they would find it a sufficient crime to forfeit their heads."

"They charge us," said Mr Sheridan, "with making a party question of this, when we ought to have applied to the fountain of mercy." I know what mercy was shewn them before we made any question on the subject. I speak with some information: I have seen those unfortunate victims—I have visited them in those loathsome hulks, where they were confined among common felons, not indeed with irons upon them, but with irons recently taken off, separated from each other, deprived of the comfort of conversing, and that on a pretence that there was danger of sedition in this society—that two imprisoned men could create an insurrection.—I saw these gentlemen, and I boast of it; for whatever may be the feelings of some, I shall always be proud to countenance whomsoever I conceive to be suffering under oppression."

Fox, in seconding Mr Adam's motion upon this subject, made a speech full of feeling and indignant eloquence. Of the trial of Muir he "maintained *that the whole of the proceedings were disgusting and monstrous to every lover of justice and humanity.*"

If ever this affair should again be brought under the consideration of Parliament, the debate of March 10, 1794, should be previously perused by all the members of the House who wish to give an honest vote. We trust that the most ultra of English Tories would now shrink from such pollution of the sources of justice. Mr Adam—who made the motion for inquiry, or that the records of the Court of Justiciary upon the trial of Muir should be laid upon the table of the House, and who is now the venerable Lord High Commissioner of the Scottish Jury Court—could, at no time of his life, be accused of violent Liberalism. Yet he spoke in a strain which, save for his privilege of Parliament, would have entitled him to a place in the hulks with the political felons, had ill-fortune sent him before Scottish judges, and a Goldsmiths'-Hall jury! "Good God!" said Mr Adam, "what must be the feelings of mankind on seeing so little regard paid to the decency of justice, and the fate of a fellow-creature! The men who declared Mr Muir to be seditious, and who had acted so far against him as to exclude him a society, were yet held to be fair jurors! The treatment in regard to the witnesses was equally hostile to all justice. John Russell, a witness for the defendant, was sentenced to three weeks of imprisonment, because, at the very commencement of his examination, he had not been able to mention the names of the persons who had spoken to him on the subject of the trial. Another witness, William Muir, who, from motives of conscience, hesitated at taking an oath, was ordered to be imprisoned for ever! It was monstrous! It was impossible to speak of such an act without horror! Now, after this sort of trial, they were to consider the most material part of the whole proceeding—the discretion of the court in the sentence which they passed on the prisoner."

The world has not forgotten that cruel and iniquitous sentence, nor the untimely fate of the illustrious victims. And it ought to be remembered that Botany Bay is now a comparative Paradise to the penal colony then in its miserable infancy:—to

The lone isles of Sydney Cove,

then the harbour of the off-scourings of British society, and of them alone.

One of Mr Muir's greatest alleged crimes against the state, was lending a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man" to a person who begged a reading of that popular book. "What," said Mr Adam, "would have even been the punishment of Mr Paine himself? He might certainly say that it would have been no more than fine and imprisonment. Such would have been the punishment in England. But in Scotland they sentenced them to the most shocking species of transportation; transportation—not to America, not to a cultivated society, to an easy master, and to kind treatment—but to an inhospitable desert in the extremity of the earth—condemned to live with ruffians, whom the gibbet only had spared, and under a system of despotism rendered necessary for the government of such a tribe! The mind of man, shuddering at a disproportionate sentence, could feel no respect for the administration of justice so strained; and the hand of

authority was therefore weakened and palsied by the act. In the exercise of sound discretion it was natural to think that the court would have looked for the guides the most congenial to the feelings of the country. An article in the Union should have guided their discretion; the practice of England should have guided their discretion; unless it was meant that their authority was to be the stalking-horse for extending the same sort of severity to England. They should have remembered that, as the two countries were bound together by political and moral ties, their allegiance was the same, their duties the same."

If Whig lawyers felt thus indignant at the result of those disgraceful trials, what must the Reformers have done—the friends and associates of the victims? For a time, they appeared paralysed. Freedom and hope were condemned in the same moment with Muir and Gerrald. The sufferers alone retained fortitude and magnanimity; they alone held a good and unwavering hope; and now, at the end of forty years, much of the address of the eloquent and accomplished Gerrald to his jury, reads like prophecy fulfilled and daily fulfilling.

Before entering upon the brief narrative which is meant to revive these admirable men in public recollection, preliminary to whatever steps Mr Hume may take to do justice to their memory, we shall beseech the reader's attention to one extract from Gerrald's memorable address to his jury. We think it must bespeak favour for the little we can tell, in our present limits, of the heroic career of the POLITICAL MARTYRS.

"The particular circumstance to which I beg to chain down your attention, is the assertion of the public prosecutor, that, if you were convinced that my intentions were pure, you were bound in duty to pronounce my acquittal. Yes, gentlemen, this is the solid rock of my defence; the purity of the intention by which I was actuated. Could anything but an ardent love of truth, and a desire of promoting the happiness of my fellow-creatures, have induced me to brave the present prosecution, and, by dispelling the mist of prejudices which darkens their understandings, promote the happiness even of my prosecutors themselves? In this glorious though arduous undertaking, by what possible motive of gain or ambition could *I* have been actuated? Examples have not been wanting of *men of whom the world was not worthy*, who have fallen victims to an active and zealous virtue; but their fate will never deter firm and well-regulated minds from the performance of that which they will consider as the most sacred of duties, the fulfilment of their engagements to their oppressed and insulted country. These were the sentiments which actuated the conduct of our Common Master when he wept over the city: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that stonest the prophets, and slayest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered ye, even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not!'"

After alluding to the strictly lawful and constitutional objects of the British Convention—to which he had been sent by the London Corresponding Society as a delegate—and to his individual efforts to promote a reform of the representation, Mr Gerrald continued—

"Gentlemen, when I look forward to the political horizon, the prospect seems awful and gloomy to a degree at which the best men must shudder, and which the ablest men must feel themselves incompetent to describe. Everything is turbid and portentous. Indeed, a blacker cloud never hung over this island. Those who are versed in the history of their country, in the history of the human race, must know, that rigorous State prosecutions have always preceded the era of convulsion; and this era, I fear, will be accelerated by the folly and madness of our rulers. If the people are discontented, the proper mode of quieting their discontents is, not by instituting rigorous and sanguinary prosecutions, but by redressing their wrongs and conciliating their affections. Courts of justice, indeed, may be called in to the aid of ministerial vengeance; but if once the purity of their proceedings is suspected, they will cease to be objects of reverence to the nation; they will degenerate into empty and expensive pageantry, and become the partial instruments of vexatious oppression. *Whatever may become of me, my principles will last for ever. Individuals may perish; but truth is eternal. The rude blasts of tyranny may blow from every quarter; but freedom is that hardy plant which will survive the tempest, and strike an everlasting root into the most unfavourable soil.*

. . . . . .

"Gentlemen, I am in your hands. About my life I feel not the slightest anxiety; if it would promote the cause, I would cheerfully make the sacrifice; for, if I perish on an occasion like the present, out of my ashes will arise a flame to consume the tyrants and oppressors of my country.

"Moral light is as irresistible by the mind, as physical by the eye. All attempts to impede its progress are vain. It will roll rapidly along; and as well may tyrants imagine, that by placing their feet upon the earth they can stop its diurnal motion, as that they shall be able, by efforts the most virulent and pertinacious, to extinguish the light of reason and philosophy, which, happily for mankind, is everywhere spreading around us.

"Surely the experience of all ages should have taught our rulers, that persecutions never can efface principles; and that the thunders of the state will prove impotent when wielded against patriotism, innocence, and firmness. Whether, therefore, I shall be permitted to glide gently down the current of life, in the bosom of my native country, among those kindred spirits whose approbation constitutes the great comfort of my being, or whether I be doomed to drag out the remainder of my existence amidst thieves and murderers, a wandering exile on the bleak

and melancholy shores of New Holland, my MIND, equal to either fortune, is prepared to meet the destiny that awaits me.

"Seu me tranquilla senectus,
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis,
Dives, inops, Romae, seu forsitan jusserit.
Exul.

"To be torn a bleeding member from that country which we love, is indeed, upon the first view, painful in the extreme; but all things cease to be painful, when we are supported by the consciousness that we have done our duty to our fellow-creatures; and a wise man, rising superior to all local prejudices, if asked for his country, will turn his eyes from 'this dim spot which men call earth, and will point, like Anaxagoras, to the Heavens.'"*

Thus Gerrald wound up the emphatic prophecy to which his life soon afterwards set the seal. He did not, indeed, perish in open day and upon the scaffold; but, in the language of Fox, the guillotine would have been more merciful than the felons' Bay. The scaffold and the axe had been kindnesses too great for the men left to wither inch by inch in solitary prison cells, in the hulks, and the transport-ships, with all their festering stowage of moral and physical filth and pollution—until death released Joseph Gerrald, and, within three days of his decease, William Skirving.

It is necessary to bestow a very few sentences upon the remarkable epoch and historical events which brought forward these noble spirits.—— The American revolutionary war, that first struggle for liberty maintained by a people for themselves, almost without a government, and certainly without aristocratical or military leaders—the peddling agitation in Scotland for burgh reform—the Irish Volunteer Association—and the example of the apostate Pitt, of Burke, and the Duke of Richmond†—had concurred, during a period of repose and commercial prosperity, to awaken the minds of the people to Reform, and this for seven years previous to the French Revolution. This incipient agitation was especially active in Scotland, where an intelligent and thoughtful population had attained considerable political knowledge and no corresponding degree of political power. The machinery by which Dundas, and his prototypes and successors, managed the humbug of county and corporation representation, and duly sent at least forty members from Scotland—a Dundas Tail, to encumber and cripple all liberal measures in the House of Commons—will hardly now, we suppose, ever again, even in name, be connected with the people of Scotland. A people at peace, and possessing full knowledge of their rights and interests, without any direct and powerful control over their own affairs, is a condition which, of all others, may alarm a bad government. The people of England and Scotland had reached this stage. Ireland was still in a state of strong excitement; and the shock of the French Revolution—the crash of the tumbling walls of the Bastile—of "the King's castle"—shook the old despotisms of Europe to their deepest foundations. In the words of a popular Tory song of the day—

"The Devil had entered the swine;"

and the power and consternation of "the better classe of society," was commensurate to the "madness" of the "swinish multitude." The people formed themselves into societies, to carry out the early principles of Pitt and Burke, and to petition for reform in Parliament, for short Parliaments, and an extension of the franchise; and in Scotland, the societies took the name of "Friends of the People." They met—they made speeches—they got a newspaper—they published addresses, and drew up petitions; but, above all, they acted in concert, and steadily and deliberately pursued their formidable object, until the panic of those who had either profited or hoped to profit by the established system of abuse, became real, and, as we acknowledge, not wholly groundless. Those who had so long "eat of the fat and drunk of the strong," at the expense of the people—whom they appeared to consider born to obedience and for their uses, or as a different race, whose heritage upon earth was toil and submission—were effectually disturbed in their long dream of misrule. The rebellious Americans had been sufficiently alarming; but France was a case still more in point—a living example to which Great Britain and Ireland loudly and enthusiastically responded. The grand discovery was proclaimed throughout Europe, that millions had not been created to be the slaves of one man, and the prey of his minions; and that inviolability and sacredness of life and property were quite compatible with a perfect equality of civil rights and privileges. As the Jeffries of the Scottish political trials remarked—Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, a Judge whose brutality on the bench, and disgraceful straining of law for the basest purposes of party, can only be palliated by his furious fanaticism, and, we believe, unfeigned alarm—"were they quietly to let the Friends of the People cut their throats?" This coarse-mannered personage, with whose traditionary sayings we do not choose to disfigure our Radical pages, might not think his own particular weasand in much danger; but his party trembled for what was quite as precious as their throats. Grant the petitions of the Friends of the People, let them once obtain a fair hearing in the House of Commons, and there was imminent danger of the system which had

* Milton.

† In the newspaper article of our November number, it was noticed that the excellent and universally respected Montgomery, the poet, had several times suffered a long imprisonment for what, in those evil days, was called *libel*. One of these punishments—an imprisonment, we think, of eighteen months or two years—was for merely reprinting the Duke of Richmond's Letter. But this was in England. If in Scotland, he must have been transported as a felon.

worked so well. Public spirit, in servile, well-bitted Scotland—a love of freedom manifested by the most enthusiastic symptoms—was a new and perilous state of things. The wild, fanatical spirit of the Covenanters had broken forth in fury, after the slumber of above a century, and in a worse shape than at first. In every village and remote hamlet societies of persons "calling themselves Friends of the People," had, by the end of 1793, sprung up; and the People of England and Ireland were, for the first time, in unison with Scotland. The movement was simultaneous, for the impulse was the same.

Among the first and most distinguished of those who caught the generous glow of independence and freedom, was MUIR, then a young and rising advocate at the Scottish bar. He was a native of Glasgow, and the only son of wealthy and respectable parents. From the work before us, we learn, that he had been distinguished at the University, and that, in very early life, he had displayed great firmness and ability upon an occasion when the Professors chose to punish one of their number—Mr Anderson, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, and the founder of the noble Institution which bears his name—because he not only avowed Liberal principles, but ventured to talk of reforms in the immaculate University. Young Muir headed an Andersonian party among the students, harangued them in the college-yard, and drew upon himself the hand of authority. Professor Anderson's party triumphed ultimately; but the young rebel chief did not escape unscathed; and afterwards, instead of studying divinity in Glasgow, which was his original destination, he repaired to Edinburgh to study for the bar.

He had been several years a barrister, and was successful and honourably distinguished in his profession, when the political crisis of 1792 arrived. In Edinburgh, he was active in organizing societies, and, during the recesses of the Court, he was equally so in disseminating political knowledge in Glasgow and the vicinity, by pamphlets and tracts. His talents and eloquence, the affability of his manners, the purity of his life, the general estimation in which he was held in the west of Scotland, but, above all, the contagious influence of his enthusiasm for liberty, rendered Muir a peculiarly dangerous character. An evil eye must have fallen early upon him, and, in point of fact, he was arrested, tried, and condemned long before any other victim had been seized, save Mr Fyshe Palmer. It was Muir who, in the autumn of 1792, drew up the plan of the internal government of affiliated societies for Reform, to be represented in a General Convention, by delegates duly elected. It was he who gave life and energy to the entire movement. The first recorded meeting of Reformers took place in the Star Inn, Glasgow, 30th October 1792. The persons present resolved to form themselves into a permanent society, under the name of

The Associated Friends of the Constitution and of the People.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple of Fordel was elected President;

Thomas Muir, Esq. younger of Huntershill, Advocate, Vice-President;

George Crawfurd, writer in Glasgow, Secretary.

The following Resolutions were then agreed to:—

RESOLVED, To co-operate with the Association of the Friends of the People in London, in all proper measures to accomplish an equal Representation of the People in Parliament.

RESOLVED, To enter into every legal and constitutional measure to obtain a shorter duration of Parliamentary delegation.

We need not copy the minor resolutions. This was a hopeful beginning; and, on the 11th December, a number of delegates met at Edinburgh. Their meetings were, however, not frequent; and every act of the Convention was strictly and studiously legal, and the language of the discussions temperate and guarded. The chief object was to petition; but the delegates also resolved to co-operate with the Society in London, of which Mr, now Earl Grey, Sir William Jones, Fox, and Whitbread, were leading members, and Sir James Mackintosh secretary. The Scottish delegates likewise exchanged greetings with their brother-Reformers in Ireland, and were even suspected of extending their good-will and courtesies to France. There was increased alarm among the Tories. Several persons of consequence had come as delegates to the Convention. There was Colonel Macleod, a Member of Parliament, who appeared as President; Mr Callander, younger of Craigforth; Colonel Dalrymple of Fordel: Lord Daer, the heir-apparent to the Earldom of Selkirk; Thomas Muir himself; Mr Wild, advocate; Mr Morland, advocate, and many respectable professional persons and dissenting clergymen.* The people of the three kingdoms were combining for the

* Two reverend members of this national assembly were sent from Dundee, a town always distinguished for public spirit; and it was in the same town that the Rev. Mr Fyshe Palmer laboured—a man of whom, after his condemnation, Whitbread, in Parliament, said—"That he had the honour (for an *honour*, in the truest sense of the word he deemed it) to be acquainted with Mr Palmer;" and he paid him many high compliments for understanding and virtue. The Dundee clerical delegates were the Rev. Niel Douglas, minister of the Relief congregation, and Mr Donaldson, who was pastor of a small congregation of Bereans. Among the numerous party squibs of the day—for the Tories tried the effect of ridicule and contempt, as well as sharper weapons—there was a popular song, enumerating the names of the members of the Convention, and stringing them together in what was meant for ludicrous contrast, as—

Anderston's drummer, and Daer—

it being alleged that such noisy functionary was actually a member of the Convention. Sir Walter Scott, though he rarely permitted his unhappy early partisanship to appear in his writings, has condescended to repeat this stale joke in one of his novels. It would have been more to the purpose to shew that the said town-drummer, if such a one ever existed, was unworthy of the distinction. The doggrel referred to was attributed to a W.S. named Bain White, an Edinburgh Parliament-House wit of the day. We are tempted to give a specimen, as we have heard the thing attributed to a much higher quarter:—

redress of their grievances, and the reform of political institutions, either corrupted or originally imperfect, and therefore no longer fit for the advanced condition of society.

An address, which is said to have been written by Grattan—though we have no evidence of the fact—was transmitted to the Convention, which we have pleasure in copying over at this distant date, as it is the earliest record of cordiality and co-operation between the Reformers of Scotland and Ireland.

To the British Convention of Reformers, at Edinburgh.

"BROTHER REFORMERS!—We take the liberty of addressing you in the spirit of civic union, in the fellowship of a just and a common cause. We greatly rejoice that the spirit of freedom moves over the face of Scotland—that light seems to break from the chaos of her internal government; and that a country so respectable in her attainments in science, in arts, and in arms; for men of literary eminence; for the intelligence and morality of her people, now acts from a conviction of the union between virtue, letters, and liberty; and *now* rises to distinction, not by a calm, contented secret wish for a Reform in Parliament, but by openly, actively, and urgently willing it, with the unity and energy of an embodied nation."

This address was written seven years before the Irish Union; but even then the people of Ireland were apprehensive of the impending measure, which they believed was to place their beloved country still more in the power of her hereditary oppressors. The union of the kingdoms, and pensioning the Catholic priesthood, was the favourite Irish policy of Pitt; and was thus justly dreaded by the Irish patriots. Their address, pointing to these views, concluded—"We rejoice that you do not consider yourselves as merged and melted down into another country; but that, in this great national question, *you are still Scotland*—the land where Buchanan wrote, and Fletcher spoke, and Wallace fought!"

The question was now to be brought to immediate issue, Whether the people were to obtain their rights, or whether by violent coercive measures, the Tory reign might not be protracted, and Reform delayed if it could not be wholly crushed.

The territory of France had by this time been violated by the Allies, and the recreant Bourbon princes; and the Government of Britain was now upon the eve of declaring war against the French Republic, while the People were sending enthusiastic addresses of encouragement to the French Convention. The Government was threatening war to the knife, and the People were fraternizing with "their natural enemy." When we witness the doings of the present enlightened day, we may conceive the panic of the Winchelseas and Rodens of a half century back, at language like the following, addressed by Britons to French Republicans.

"It is not among the least of the Revolutions which time is unfolding to an astonished world, that two nations, nursed by some wretched craft in reciprocal hatred, should so suddenly break their common odious chain, and rush into amity.

"The principle that can produce such an effect, is the offspring of no earthly court; and, whilst it exhibits to us the expensive iniquity of former politics, it enables us, with bold felicity to say, We have done with them!

"In contemplating the political condition of nations we cannot conceive a more diabolical system of government, than that which has hitherto been generally practised over the world: to feed the avarice and gratify the wickedness of ambition, the fraternity of the human race has been destroyed; as if the several nations of the earth had been created by rival gods. Man has not considered man as the work of one Creator.

"The political institutions under which he has lived have been counter to whatever religion he professed.

"Instead of that universal benevolence which the morality of every known religion declares, he has been politically bred to consider his species as his natural enemy, and to describe virtues and vices by a geographical chart."

Here was *the New Philosophy* with a vengeance! Not another moment was to be lost. Scotland, servile, prostrate Scotland, was chosen as the safest scene of action; and Thomas Muir was selected as the first victim. He was arrested early in January 1793, about a fortnight after the Convention had met, and conveyed to the office of the sheriff for examination. He declined answering many of those preliminary and ensnaring special questions, by which the legal officers of Scotland so often extort matter of accusation against a prisoner out of his own lips. This was an insidious and inquisitorial practice which Muir, as a lawyer and a friend of the rights of the subject, had always denounced. He was liberated on finding bail; and, intrusting his case to Mr James Campbell, a respectable agent in Edinburgh, who was to apprize him the moment his appearance might be required in Scotland, he proceeded to London, where he saw some of the leading members of the Corresponding Society, and thence to Paris, which he reached upon the eve of the execution of the King. That untoward event he deplored exceedingly, especially as it afforded a handle to the knavish prompters of the alarmists at home.

It was no sooner known that Muir was in France, and in favour with "the regicides," than he was indicted to stand trial for the undefined crime of sedition; and, before he could possibly

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TUNE—"*Fie, let us a' to the Meeting!*"

Fie, let us a' to the meeting!
For many things will be said there,
Explainin' the wrongs o' Great Britain,
And pointin' them out to a hair—
And there will be grievances shewn
We never afore kend about;
And there will be things set agoing
Will end in the devil, I doubt.
For there a' the members hae sworn,
And pledged to each other their word,
That rather than want a reform,
They'll hae it by fire and by sword.
Fie, let us a', &c.

The Tories have found it so. The names were strung together in this style:—

And there will be Laing and George Innes,
The Reverend Neil Douglas, I trow,
Wha rowed frae Dundee in a pinnace,
And left the Seceders to rue, &c. &c.
This is enough of it.

have returned and prepared for the trial, he was outlawed, and his bail was forfeited.

But, though Muir had been seized, the dogged Reformers would take no warning. The societies increased in numbers, and the cause gained new and zealous adherents by tens of thousands. WILLIAM SKIRVING, who had been the Secretary of the first Convention, was again the Secretary of that which assembled in May 1793; and, although Muir was absent, and though most of the higher order of delegates had, like the London Corresponding Society, taken fright and disappeared, the Reformers were as firm and resolute as ever; and the delegates, if not so high in station, were far more numerous and of at least equal worth. The creatures of power were not idle; and now ensued that foulest period in the modern history of Scotland—the first REIGN of TERROR. The SPY SYSTEM itself was hardly so vile; for it sought to shroud its deformity in darkness, while, at this time, villany stalked abroad in open day, rampant and unabashed. In the previous year, the Societies of the Friends of the People had been met by Tory associations, equivalent to the Orange Societies of Ireland, or the modern Conservative Associations of England. One of these, composed of some respectable Tories, and also of all that was basely subservient, and of all that was cruel, because cowardly, was formed in Edinburgh, under the name of the GOLDSMITHS'-HALL ASSOCIATION; or, familiarly, as the *Life-and-Fortune Men*, as life and fortune were pledged to the defence of that glorious constitution in Church and State, which had long made Great Britain "the envy of the surrounding nations" The Friends of the People were also the avowed friends of the Constitution—though not of its perversions and corruptions; so they were not disposed silently to permit anybody whatever to arrogate exclusively this name. Accordingly, Muir, Skirving, and some other influential Reformers, enrolled their names at the Goldsmiths' Hall, as evidence of the purity of their designs. These obnoxious names were indignantly erased by the same individuals who, next year, were *picked* and *packed* by the judges as their jurors, and retained as such in the face of all the legal objections which the prisoners could urge, and in the face of common equity and common decency. This detestable proceeding was afterwards severely reprobated in Parliament; but what did that signify to the Scottish judges and jurors? The victims were, by that time, safe in the hulks.

From the body who, in expelling Muir and Skirving from their loyal association, as persons unworthy to defend the constitution, had virtually condemned them beforehand, was formed the jury that found them guilty. But what shall we say?—where else but from those loyal and associated bodies could any jury have been found for the purpose?

But we intended briefly to describe the state of society at this dismal period. It was now that, to borrow the powerful language of Ebenezer Elliott, "worms blasphemed the Almighty," in trying to quench the divine spark in the mind of Robert Burns. It was at this time that Muir, by an unhappy fatality, ran himself into the tiger's throat. The impending war, and the embargo laid upon the shipping, had, for some months, suspended all regular intercourse between France and Great Britain. For all this time, his family had heard nothing of him. He was indicted; and they knew the tender mercies of the party who had marked him out. He was, also, to their everlasting honour, expelled from the Faculty of Advocates, and could no longer practise at the Scottish bar. His parents wished that he should withdraw, for a time, to the United States; and letters, clothes, and money had been transmitted to meet him in the country to which he would have been welcomed with the highest honours. Muir was still hardly twenty-eight years of age, and the only son of virtuous and pious parents, who had gloried in the bright promise of his youth, and reposed in him the hopes of their old age.* After considerable difficulty, he appears to have left France in an American vessel that was going to Ireland. He seems to have spent some time among the Reformers of Dublin, and to have communicated with his family through the medium of the American captain, whose vessel was lying at Belfast. The letter of the anxious, tortured father, in reply to those round-about communications, is, in its affectionate simplicity, exceedingly touching. Whatever might be Muir's own purpose in returning to Scotland, his parents earnestly desired that he might not rush upon certain destruction. To the American captain, his kind, unknown correspondent, the elder Muir wrote—"I am at a very great loss how to answer your letter. If it is the *friend that I have*, if it is he, I shall be overjoyed to see his handwriting, and to know what has become of him these three months. . . . I hope, dear sir, you will shew him every civility in your power, which I hope some day gratefully to thank you for. *The loss of this young man has been a dreadful affliction to us.* Please shew our friend this letter. I honoured his draft in favour of Mr Massey. He'll get his letters in the post-office of Philadelphia. I hope, in a year or two, he can return, if he do not love America; and be so good as cause him *write me one line* in your letter. You can direct it."

In the face of this warning, though it is not apparent that he ever received it, Muir ventured to cross over to Scotland, and by the ordinary passage at Portpatrick. He said he came voluntarily home, to face his accusers; and, from the open route he selected, such seems the fact. Besides, who, conscious of entire moral innocence,

* It was a scoff in certain circles at the time, that the mother of Muir had dreamed that her son was Lord Chancellor of England! The son of this heart-broken matron became something infinitely greater than an Eldon or a Lyndhurst.

and of having, in no shape, violated the laws of the country, could be prepared for the horrors of the "Monster Trial" that awaited him?

He certainly wished to surrender himself, or he could never have ventured back to Scotland. On landing at Port-Patrick, he was recognised by an understrapper of the custom-house,* who knew his person from having seen him pleading at the bar in Edinburgh, while the informer himself had been a hanger-on in an attorney's office. Muir was an outlaw. He was immediately arrested. On this person lodging information with the sheriff, Muir was lodged in the jail of Stranraer, and afterwards conveyed to Edinburgh jail, by Williamson, a notorious thief-taker and Friend-of-the-people-catcher of those times, together with all his papers. Most of the papers were of no consequence whatever; but there were some "inflammatory" pamphlets, and, among others, one containing a quotation from Milton on the liberty of unlicensed printing. There were also some letters sealed with the cap of liberty, and Muir's certificate of admission into the Society of United Irishmen, signed by Hamilton Rowan, Secretary to the association. All these, and papers more frivolous, were used against him upon his trial.

There was also his passport to America, granted by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, which we shall copy, as it contains the only description extant, we believe, of the person and features of this "Pest of Scotland," as the Lord Advocate named him.

Permit Citizen Thomas Muir to proceed on his way to Philadelphia, domiciled at Paris, municipality of Paris, department of Paris, native of Scotland, a lawyer, 28 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, his hair and eye-lashes of a chestnut colour, blue eyes, aquiline nose, small mouth, round chin, high forehead, long and full face. Send him aid and assistance if in want.

Muir's trial took place on the 30th August 1793. It excited a strong feeling in Scotland,† and, as soon as the result was known, the greatest indignation in England. It was then Englishmen began justly to congratulate themselves that they were not Scots; and that in England, a jury was not another name for an instrument of oppression and injustice. As we consider this first trial to be marked with every bad feature which characterized all those that followed, we must quote a few passages from the report of it before us, though those who would see the lengths to which Toryism is ever prone to go, should peruse its entire proceedings. As a preliminary, however, to Muir's trial, we shall give these detached scenes from those of Margarot, Skirving, and Gerrald. The judges in all the cases were the same, and the juries uniformly elected from the Goldsmiths'-Hall Life-and-Fortune men.

Margarot was his own counsel. The trial had scarcely opened when he said—

"Now, my Lord, comes a very delicate matter indeed. I mean to call upon my Lord Justice Clerk, and I hope that the questions and the answers will be given in the most solemn manner. I have received a piece of information, which I shall lay before the Court, in the course of my questions: *First*, my Lord, Are you upon oath?"

Lord Justice Clerk.—State your questions, and I will tell you whether I will answer them or not; if they are proper questions, I will answer them.

Q.—Did you dine at Mr Rocheid's, at Inverleith, in the course of last week?

Lord Justice Clerk.—And what have you to do with that, sir?

Q.—Did any conversation take place with regard to my trial.

Lord Justice Clerk.—Go on, sir!

Q.—Did you use these words:—"What should you think of giving him an hundred lashes, together with Botany Bay?" or words to that purpose?

Lord Justice Clerk.—Go on: put your questions, if you have any more.

Q.—Did any person, did a lady say to you, that the people would not allow you to whip him? and, my Lord, *did you not say that the mob would be the better for losing a little blood?* These are the questions, my Lord, that I wish to put to you, at present, in the presence of the Court: deny them or acknowledge them.

Lord Justice Clerk.—Do you think I should answer questions of that sort, my Lord Henderland?

Lord Henderland.—No, my Lord; they do not relate to this trial.

The rest of the Judges concurred in this opinion; and so the questions, very properly, were not answered!

But we earnestly entreat our readers to turn up to the list of Mr Muir's jurymen, and they will discover this astonishing fact, that James Rocheid of Inverleith, in whose house the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland was alleged to have made use of the above horrible language, was one of the jurymen selected by his Lordship, and one who actually sat on the trial of Mr Muir!

The same thing occurred, but in a more direct and tangible shape, in the case of Joseph Gerrald, another Reformer, who was also tried before the same Court, about the same period.

When the Court met, Mr Gerrald rose and said—"My Lords, I feel myself under the painful necessity of objecting to the Lord Justice Clerk sitting upon that bench—upon this plea, that his Lordship has deviated from the strict line of his duty, in prejudging that cause in which my fortune and my fame, which is more precious to me than life, are actually concerned. I beg, therefore, that this (holding a paper in his hand) may be made a minute of this Court."

In order to shew that this objection was not made at random, Joseph Gerrald *offered to prove that* the Lord Justice Clerk *had prejudged the cause of every person who had been a member of that assembly calling itself the British Convention:* inasmuch as he had asserted, in the house of James Rocheid of Inverleith, "that the mem-

* This person was named Carmichael. He was then commanding the Justice Hulk at Port-Patrick; but he rose and prospered in the public service every day after the arrest of Muir, in spite of the curses both loud and deep which the old Reformers poured upon him.

† A friend of ours, then a child, and bred among the most noted of the Reformers of the period, gives a lively idea of the general state of feeling in Edinburgh, by recording his own notions. The day of the trial, or of the sentence, was thundery and exceedingly dark, and the rain fell in torrents. There was but one topic, one interest—Muir, and the trial: and every one had gone to witness it. A *Trial* was beyond the comprehension of our friend: but, gazing through the window, he felt that some awful thing was acting by wicked men; that some terrible catastrophe was impending, like the Crucifixion or the Judgment Day, to which the dismal weather bore token, and in which the fate of Muir was somehow involved. Our young friend was only reassured by the sensible reflection, that this could not be the Day of Judgment, as the Jews, for whose conversion his Puritan grandfather regularly petitioned in his family prayer, were not yet converted and "brought in with the fulness of the Gentile nations."

bers of the British Convention deserved transportation for fourteen years, and even public whipping;" and that, when it was objected, by a person present in company, that the people would not patiently endure the inflicting of that punishment upon the members of the British Convention, the said Lord Justice Clerk replied, that the mob would be the better for the spilling of a little blood. I pray that this may be made a minute of the Court. *I desire to have the matters alleged, substantiated by evidence.*"

Lord Eskgrove.—My Lords, This objection, which comes before your Lordships, is a novelty in many respects—and I don't think this pannel, at this bar, is well advised in making it: what could be his motive for it I cannot perceive. He has the happiness of being tried before one of the ablest judges that ever sat in this Court; but he is to do as he thinks fit. I am sure he can obtain no benefit if he gains the end he has in view; and, therefore, I cannot perceive his motive, unless it is an inclination, as far as he can, to throw an indignity upon this Court.—And, after some farther remarks, his Lordship concluded by saying, that *he could ascribe the objection to nothing but malevolence and desperation.*

Mr Gerrald.—My Lord, I come here not to be the object of personal abuse, but to meet the justice of my country.

Lord Henderland.—I desire you will behave as becomes a man before this High Court. I will not suffer this Court to be insulted.

Mr Gerrald.—My Lord, far be it from me to insult this Court.

Lord Henderland—Be silent, sir.

Mr Gerrald.—My Lord——

Lord Henderland.—I desire you will be silent, sir!

Lord Swinton.—My Lords, an objection of this kind, coming from any other man, I should consider as a very high insult upon the dignity of this Court; but, coming from him, standing in the *peculiar* situation in which he now stands at the bar, charged with a crime of little less than treason, the insolence of his objection is swallowed up in the atrocity of his crime. It appears to me that there is not the smallest relevancy in this objection.

Lord Dunsinan.—I think your Lordships ought to pay no attention to it, either in one shape or another.

The objection was unanimously disregarded.

On the trial of William Skirving, another Reformer, and, by all accounts, a most amiable man,

The Lord Justice Clerk proceeded to nominate the first five of the Jury, and asked the pannel if he had any objection to them.

Mr Skirving.—I object, in general, to all those who are members of the Goldsmiths' Hall Association; and, in the second place, I would object to all those who hold places under Government, because this is a prosecution by Government against me: and, therefore, I apprehend they cannot with freedom of mind judge in a case where they are materially parties.

Lord Eskgrove.—This gentleman's objection is, that his Jury ought to consist of the Convention of the Friends of the People; that every person wishing to support Government is incapable of passing upon his assize; and, by making this objection, the pannel is avowing that it was their purpose to overturn the Government.

Lord Justice Clerk.—Do any of your Lordships think otherwise? I dare say not.

Objection repelled.

We had almost omitted to state that, in Margarot's trial, the Lord Justice Clerk, first of all, asked the pannel if he had any objection to his jurymen.

Mr Margarot replied—I have no personal objection; but I must beg to know by what law you have the picking of the Jury, and that you alone have the picking of them?

Lord Abercromlie.—His Lordship is not picking, but naming the Jury, according to the established law, and the established constitution of the country; and the gentleman at the bar *has no right to put such a question!*

The above, then, is a brief outline of the way in which the whole of these Reformers—the *pannels*—were treated by the Bench. And we shall now give a few examples of the way in which some of the *witnesses* were treated, when it was found they did not answer the purposes of the prosecution.

James Calder sworn.

Lord Henderland.—What is your trade?

A.—I have no trade.

Lord Eskgrove.—If you have no trade, how do you live?

A.—I am neither a placeman nor pensioner.

Lord Justice Clerk.—(Turning himself to the Judges.) What do you think of that, my Lords?

Lord Henderland.—What do you call yourself?

A.—A Friend of the People.

Q.—You don't live by that; you must have some occupation?

A.—I am maintained by my father, Donald Calder, merchant in Cromarty.*

Lord Justice Clerk.—Ho! my Lords, he was sent up to the British Convention.

Witness.—No, my Lords, I was not.

Lord Advocate.—I understand he is a student at the University.

A.—Yes: I am.

Alexander Aitchesom sworn.†

Lord Justice Clerk.—You are not come here to give dissertations either on the one side or the other. You are to answer to facts according to the best of your recollection; and, according to the great oath you have taken, answer the facts that are asked of you.

A.—My Lord, I wish to pay all due respect to your Lordship and this Court; but I consider myself as in the presence not only of your Lordship, but also as in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords; and, therefore, as bound by my oath, to say everything that I can consistently with truth, to exculpate this pannel who, I am sure, is an innocent man.

Mr Solicitor General.—Many things you have now said, will, in my opinion, tend to do more hurt than good to the pannel.

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* Mr Calder was afterwards for many years connected with the London newspaper press. For anything that we know, he is still alive, in retirement, reaping the reward of his early enterprise and ability. "The boy Calder," as the Judge termed him in summing up, is the individual mentioned with what we considered improper levity in the clever local work, "Sketches and Legends of Cromarty," in referring to *the Friends of the People* in that town. The writer is evidently ignorant of the events of the early career of Mr Calder; but he might have shewn a little more caution. Very many of the young Reformers of the 1793-4, were afterwards honourably connected with the public press both in Great Britain and the United States, and zealous in propagating the principles they had early imbibed. The preachers of former times could only lift up a solitary voice in behalf of truth; the exiled Reformers took possession of a more powerful engine. Their enemies are feeling its effects now.

† Alexander Aitcheson whom we see mentioned here, and whom we find referred to in other trials, was originally a goldsmith in the Parliament Close, and, if we remember aright, at one time the partner of Downie, who was afterwards tried with Watt for high treason. Aitcheson was a very ingenious man, fond of science; harbouring a great soul in a small and deformed body. He gave up his business and studied medicine, warmly embracing the Brownonian doctrines in theory, and perhaps moderately supporting his belief by practice. He was employed by Sir John Sinclair in compiling and arranging the papers of the Statistical Account. He suffered much in his literary prospects, and consequently in his pecuniary circumstances, from his connexion with the Friends of the People. Mr Aitcheson afterwards went to Perth as editor and a principal contributor to the Perth Encyclopædia. He was a person of great humour, simple-minded and warm-hearted, an enthusiastic Reformer, brave as a lion, and not the less endeared to his young friends that they ventured to take pleasant liberties with him. In the book before us, it is stated that he practised surgery in Perth.

Witness.—Of that, the gentlemen of the Jury will judge.

Lord Justice Clerk.—Mr Solicitor General, it is needless to put any more questions to this man.

Solicitor General.—I shall put no more, my Lord.

(Witness was ordered to withdraw.)

Lord Justice Clerk.—Put him out, then! Put him, out!

Witness, *Aitcheson.*

Q.—Did you ever observe anything of a seditious or riotous appearance in the Convention?

A.—Not in the least.

Q.—Did you ever hear anything mentioned, or whispered in the Convention, that might tend to overturn the Constitution?

A.—Never.

Q.—Did you ever hear anything mentioned there against placemen and pensioners?

A.—Often.

Mr Margarot.—That, I suppose, is the sedition that is meant to be charged.

No further questions were put to this witness.

Muir conducted his own defence, which he was in every way qualified to do, both from professional knowledge and ability. It is, however, less than creditable to the spirit of the Scottish bar to find it stated that none of his quondam brethren cared to assist in the defence of an individual so obnoxious to the bench and to the government of Scotland. Muir's alleged crimes were, lending a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man," and giving away several copies of Volney's "Dialogue between the Governors and the Governed;" and also that, at a meeting of the Convention in Edinburgh, he had read an address from the society of United Irishmen in Dublin to the Delegates for Promoting Reform in Scotland.*

The *foreman* of the jury on this memorable trial was the late notorious Gilbert Innes of Stow; and nearly the whole were "country-gentlemen," and afterwards placemen; Mr Rocheid of Inverleith, at whose table the edifying conversation related above, had passed, being one of the former. "A Lawnmarket Jury" afterwards became exceedingly docile; but, at this momentous first trial, it was deemed advisable to *mak sikker;* and greater precaution may have been employed in *packing.* Muir confessed the crimes of lending the books and pamphlets; but he protested against being tried by a jury of the persons who had, at their own pleasure, erased his name from the books of the Goldsmiths' Hall Association. Among other forcible arguments, he urged this:—

I demand justice. Let me be tried fairly—not by a jury of the Association of Goldsmiths' Hall, not by a jury of the Association of the Friends of the People—but by men unconnected with either, whose minds cannot possibly be supposed warped with prejudices. I therefore solemnly protest, that no person who is a member of the Association in Goldsmiths' Hall, should or can be of the jury in my trial.

Solicitor-General Blair replied, that he considered this objection to be of the most extraordinary nature. The pannel is accused of forming associations contrary to the Constitution, and he presumes to object to those gentlemen who formed associations in its defence. With equal propriety might the pannel object to their Lordships on the bench to be his judges in this trial: their Lordships had sworn to defend the Constitution.

Mr Muir.—This day, I will not descend into the quibbles of a lawyer. I object to these gentlemen, not because they associated in defence of the constitution. I, too, as well as they, have associated in defence of the constitution. But my objection is, that they, by an act of theirs, have publicly accused me of being an enemy to the constitution, have already pronounced the sentence of condemnation, and have imposed upon my name the seal of proscription.

LORD JUSTICE CLERK.—If the objections of the pannel were relevant, it would extend far indeed; it would go to every person who had taken the oaths to government. I can see nothing in the objection, and I am clear for repelling it.

LORD HENDERLAND.—I can see nothing in the objection. These gentlemen entered into a society for a particular purpose, and had the right of judging of the qualification of their members; they did not think Mr Muir or his friends proper members. In no trial whatever could this be a good objection.

The objection was repelled. Mr Muir, however, continued to repeat it, as every five were sworn.

The opinion expressed by Mr Adam of this denial of justice by the Court, is cited above.

The evidence brought against Muir was of the most disgraceful kind. One individual, afterwards notorious, the Rev. Mr Lapslie, minister of Campsie, who had been the intimate personal friend of Muir, actually attended the sheriff round the country, raking up and attempting to suborn evidence against him. This very despicable clerical fanatic, if he was not something worse than a fanatic, was, according to the information before us, afterwards pensioned by the government—one of the most impudent things ever done in Scotland. We see it is inquired if the name of *Lapslie* does not occur in the Pension list yet. The fact merits inquiry. When this reverend person was called by the Lord Advocate, Muir said—

Let this witness be removed: I have *many* objections to state against him.

Mr Lapslie was accordingly removed.

Mr Muir.—I have said that I have many objections to state, both to the admissibility and credibility of this witness. My delicacy with regard to that man, will, at present, permit me to adduce the least weighty only; for I mean to prove the most important, in a different shape, in a criminal prosecution against him, when he and I shall exchange places at this bar. I know not what title this reverend gentleman has to act as an agent for the Crown; but this I offer to prove, that he assisted the messengers of the law in exploring and citing witnesses against me; that he attended the sheriffs in their different visits to the parishes of Campsie and Kirkintilloch; that, previously to the precognition, he conversed with the witnesses of the Crown; that he attended their precognition, put questions to them, and took down notes; nay, more, that, without being cited by the Prosecutor, he offered himself ultroneously against me, and insisted that his declaration should be taken in the unusual form, with his oath attending it, to attest its truth.

The Lord Advocate would not dismiss Lapslie;† but (by an oversight, perhaps) he allowed evidence to be led of the *vicious* intermeddling of that person, which at once quashed him as a

* The pith of this address we have given above, in the quotation attributed to the pen of Grattan.

† Mr Lapslie was afterwards distinguished by his active hostility to Sunday Schools, Missionary Societies, and all such dangerous innovations, the natural fruits of the French Revolution and the Friends of the People. His acts

witness, and which ought to have drawn ecclesiastical censure upon him, if kirk courts had been as strict as in our times, when a clergyman was condemned for saying grace at a public dinner where Mr O'Connell was present.

One of the most shameful circumstances of this shameful trial was the production of Ann Fisher, a woman who had been in the service of Muir's family, as a witness against him. This species of evidence was strongly and indignantly stigmatized in Parliament. "The domestic and well-tutored spy" had passed into the family of a collector of cess from that of Muir; and, one way or other she had got her lesson, which she repeated volubly, and greatly to the admiration of the Bench. This miserable woman,* in reply to the interrogatories of the public prosecutor, (Robert Dundas of Arniston, the Lord Advocate at the period,) went into matters that had never once been either charged or alluded to in the indictment; and Muir took strong legal objections to so extraordinary and loose a proceeding. "What," he asked, "is the purpose of an indictment, but to specify crimes.

If this is now to be adopted as law, what portion remains to us of our national liberties is for ever torn away. Everything is insecure; an indictment will no longer be regarded but as a piece of unmeaning paper. The unfortunate man who receives it may say, I am charged with robbery. I have many witnesses to prove I did not perpetrate this crime; but what avails preparing a defence? Not a single witness may perhaps be adduced against me for that offence. I may never hear a word of it in court, but I may be instantly called upon to defend myself against a charge of murder, of sedition, or of high treason. In short, if, under the specious pretence of being allowed to introduce what is not specified in the libel to support its generality, you establish a precedent of this kind, you strike the fatal blow against individual security, and of general safety.

. . . . . .

This question is of little importance to the individual who is now struggling for the liberties of his country. But the eyes of your children will be fixed upon this trial, and they will tremble and shudder at the precedent! I feel for the country—I feel for posterity—I will not sanction the procedure which is to produce to both a system of injustice, of ruin, and of murder!

The Court at once overruled all objections; indeed, we do not observe that a single legal objection was ever sustained in any one of these trials. The hair-dresser who daily attended Muir was also brought against him; but, unlike the maid-servant, he was a reluctant witness—and he contradicted her in many points. We shall not cite Muir's indignant commentary to the jury upon this woman's evidence, lest it might be fancied a coloured pleading for himself; but the evidence of one who had, too probably, been instructed "to lie in wait to take her watch, and mark to destruction those that fed her," may be viewed as a fair specimen of the sort of evidence upon which the prisoner was condemned.

She saw at that time, a good many country people coming about Mr Muir's father's shop; that Mr Muir has frequently said to these country people, that Mr Paine's book was a good book; that she has frequently bought this book for people in the shop, and that this was sometimes at the desire of Mr Muir, and sometimes at that of these people. She bought both the first and second part of Paine, at different times, and when she returned with them, she sometimes laid them on the table, and sometimes gave them to the people; that she bought two different parts at different times, for Alexander Muir, Mr Muir's uncle. She was sent for a copy by Mr John Muir, hatter; but is not sure whether or not she got it. That John Muir was much pressed upon by the pannel to purchase the book; that, to the best of her remembrance, she bought one for one Barclay; that she knows Mr Muir's hair-dresser, Thomas Wilson, and she has heard Mr Muir advising him to buy Paine's "Rights of Man," and to keep them in his shop to enlighten the people, as it confuted Mr Burke entirely; she read this book herself, and got it in her master's house; that she has seen one copy on fine paper, and one or two coarse ones; that, to the best of her remembrance, she has seen the Paisley Declaration on Mr Muir's table, and sometimes in the dining-room; that she thinks she has seen the Dialogue in Mr Muir's room, and has heard him read it, in presence of his mother, sister, and others, in his father's back shop; that Mr Muir said, it was very clever, and wrote by one *Volnew*,† one of the first wits in France; that she does not remember to have seen *The Patriot;* that she thinks she has heard part of the Paisley Declaration read by Mr Muir in the said back shop, in presence of somebody, that being the common place where he read these books; that she has been sent from the back shop, up stairs for some books; that she does not recollect whether he thus read these books on a market day; and that she has known him read some French law books; that she has heard him speak about Reform and Members of Parliament; that, if everybody had a vote, he would be made Member for Calder; that Members of Parliament were to have thirty or forty shillings a-day;

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and deeds were the subject of several clever caricatures by Kay of Edinburgh, who must have been a Radical genius. In a Life of Muir, by Mr Peter Mackenzie, we find Lapslie thus described:—"The reverend gentleman, to whom we refer, had known Mr Muir from his infancy. They were bosom friends,

"Coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows."

And, after Mr Muir had gone to the bar, and was rising to eminence, this reverend friend not only kept up a correspondence with him, but used frequently to sojourn under the hospitable roof of his parents, and to pour into their ears sweet words of praise, about their darling son. He thus acquired their unbounded confidence. He applauded the political tenets of Mr Muir. Nay, he was himself a Reformer—at least, he pretended to be so, and actually recommended some of the very books for which, it will be seen, Mr Muir was afterwards condemned for the having in his possession. But the moment the ministers of the Crown denounced Mr Muir, that moment this minister of religion turned upon him like a serpent. His own sting would have been powerless, because, for aught that appeared, Mr Muir had never uttered one syllable in his presence of a criminal or seditious nature;—but, in order to supply that deficiency, he did not scruple to fish for evidence against him in every quarter where he thought he would be successful He attended the initiatory examination of some of the witnesses for the Crown before the Sheriff, and 'coaxed them to speak out.' And so great was his zeal for the prosecution, that, when the trial itself drew nigh, he left his parish, and voluntarily journeyed to Edinburgh, a distance of forty miles, and, *without being subpœnaed*, he actually attempted to plant himself in the witnesses' box, as an evidence for the Crown, in regard to facts which must now rest with his own conscience. These things are not exaggerated—they were proved on the trial; and other facts of a more sickening description, were about to be unfolded by Mr Muir, when he was prudently stopped by the Lord Advocate, who, with all his zeal for the prosecution, could not defend such evidence."

* According to a note to the Trial, this woman sank into the lowest prostitution, and died in utter misery in Glasgow.

† Volpay.

and that, in that case, there would be none but honest men to keep the Constitution clear; that she has heard it said, by Mr Muir, that France was the most flourishing nation in the world, as they had abolished tyranny and got a free government; that she heard him say the Constitution of this country was very good, but that many abuses had crept in which required a thorough Reform; that the courts of law required Reform also, for they got their money for doing nothing but pronouncing sentence of death upon poor creatures; and that it was a useless parade of their coming into Glasgow.

Such were the witnesses, such the offences, for which Muir was condemned to the punishment of a felon.

Muir's address to the jury was long, able, and eloquent. Much as we regret to mutilate so perfect a whole, we must select a few passages. The infamous conduct of the Rev. Mr Lapslie, and the placing the servant girl in the witness-box, had especially excited the manly indignation of Muir. In this generous strain, he addressed that obdurate jury upon the disgusting theme of domestic espionage:—

Gentlemen, The witness next swears to a fact which must rouse your keenest indignation. Vigilant has this family-spy been in the course of her duty. She tells you what books she has seen on my table, &c. Gentlemen, from this moment lock up your libraries. If they are extensive, as you have heard mine is, there is no crime in the whole decalogue of which, by the testimony of your own servants, you may not be found guilty. The possession of Plato, of Harrington, or of Hume, will mark you down for Republicans. The misfortune of having the Koran of Mahomet will cause the shipwreck of your faith, and stigmatize you as the disciples of the conqueror of Mecca. Well do I congratulate the Lord Advocate of Scotland. He has discovered a new region in the sphere of criminality—he will not merely confine himself to one voyage of discovery, but, along with his associates, he will make many voyages to this fertile land, and return home loaded with many valuable cargoes. But seriousness becomes this place. Can it be believed, that, in the close of the 18th century—that this night—the servants of a man should be examined concerning what particular books he may have had in his house, and that the proof of possession of particular books may ruin his reputation—sweep away his property—and deprive him of life!

Gentlemen, The libel charges me with "*feloniously* circulating 'A Dialogue between the Governors and the Governed,'" extracted from the "Ruins" of Volney. This Dialogue is narrated in the indictment, and it is charged to be felonious and seditious. There is not a word in this Dialogue which is not true. Alas! in colours but too faithful, it delineates the mournful history of six thousand years—the crimes of despots, and the artifices of impostors, to subjugate and to blind the people. It is purely abstracted. It is entirely speculative. To no particular nation, much less to England, does it allude—if to any, it must be to France under the ancient system. Yet this Dialogue is libelled as seditious and inflammatory. The truth is, the crime of sedition *must* be brought home against me, and the possession of *any* book, as well as that of Volney, might be employed to substantiate it. Let us hear what the witness says concerning the "*felonious*" circulation. She heard me read it in presence of my mother, sister, and some other people—that I said it was very clever, and done by one of the first wits in France. Who were those "other people" that were in company with my mother and sister, when I read it? Her accuracy, so much extolled by the Court, again totally fails her here. But the propagation of sedition must not be confined to a mother and a sister—it must have a wider range: "*other people present!*" And, founding upon his beloved generality, the prosecutor has reason to argue that there might have been a full company—a numerous meeting—nay, an immense congregation!

Gentlemen, You have heard the testimony of Fisher, and are these the arts by which I am to fall? I again say, that, if you receive such testimony, you for ever destroy domestic society—you blast the sweets of family confidence. And is it not sufficient to weep over public calamities, without thinking, that, when we retire to our own homes, we must be obliged to confine ourselves in dismal solitude, guarded by suspicion and by danger, where no kindred affections can enter, and where no reciprocal consolation can be admitted?

And the exculpatory evidence which he led was of the most honourable kind. Among the witnesses were the late excellent David Dale of New Lanark—who was one of the original Friends of the People, and had been present at the meeting in the Star Inn of Glasgow—and several other merchants and manufacturers. They all concurred in asserting that Muir had counselled calmness in deliberation, and quiet and good order in their proceedings, and only the pursuit of constitutional Reform in Parliament; that he inculcated a firm attachment to the King and constitution in his addresses to the People, and disapproved of violent party books and pamphlets. Though these witnesses were generally in the respectable ranks of middle life, one was an humble countryman, but an elder of the Kirk, and an estimable character, who had been called for the Crown. The Lord Advocate allowed himself to sneer at "a gentleman, a member of the Bar," associating with this respectable individual. The Tories had not then, nor indeed until now, become so very civil and courteous to "operatives," but especially "Conservative operatives."

The next witness is John Barclay, that old and venerable person, whom you saw adduced as a witness by the prosecutor, and who informs you that we were elders in the same parish—the parish of Calder, in which the lands of my father are situated. Gentlemen, the Lord Advocate, in speaking of this virtuous and venerable old man, exclaimed with insolent contempt, "Such men as *these* are the companions, and *such* men as *these* are the friends of Mr Muir!" Yes; I tell the Lord Advocate—I tell the aristocracy of Scotland—I glory more in the friendship of such an old, poor, and virtuous man, than in the friendship of the highest titled Peer who derives the sources of his guilty grandeur from the calamities of the People; who wrings out a splendid but a miserable revenue from their sorrow and distress, from their tears and from their blood, which he squanders in dissipation, to the ruin of private virtue and to the contamination of public morals.

At one period of Muir's speech, when he went into the legal argument against the doctrine of constructive sedition, some of the gentlemen of the jury probably fancied such fine-spun theories an uncivil delay of their dinners, which could not be eat in comfort until they had done the duty they had met for. Mr Muir instantly noticed it, and said:—

Gentlemen, if, whether right or wrong, you have come here determined to find me guilty, say so boldly, openly, and, let me add, honestly—resort not to idle pretexts and expedients to justify a stretch of power. The unprejudiced eye will soon penetrate into these pretexts, and the determination will soon receive the contempt and indignation of mankind.

Muir thus concluded his long address:—

What, then, has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Mr Paine's works—not the giving away to another a few numbers of an innocent and constitutional publication—but my crime is *for having dared to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a*

strenuous and active advocate for an equal representation of the People in the House of the People—for having dared to accomplish a measure, by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profusion of their blood. Gentlemen, from my infancy to this moment. I have devoted myself to the cause of the People. IT IS A GOOD CAUSE—IT SHALL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL—IT SHALL FINALLY TRIUMPH. Say, then, openly in your verdict—if you do condemn me, which, I presume, you will not—that it is for my attachment to this cause alone, and not for those vain and wretched pretexts stated in the indictment, intended only to colour and disguise the real motives of my accusation.

The summing up of the Lord Justice Clerk, the ever-famous Braxfield, looks, in this report, as if it were "nothing extenuate;" but such was the violent character and the homely style of the man. "The question for consideration," he remarked, was—

"Is the pannel guilty of sedition, or is he not? Now, before this question can be answered, two things must be attended to that require no proof. *First*, That the British Constitution is the best that ever was since the creation of the world, and it is not possible to make it better. For is not every man secure?—does not every man reap the fruits of his own industry, and sit safely under his own fig-tree? The *next* circumstance is, that there was a spirit of seditioe in this country last winter, which made every good man very uneasy. Yet Mr Muir had, at that time, gone about among ignorant country people, making them forget their work, and told them that a reform was absolutely necessary for preserving their liberty, which, if it had not been for him, they would never have thought was in danger. His Lordship did not doubt that this would appear to them, as it did to him, to be sedition.

The next thing to be attended to was the outlawry. Running away from justice—*that* was a mark of guilt. But, besides running away, the prisoner had gone to France, and pretended to have had influence with those wretches, the leading men. [This pretension was altogether an assumption of his Lordship.] What kind of folk were they? And his Lordship said, *he never liked the French all his days, but now he hated them.*

The pannel's haranguing such multitudes of ignorant weavers, about their grievances, might have been attended with the worst consequences to the peace of the nation, and the safety of our glorious constitution.

Mr Muir might have known, that no attention could be paid to such a rabble. *What right had they to representation?* He could have told them that the Parliament would never listen to their petition. How could they think of it? A government in every country should be just like a corporation; and in this country it is made up of the landed interest, which alone has a right to be represented. As for the rabble, who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation of them? what security for the payment of their taxes? They may pack up all their property on their backs, and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye; but landed property cannot be removed.

The tendency of the pannel's conduct, was plainly to promote a spirit of revolt, and, if what was demanded was not given, to take it by force. His Lordship had not the smallest doubt that the Jury were, like himself, convinced of the pannel's guilt, and desired them to return such a verdict as would do them honour.

The Court retired at two o'clock, on Saturday morning, and met again at twelve o'clock of the same day, when the Jury returned a verdict *unanimously* finding the pannel "guilty of the crimes libelled."

And, now, the *punishment* was to be considered. Lord Henderland, the father of the present *Whig* Lord Advocate of Scotland—and we find many such happy changes now-a-days—after expatiating upon the enormity of the offence, gravely remarked, that—

Banishment would be improper, as it would only be sending to another country, a man, where he might have the opportunity of exciting the same spirit of discontent, and sowing, with a plentiful hand, sedition. *Whipping* was too severe and disgraceful, the more especially to a man who had bore his character and rank in life. And imprisonment, he considered, would be but a temporary punishment, when the criminal would be again let loose, and so again disturb the happiness of the people. There remains but one punishment in our law, and *it wrung his very heart to mention it*, viz. TRANSPORTATION. It was a duty his Lordship considered he owed to his countrymen to pronounce it, in the situation in which he sat, as the punishment due to the pannel's crimes. His Lordship observed, it was extraordinary that a gentleman of his description, of his profession, and of the talents he possessed, should be guilty of a crime deserving such a punishment; but he saw no alternative; for what security could we have against his future operations, but a removal from his country, to a place where he could do no further harm? His Lordship was, therefore, of opinion that the pannel should be recommitted to prison, there to remain till a proper opportunity should offer for transporting him to such place as his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, might appoint, for the space of fourteen years from the date of the sentence; and that he should not return within that period, under the pain of death.

In this righteous opinion, every judge concurred, each vindicating his judgment by a few characteristic pedantic quiddities. The whole matter had, beyond all doubt, been previously arranged and concerted with the Government. The Justice Clerk hesitated between transportation for *life* or for fourteen years; but, upon the whole, inclined to the *merciful* side. Before sentence was pronounced, and while it was recording, Muir rose and said—"My Lords, *I have only a few words to say.* I shall not animadvert upon the severity or the leniency of my sentence. Were I to be led this moment from the bar to the scaffold, I should feel the same calmness and serenity which I now do. *My mind tells me that I have acted agreeably to my conscience, and that I have engaged in a* GOOD, *a* JUST, *and a* GLORIOUS *cause*—A CAUSE WHICH, SOONER OR LATER, MUST AND WILL PREVAIL, AND, BY TIMELY REFORM, SAVE THIS COUNTRY FROM DESTRUCTION."

With inexpressible loathing and disgust, we turn from these scenes of injustice in its worst, its legalized forms, to pursue the fortunes of Muir. He lay for a short time in Edinburgh jail; but was, we believe, for some months in the hulks before the discussion took place in Parliament, which brought no alleviation to his sufferings. While in prison in Edinburgh, he was much visited by the sympathizing Reformers of the middle rank, and by those of that class of men who, first in every country, "hear the truth gladly;" but his former associates in higher station, and his brethren of the bar, had all fallen away, scared or discouraged by the blast of adversity. In a Life of Muir, published some years ago by Mr Peter Mackenzie of Glasgow, it is stated that those trying scenes, and parting with his unfortunate son, completely broke down the constitution of the elder Muir.

He was struck with a shock of palsy, from which he never recovered. And his poor mother, so powerful was her affection for her devoted son, periled her own life, by making frequent excursions to sea in an open boat in the winter of 1793, in order that she might again

catch a glimpse of him, and give vent to her agonized feelings.

During the last of these excursions, but before she could approach near enough to recognise him, the vessel in which Mr Muir was, got under weigh. And, if the agony of mortals could have any effect on the elements of nature, these very elements at that time would have stood motionless on account of Thomas Muir.

One of the last requests he made to his parents was, to furnish him with a small pocket Bible; and we mention that circumstance, because it will be seen how highly he prized that precious relic, and how miraculously it preserved his life under the extraordinary vicissitudes that afterwards befell him.

There were eighty-three convicts on board the Surprise transport, which carried him from England. His fellow-Reformers, Palmer, Skirving, and Margarot, were among them. But there was another individual of a very different description, indeed, in whose society Mr Muir at one time little thought he could sojourn for a single hour. This was a man of the name of Henderson, belonging to Glasgow, who had been tried there by the Circuit Court of Justiciary, about two years before, for the *Murder* of his wife. And, strange to tell, Mr Muir had been his counsel. He pled successfully for him, as Henderson's jury, instead of a verdict of Murder, brought in a verdict of Culpable Homicide, which saved the culprit's neck, and now he was going to expiate his crime under a like sentence of transportation for fourteen years!—O tempora! O mores! What a commentary on the different degrees of punishment!

There is but one private letter of Muir's found in the work before us. It is addressed from the hulks to a friend at Cambridge, upon the eve of Muir's departure from England. It does equal honour to his religious sensibility and his steady faith.

My Dear Friend,—I received yours at Edinburgh with the sincerest pleasure; your sentiments and mine are equally accordant—the great lesson we have to learn in this world is submission and resignation to the will of God. This lesson strikes upon the heart, not by the force of cold and abstracted precept, but by the example of Him who was the object of all sufferings, and the pattern of all perfection. Much need have I to be taught in his school. Hurled, as it were, in a moment, from some of the most polished societies in Edinburgh and London, into one of the hulks upon the Thames, where every mouth is opened to blaspheme God and every hand stretched out to injure a neighbour, I cannot divest myself of the feelings of nature—I cannot but lament my situation; and, were it not for the hope of immortality, founded upon our common Christianity, alas! I might accuse the Father of all Justice and of all Mercy with severity. But, blessed be God, everything in the great system of nature, everything in the little system of individual man, corresponds with the great dispensations of the gospel, and demonstrates its efficacy.

Much consolation does the reflection now afford me, that in prosperity I always regarded this revelation of Heaven with the most profound reverence.

In solitary exile there is a dignity, there is a conscious pride, which, even independent of philosophy, may support the mind; but I question much, if any of the illustrious of ancient ages could have supported an exile similar to mine surrounded by the veriest outcasts of society, without the aid of religion and of the example of Jesus.

I have been separated from Mr Palmer—he is in one hulk, I am in a different one. The separation is an act of unnecessary cruelty.

My state of health is poorly. The seeds of a consumption, I apprehend, are planted in my breast. I suffer no acute pain, but daily experience a gradual decay.

Of everything relating to my future destination, I am utterly ignorant.

Honour me by your correspondence. I am sure it will ameliorate my heart.

Farewell! my truly worthy and respectable friend.

Muir and Palmer lay so long in the ulks that Skirving and Margarot were shipped off in the Surprise transport along with them. There was an attempt to mutiny in the ship; and a time-serving officer, to recommend himself, endeavoured to fasten the crime upon two of the Scottish patriots, Palmer and Skirving. But their innocence was clearly established. They were active and useful in preserving order. Though some base natures were found in the colony, the banished men, upon the whole, met with great sympathy and kindness. The medical officers were, at all times, particularly kind and attentive to them. Medicine, we apprehend, must be a more liberal and humanizing profession than arms. The Governor of the infant penal colony, Captain Hunter, himself a Scotchman, was disposed to distinguish between these unfortunate men, and the burglars, thieves, and homicides, sent out to his care. Muir especially, from his youth, his disinterested enthusiasm, and the horrible severity with which he had been treated, was an object of peculiar interest. It is related, in Dr Lang's late history of the colony, that "everything which enlightened delicacy could suggest had been done by Governor Hunter, to render Muir's situation, and that of his unfortunate friends, as little painful as possible." A letter from Governor Hunter, to one of his friends in Leith, written a few weeks after the arrival of the convicts, contains the following passage:—

"N. S. Wales, 16th Oct. 1795.

"The four gentlemen whom the activity of the Magistrates of Edinburgh provided for our colony, I have seen and conversed with separately, since my arrival here. They seem, all of them, gifted in the powers of conversation. Muir was the first I saw. I thought him a sensible young man, of a very retired turn, which certainly his situation in this country will give him an opportunity of indulging. He said nothing on the severity of his fate, but seemed to bear his circumstances with a proper degree of fortitude and resignation. Skirving was the next I saw; he appeared to me to be a sensible, well-informed man—not young, perhaps fifty. He is fond of farming, and has purchased a piece of ground, and makes good use of it, which will, by and by, turn to his advantage. Palmer paid me the next visit; he is said to be a turbulent, restless kind of man. It may be so—but I must do him the justice to say, that I have seen nothing of that disposition in him since my arrival.

Shortly afterwards, Muir wrote—

"I am pleased with my situation, as much as a man can be, separated from all he loved and respected. Palmer, Skirving, and myself, live in the utmost harmony. Of our treatment here, I cannot speak too highly. Gratitude will for ever bind me to the officers, civil and military. I have a neat little house here, and another two miles distant, at a farm across the water, which I purchased. When any money is transmitted, cause a considerable part of it to be laid out at the Cape, or at Rio, in rum, tobacco, and sugar, which are invaluable, and the only medium of exchange," &c. &c.

Dividing his time between labouring his Australian fields with his own hands, and congenial studies, Muir spent about a year and a

half in comparative tranquillity.* His fate, and that of the other patriots, had excited the strongest interest in America; and, according to Mr Mackenzie, a few generous individuals fitted out a vessel at New York, for a pretended voyage to China; but of which the object was to bring Muir off from Sydney. Into that harbour the captain went, under pretence of being short of wood and water. The plan succeeded completely. Muir got safely on board the Otter, with no property; for he had none transportable save his Bible and a few articles of clothing. He left a letter thanking the Governor for the kindness shewn him while in the colony.

We must, however, confess that the relation of many of the circumstances attending Muir's escape and subsequent adventures appears apocryphal; and the case needs no aid of ornament. The early part of his history in the colony is well authenticated, and also the later events of his life; and it is only certain that he got off in the Otter, an American vessel. The ship, probably in the natural course of a trading voyage, touched at Nootka Sound. An English brig of war, which had sailed from Botany Bay some days before the Otter, also lay here, and both the American captain and his passenger must have been alarmed for discovery. Muir, therefore, left the ship, risking the peril of traversing the whole continent of America, rather than that of falling once more under the tender mercies of Scottish Tory judges. After undergoing extreme hardship, and suffering an imprisonment of four months at the Havannah, he was allowed to go on board a Spanish frigate bound for Cadiz. Spain was, at that time, at war with Britain, and the ally of the French Republic; and one English vessel, blockading the port of Cadiz, attacked the frigate. A desperate action ensued, in which Muir fought with the Spaniards, and against the English, with the greatest intrepidity, and was severely wounded. It was known to the English that he was on board the frigate; but, when the ship struck, the Spaniards said that he had been killed and thrown overboard during the action; and, by some means or other, he was concealed for six days, and at last sent on shore with the rest of the wounded prisoners. Mr Mackenzie states that he was recognised by a surgeon of the English ship, who had been his schoolfellow. There is an air of romantic incident about parts of the story, which throws discredit upon it, although every circumstance, for aught we know, may be true to the letter. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with what Muir himself has told. From Cadiz, of date August 14, 1797, he wrote the following letter:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Since the memorable evening on which I took leave of you at ———, my melancholy and agitated life has been a continued series of extraordinary events. I hope to meet you again in a few months.

"Contrary to my expectation, I am at last nearly cured of my numerous wounds. The Directory have shewn me great kindness. Their solicitude for an unfortunate being who has been so cruelly oppressed, is a balm of consolation which revives my drooping spirits. The Spaniards detain me as a prisoner because I am a Scotchman. But I have no doubt that the intervention of the Directory of the Great Republic will obtain my liberty. Remember me most affectionately to all my friends, who are the friends of liberty and of mankind. I remain, dear Sir, yours ever, THOMAS MUIR.

The French Government offered the persecuted and expatriated Scottish Reformer an asylum, and the Directory made a formal demand that the Spanish authorities should give him up; and on his way to Paris, at Bourdeaux, the first considerable French city, "The brave Scottish advocate of liberty! the adopted citizen of France!" was received in triumph. This was in February 1798. Muir, in consequence of his sufferings for some years, and of his severe wound in the action in the harbour of Cadiz, was in very delicate health. On his arrival in Paris he addressed the Directory in fervent acknowledgment of the kindness that had been shewn to him, and to the cause of liberty in his person. We shall once more quote from Mackenzie's Life. If it be not always accurate in point of fact in some minor points, we are certain it is always right in feeling.

A deputation from the French Government immediately waited on Mr Muir, to congratulate him on his arrival in Paris. His company was now courted by the highest circles in France; and, indeed, he acquired the sympathy and esteem of all classes in that great community. Nothing was wanting, on their part, to make him happy—and of this, the grateful homage of his heart fully showed that he was deeply sensible. But his constitution was fast sinking. The wounds he had received were found to be incurable; and shortly afterwards, viz. on the 27th of September 1798, he expired at Chantilly, near Paris, and was interred there by the public authorities, with every possible respect.

His venerable parents, who had heard of his escape from Sidney, and subsequent history, were, as may well be imagined, greatly agitated by fresh hopes and fears on his account. Many an anxious thought they must have had about him. They received several letters from him, all breathing the most dutiful and affectionate regard. On his deathbed, he carefully sealed up the Bible which they had given him on his departure from Scotland, and which had been so miraculously preserved by him, through all the difficulties and dangers he had encountered, leaving an injunction that it should be forwarded to his parents by the first opportunity; and it was so forwarded, and received by them with mingled feelings of satisfaction and grief. They only survived him about two years.

Muir, who had done and suffered so much, died at the age of thirty-three. His relations owe his memory and the world the debt of making public as much of his correspondence with his family as concerns the abiding interests of the human race—those interests to which Muir was the disinterested Martyr.

The next trial in Scotland was that of Palmer. He appeared before the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Perth, and for the alleged crime

* There were few, or almost no Bibles in the colony; and it is related that Muir used to print portions of Scripture with his pen, which he gave away in the way he considered the most useful. There could have been but one motive for this first missionary labour in this quarter of the globe.

of circulating a handbill or address, known to have been written by another person; and in which we can see no harm, whoever had written it. He was sentenced to transportation; but for *seven* years only. Perambulating courts, when abroad in the fresh air, and dining socially, are generally much more lenient than the solemn tribunals cooped up in Westminster Hall, the Four Courts, or the Parliament House of Edinburgh.

Mr Palmer was an Englishman, and the pastor of a small Unitarian congregation in Dundee, where we have heard that, at the time, he seemed rather misplaced. Probably Mr Palmer did not feel it so. He was a gentleman and a scholar, refined in mind and polished in manners; but he was also a sincere lover of his race, a true friend of the people. We have seen what Whitbread said of him in Parliament. A most romantic circumstance attended the banishment of this innocent man. A member of his Church, named Ellis, as soon as he heard this iniquitous sentence pronounced, formed the resolution of sharing Palmer's exile; and he actually accompanied him to New South Wales, and shared with him the period of his banishment. "For scarcely a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some will even dare to die." We take the quotation from the book before us. It is apt and not too bold. Where a high motive is presented, the Gothic or the Christian world will never fail of counterparts to the Damon and Pythias of classic ages. Mr Palmer died of a fever at some of the islands of the Indian seas, upon his way home.

The summary punishment inflicted upon Muir and Palmer, did not quell the courage of the Friends of the People. In October 1793, the Convention met again, now first assuming the name of the British Convention; for Gerrald and Margarot had arrived as delegates from London, and delegates were also sent by Birmingham, Sheffield, and probably other places in England. Among those who had taken a leading part all along, but especially after the arrest of Muir, was William Skirving, afterwards tried for sedition, and subjected to the same cruel and ignominous punishment as his young and illustrious friend. Skirving was a man in middle life, and one who had long occupied a respectable station in society. His private character was in every respect estimable and unblemished.

He was the son of a farmer at Libberton, near Edinburgh, and had been educated for the Burgher Secession Church. After finishing his academical course at the University of Edinburgh, he studied divinity under the celebrated Professor John Brown of Haddington. He, however, abandoned his views to the ministry—which, as in the case of many other young men, might probably be rather those of his relatives than himself—and became a tutor in the family of Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield. He ultimately settled as a farmer in Kinross-shire, and married the daughter and only child of Mr Abercrombie, merchant in Kirkaldy, with whom he obtained the small estate of Strathruddie in Fifeshire. Skirving was fond of agriculture, upon which he published some treatises; and he even stood a competition with the late Dr Coventry for the Chair of Agriculture in the Edinburgh University.

His peculiar studies and publications brought him to Edinburgh, in 1792; and his liberal opinions, and high sense of public duty, enrolled him among the Friends of the People. He became "Secretary to the General Association of the Friends of the People." In those days, a name was a crime; and it was a serious charge against Skirving, that, in some document, he had been accidentally denominated the Secretary-General,* which, together with *citizen*, *section*, (which term the people applied to their ward or district societies,) *honours of the sitting*, and a few other idle phrases, their Lordships, the criminal judges, fancied a very truculent, Frenchified, and alarming kind of polysylables. *Convention*, though an old and familiar name in Scotland, now inferred the pains and penalties of sedition, at the least. But there was something about a *Convention of Emergency*—an extraordinary convention, in case Hessian and Hanoverian troops were brought over, and the *habeas corpus* suspended—which, though nothing was ever agreed upon about it, amounted to treason. And, indeed, in the course of all these trials, the prisoners were often told, from the bench, that their crimes could hardly be distinguished from treason; nor can it, we own, be more difficult to prove constructive treason than constructive sedition.

Mr Skirving continued to act as Secretary to the Convention after the condemnation of Muir and the arrival of the English delegates. He was present, and engaged in performing his official but unsalaried duty, when Mr Elder, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, attended by a posse of constables, entered the hall of meeting in Blackfriars' Wynd, where the delegates were discussing their intended petition to Parliament, and commanded them to disperse. They yielded to the magistrate, but resolved not tamely to abandon their constitutional rights; and Mr Skirving, in his capacity of Secretary, called a meeting for next night without the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, in the suburbs of the town. Here they were again dispersed by the Sheriff-Substitute of the county. On both occasions, they submitted peacefully; but protested against the illegality of dispersing a body of citizens, met calmly to deliberate upon their grievances, and to petition Parliament for Reform. Skirving was arrested that same evening on a warrant from the Sheriff, and had his whole public and private papers carried off to the Sheriff's chambers.

The ferment in which the Scottish metropolis was at this time may be imagined; and the panic spread through the whole country. The trials of Muir and Palmer were seen to be but the

* Skirving was the "Secretary-General Strathruddie, another great man of renown," of Bain White's doggerel, quoted above.

beginning of misery. THE REIGN OF TERROR was now at its height. The Scottish delegates returned home to their constituents, spreading dismay wherever they went. Gerrald was arrested. Margarot was arrested, and several other delegates. One stroke followed hard upon another. A letter addressed by Gerrald—and written from London, whither he had gone when liberated on bail—to Henry Dundas, contains the following accusation; indiscreet it may be, but who shall call it unjust?

I was taken out of my bed, in the city of Edinburgh, in December last, at an early hour of the morning, by five men with clubs in their hands, whose practices induced me to think that they were not the officers, but the violators of justice. I was dragged out by them without the production of any warrant, though I repeatedly demanded to see it. My papers were forcibly seized in the same illegal manner, and the stolen effects soon to be produced in evidence against me, (by a process that would do honour to the Inquisition.) are now in the possession of men who owe their situations to your patronage. I now, as an Englishman, in whose person the sacred rights of his country have been violated, publicly demand of you, Henry Dundas, Secretary of State, and Member of the city of Edinburgh, to avow your sanction, or to express your disapprobation of their proceedings.

The private history of such movements is not only more picturesque and interesting, but often goes deeper into the springs of action than historical records. The dispersion of that Convention upon which the hopes of the People were placed, seemed at that time little less than if the Duke of Wellington were now to march into the House of Commons at the head of a file of soldiers, and bid them remove Mr Abercromby's "bauble." On the second night, all Edinburgh was in commotion; but it was not known where the delegates were to meet, and their stanch adherents were accordingly broken into detachments, searching for them all round the town. This fortunately prevented an excited mass from assembling in any one spot.

The place where the British Convention met for the last time, was in a cabinet-maker's workshop, near about the ground now occupied by Rankeillor Street, and entering from the Cross-causeway by an alley called Cowan's Close. The myrmidons of the Sheriff were better informed than the agitated members of the *Sections* throughout the city. It was a dark December night, and the Sheriff's train carried torches, to light them to their prey. The delegates yielded, as, upon the previous night—the President of the Convention, which happened to be Margarot, merely requiring to be handed by the Sheriff from the chair, to shew that he was coerced. The scene was very striking. The meetings of the Convention, in compliance with the spirit of the members, had always been opened and closed with prayer. A strong vein of enthusiastic piety runs through particularly the rural speeches and addresses of the period. They are full of Hebraisms, and of those turns of phrase peculiar to the Covenanters. Religion, since become rather of good fashion among the Tories, was certainly not the characteristic of the bold cavaliers of the profligate reign of Dundas; but the leading Reformers were generally "crop-eared, snivelling, praying knaves." A good many of the delegates were Dissenting clergymen. Muir, young as he was, had been an elder of the kirk. Skirving was educated for a Dissenting minister, and was a sincerely pious man; and, when the brilliant Gerrald came to join the puritans of Scotland, he disguised the high-bred gentleman and accomplished scholar under the sober garb of a Quaker, and wore his long hair in the primitive fashion of that sect. On the last night, Gerrald requested leave to pray as in ordinary sittings, before the Convention was finally dispersed by authority. The Sheriff granted permission; and he and the few persons with him, for his main force was stationed without doors, uncovered and stood mixed with the delegates, while Gerrald uttered this remarkable prayer—

"O thou Governor of the Universe! we rejoice that, at all times and in all circumstances, we have liberty to approach thy throne; and that we are assured that no sacrifice is more acceptable to thee, than that which is made for the relief of the oppressed. In this moment of trial and persecution, we pray that thou wouldst be our defender, our counsellor, and our guide. Oh, be thou a pillar of fire to us, as thou wast to our fathers of old, to enlighten and to direct us; and to our enemies a pillar of cloud, and darkness, and confusion.

"Thou art thyself the great patron of liberty. Thy service is perfect freedom. Prosper, we beseech thee, every endeavour which we make to promote thy cause; for we consider the cause of truth, or every cause which tends to promote the happiness of thy creatures, as *thy* cause.

"O thou merciful Father of mankind, enable us, for thy name's sake, to endure persecution with fortitude; and may we believe that all trials and tribulations of life which we endure, shall work together for good to them that love thee; and grant that, the greater the evil, and the longer it may be continued, the greater good, in thy holy and adorable providence, may be produced therefrom. And this we beg, not for our own merits, but through the merits of Him who is hereafter to judge the world in righteousness and mercy."

The thrilling power of this prayer, at a moment of great excitement, was long spoken of by the auditors as something superhuman. When the delegates left the loft, and descended in groups to the open air, the agitated crowd, and the whole scene lighted by the flaming flambeaux of the Sheriff's waiting train, was wild and striking.

"*Behold!*" cried Gerrald, "*the funeral torches of Liberty!*"

Skirving, as we have mentioned, was arrested on the same night; Gerrald, Margarot, and Sinclair on the following nights; and every hour brought its terrors in domiciliary visits, temporary arrests, and the seizure of papers. Skirving was tried on the 6th January 1794. He acted as his own counsel, and conducted his case with great ability and acuteness. Upon the voyage to Botany Bay, and from the colony, after eleven months, we find him writing to his wife in these terms:—

"My increasing love for you constrains me already to begin writing to you; but I shall keep my letter open while I may not lose the first opportunity of transmitting it. My unshaken faith in God our Saviour, that he is and will continue to be the husband of my widow, and the father of my fatherless, while the designs of his providence require the continuation of our separation, con-

tinues my support in this very unpleasant voyage. I trust your experience of this grace supports your comfort, and invigorates your faith and hope in the same Almighty power and love."

"*Dec.* 1794.

"I am already an heritor and freeholder in New South Wales; I have purchased a farm, crop, and work already done upon it, valued above £80; I have also got all upon it, man, woman, and beast. I am not, however, in the slave trade, be assured, but shall treat them as brethren, if they behave well: I have also the servant allowed me by the Governor, and a lad of the name of Moor, belonging to Edinburgh, a free man, who was left here by accident some time ago, whom I found in a very destitute condition. In remembrance of you, I have given the name of New Strathruddie to this far away farm, and, I trust, if I get any tolerable assistance sent me, to make it soon of more value than the old."

This excellent man and true patriot died in the spring of 1796. His death was communicated to Mrs Skirving by Palmer, in a very affecting letter, which concludes thus:—

"Mr Balmain, the principal surgeon of the settlement, and the only one at that time for this district, never paid him a single visit; but our excellent friend Mr Ross, surgeon of the Reliance, in spite of all the obloquy attending it, or the prejudice it might do his interest, attended him twice a-day. Be assured that every possible care and attention was paid him by me, Mr and Mrs Boston, and Ellis, who lives with me. He had soups, wine, spirits tea, and every comfort, which friends, money, and this island could afford.

"Three days before him, died the accomplished Mr Gerrald."

JOSEPH GERRALD was undoubtedly the most brilliant of this band of Martyrs. He was one of those rare characters, combining the highest powers of intellect with their noblest direction, that arise but once in a generation. We are glad to find that the editors of the publication before us have been able to discover several interesting additional facts concerning Gerrald.

Gerrald was the only son of an Irish gentleman who had settled in the West Indies. His mother was an Englishwoman. He was born in St Kitt's, but was brought to England in infancy; and, at twelve years of age, was left an orphan, and imagined rich. Gerrald was placed under the care of Dr Parr, who, to the last, shewed him the kindness and affection of the fondest father. The conduct of this warm and right-hearted man to his pupil Gerrald, to Mr Hone, and to all Reformers in their dark and trying hours, hallow to us every eccentricity and trifling blemish with which he has been wantonly charged: vices he had none; failings none, that did not arise from extreme good-nature and simplicity.

When Gerrald attained his majority, it was found that his fortune, like other West India possessions, was greatly embarrassed. He married rashly, and was left a young widower with two children. Misfortune and imprudence, or, at least, improvidence, threw him into pecuniary difficulty, and he went to America, and, for some years, practised at the bar. His political education, begun under Dr Parr, was thus completed in the United States.

In 1788, he returned to London, in very delicate health, to conduct a law-suit for the recovery of his patrimony; and, from this period, until, in 1793, that he arrived in Edinburgh as a delegate to the British Convention, he appears to have been a good deal interested in literary and political discussions. In boyhood, he had been known to WILLIAM PITT THE REFORMER; in manhood, he was the friend of WILLIAM GODWIN THE REFORMER.

The impassioned eloquence and enthusiastic patriotism of Gerrald, gave a strong impulse to the Reformers of Scotland. In Edinburgh, in particular, the young and ardent crowded around him night and day; hanging upon his glowing words as upon the accents of inspiration. Muir in the hulks, and, at least, as pure a patriot, was forgotten in Gerrald. Every morning his levee at the BLACK BULL was crowded with admiring delegates and worshippers from the country; and every night he was attended by a train when he visited and harangued the different sections. The alarm of Government at the increasing influence of this one man, must have justified the severity of their measures in their own eyes, though no other cause of apprehension had existed.

The traditionary accounts of the eloquence and mental power of Gerrald, will scarcely appear exaggerated to those who peruse his trial and his political writings. The Scottish bar had been shamed out of its supineness or cowardice by this time; and the Liberal counsel assigned to Gerrald by the merciful court, did their duty, as lawyers, manfully. But he was his own best advocate; and even then, his Tory judges declared that Gerrald was the most eloquent man that had ever pleaded at that bar. Had he yielded to the entreaties of Dr Parr and his other friends, he never would have appeared there; but he disdained their prudent and experienced counsels, and *dree'd his weird*.

"He heard my proposal attentively," says Dr Parr, in a written memorandum of this occurrence, "but with no emotion of joy. At first he paused; then, after discussing with me the propriety of the proposal, he peremptorily refused to accede to it; and finally, after hearing my earnest entreaties and affectionate remonstrances, closed our conversation in words to the following effect:—'In any ordinary case,' said he 'I should, without the smallest hesitation, and with the warmest gratitude, avail myself of your offer. I readily admit that my associates will not suffer more, because I suffer less. I am inclined to believe with you, that the sense of their own suffrings will be alleviated by their knowledge of my escape. But my honour is pledged; and no opportunity for flight, however favourable—no expectation of danger, however alarming—no excuse for consulting my own safety, however plausible, shall induce me to violate that pledge. I gave it to men whom I esteem, and respect, and pity; to men who, by avowing similar principles, have been brought into similar peril; to men who were confirmed in those principles and led into that peril, by the influence of my own arguments, my own persuasions, and my own example. Under these circumstances, they became partakers of my responsibility to the law; and, therefore under no circumstances, will I shrink from the participation with them in the rigours of any punishment which that law, as likely to be administered in Scotland, may ordain for us.' He uttered the foregoing words emphatically, but not turbulently; and, finding him fixedly determined upon returning that night to Scotland, I did not harass his mind by any farther remonstrance. He was very calm, before we parted; and I left him, under the very

strongest impressions of compassion for his sufferings, admiration of his courage, and moral approbation of his delicacy and his fidelity."

In this compilation, we do not find a letter written by Dr Parr to the unfortunate Gerrald in the hulks, which the most obdurate cannot read without being melted; but we meet, for the first time with a document of very great interest —a noble letter from Godwin to his friend, when upon the eve of the trial. Godwin was aware of the warm and impetuous temper of his friend Gerrald—a "child of the sun;" and, without seeking to damp his generous ardour, he offers him the wisest counsel with the warmest sympathy. We shall take but one passage from a letter which cannot be neglected in whatever memoir of its distinguished writer may appear.

"Your trial, if you so please, may be a day such as England, and, I believe the world, never saw. It may be the means of converting thousands, and progressively millions, to the cause of reason and public justice. You have a great stake. You place your fortune, your youth, your liberty, and your talents, on a single throw. If you must suffer, do not, I conjure you, suffer without first making use of this opportunity of telling a tale upon which the happiness of nations depends. Spare none of the resources of your powerful mind. Is this a day for reserves, a day to be slurred over in negligence and neglect, the day that constitutes the very crisis of your fate?

"Never forget that juries are men, and that men are made of penetrable stuff. Probe all the recesses of their souls. Do not spend your strength in vain defiance and empty vaunting. Let every syllable you utter be fraught with persuasion. What an event would it be for England and mankind, if you could gain an acquittal! Is not such an event worthy striving for? It is in man, I am sure it is, to effect that event. Gerrald, you are that man. Fertile in genius, strong in moral feeling, prepared with every accomplishment that literature and reflection can give. Stand up to the situation. Be wholly yourself."

. . . . .

"Above all, let me entreat you to abstain from all harsh epithets and bitter invective. Shew that you are not terrible, but kind, and anxious for the good of all. Truth will lose nothing by this. Truth can never gain by passion, violence, and resentment. It is never so strong as in the firm, fixed mind, that yields to the emotions neither of rage nor fear. It is by calm and collected boldness that we can shake the pillars of the vault of Heaven. How great will you appear if you shew that all the injustice with which you are treated cannot move you; that you are too great to be wounded by their arrows; that you still hold the steadfast course which becomes the friend of man; and that, while you expose their rottenness, you harbour no revenge? Men of this unaltered spirit, whom no persecution can embitter, the public want. The jury, the world, will feel your value, if you shew yourself such a man. Let no human ferment mix in the sacred work.

> "'We will be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.
> We'll carve them as a dish fit for the Gods—
> Not hew them as a carcase fit for hounds.'

("You will not mistake my meaning in this quotation. I adopt the spirit, not the letter.)

"Imitate the courage and self-possession, but not the barbarity, of Horne Tooke, in his last trial. You will find some invaluable hints in Hawles's pamphlet.

"Farewell!—My whole soul goes with you.

"W. Godwin.
Jan. 29, 1794."

"You represent us all!"

Gerrald's defence justified every hope that Godwin could have entertained from the talents and power of his friend, and the event every fear of the Reformers. He languished for above a year in Newgate, having for his companion his infant daughter. We think this poor child died soon afterwards. Upon the 2d May 1795, he was suddenly roused from a sick bed and conveyed to Gosport, where he was put on board the Sovereign transport, which was already freighted with felons, and about to sail for Botany Bay. His removal was so abrupt and unexpected that he was not allowed to provide himself with the common necessaries of life, nor even to take leave of his orphan children.

From on board the hulks at Portsmouth, Gerrald wrote farewell letters to many of his friends; and the following epistle throws so much light upon the true character of the kind-hearted Dr Parr's "dear, dear, Joseph," that we cannot forbear citing it:—

"My Dear Mr Philips—I know not how to express the rising sentiments of my heart for your unbounded kindness to me. The best return, the only return I can make, is, to convince you, by the virtue and energy of my conduct, that I am not altogether unworthy of your friendship. A parade of professions neither suits you, nor me, nor the occasion. You know my feelings, and will, therefore, do justice to them; and with this simple observation, I close the subject. I have repeatedly attempted to write to my ever honoured and loved friend and father, Dr Parr; but it is impossible. The tender and filial affection which I bear to him, the recollection of the many endearing scenes which we have passed together, the sacred relation which subsists between Joseph Gerrald and that Samuel Parr who poured into my untutored mind the elements of all, either of learning or morals which is valuable about me; whose great instructions planted in my bosom the seeds of magnanimity, which I trust I now display, and at which persecution herself must stand abashed; all these, my friend, rush at once upon my mind, and form a conflict of feeling, an awful confusion, which I cannot describe; but which he, who is the cause, I know can feel, and feel in the most full and virtuous extent. To the greater part of my friends I have written—to Dr Parr I have not written; but to his heart my silence speaks. The painter who could not express the excessive grief, covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon. Tell him, then, my dear Mr Philips, that, if ever I have spoken previshly of his supposed neglect of me, he must, nay, I know he will, attribute it to its real cause—a love, vehement and jealous, and which, in a temper like Gerrald's, lights its torches at the fire of the Furies. And when my tongue uttered any harshness of expression, even at that very period my heart would have bled for him; and the compunction of the next moment inflicted a punishment far more than adequate to the guilt of the preceding one. Tell him to estimate my situation, not by the tenderness of his own feelings, but by the firmness of mine. Tell him that, if my destiny is apparently rigorous, the unconquerable firmness of my mind breaks the blow which it cannot avert; and that, enlisted as I am in the cause of truth and virtue, I bear about me a patient integrity which no blandishments can corrupt, and a heart which no dangers can daunt. Tell him, in a word, that as I have hitherto lived, let the hour of dissolution come when it may, I shall die the pupil of Samuel Parr," &c. &c.

His other letters breathe the most dignified philosophy and manly firmness. We have already told the fate of this "rash and unfortunate, but most ingenious and eloquent man."

Such were the men, The Political Martyrs of Scotland, for whom Mr Hume is about to bestir himself. Whatever mode he may consider best fitted to do honour to their memories, and to the cause for which they so nobly suffered, and

whatever time he may deem most expedient, we are confident that every Reformer in the United Kingdoms will approve his generous purpose, and cordially support his measure.

Let us again recommend the three small publications before us to Reformers. They will form use ful portion of their political manual.

DINNER DIRGE FOR THE TORIES OF THE MODERN ATHENS.

Good people, hear
Our tale so drear,
And us poor Tories pity,
Who cannot get
Our dinner eat,
After so much entreaty.
By some a host
Is needed most;
But that is not our quest—
We've hosts enow,
But yet, somehow,
We cannot get a guest.
We bought nice prog,
And brewed stout grog,
To entertain our Bobby;
But some folks west
Have prigged our guest,
And swashed our guzzling hobby.
They've clubbed their *bobs*,
(Excuse our sobs,)
To give Bob a rare *blow out*;
To us a clean
Blow *up* it's been,
For our dinner's now a *rout*.
The truth to tell,
We know full well,
Bob thinks (though he sings dumb)
A banquet here
Would be *small beer*
After a feed so *rum*.
Our feast has past
Into a *fast*,
Our laurels changed to rue;
Our *encore's* missed,
Our *fete's* unblest,
We never looked so *blue*.
But yet, Bob P——
To feed, may feel
Inclined some other day;
So, to cure grief,
We'll *cure* our beef,
And stow the junk away! S.

ELSPA'S SOLILOQUY.

"There's twa moons the nicht,"
Quoth the auld wife till hersel',
As she toddled hame fu' cantie,
Wi' her stomach steep'd wi' yill.
"There's twa moons the nicht;
An' watery do they glowr,
As their wicks were burnin' darkly,
An' their oil were rinnin' ower.
"An' they're aye spark-sparkin',
As my ain auld croozie did
Whan it blinkit by the ingle,
An' the rain drapt on its lid.
"Oh, wae's me but I'm late the nicht!
An' on the cauld hearth-stane,
Puir Tammie 'ill be croonin,
Wae an' weary, a' his lane.
"The wee bit spunk o' fire I left,
By this time's black an cauld—
'Od, I'll ne'er stay oot sae late at e'en,
For I ken I'm frail an' auld!
"I never like till see twa moons—
They speak o' storm an' rain;
An' aye whan the neist mornin' comes,
My auld head's rack'd wi' pain." A. P

ON DRYING SOME WILD FLOWERS FOR A SISTER IN AMERICA.

I love them for calling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams.
CAMPBELL.

Go, flow'rets of my native land, across the billow's foam!
Bear sweet thoughts to a gentle heart of her own mountain home!
And as she sees in fancy's eye each dear familiar spot,
Oh, tell her that on Scotia's hills she ne'er shall be forgot!
Her figure floats before me still with all its wonted grace—
I see the smile of fond delight upon her lovely face;
And when the evening breezes sigh through the slight aspen tree,
I think her voice is blending there its wild sweet melody.

* * * * * *

I stood beside a corn-field, rich with autumn's golden hue,
Where scarlet poppies to the breeze their fairy banners threw;
I gathered one, its leaves I traced with rude, unskilful hand—
Yet may it bring a thought to thee of thine own blessed land.
This blossomed by a lovely stream, the blue forget-me-not,
As it had sprung from out the wave in that secluded spot.

It was a wild and lovely place: the torrent's dashing might
Flung up a cloud of silver spray into the sunny light,
And rushed among the large old rocks o'erhung with lichens grey—
Now hid beneath the bending trees, now flashing into day.

But there was one deep pool where heaven lay glassed in deepest rest,
With all the soft and dreamy clouds that wandered o'er her breast;
And those sweet flowers of purest blue grew all around the spot,
Recalling many an absent form—the loved, the unforgot!

I would these flowers might deck thy hair, and bring thee back the time
When thy foot has pressed the glowing heath in Scotia's happy clime!
I would that o'er their blossoms I might breath a spell of power,
To keep through many an after day the beauty of this hour—
In all the freshness of their spring to meet thy gentle eye—
To bear afar my love to thee, and in thy sight to die!
It may not be—the fairest things but live their little hour,
And change will cloud the clearest sky, and dim the brightest flower.

I would that thou wert here!—the flowers are all so fair and sweet,
And showers of roses strew around a carpet for thy feet;
The heather bell is crimsoning upon the mountains high,
And nature laughs in loveliness where'er I turn my eye:
It is a glorious home of ours, this land of flood and fell—
Soon may I hail thee back to it!—sweet sister, fare-thee-well! INEZ.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, IN RELATION TO ENDOWMENTS; BY ALEXANDER FYFE, SURGEON.

We wish that those who are disposed the most heartily to concur in Mr Fyfe's opinions about state endowments for the clergy, and state-paid churches of any kind—whether a Covenanted Kirk or a Popish or Prelatic Establishment—may yet consider him the most judicious of pleaders against the errors they perceive, or wise in his generation. That he is thoroughly conscientious and uncompromisingly honest, no one, we think, can question. The leading object of his history is to demonstrate, by a chain of facts, that state endowments are injurious alike to civil society and to the interests of religion, and contrary to the law of God. But if it be so in the comparatively pure and poor Kirk of Scotland, what are the corruptions and abuses of the other state establishments? With them, however, he does not directly interfere. The history, which is dutifully dedicated to Lord Melbourne, opens with a general view of the Church of Scotland from the period of the Reformation to the union of the crowns, and goes formally on, taking in order each successive reign, down to that of his present Majesty. Mr Fyfe appears to have no fault to find with the doctrines of the Evangelical division of the Church of Scotland; and, indeed, all his leanings appear to be towards what is called the strictly Evangelical party, while he professes to be quite as tolerant as the most liberal philosopher of these enlightened days. We find him often disposed to blame, even to captiousness, the acts of our venerable Assemblies; but he has certainly made out with remarkable clearness, that the most public-spirited opposition to tyranny, and to power assumed over the conscience, upon which pride is now taken by the whole Establishment, was made by the minority at different periods—by dissentients, and by no means the acts of established Presbyterian churchmen as a body. But hostility to all endowments and to every shred of state pay is his avowed object; and he has certainly collected many startling facts, and gone a good way back to find them; as thus:—

We learn from Knox's history of Scotland, and more especially from Buchanan's introduction to that history, that the Reformers, and even the more disinterested part of the Reforming clergy, were horrified at the idea of having the clergy endowed by the state; for they were firm in the belief that it was owing to the rich benefices which the Scottish clergy had enjoyed from the state, under Popery, that all the Popish corruptions had originated. Hence, Buchanan, in his introduction to the history of Knox, speaks thus:—"After the Prelates of the sixth century had obtained a state endowment for themselves, they got Presbyters endowed also, [Chapel-of-Ease men,] and the consequence was, that by little and little [were brought in] idleness and slackness in discharging their calling, from whence are risen [that is, from state endowments to the clergy] all the evils we have since seen in the church."

Such were the opinions of Knox and Buchanan concerning state endowments to the clergy; and we marvel very much that those who now most extol the opinions and deeds of these great men, should entertain a different opinion from them. Knox died soon after state endowments began to be given to the clergy; and, although he enjoyed a salary from the town council of Edinburgh, he could not be said to be a state pensioner, or an advocate for state endowments. True, indeed, he expressed his indignation when the church property was, as he thought, so unequally divided, that "two parts," as he said, "were given to the service of the devil, [*i. e.*, the ejected bishops, &c.,] and one part divided between the Popish Queen and the servants of Christ;" but this only argues his hatred of Popery, and not his love of endowments.

We are not so sure of this. Mr Fyfe imagines that the use and wont of Popish times, in a very poor country, made the purest of the Reformed clergy tacitly acquiesce in taking pay, while the others were as greedy of lucre as ever their Romish predecessors had shewn themselves. Then it first was (in 1575)

That the triumphant majorities began on the wrong side in the Scottish Church; now it was that the Moderate party got the ascendancy; and had the true ministers of Christ then been wise, they would have listened to the voice of their Master, when he says and said to them, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate;" but, being unwilling to trust for their support to the voluntary contributions of their hearers, and puffed up with the vain hope of one day gaining the ascendancy over the Moderate or corrupt party in the Church, they have continued from that day, 1575, to this, 1835, a period of 260 years, battling for the mastery; but, as the vote on patronage, at last Assembly, proves, they are to this day in the minority. The lovers of patronage and state pensions are still the dominant party in the Scottish church, as is too evident, also, from the zeal displayed by them, in order to obtain from the state more endowments; the love of which, as we have seen, gave rise to the introduction of Prelacy, and almost all the other evils which have stained and disgraced the Scottish church for the last 260 years. The Church of Scotland is radically and essentially corrupt, by being built on the law of patronage, which she can no more alter than she can the Reform Bill, unless she give up all claim to endowments; for the specified condition upon which the clergy hold their stipends is, "That they admit such qualified ministers as his Majesty and other patrons present to vacant parishes."—*Hist. Scot.* vol. iii. p. 181-2.

As soon as the unappropriated church lands were annexed to the crown for civil purposes, the purity of the Church became remarkable; and, although James VI. had great doubts about properly maintaining his dominion over clergymen whom he did not pay, he was enchanted, for a time, with the change which increased his revenue and kept worldly-minded men out of the church.

Having, soon after the passing of the act of annexation, left Scotland for Denmark, whither he went to be married, he learned on his return that order had been maintained during his absence; and, upon seeing the piety and harmony that prevailed in the General Assembly, "in a rapture, and with his hands lifted up, he praised God that he was born in such a time as in the light of the gospel, and in such a place as to be king in such a Kirk." "The Kirk in Geneva," exclaimed he, "keepeth pasch and yule. What have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, their service is an evil-said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen,

and barons, to stand to your purity; and I, forsooth, so long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly opposition." This speech was received by the General Assembly with a transport of joy.

This did not last long. The King needed the engine of a state church; and over a church without endowments, what prince ever yet maintained influence? The patrimony of the Church —that is, of the Catholic Church—was accordingly given back to the Kirk. She was established, and her purity tainted, according to our author, by the same inauspicious act which endowed her. The people of Scotland called that "a black year" in which this act was passed.

Our author shews that King Gregory, and David, that "sair saunt for the crown," first gave away the nation's property to the cunning priests, and thus forced their successors to tax the nation to make good the defect. Thus, "the public property was swindled from the nation by the craft of priests and the simplicity and superstition of kings." But this is not all. Mr Fyfe, as a New-Testament Christian, disapproves of every separate article of what is still called the charter of the Church of Scotland, obtained in the same "black year." Patronage he, of course, utterly reprobates. But, farther—

> The Church of Christ may ask the countenance of the king, but never his permission to keep the ordinances and commandments of her GREAT HEAD. To ask his permission to do so, implies either mockery to the king or insult to Christ; for, at all hazards, she is bound to obey Christ; and to ask liberty of an earthly power to do so, in such a way as to imply that, if said earthly power do not grant her request, she would be obliged to submit to his majesty, is at once to place the authority of the king above that of Christ. This did not the three Israelites with Nebuchadnezzar. The Church, therefore, had no business to ask liberty of the king to keep her General Assemblies, her Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-Sessions, seeing she was commanded to do so by the KING of kings and LORD of lords; for by doing so she dishonoured herself and degraded her great Master.
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> The 5th, 6th, and 10th articles in the charter are liable to the very same objections; but especially article 10th. This article, as it imposes the law of patronage, is confessedly anti-Christian. Yet this article forms the very foundation stone of the present Church Establishment, for upon it is built the right which ministers have to their stipends. Hence it says that ministers are to have a right to the benefices, "provided they admit such qualified ministers as his majesty and other patrons shall present." *Hist. Scot.* vol. iii. p. 182. Hence, it is manifest, that, if the Church refuse to admit such as his majesty and other patrons present, she has no right whatever, by the boasted charter, to the stipends.

When James, acting upon the maxim "no bishop no king," began to attempt the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland, the complete restoration of the *patrimony* of the Church was his bait—and a successful one it proved with the greater number of the clergy. But the history of this well-baited attempt is less interesting than the clear demonstration that it never was the Kirk of Scotland, as an establishment, but a few faithful found within her body, who successfully opposed the crown.

We have given an account of a mighty struggle between liberty and tyranny, truth and error; and now an important question arises, whether was it the Established Church of Scotland that fought so nobly for the truth and against despotism, or those who dissented from the deed of that Church? It could not be the Established Church that made these struggles for liberty; for we have seen that she decided by a majority of ten, in favour of corruption and despotism. Is it not, therefore, strange, that the votaries of the Establishment in the present day, should have the effrontery to claim those for their forefathers, who suffered, and struggled, and bled, and died, in defence of civil and religious liberty? The truth is manifest—the forefathers of the advocates of establishments were those who espoused the cause of despotism, who established the grossest errors in the church by law, and who persecuted unto the death the friends of God and man. Why is it, then, that the advocates of establishments in the present day, are so anxious to have it believed that the struggles which were made by those who opposed the Assemblies at Perth and Dundee, were made by the Church of Scotland? Every discerning mind must at once see, that the reason is, because by clothing themselves with the garments of the righteous, they can best succeed in deceiving the people, and in carrying their own selfish purposes; hence, the most bigoted among them are loudest in calling upon the people "to contend and fight for that Establishment for which their ancestors bled and died." But those who "bled and died" did so while fighting and contending against that very Establishment for the support of which men are now called upon to contend; and it is the children of the persecutors and murderers of the Dissenters of former days, who are at this day raising the war cry. Every man who wishes to know the truth has only to look at the decisions of the General Assemblies of the Established Church, in order to learn that, as an establishment, the Church of Scotland could never suffer persecution; but that, as such, she could, and she did, persecute all those who opposed her corruptions.

Roman Catholics, looking at the corruptions and persecutions of the Established Church of Scotland, as well as of England and Ireland, are perfectly disgusted and horrified at Protestantism; and, while they only look at these, it is not to be wondered at although they should live in the determination to continue Catholics and Papists, and to hate Protestantism with a perfect hatred: but it becomes them, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of truth, to look at Protestantism, not as it appears in connection with an Establishment, but as it appeared in a Ferguson, and in a Melville, and those brave men who opposed the corruptions and persecuting principles of the Scottish Establishment; or as it now appears in the conduct of Dissenters in the present day. At the same time, they, the Catholics, should never forget that the persecuting principles of Knox and others, were first learned in the Church of Rome; and that the principle of persecution was almost the only bad principle that Knox did not cast away when he came out of that corrupt and debased church.

In the year 1600, the General Assembly which was to decide the fate of Presbytery, met at Montrose, as being most convenient for the ministers of the north, who had been well schooled by the cubicular, Sir Patrick Murray. "The attendance of members was full, and each side promised themselves the victory." The friends of truth trusted to the unanswerable force of their arguments; their opponents of the Establishment, to the more cogent influence of the crown and the endowments.

The transactions are detailed.

In this way was Prelacy introduced into the Church of Scotland, partly by threatening, partly by cunning, and chiefly by holding out the prospect and offer of endowments to the clergy. It is gratifying, however, to observe such a great number of faithful men as there were in the Scottish Church at this period. The act in favour of Prelacy was carried only by a very small majority, so that the number who opposed it must have been great; and we may learn their spirit, their zeal, their piety, and their views of endowments, from their great leader, Andrew Melville. Upon a motion, whe-

ther the voters from the Church were to be chosen annually or for life, it was stated in the Assembly—"That, if they did not consent to the voters being appointed for life, they would lose the benefit," (the stipend.) "*The loss will be but small,*" answered Andrew Melville, who was present as a doctor. "But then," it was said, "the Ministry would be left to contempt and poverty." "It was their Master's lot before them," rejoined Melville; "and better poverty with sincerity, than promotion with corruption."

That faithful body of ministers and others of which Melville was the leader, contemned the endowments, and everything else that had a tendency to make them depart from their duty to Christ. Such was that body of faithful men which formed the Church of Christ in Scotland, and which was opposed to the Established Church of Scotland. Christ was the head of the one, and the king the head of the other. It is to be hoped that still there are in the Established Church of Scotland many who only want a Melville to lead them forth to declare themselves opposed to the present corrupt Establishment.

Such should remember that to support the Episcopal Establishment in England and Ireland, lest, by allowing their endowments to be taken away, the endowments of the Church of Scotland might follow, is the same as if they were at once to declare that sooner than give up their stipends they would become Episcopalians; for they can assign no other reason for supporting the Irish or English Establishment, than that, "if they allowed them to be impaired or abolished, then the taking away of the endowments of the Scottish Church would follow."

Mr Fyfe successfully shews that every Christian establishment has persecuted, from the Church of Rome to that of Scotland; and he goes rather out of his way to attack one of the late Catholic writers. As strongly, however, does he reprobate the persecution of Catholics, and also those *Popish* relics

Which are still nourished and cherished by the Established clergy, such as Patronage, Prelacy, and State Endowments. Are not these the roots of bitterness, which at this moment are springing up, and threatening to convulse the British empire? And will the Established clergy cling to these, and not rather pluck them up and cast them away? Knox, and Buchanan, and others, have all blamed the state endowments, as the cause of all those corruptions which clung to the Roman Catholic Establishment; and nothing so astonishes me as the fact that Knox and others should have themselves sought state endowments, or that the clergy of the present Establishment should still cling to them.

The extreme simplicity of Mr Fyfe's astonishment will, we suspect, amuse some of his readers. His idea of Establishment is, indeed, quite primitive—we are far from saying that it may not be scriptural.

All that the members of Christ's Church, whether individually or collectively, ought to require from the State, *is the protection* of their *persons* and *properties*, in *the free exercise of their duties to God and the King, according to their consciences and the unerring word of God.* If such a protection be called an Establishment of the Christian and Protestant religion, I have no objections that in this way the Church be established; for such was the establishment of Protestantism at the Reformation. The great thing then wanted by the Reformed Church was the protection of the state against the fury and rage of the Roman Catholics. The Protestant clergy, indeed, sought, along with this, endowments; but, at the Reformation and establishment of Protestantism, they got no endowments, nor for several years afterwards; nor did the King or other patrons then exercise the law of Patronage; which was never imposed on the Reformed Church, till the clergy began to take the stipends. The establishment, then, which was set up at the Reformation, is that for which I contend.

Let us now follow, for a short way, Mr Fyfe's view of our Establishment, tainted, as he alleges, with dangerous errors before she was seven years old, "and, before she was forty, covered with corruption as a leprosy."

So far from being friendly to the purity of religion, and the peace and prosperity of the country, she has been the inveterate enemy of both. We have seen, also, that the purity of religion was preserved by those only who were persecuted by the Establishment; and are warranted to conclude, that, had it not been for such as dissented from the Establishment of the Scottish Church, the last vestige of pure Christianity would, under the Establishment's persecuting and withering hand, have long since perished from the land. Let us, therefore, hear no more talk about establishments of religion being the grand conservators of the unity and purity of the faith, or of knowledge, and the prosperity of the land. The truth is, as proved by history, that establishments of religion have been the prolific source of mischief to the country, and the enemies of pure religion.

The errors and backslidings of the Church of Scotland are painted in a manner which reminds us of the testimonies of the dying martyrs of Prelacy against the defections of the self-seeking clergy of their times—as this of the famous Donald Cargill:—"My soul trembles to think how little of regeneration there is amongst the ministers and professors of Scotland. Oh, the ministers of Scotland! how have they betrayed Christ's interests and beguiled souls! *They have not entered in themselves; and them that were entering in they hindered.* They have sold the things of Christ and the liberties of his church, for a short and cursed quiet to themselves. . . . . They are more one, and at peace with God's enemies, after they have done all their mischiefs, than they were at first when they put hand to hand to them." Mr Fyfe would appear to think that the words used by Cargill upon the scaffold, of which these are a portion, are still equally applicable to the great majority of the endowed clergy.

The Protectorate was a happy period for pure religion in Scotland, according to our author; as well as to civil liberty and social improvement. The reign of Cromwell, in short, was distinguished by the total absence of religious persecution, by the impartial administration of justice, and the encouragement of trade.

"The Kirk was deprived of the power of inflicting civil penalties, or, what is nearly similar, the Magistrates were forbid to enforce the civil penalties annexed to ecclesiastical censures; and the ministers having no longer the secular arm to appeal to, applied themselves more to the instruction of their people, and to their immediate and proper pastoral duties, than to those political dissensions which had so much divided them. The dreaded toleration of sectaries, so far from hurting the Presbyterian system, seems to have purified and invigorated it, by exciting the zeal and emulation of the ministers, who began to look upon the questions which had of late divided them as matters of inferior moment. The Synods and Presbyteries were allowed to meet unmolested; nor were the ministers otherwise disturbed, than by being threatened with a deprivation of their salaries, if they continued openly to pray for the restoration of Charles Stuart as King of Scotland; a moderate penalty, compared with the infliction which some of them afterwards endured, for praying for his conversion;" and a most effectual way to stop their mouths.

But the Restoration brought back the old evil in an aggravated form.

The ruling party in the Kirk continued as intolerant and as wedded to their evil principles as ever. Such principles having blinded their minds, they longed for the return of monarchy, and could not rest till they had recalled their Covenanted King. So blind were they to his vices, and so intent upon re-establishing him on the throne, that, without any stipulation except the promise of a *Prince* who was practised in deceit and blackened with perjury, they at once put him in possession of unlimited power. . . . . They would have a King and an exclusive religious Establishment, and they got both; and the following extracts will give the reader a pretty distinct idea of the nature of a complete establishment. And let it be particularly observed, that the establishment of religion was never so complete as it was during the reign of Charles II.; nor, under any other monarch, was the system of establishments, as a system, ever so faithfully or so punctually put in operation: consequently, if any one wish to know whether a civil establishment of religion be a good or a bad thing, he ought to look at it in its full operation, as it was to be seen under Charles II. Every system must be regulated by certain laws. Now, what are the laws of the Establishment? 1st, That all sectaries be extirpated, or, at least, excluded from all places of civil trust, and denied all emoluments from the state. 2d, That uniformity in religion be enforced by all civil pains and penalties. 3d, That all idolators, witches, or those called witches, and all adulterers and blasphemers be put to death. 4th, That the King be acknowledged as supreme sovereign over all persons and all causes, civil and spiritual. 5th, That his Majesty, and other patrons, have the sole power of presentation to vacant parishes. 6th, That every minister be obliged to preach and pray agreeably to the supreme will and desire of his Majesty, according to the xxiii. chapter of the Confession of Faith; and, 7th, That the clergy be paid by the state. Such are the laws by which the system of ecclesiastical establishments is governed; and, if any one of these laws are suspended or not put into execution, the Establishment is not complete; but Charles observed most religiously to put them all in execution, and, therefore, under him the system of ecclesiastical establishment was most complete.

We may spare our readers the dark scenes that occurred until the Torwood excommunication was followed by the execution of Cargill.

There is a just complaint made of the Church of Scotland allowing King William III. to obtain complete dominion over her, and yielding to the iniquitous oaths and subscriptions imposed by the government.

There were a few faithful and conscientious men in the Church of Scotland, who exposed the sinfulness of these ensnaring oaths; shewed that the administration of such oaths was making the ministers of Christ subject to every change of the civil government; and was nothing but an Erastian addition to the ministerial qualification prescribed by Jesus Christ. Among these faithful men were Messrs James Hogg and John Hepburn, against whom their brethren in the Establishment directed all the shafts of their vengeance. They not only suspended and deposed the latter, and stirred up the Magistrates against him, but also got him imprisoned in Edinburgh jail, until he should submit to the church.

The Roman Catholics could scarcely carry persecution farther than this; nor have we any instance on record to point out a more manifest abuse of civil power by any church, to serve Jesuitical purposes, than that perpetrated by the Church of Scotland on this occasion. The very act of 1693, empowering the clergy to inflict civil pains and penalties for ecclesiastical delinquencies, is an outrage against the word of God; and it cannot be denied but that the Church which had recourse to the civil power to inflict such punishments, was in so far in league with antichrist.

We do not profess to agree with all Mr Fyfe has advanced; but to his last proposition we most heartily assent: the power thus assumed by the clergy, is not of Christ. This was the fit preparation for such penal enactments as immediately followed.

In 1694, the Church agreed upon a formula for admitting the curates, who were, without censure, admitted accordingly. Meanwhile, the Parliament passed several acts against Papists and other sects. We may give the following as an instance of the kind of acts that were passed against these:—"*Item*, No suspect Papist may teach any science, art, or exercise, in families or outwith, nor may a Protestant have a Popish domestick servant, under the pain of five hundred merks; and these pains may be pursued by any Protestant, and, upon conviction, he is to have the same for reward."—*William, Par.* 1, *Sess.* 9, *chap.* 3.

That the Established Church of Scotland excited the Government to persecute the Papists, is evident from the Act of Assembly 1695, which runs thus—"Recommended to all provincial Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-sessions within the National Church, to take particular notice of trafficking priests, and appointed that lists be taken up of their names, and given to the Privy Council, with an address for executing the laws against them," &c.—*Laws of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii., p.* 194.

The reign of Queen Anne witnessed greater innovation, and a more truckling submission. The Presbyterian clergy prayed that their form of religion should be established unalterably in Scotland.

To please them, the government consented to pass an act to that effect, provided they would consent to the establishment of Episcopacy, or any other form of church government that the Parliament might think expedient in England. The commission of the Assembly demurred to this, as inconsistent with the covenanted engagements of the Church of Scotland, by which she was bound to seek the extirpation of Prelacy, and not its establishment. "But the expectation of £400,000 sterling, to balance the loss of Darien" (a colony which had been established on the American Isthmus in 1699, by the Scots) "to the Spaniards, through the treachery of the English, and the hopes of worldly advantages from the court, or in point of trade, made most of the Parliamenters overlook everything religious; so that the perpetual establishment of Episcopacy and the ceremonies in England, as well as of Presbyterian *government*, and the *simplicity of gospel worship* attending it in Scotland, were both fixed as fundamental and unalterable conditions of the Union: and each nation, by a solemn deed of their Parliament, guaranteed to the other an Establishment of religion, not a little contrary to their own."—*Brown, vol. ii., p.* 401—2.

It is not only extraordinary, but truly lamentable to think how the Church of Scotland had degenerated so far as to give her consent to the establishment of a religion which she knew, and which all Presbyterians had testified, to be contrary to the word of God.

There was no such toleration for the Catholics; and, although they had no longer power to persecute, the Established Kirk did not cease to persecute them.

In 1714, the following act was passed in the General Assembly:—"Ministers and members of kirk sessions are enjoined to keep a watchful eye over Papists, and to deal with them for their conviction, according to act 8, ass. 1707; and to give yearly into the Presbytery lists of their names and designations, particularly of Popish bishops, priests, jesuits, and other traffickers; and of apostates from the true religion, with an account of their Popish meetings, times and places thereof, and witnesses for proving the same; with the names of children under

Popish parents, tutors, curators, and governors, and of the nearest Protestant relations of such children; and likewise of all Papists who keep schools, or teach any science or exercise; and also of Protestants who keep Popish servants; and of all Papists who have succeeded to lands or heritages, within their bounds, since the year 1700, &c. &c.

But, while making these heavy accusations against the Assembly and the Kirk, our author admits that its unchristian acts were accompanied by many good deeds, such as propagating the gospel—with, however, this important saving clause, that all of these, her schools and missions, were conducted upon the voluntary principle, and by voluntary subscriptions.

After shewing how contemptuous and intolerant the Tories and Jacobite Episcopalians have ever been of Presbyterians, the author asks, with great pertinence, and we really should be glad to know how he is to be answered—

With what degree of propriety or consistency is it that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland now joins with Episcopalians to put down Popery? With what degree of commonsense is it that they now exert themselves in favour of that bloody Church which persecuted and put to death their forefathers? When the Church of Scotland, and all true Presbyterians and Protestants, were exerting themselves to the utmost in favour of King George I. and against the Popish Pretender, the Episcopalian clergy and their adherents, almost to a man, opposed them, and persecuted them, and pulled down their houses; while they supported the Pretender and encouraged the Papists. History fully warrants me to say, that, had it not been for the Presbyterians, and other conscientious Protestant Dissenters, neither the Elector of Hanover, nor any of his offspring would ever have sat on the British throne. His present Majesty will no doubt remember this, and judge what degree of confidence he can place in the sincerity and purity of these men's motives, who have again raised the Tory cry, "Church in danger!"

We are ashamed to cite the servile addresses of the Assemblies to the different princes that have sat by deputy in their convocations; and with the heresies and doctrinal errors which crept into the Church, it is not our intention to interfere, though we find them exposed here. They were, our author thinks, a natural sequence to the Church of Scotland swearing to maintain Prelacy as by law established, and submitting quietly to the evils of patronage, and other errors. Among the numerous grave charges brought against the Kirk in more recent times, are not only first acquiescing in, and then upholding the principle of patronage, but the enforcing of violent settlements; tyranny to the Seceders; opposing (at first at least,) missionary societies, Sabbath schools, and itinerant preachers; subserviency to every Tory government, and sycophancy to the court. But this is not all.

Besides backing the loyal "life-and-fortune" men in instigating the coalition war against France, the Scottish clergy are charged with co-operating to maintain Popish establishments abroad.

Let it be observed, that the General Assembly not only sent addresses to the King, in which they encourage him to prosecute the war that had begun—as is manifest from the address in 1799, signed by William Moodie, the then Moderator of the Assembly—but, in 1798, they excited the people, in every parish throughout the whole country, to enter into a voluntary subscription to carry on the war, "in defence," as they said, "of the constitution, religion, and independence of the country;" but in reality for the re-establishment of Popery and monarchical government.

The Established Church of Scotland laboured hard for the re-establishment of Popery in France, and contributed to cause the blood of millions to be shed for this nefarious purpose. In the address to which we have already alluded, they deprecate the overthrow of the established religion in France, and encourage his majesty to prosecute the war, at the same time intimating that no establishment would be safe if the revolutionary principles which were rampant in France were not put down, and monarchical government and the established religion again restored.—See *Edinburgh Advertiser for May* 1799; also, Acts of Assembly for the same year. From these things, the public will be able to judge with what degree of consistency the Established Church now cry out so lustily against Popery.

We apprehend that, had Mr Fyfe diligently searched the Gazettes for the loyal effusions of Assemblies and Synods for the last forty years, and parish annals for the political conduct of the Lapslies of the Kirk, he might have found not a few examples and anecdotes to grace his pages withal, which would have surpassed those he has collected; and in servility of tone have out-done any church. Some of the addresses are, however, too good to pass unnoticed.

About this time, several attempts were made by individuals and societies, called "Radicals," to bring about a reform in the government; and, unquestionably, it stood in need of reform: perhaps the Assembly had reference more particularly to their conduct, or rather the principles they held, when it complained of "the prevalence of infidelity." Now, while every honest man must condemn the means employed by these Radicals—some of whom fell at Bonnymuir by a body of cavalry under Lieutenant Hodgson; and others of them were banished, and some beheaded—yet, it must be admitted, that in principle these unfortunate men were right when they sought reform; and, had the Assembly addressed the Throne on the necessity of reform in the State, in place of attempting to aggravate the errors of these poor, unhappy, and oppressed men, we think they would have been more in the way of their duty. But, unfortunately for the credit of the Assembly, it has been their uniform practice, during the last hundred years, to support and encourage a Tory government, and to discountenance all attempts at reform. In their address, the Assembly complain to his Majesty of the prevalence of licentiousness. Perhaps this was to please the King, who, about this time, had assumed to himself a degree of sanctity, while he endeavoured to blacken the character of Caroline, the persecuted and oppressed Queen. She was, at this time, cruelly blamed with licentiousness; and, as if to please the King and aggravate her grief—which was already weightier than human nature could support—the Established clergy not only reiterated the cry of the monarch against the prevalence of licentiousness, but at his mandate, they ceased to pray for the afflicted Queen—a degree of servility and baseness this, unparalleled in the annals of history since the world began. The professed ministers of Jesus Christ refuse to obey his command to "pray for all," and obey the unjust mandate of one of the most licentious men that ever lived!!! It is the knowledge of this fact that induces us to suspect that, in their address relative to the prevalence of infidelity and licentiousness, the Assembly had some such sinister ends in view as we have mentioned; nevertheless, we are happy in being able to record that there were some noble-minded men in connexion with the Establishment, such as the late Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson of Edinburgh, and Dr Kidd of Aberdeen, who "were not careful to obey the King" in the matter of not praying for the Queen; nay, they disdained the impious mandate, and continued to do their duty. This they did, notwithstanding they were menaced by the Presbyteries to which they belonged.

The Presbytery of Aberdeen appointed two of their number to admonish Dr Kidd not to pray for the Queen, and to reprove him for having done so after being forbid by the Presbytery; but, when the Doctor had come to receive his admonition from the parish ministers, he perceived hat they were not forward in communicating to him he reason wherefore they had sent for him, and he said, "Gentlemen, you sent for me this morning; and, as my time is precious, I wish to know for what purpose you sent?" The one looked at the other, and at last one of them said, "Doctor, we wish to know why you have disobeyed the Presbytery, in praying for the Queen?" The Doctor promptly replied, "I pray for every sinner, sir, and I pray for you too."

. . . . . .

It has been proved that, during the reign of the present monarch, the love of endowments has induced most of the endowed clergy of the Church of Scotland to oppose the Reform Bill; to thwart his Majesty's ministers in all their efforts for reform; to petition for more endowments; to oppose those in their own church who wish the abolition of patronage; and to encourage and countenance the bloody prelates in Ireland, who, for the sake of their unrighteous tithes, put to death the widow, the fatherless, and the oppressed.

But one of the worst exposures of the established clergy arises from their tenacious maintenance of the *corn laws*, and their extraordinary conduct when Mr Canning's government, at a period of great national distress, threw open the ports to foreign grain.

It has been the never-ceasing *boast* of the Church of Scotland, that she is the purest in the world; that her maintenance does not cost the country one farthing; and that she has ever been the steady friend and protectress of the poor. But what does she do on this trying occasion, when her kindness to the poor is put to the test, and when their accumulated wants and miseries, together with the distress of the whole country, call aloud for her sympathy? Does she, at such a time as this, shew her maternal kindness, and open her hand to relieve a suffering people? Is she willing to forego any portion of her own patrimony for the relief of her suffering children? Or does she petition Parliament to open the ports to admit bread to supply a suffering people? No, no! the very reverse. The sighs of the famishing poor, and the groans of an overburdened community, are alike disregarded by her; and, in place of petitioning for an abatement of taxation, or for bread to the poor, she—*horribile dictu!*—petitions Parliament not to grant bread to the poor; or, which was the same thing, not to alter the *corn laws*, whereby the poor and the whole community would have been benefited—lest, thereby, the stipends of her clergy should in any way be diminished!! Nay, more, it was understood at the time, and even boasted of by the more indiscreet of the endowed clergy, that, in deference to their representations, the scale of duties on the importation of corn had been considerably raised! Thus an unjust and cruel tax on the community was augmented, if not actually continued, because the clergy shared in the spoil. The people, who had borne up under their manifold sufferings almost without a murmur, had now mockery and insult added to a sense of injury. Pulpit exhortations to contentment under every privation were sounded forth everywhere, at the very time when the *reverend exhorters* had committed a barefaced and wholesale robbery on the poor and the oppressed!!! Pause, reader, and calmly consider whether these clergy are entitled to be called the ministers of Christ, or whether they do not rather resemble those who bound heavy burdens on men's shoulders, and would not so much as touch them with one of their fingers? But, lest it should be thought that I am misrepresenting them, or in any way writing under the influence of party feeling or prejudice, I shall, in this, as I have done in every other case, furnish the reader with the facts by which I am directed.

An extract from the clerical agricultural petition follows. It, no doubt, had its proper effect with a Parliament quite willing to be convinced of the propriety of keeping up rents, by keeping up the price of corn, though at the expense of the people.

With all this, Mr Fyfe, who is himself, as we have stated, fervently Evangelical, frequently and warmly acknowledges that there are thousands of true Christians and many faithful ministers in the Church of Scotland—faithful in all things, save in this matter of endowment. He even, after answering every possible argument which he conceives can be adduced for tithes and endowments by Presbyterians, concludes his work with stating the many inducements which faithful ministers have to renounce public pay. He would, however, allow the actual incumbents to enjoy their endowments as long as they live, if they so chose. With church property, which he considers national property, he would pay off public debt so far as teinds will go; and he cannot see what pleasure or profit Tories or endowed clergy can take in perpetuating a system which he has proved to be injurious and mischievous in all ages. We fear some of the incorrigible objects of his pious zeal may be tempted to smile at the strain of homely eloquence with which Mr Fyfe closes his exhortations.

However far the Established clergy may have departed from Christ, and however long they may have remained in bondage to the law of patronage and of state endowments, laws of Satan, yet if they will only listen to the voice of the Son of God, he will rejoice over them to do them good; and their giving up of those "satanic laws," and breaking over those "satanic walls," will cause joy on earth and joy in heaven. If there be joy in heaven even over one sinner that repenteth, oh! what joy must there be on that day, when a thousand ministers and a thousand congregations are turned to God!!! "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." I believe that Christ's voice to many in the Church of Scotland, and to every one of these many, now is, "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away." "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee."

We have been struck with our author's historical enumeration of the mischiefs which endowed clergy have done to their allies, kings. They cost Charles I. and Louis XVI. their heads, James II. and Charles X. of France their thrones; and the evils that churchmen, contending for their patrimony and privileges, have brought upon crowned heads are not yet over:—"Time would fail me to speak of Spain and Portugal, and many other places and instances, where the endowed clergy have been a curse to the king, and the king a curse to the endowed clergy. And how could the case be otherwise, seeing they agreed to set aside the laws of the *Most High God*?"

The church, by her own choice, will never perish alone.

Perhaps we have given quite enough of attention to this pious, honest, and homely volume. Our motive has been that it is one calculated to have extensive and useful influence among plain, honest, and sincerely pious people. We may as well state that we consider Mr Fyfe somewhat prone to magnify trifles and to strain at gnats; but, upon the other hand, he never swallows camels;

while his leading principle is one of which we thoroughly approve. We conclude, leaving the Tory Churchmen to crack this nut or swallow it:—

In concluding the history of the Established Church of Scotland, we cannot omit observing, that, although she is bound by her own laws to seek the *extirpation of Prelacy*, yet the General Assembly, in place of doing this, has defended Episcopacy in its very worst form. The Moderator of the last Assembly, while he poured out the most abusive language against Presbyterian Dissenters, encouraged and supported the missionary [O'Sullivan] of the Established Episcopalian Church in Ireland. Nay, more, the Established clergy of Scotland have made common cause with the Episcopalian bishops against every measure of reform that has been proposed for the abuses in either Church. They admit that Episcopacy is anti-scriptural, and yet they support it! Upon what principle do they so? They say they do not support Episcopacy for its own sake, but for the sake of the principle of Establishments!

As this notice goes through the press, we have seen "A Letter by a Member of the Synod of Ulster," bearing strongly upon the same subject. It is, we presume, by the same writer whose liberal and able strictures we noticed some months back; and is inscribed to Dr Cooke of Belfast. We regret that we cannot devote more space to this pamphlet; for, although controversy is out of our way, we feel that to advocate religious freedom according to his power and opportunity, is the duty of every public writer. The Member of the Synod of Ulster advocates a *qualified* subscription of the Westminster Confession; and not without reason, if he be able to establish all that he alleges against the laws of the national Establishment of Scotland, and the Confessions of the sister or brother church to which he belongs. Here is one sentence, at page 46—"The infliction of *death* itself, in consequence of *church censures*, is, by the divines, expressly referred to the *discretion* of the civil magistrate, '*if he shall see cause*.' And is not this a pretty principle, my beloved, for the Synod of Ulster to avow, without qualification, in the nineteenth century?" In brief, there is in this Letter a cutting and searching exposure of that sort of spirit which Dr Chalmers, in the days of other years, used to preach against, as the Popery of Protestantism, to the offence of, we believe, many of his reverend brethren.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE GERMANS.

We have already, on former occasions, in fulfilment of a welcome duty, attempted to place before the English reader, from time to time, some outlines of the poetical literature of Germany, in noticing certain of her eminent authors. All of these having, more or less, and some especially, (as Körner and Bürger,) enriched the popular lyrics of their country, we have been led to make incidental mention of this beautiful and characteristic branch of poetry. On the present occasion, it is proposed to devote a few pages exclusively to the subject; although only to offer a few gleanings from the harvest of a land exceedingly fertile in popular song. A full display of its riches in this respect, tracing the origin and growth of a plant deeply rooted in national character, and shedding continual influence on the soil which gave it birth, would require a longer treatise, and might exercise and and reward a higher criticism than ours. It must suffice, in the present instance, to gather and exhibit such specimens as a passing hand may here and there select from a field of unbounded extent and diversity. This, a long-cherished purpose, has now been mainly called into execution by the appearance of a pleasant little volume, by M. Klauer Klattowsky; which, as the first of a series destined to make the songs of Germany accessible to English students, deserves kind notice at our hands. The selection, moreover, is generally judicious; and, though it does not include many favourite compositions which we looked to find there, it must be remembered that the limits of a little book can but embrace a small part of what is excellent, amidst the profusion offered on every hand. We have, therefore, great pleasure in recommending M. Klauer's "Anthology" to all young students of the language and poetry of Germany.

Lyrical poetry, as Wordsworth justly remarks, demands, as its specific distinction, the presence of musical accompaniment; and such, in the early periods of the art, was never wanting to it. This condition, however, although constituting its very essence, has, in great measure, ceased to be more than an imaginary one in highly cultivated languages, with respect to many productions of a class which are, nevertheless, truly lyrical. The alliance between music and poetry, has been neglected by custom, as each gradually became more artificial; but has not been virtually dissevered. We are now to speak of that class only in which the alliance actually survives—of poetry written to be sung, and living, with the strains to which it is wedded, on the lips of a people to whom music is an element of daily life, as universal and familiar as the common air. The national features of the Germans are, in an especial manner, reflected on the surface of their national song; which, mingling with the current of all their habits, actions, and feelings, imparts to each an appropriate language and an immediate utterance. And when to this it is added that the lineaments thus reflected are, in themselves, peculiarly distinct and original, we may expect to find in the national lyrics, much that is marked and characteristic. Nor will the expectation be disappointed.

In a wit's description of the great European nations, there was assigned to the Briton, the empire of the sea; to the Gaul, of the land; to the German, of the air. Such are the random traits by which one half of mankind learns to characterise the other. It is at once amusing and pitiable to think how many are content to seek no better idea of nations and races than may be supplied by vague generalities or vulgar nicknames. Those, however, who are not so contented, on applying themselves to observe the points by which the character of a people is revealed, will find in the Germans, a nature, strangely composed indeed, but exceedingly genuine, decided, and love-worthy. Prone alike to the affections and enjoyments of life, steadfast

in attachment, and strongly disposed to reverence and a certain methodical love of order; simple, nay, homely in manners; combining an uncontrollable imagination, and a propensity to dream and speculate, with a firm hold on the plainest realities; trustful, truthful, and earnest, beyond measure; of indefatigable perseverance, and rather daring in conception than prompt to actual enterprise; with a nature easily moved to tenderness, and abounding in substantial cordiality, but neither sensitive nor apt to assume the polish of conventional refinement; with much poetry, some humour, and little wit; seldom agitated by violent passions, but ever alive to warm domestic and social feelings:—such are the people amongst whom lyrical song has found a welcome and a home.

Nor should we overlook their peculiar happiness, in the possession of a language the true offspring of a nature such as we have attempted to pourtray—a language strong, hearty, and copious; full of point and idiom; equally ready for the subtlest combinations and the plainest simplicity; sonorous, masculine, and expressive, with a certain positive directness of structure which hardly admits of equivoque or levity; and, above all, possessing a marked and very musical prosody, which renders it unrivalled amongst modern languages in the variety of poetical forms which it can assume. And we may further add, to the surprise perhaps of those who know it only by report, that, with the exception of the Italian only, there is no language more melodious in poetry or more vocally adapted for song.

To the nation thus constituted and endowed, poetry and music were a natural birth-right. But to bind these more closely together, a further privilege was added. Luther, himself a very German, and one of the greatest men the world has yet seen, with the same hand that struck at the roots of Papal abuse, and gave his noble translation of the Bible as an imperishable legacy to his country, also engrafted on the new creed the healthy growth of popular song, to flourish with it in perpetual union. The great Reformer, a thorough lover of music, and wisely aware of the aid to be derived therefrom in attaching his doctrine to the hearts of the people, made it an express and prominent part of all elementary public instruction. In all the schools constituted under the reformed system, singing was and continues to be taught with the alphabet: thus a broad foundation was laid upon which to raise a structure overshadowing all the land. This consecration of two noble arts on a soil where the minnesingers and meistersingers had already claimed them as a patrimony, has established them for ever, with an efficacy of which the consequences may be plainly seen. The fruits this inestimable gift has borne to Music, may be shewn by pointing to the names of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and, greatest of all, Beethoven.* Nor has the sister art less happily flourished. To say nothing of the higher branches of poetry—the true lyric, its utterance in song, lives amidst all classes in Germany with a genial vigour, such as no other nation can exhibit. In one class of songs, the French, in another the Spaniards, have each their national advantages; but in neither people is the true alliance of poetry and music so universal and supreme. In the fields, the towns, the villages of Germany, their voice is never mute; wherever three are met together, the chorus is heard. The festival and the holiday, the christening and the funeral, have each their joyful or solemn strain. The soldiers sing on the march, or around the fire of the bivouac; the lover serenades his mistress with a chorus in the twilight;—the year opens and closes amidst songs. Of twenty Germans taken, at hazard, from all or any class, you shall hardly find one that is not ready to bear his part manfully in any of the favourite popular lyrics of his country. Here, indeed, national song has very life and being.

Thus the lyrical poetry of Germany is at once married to music; and, while the compositions generally sung are, for this reason, of a higher class than in countries where music is less supreme, they are at the same time directly modified, in form and tenor, by the application to which they are destined. Where song is either occasional or exotic, the poetry set to music is liable to become worthless or affected, as, with some exceptions, is the case in England; it is only where it is popular and universal that the poet and musician work in entire concert. Hence, in considering the songs of Germany as poems, their vocal purpose must be kept constantly in mind; he that reads them only, has only half of the whole before him. And how much is thereby lost will readily be known by those to whom the unrivalled song-music of the Germans is familiar.

The songs of Germany, moreover, are, in general, intensely popular. They are not artificial things, got up to be exhibited in drawing-rooms, by ladies in ringlets, and amateurs in spotless gloves. They are matters of far more interest and significance—the very expressions of the various emotions, and likings, and manners of a people very earnest in their way, and nowise ashamed of seeming to be so. Of the pretty nonsense verses which pass for songs with us, few specimens will be found amongst them. Their songs are jovial, fond, satirical, or plaintive, as the mood of the singer may require; but all have some downright purpose and meaning, and a flow and energy which bespeak their genuine character. The reader, bearing in mind what has already been said of the people whose nature they reflect, and remembering that, in popular song, the more positive and tangible features will always be the most readily presented, will not be surprised to find them impressed rather with the strong and homely than with the spiritual traits of the national character. In short, these songs, as they are the companions, so will they be found to be faithful interpreters

* We do not agree with our contributor in this comparative estimate of Beethoven.—*E. T. M.*

of the Germans' social and domestic life; and the first of their poets and composers, a Goethe and a Beethoven, will be heard, in these compositions, lending their unrivalled genius to express the popular language of their country's lyrical muse.

A pleasant task it would be to treat of the songs current amongst peculiar classes; each of which has strains expressly its own, from the nightly ditty of the watchman, to the chant of the soldier or student, or the guild-song of the artisan. But this would lead us too far into detail. For the same reason, a passing word is all that can be given to the popular hymns of Germany, many of which, with their vigorous, simple speech, and noble *chorale* tunes, were composed by Luther. Passing from these, we must begin with the extracts that we have prepared; entreating the reader to bear the preceding remarks in mind, as well as to make due allowance for the insufficiency of the translation.

It may be questioned whether, without woman, poetry would ever have been uttered: to her we certainly owe its lyrical form in song. The main sources of this delightful stream, love and honour, flow, the one directly, the other by a returning course, from the influence of the gentle sex;—the poetry whose life is passion, obeys the power which rules the warmer emotions of the heart, as the moon commands the tides. The nations whose women are degraded, are destitute of song, as well as of all other of the best privileges of life. And wherever lyrical poetry exists, its current is principally fed by the overflowings of amorous feeling: its alarms and ecstasies, for ever repeated, have a universal charm, which no repetition can impair; choice therefore, no less than judgment, directs us to draw the first selections from the songs dedicated to this paramount theme. At the first glance, the following little morsel of petulance, by Schubart, may discredit the gallantry of our choice—the second will discover that the show of captiousness is merely assumed by the poet. He is one that loves the objects of his whimsical displeasure far too dearly to reproach them in hard earnest. The next smile he meets will melt all this cynicism like May frost.

Your maidens all are fickle gear—
Now so—to-morrow so!
If but one rosy cloud appear,
How glad and bright they grow!
To-morrow? Why, at once you find
Change in the wind.

Let but an air too roughly blow,
The maiden 's near to die;
Her pretty eyes are all aflow,
Her little mouth's awry.
To-morrow? See how light she springs,
Frolics, and sings!

When maiden greets with loving eye,
You trust the cunning glance;
And mount, all dizzy, to the sky,
In such a blissful trance!
To-morrow? Why, you're hardly known—
Vain dreams alone!

So, maids, howe'er you roll your eyes,
As fond as you may feign—
Ay, came ye straight from paradise—
I'll trust not one again!
False things! To-day, as hot as spice—
To-morrow, ice!

But should this be thought too saucy, here is a corrective, in a more cordial strain, professing devout homage to the "angels of life," all and several. It is conceived in a fine catholic spirit of love, akin to that expressed in Byron's noble wish—

That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
That he might kiss them all from north to south.

As a song, too, it is effective and vigorous, when provided with a sufficient chorus.

A fair good health to every gentle maiden,
Who still in virgin freshness grows!
Health to the matron grave, with years o'erladen,
Whose temples age has crowned with snows!
CHORUS.
But each give a health, ere he drink to the rest,
Thrice fondly repeated, to her he loves best!

Health to the princess on her throne of splendour,
That well her golden crown beseems!
To humble maid, with crown that wild-flowers lend her,
Whose eye with modest virtue beams!
But each, &c. &c.

Health to the child in slumber's sweet caresses,
On wakeful mother's bosom laid!
To her whose heart the lovely nursling presses,
Be next a brimming goblet paid!
But each, &c. &c.

Health to the sylph whose cheek fair colours, blending
With snow the morning blushes, grace!
To the brown reaper o'er her sickle bending,
We drain, as well, one hearty glass!
But each, &c. &c.

Health be to her whom love's dear triumph blesses,
Who deems her bliss, like Heaven's, entire!
Nor less to her whom sadness lone oppresses,
And love torments with mocked desire!
But each, &c. &c.

Health to the maid whom circling graces favour,
Who loves the dance, and song, and joy!
And her, the virgin prone to musings graver,
Whom duties, freely sought, employ!
But each, &c. &c.

All were vouchsafed us by the heavenly Giver,
Our hearts to better and to bless:
All, all to us shall be the image ever
Of good and fair in fairest dress!
CHORUS.
Fill, then, your glasses, your glances uplift;
Thank, in glad choruses, Heaven for its gift!

A more homely and a stronger vein of tenderness, without one atom of sickly sentiment, will be found in the delightful Old-German song we shall now quote. It is an utterance of such manly and fervent love as flourishes only in generous natures; and is expressed with a plainness that enhances its warmth. In the original, there is a rustic earnestness of language which we have in vain attempted to preserve. The author is Simon Dach.

Annie of Tharau is she whom I court;
She is my being, my life, my support!
Annie of Tharau her heart doth incline,
Loving or grieving, in answer to mine!
Annie of Tharau! my riches, my good!
Soul of my body, my flesh and my blood!

Though the storms meet us, and tempests should strike,
We two are plighted to bear them alike—

Sickness, hard usage, and trouble, and pain,
Only the closer our love-knot shall strain!
Annie of Tharau! my joy, my sunshine!
All mine own being is clasped around thine!

Straight as a palm-tree shoots upwards again,
After some yielding to tempest and rain,
So the love in us grows mighty and great,
After much sorrow and hardship of fate!
Annie of Tharau! my riches, my good!
Soul of my body, my flesh and my blood!

Wert thou o'er torn from this bosom, mine own—
Yea, wert thou dwelling where scarce the sun's known—
Iron and dungeons, the waste nor the sea,
Armies of foes should not keep me from thee!
Annie of Tharau! my joy, my sunshine!
All mine own being is clasped around thine!

As a contrast to the above, we subjoin an exquisite little serenade by Goethe, in which the complaint of unreturned affection is breathed in murmurs like the wailing of an Eolian harp. The fanciful tenderness of this strain is no less true than the simple warmth of the preceding one to that passion which moves every chord of the human heart, the lightest as well as the deepest. In this class of songs, Goethe is quite unrivalled; his melody is inimitable.

Oh! while the soft dream's o'er thee,
Half listen, as I pour
My love and song before thee.
Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

And as my lyre is sighing,
Stars smile all heaven o'er,
To hallow love undying.
Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

The power of love undying
Uplifts me, and I soar,
From earth's disturbance flying.
Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

The strife of worldly dealing
For thee I long forswore,
Too oft to silence stealing.
Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Thou bidst me wake thus lonely,
Yet wilt not hear—I pour
Song on thy slumbers only.
Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

This delicate lament is no unfit prelude to one of almost equal sweetness, by Jacobi, the pathos of which is nevertheless deeper; for its sadness is more than a lover's melancholy. The burden of the song is not the less real for being clothed in poetical imagery. It is a plaintive commentary on the old strain—

Mal hay que fia,
A gente que pasa!

Whither be the violets gone—
Those that bloomed of late so gay,
And, in fragrant garlands strown,
Decked the blooming Flower-Queen's way?
Youth! alas! the spring must fly—
Yonder violets withered lie!

Whither are the roses fled
We so gaily singing bound,
When the brow of shepherd maid
And the herdsman's hat was crowned?
Maiden! summer days must fly—
Yonder roses withered lie!

Lead me then the brook beside
That refreshed the violets pale,
And in murmurs low did glide
Downwards to the quiet vale.
Air and sun were scorching sore—
Yonder brooklet flows no more!

Take me then to yonder bower,
Where the summer roses grew;
Where, in love's confiding hour,
Swain and maiden came to woo.
Wind and hail were pelting sore—
Yonder bower is green no more!

Tell me where the maid is flown—
Her I saw, one summer day,
O'er the violets stooping down,
Lowly flower, as sweet as they!
Youth! alas! all beauty dies—
Withered, too, the maiden lies!

Whither has the poet strayed—
He that o'er the chequered plains,
Sung of violet, rose, and maid,
Brook and bower, in pleasant strains?
Maiden! life for ever flies—
Withered, too, the singer lies!

But melancholy is by no means the prevailing character of the German's songs. He is no idle repiner by profession; and if at times subdued by the mournful aspect of life, he is ready, at others, to share heartily in its pleasures, and to enjoy a loud laugh at its drolleries. There is no reason why we should refuse to join him in this exercise; and here is an occasion presented us by honest Klamer Schmidt, in his humorous ballad of the "Fair of Life." The satire has no bitterness, although it be a little rough on the tongue.

I sing you a ballad of life and its fair, sirs:
Full many frequent it, and cheapen bad ware, sirs;
And, thinking right jewels secured by their choice,
Take home from the market mere tinsel and toys.

There's one!—he's by far the chief fool: how he rages,
All breathlessly greedy, through booths and by stages,
And chaffers and bargains for glittering sand
That Fate the next minute may dash from his hand!

The other's more cunning: he wrestles for places
And titles of honour. They're burdensome graces;
But this may console, when they weary and vex,
That fame brays aloud, and the mob bow their necks.

The third, he's for beauty so longing and tender,
His life, the whole world, he would gladly surrender,
In eyes that enchant him his heaven to survey.
Ah! heard he none whisper that charms will decay?

The price-list of Bacchus' rare blessings entrances
A fourth with its promise. *This* number he fancies,
And *that* must be purchased. Alas! saw he not
The gout as it lurks in the cask of the sot?

'Tis the fifth that the crown of the merchandise chooses:
The toys that catch others he freely refuses—
His jewel is health; and his care, to engage
The friendship of wisdom to cheer him in age.

Long life to the Fifth! the true king of right reason!
Might I visit the fair, as a Fate, for a season,
On him my whole stuff would I gladly expend,
And leave not a rag to the fools that attend.

Having fallen into a humorous vein, we may as well pursue it a little further. Here is the very song we were looking for, in charity to the impatient reader; who, having doubtless been taught to believe that Germans do nothing else but eat *sauer kraut*, spin metaphysics, and smoke out of immense pipes, has been amazed to find none of these matters hitherto commemorated. In this strain, of no peculiar worth indeed, he will find tobacco sufficiently conspicuous; although, to render it tractable in an English dress, we have been forced to take some liberty with the name of the magnificent weed—

for which we bespeak the indulgence of the adept.

Of croaking fools that whine profanely
At life's disasters, there's a pack:
Me grief assails and pinches vainly,
Blest with a pipeful of taback.
But just to-day quite changed the case is—
To-day my wonted taste is slack;
And gladly for a maiden's graces,
I'd pledge my pipe of best taback!

The soldier 'gainst his will a-fasting,
The sailor that his grog must lack,
Beguiles the vain desire of tasting,
With help of pipe and mild tabeck.
But comes some pearl of pretty wenches—
At once his heart begins, tick-tack!
The joy within him even quenches
His smoking pipeful of taback.

For me, I hold the doctrine stoutly
Maintained by famous Major Crack;
Because, like him, I prize devoutly
Both comely maidens and tabeck.
By war's outrageous din unshaken,
He still kept safe in haversack,
A picture from his mistress taken,
And his dear pipe, to puff tabeck.

Punch follows tobacco as naturally as rain comes after a south-wester. Here is a punch-song, and—by Schiller!—the philosopher—the tragic poet! We see our Glasgow readers already on the alert, *arrectis auribus*. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any, even the most learned, in that city renowned for its brewage of "the materials," have been until now apprized that their favourite compound was a symbol, as well as a mystery; or that it was typical of the high matters here expounded by the poet. As one of those trifles which betray an infinity of character, this little song tells more of the peculiar bent of Schiller's mind, than a volume of criticism. Here we see the purpose which moulded every object, common as well as sublime, into an image of the ideal. "What!" the reader may exclaim, "even a punch-bowl?" Let the song answer for us.

Four primal elements,
Inly combined,
Build up the universe,
Fashion mankind.

Press ye the citron's star,
Juicy and sour;—
Life has an inner heart,
Sharp at the core.

Now with mild sugar juice
Mingled between,
Temper the influence,
Burning and keen.

Forth let the water gush,
Bounding and clear;—
Water encompasseth
Calmly the sphere.

Now let the spirit drop
Trickling adown;—
Spirit to life a life
Giveth alone.

Ere the fresh perfume dies,
Straight be it quaffed;—
Only while glows the spring,
Quickens the draught.

We suspect that more than one heresy will have been detected in Schiller's doctrine; but this is said *sous correction*. In the meanwhile, having thus fallen sidelong amongst the cups, we mayas well give one specimen (or rather imitation) of a regular German drinking song, and one of the most outrageous of the sort, enough to paralyze a whole bevy of Temperance Societies. It goes to the stirring air—"*Heu! heu! ericht mir Nectar*," which Phillips used to sing with such unction and applause some five years ago. The original is not in M. Klauer's collection.

Fill! fill a goblet brimming,
Fit for buoyant mirth to swim in!
When the wine-god lends me wings,
What care I for laws or kings?
State and rules
Were made for fools—
He alone is great and free
Who can drink as deep as we!

Love from sober crews escapes,
To toy with Bacchus and his grapes;
Laughs, and dips
His arrow tips
In every foaming beaker;
Then to timid suitors teaches
Bold addresses, winning speeches—
All that smart
By woman's art,
Drink till pain grow weaker!

Fill! fill a goblet brimming,
To the pretty craft of women!
Let them pout!—its full lip bears
Kisses quite as sweet as theirs!

Pour! pour the magic liquor,
Till the bright thought flashes quicker,
And the heart exults in song,
And the pulse of joy beats strong!
Lo! the sprite
Of wild delight
Flutters o'er the goblet's brim!
Let me quaff, and soar with him!

Fill! fill a goblet brimming,
Fit for dancing souls to swim in!
All the gems of Fancy's mine
Borrow brighter hues from wine!

It is time to turn to inspirations from a nobler source; and, in so doing, let us first pay a willing tribute of gratitude to Tschokke, author of the following patriotic song, and of a little book, but one that will survive many works of more pretension—his "Switzerland's History." This is indeed a precious volume, full of simple, manly eloquence, worthily employed in recording the noblest story that the world has yet heard. It is a book that makes the heart beat and the eye swim as you read it; in a word—and what higher praise can be given?—it is worthy to be read by grey-haired men to their children, on the very hearths which, in old time, sent forth the men of Grütli and Morgarten, to consummate their noble sacrifice in the face of Heaven, and on the majestic altar of their native mountains—a light and an example to all ages! This is a digression; but it is to pay a debt, long owing, for pleasure enjoyed and good received—a duty so nearly religious as to supersede trifling considerations. The following song is one of warning and appeal. It is still customary, in several German towns, for the watchmen to chant a rugged stave, generally containing some trite adage or common-

place moral, as he calls the hour at night. Alluding to this custom, the poet personifies the servile party in his country, as one of these night-birds, groping about in the sunshine, and seeking to persuade his neighbours that all are as dark as himself. The moral, we fancy, might suit other countries as well as Switzerland.

Hear, gentles all! I give you warning,
The hour is late, the night is deep;
At such a time, so far from morning,
Who'd still be wake?—'tis well to sleep!
—The fool through dusty glasses blinking
Sees not the sun in open day!
Let him be hush, that will go winking;
He dotes that shuns the golden ray!
But croak the dotards as they will—
In Switzerland 'tis daylight still!

Hear, sirs! Your psalms of penance patter—
They're safe, and none suspected make:
But still the sound of beakers' clatter—
The sun is down—suspicion's 'wake!
—When Switzers glad carouse together,
And friends to friends their hearts resign,
Ne'er sinks the sun, nor darkens either—
It shines in Heaven, it beams in wine!
So let the mole grub where he will—
In Switzerland 'tis daylight still!

Hear, gentles all! Till morn be dozing,
Draw nightcaps o'er your ears, and snore—
On me and mine your trust reposing,
We'll gladly watch at fold and door.
—The Swiss is still his own best warder—
In his own house the lord he stands;
And, of his native land the guardian,
Entrusts it not to strangers' hands!
So, warn the stranger as he will—
In Switzerland 'tis daylight still!

Hear, gentles! Seek to live securely;
For waking calls for thoughtful pains;
And thinking leads to danger, surely—
So quench your lights, as use ordains.
—Though all around, behind, before us,
The brains of men to blocks ye wrought,
We, Swiss, will laugh and sing in chorus—
"Who dares think freely, well has thought!"
Let light-destroyers preach their fill—
In Switzerland 'tis daylight still!

Hear, sirs! With backs so little supple,
You ne'er may Fortune's grace expect—
Bow then, as bend your neighbours, double;
And live as modish arts direct.
—Begone, with foreign modes and favour!
Ours be the virtues strong of yore;
Were Freedom crushed, with none to save her,
The earth would find the Swiss no more!
But sons of night may groan their fill—
In Switzerland 'tis daylight still!

Having now extracted pretty liberally from M. Klauer's "Anthology," we may continue our specimens of German song from other sources. The next shall be one of the many martial strains which were rife during the war of liberation. Some of these, by the lamented Körner, have already been introduced to the reader;* the following —"Blucher's Song"—written by Arndt, is one of the finest of his numerous stirring lyrics, and deserves the popularity it has acquired. During the period when the strife was actually raging, a song like this was worth an army; even now, as we read it by the fireside, we seem to hear the blast of the trumpet, and see the fierce old warrior charging at the head of his squadrons.

* No. VI. Old Series of this Magazine, for Sept. 1832.

And heard ye not the trumpet call? Up, troopers all to horse!
'Tis he, the old Field-Marshal, spurs like lightning on his course!
How proudly and how joyously his noble horse he rides!
And, ho! with what a biting sweep his good broadsword he guides!

CHORUS.

Up, hearts! and away! 'tis the Germans' array—
The Germans are riding and shouting "huzza!"

Oh, marked ye but his clear blue eye, like kindled beacon glow?
Oh, saw ye how his snowy hair is waving round his brow?
Right strength and heat, like generous wine, his age doth still retain,
And so to conquer shall he ride o'er many a battle plain.

He was the man, when all was lost and every heart dismayed,
That still to Heaven, in steadfast hope, upraised his shining blade;
Then swore he by its biting edge, right wrathfully and stern,
That he some German fashions would make the Frenchmen learn!

He kept his oath; and when abroad the royal summons rang,
Oh, how the hoary stripling up to the saddle sprang!
Then he it was that fairly put the vermin to the rout,
And with an iron besom clean swept the land throughout.

By Lutzen on the meadow, there kept he such a coil,
Some thousands of the enemy lost breath in that turmoil,
And thousands from the battle-field right speedily did strain,
And full ten thousand lay them down that never rose again!

At Katzbach, on the Weser-stream, likewise he kept his oath;
For there he taught the French to swim—to learn they were but loath.
Good night, Messieurs! sail pleasantly down to the Baltic sea!
The swallow of a northern whale your proper bed will be!

At Wurtemberg, hard by the Elbe, how hotly he pressed through!
Nor ditch nor bulwark saved the French, although they were not few.
No choice had they, but rose and ran, like hares across the bent,
And after them the stout old boy a hearty "holla!" sent.

By Leipsic, on the Plauen-stream, oh, 'twas a glorious fight!
There did he dim the Frenchman's star, and crush his power outright;
There still enough the spoilers lay—he finished their campaign!
And there he won his marshal's staff upon the smoking plain.

Then blow the trumpet lustily! Up, troopers all! to horse!
There speeds the old Field-Marshal, with glory, on his course,
Upon the Rhine, beyond the Rhine, the German arms to wield—
Go on! thou tried and valiant sword! and God shall be thy shield!

If this be not the true tones which rouse the heart of a people, we know not how the chord that shall stir them may be struck. To us every note seems full of the right harmony—the energy, the rough scorn, the swiftness and exultation of the several strains, each alike genuine and excellent.

The Burschen-Lieder, or songs current amongst the students at the German universities, form a class by themselves. With a good deal of slang and froth, such as might be expected in the ditties of these very uproarious sons of learning, there are many capital things in the *Commers-bücher*, which contain their settled favourites; and the music is generally excellent. We must give one specimen; premising that the term *Philister*, now almost become part of the German language, was invented by the students, and applied to those, not of the university, whom it was their pleasure to consider hostile or unworthy. Here is their own description of the cognomen:—

Know ye a Philistine at sight?
I'll paint him to a tittle:—
Where'er a cautious, sullen wight
Creeps as if stones were brittle,
And roofs an empty pate with thatch
Of caxon, periwig, or scratch:
'Tis he!—Sir Philistine we call him—
The Devil and his beadle maul him!

Who, when the grape's-blood from the Rhine
In manly bosoms tingles,
That drink of gods, with gander-wine,
In puling tipple mingles;
And, where rejoicing songs arise,
Makes faces sour, and groans and sighs:
'Tis he!—Sir Philistine we call him—
The Devil and his beadle maul him!

Who evermore of times of need
And state diseases snivels;
And every bold and manly deed
With vulgar scoffs be-drivels;
And calls the muses' art a curse,
Because they will not gorge his purse:
'Tis he!—Sir Philistine we call him—
The Devil and his beadle maul him!

In short, whoe'er on earth looks down,
With dullard pride inflated,
As though for his great self alone
By our good God created;
And looks, in stupid arrogance,
That when he whistles, all shall dance:
A Philistine we ever call him!
The Devil and his beadle maul him!

Were it not for the unchristianity of the thing, few would be disposed to refuse an "Amen!" to the wish so heartily expressed. The song altogether is full of character and effect;—tameness, indeed, is not the besetting fault of any of the Burschen songs.

We have purposely reserved to the last, our mention of a most delightful class of lyrics, in the manner of the ancient national ballads, which several of the modern poets of Germany have imitated with exquisite success. The stock of genuine originals of this kind, in the different dialects of the country, is exceedingly rich. At present, we must restrict ourselves to later imitations. Some of Goethe's beautiful ballads have already been rendered into English; we shall, therefore, prefer taking our selections from less celebrated authors. Without offering any comment on the following—for, surely, they will not be thought to require an express recommendation—we may begin with this wild and touching strain by Chamisso. It is from the Lithuanian:—

THE WIDOW'S SON.

The swans with war songs came sweeping by;
"To horse! to horse!" was the grating cry.

The youngest sons to the host were bound—
They rode from all the castles around.

We bear great sorrow, and sore complain,
When one goes forth there's none will remain.

My bridegroom! my brother! my son, my son!
Thou art gone, alas!—to the wars art gone!

We women the man-at-arms must dight—
Thy bride must fasten the plume aright.

Thy sister leads out the war-horse great;
The mother unlocks thee the court-yard gate.

Oh, when, my bridegroom! my brother! my son!
When comest thou back? Now quickly make known!

When air, and water, and land are freed,
I stay no longer: then come I with speed.

And air, and water, and land are free—
Why tarries he longer?—why comes not he?

Now forth to meet him, we women will;
And see him coming afar, from the hill.

There wait the women, watching the way
Along the vale, where the sunbeams lay.

And the sun rose high, the sun sank low;
They spy no horseman riding below.

Now smokes the dust, now comes at speed
A war-horse onwards—none rides on the steed!

They up and caught him, and question near—
My horse, what brings thee masterless here?

Base jade, hast left thy master alone?
Where tarries my bridegroom, my brother, my son?

They struck him down in the battle keen;
They made his bed in the valley green;

They left me loose, to run as I might;
I have brought the tidings in woful plight.

There flew three swans with wailing song;
They're seeking a grave the meadow along.

And, when they found it, each lighted down:
At foot, and head, and side, stood one.

At head the sister, at foot the bride;
The grey old mother stooped at the side.

Oh, wo and alas! we three forlorn!
Is none will join us while thus we mourn?

Then, stooping him down, the sun 'gan say—
I'll bear my part as well as I may:

Nine days I mourn in a misty pall;
The tenth, I will not be seen at all.

The bride mourned on till the third week passed;
The sister's mourning three years did last;

The mother her mourning kept alway,
Till, all outworn, in the grave she lay.

From the pathos (we had almost said ghastliness) of this dirge-like chant, let us seek relief in the milder strains of Uhland, whose ballads are almost the sweetest things in the German language. He has the gift by inheritance, as a Swabian; and the minnesingers of his native kingdom would have no reason to be ashamed of their successor. Here is his "Lay of the Goldsmith's Daughter:"—

There stood a goldsmith in his stall,
Around him gems and pearl:—
"The dearest of my jewels all
Art thou, my daughter Helena!
My well-beloved girl!"

A buxom knight came stepping in:
"Now save thee, maiden fair!

And welcome, trusty goldsmith mine!
Make me a precious coronal
For my sweet bride to wear."
And when the circlet all was wrought,
And quickly glinting shone,
Fair Helen hung, in mournful thought—
When none, be sure, could see her—
On her white arm the crown.
"Alas! the bride how blest is she
On whom this band may shine!
Oh, gave yon gentle knight to me
A wreath of common roses,
What joyful heart were mine!"
Eftsoons, the knight came stepping in;
The gaud he strictly eyed:—
"Now set me, trusty goldsmith mine,
A ring with precious diamonds,
For my sweet plighted bride."
And when the ring was rarely wrought
With costly diamonds bright,
Fair Helen drew it, sad of thought—
When none, be sure, could see her—
Half on her finger white.
"Alas! the bride how blest is she
For whom these diamonds shine!
Oh, gave yon gentle knight to me
From his brown locks one ringlet,
What joyful heart were mine!"
Eftsoons, the knight came stepping in;
The ring he closely eyed:—
"Thy cunning, worthy goldsmith mine,
Has wrought these presents rarely
For my sweet plighted bride.
"But now, to see how fit they be,
Come, fairest maiden, now,
That I may know approved on thee
My true love's bridal jewels:—
She's even fair as thou!"
'Twas early on a holiday,
When that sweet maiden was
Bedight with special care alway,
All in her bravest garments,
As she was bound to mass.
With lovely shame, all burning red,
Before the knight she shook.
He set the frontlet on her head,
The ring drew on her finger,
And then her white hand took:—
"Sweet Helen! Helen dearly tried!
The time for jest is spent—
Thou art of all the fairest bride,
For whom the golden coronal,
For whom the ring was meant."

Of the following ballad, by the same author, (the last we can give,) we must not say all that is in our heart, lest sober readers should condemn the praise as exaggerated. In the original, to our eyes, it is faultless. Nearly all that can be sought in this class of lyric—a simple yet striking and touching theme, vivid and dramatic narrative, and a melody like the sound of silver bells—are united in this delicate little treasure, with a certain wildness that seems borrowed from a time immeasurably remote. We have taken more pains in translating this than with all the others put together—and the version is a failure after all!

Three maidens stood on the castle wall,
They looked adown the vale;
Their sire came on his charger tall,
Beclad in coat of mail.
"Welcome, Sir Father! a fair welcome!
What hast thou brought thy children?
All we were meek at home."
"My daughter in the yellow vest,
I thought of thee to-day.
Rich garments ever please thee best,
Thy joy is brave array:
This chain of ruddy gold I tore
From a bold knight and haughty;—
Gave him his death therefor."
About her snowy neck space
The lady clasped the chain;
And down she went unto the place
Where she descried the slain:—
"Thou liest like any felon here!
And art a knightly noble,
And art my true love dear!"
She raised him in her arms, and bare
To the house of God adown;
In his father's tomb she laid him there,
With much lament and moan.
The chain that on her neck was tied
She straitly drew around it,
And sank the grave beside.

Two maidens stood on the castle wall,
They looked adown the vale;
Their sire came on his charger tall,
Beclad in coat of mail.
"Welcome, Sir Father! a fair welcome!
What hast thou brought thy children?
Both we were meek at home."
"My daughter in the grassgreen vest,
I thought of thee to-day.
The hunter's sport delights thee best
All in the greenwood gay:
This spear, with golden bands, I tore
From the wild huntsman yonder;—
Gave him his death therefor."
The spear in her lily hand she bent—
The spear her father brought;
And to the forest green she went—
Death was the chase she sought.
There lay, beneath the linden-shade,
With his true blood-hound near him,
Her love in slumber dead.
"I keep the tryst beneath the tree,
I promised, true love dear!"
Then in her heart all suddenly
She plunged the pointed spear.
In that cool shade they slumber well—
Small wood-birds warbled o'er them,
Green leaves upon them fell.

One maiden stood on the castle wall,
She looked adown the vale;
Her sire came on his charger tall,
Beclad in coat of mail.
"Welcome, Sir Father! a fair welcome!
What hast thou for thy daughter?
All meek I kept at home."
"My daughter in the vest of white,
My thought of thee has been.
In flowers thou ever didst delight
More than in golden sheen:
This bloom, all silver bright, I tore,
For thee, from the bold gardener;—
Gave him his death therefor."
"Alas! how grew he so perverse?
Why didst thou slay him there?
The flowers that he was wont to nurse
Will pine for want of care!"
"He bore him strangely bold; and said,
The fairest flower that bloosomed
He kept for his own maid."
The flower that gentle lady laid
Upon her tender breast;
She went and sought the garden shade
She ever loved the best.

There rose a freshly-turfed mound—
There, midst the pale white lilies,
She sate her on the ground.

"Oh, could I die this very hour,
Like my dear sisters all!
I cannot wound me with this flower,
So soft it is, and small!"
All pale and sick at heart, she eyed
The small flower, till it faded—
Till she sank down and died.

We have, we fear, exceeded our limits, and yet it seems as if we had barely made a beginning. The subject is nearly inexhaustible; and, if the examples we have given should occasion the wish for more, we shall not be at a loss for means to gratify it. The only difficulty will arise from the rival claims of so many favourites, each demanding the preference. What would have been the "Judgment of Paris" if the contest had lain between, not three, but three thousand beauties? V.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

NO. I.—VISIT TO THE GREAT JESUIT COLLEGE OF STONYHURST, IN LANCASHIRE.

The increase of the Roman Catholics, of late years, in England, has excited a good deal of surprise and curiosity, as to its real cause, in the public mind. We have been so accustomed to speak and write of Popery as a gross and palpable error—as a superstition that has written its own character in the annals of nearly all civilised nations, in fire and blood, and, at the same time, to boast of the march of intellect in the present age—that to hear of people—and these, too, often educated and influential—every now and then adopting this old, and, as we had accustomed ourselves to hope, nearly worn-out creed; to see Catholic chapels springing up in our towns, and convents, and finally monasteries, once more reviving in our fair fields, which had, for ages, witnessed only the ruins of such fabrics—was matter of no irrational astonishment. The Duke of Newcastle has trumpeted his alarm on this subject in the House of Lords; and many less bigoted, less politically mad, and more disposed than I take his Grace of Clumber to be, to allow of perfect liberty of conscience and opinion, have partaken of that alarm too. The No-Popery cry has not been without its effect. I cannot say that fears from this quarter ever affected me. I have too much faith in the established power of Protestantism—established, I mean, in the true sense; too much in that of a free press, and in the good sense of the Catholics themselves—to dread any insane attempt to restore the religious despotism which England shook off, once and for ever. I have recorded my opinion of the *historical* character of the Catholic Church in the "History of Priestcraft"—of the present character of it in this country, we may speak hereafter; it is, however, only justice to that Church to say here, that "The History of Priestcraft" itself, and all history, prove that the historical character of the Catholic would have been the historical character of any other church ALLIED TO THE STATE: it would have been a bloody and persecuting church. The Church of England soon gave gory evidence of this; the Puritans themselves soon confirmed it, in New England. It is not my business here to vindicate or assail the religious opinions of the Catholic Church—it is enough that they are not my opinions; but I trust we have now learned sufficient of Christianity to allow every man to read and interpret his Bible as he can, and enough of experience to guard against his religious tenets becoming mischievous to his neighbours by their amalgamation with political power. Towards the end of this article, one cause of the increase of Catholicism amongst us will be made sufficiently obvious.

A college of Jesuits, existing in England in the nineteenth century, possessing a large property there, and flourishing, and proselyting the inhabitants all round them—this is a subject of curious interest! There is something in the very name of it that makes us prick up our ears, and open our eyes, and prepare to inquire and to wonder. At all events—after having read the annals of Romish persecution, the history of Inquisitions, and of this most subtle and distinguished Order itself—this was and has been long the effect upon me. When, years ago, I heard that there was a Jesuits' college at Stonyhurst, my curiosity was strongly aroused. To imagine the disciples of Ignatius Loyola erecting their standard amid the spinners and weavers of Lancashire—the fathers of that famous Order which had figured so conspicuously in the dark annals of the Inquisition; which had insinuated its members into every country and city—into the cabinets and councils of all kings; which had so often directed the political power of Europe, traversed the vast lands of India and America, and moulded savage nations to its designs; of that order so awful in history for its peculiar policy, its sagacity, and its talent, coming out into the face of the English people, into the full blaze of the freest opinion, into the very midst of the jealous and searching scrutiny of Protestant sectaries—was a moral phenomenon worthy of close attention. One was curious to see what system of action these Proteus-like priests assumed; what were the political and social maxims they professedly held; by what links and lines of sympathy, or, at least, of accordance, they sought to connect themselves with a population alive with the spirit of freedom in all its shapes—in religion, in commerce, and

in government. Accordingly, Mrs Howitt and myself took the opportunity, on our way northwards, to visit this interesting place. We went thither from Blackburn, where we were spending a short time with our friends; and found it a delightful drive of ten miles, principally along Ribblesdale, in which Stonyhurst is situated. After proceeding about two and a half miles north of Blackburn, Ribblesdale, one of the finest and most extensive vales in England, opened upon us, with Stonyhurst conspicuous on the opposite side of the valley, on a fine elevation, amidst its woods. The building has a noble and commanding aspect, worthy of its situation. It was apparently about three or four miles distant, and, I suppose, was not much more; one of the Jesuits afterwards telling us that they considered it, by the foot-path, a pretty direct line, to be about seven miles between Stonyhurst and Blackburn; but the carriage road is very circuitous, holding down the valley as far as Whalley, and then along winding lanes through Mitton; so that it proves a good ten miles. But whoever takes the drive will not think it one yard too much; a more delightful one can rarely be found. From the first opening of this splendid vale, you have Stonyhurst lying full in view; Ribchester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left, in the level of the valley; down the vale, to the north-east, you have the castle of Clitheroe, standing on its bold and abrupt eminence; and as you wind along the eastern side of the dale, with the Ribble below you on your left, and above you on your right, woods and cottages with their little enclosures, the ruins of Whalley Abbey come in view, and, high beyond, the bare and cloud-mottled heights of Pendle Hill. The ruins of Whalley Abbey, made so familiar to the public by Dr Whittaker's history, are still very extensive and picturesque. Old walls mingled with large trees; large windows here and there visible, still displaying their tracery; a house with smoking chimneys in the midst, and the Calder, a beautiful stream, between high banks, running close past—present a very attractive whole to the passer-by. Here we crossed a bridge and wound away to the left, in a circuitous course, to Stonyhurst; in fact, going, in a great measure, backward again. The lanes through which we drove were fine old pastoral lanes, all embowered with tall luxuriant hedges, rich with fresh foliage, and sweet with the flowers of the elder and the wild rose.

> It was the time of roses;
> We plucked them as we went:
>
> Hood.

For it was, in fact, the 29th of June. So we drove on, every few yards catching a peep into fields full of grass, or glimpses of fine uplands, distant hills, and hanging woods. On our left, lying low amongst tall trees, appeared Little Mitton manor-house—one of those quaint, ancient, timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds. This is remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., of which an engraving may be found in Whittaker. All about us, as we ascended to the greater Mitton, or *the* Mitton, were green and whispering trees, and peeps into meadows rich with cattle; and the sound of the two rivers—the Hodder and the Ribble, which unite just below—came up to us delightfully. Mitton is as singularly as sweetly situated on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which runs into Lancashire betwixt those streams; and it is a spot at which I must request my readers to pause a moment, not merely because in it lie the greater part of the Sherburne family, the ancient lords of Stonyhurst, but because the village and church of Mitton are, of themselves, highly worthy of a visit from the lovers of antiquity and of rural peace and seclusion. The place is one of the most perfect "Nooks of the World;" one of those places that, however all the country around them be revolutionized by manufactures and politics, stand, save for the ravages of time on their buildings, as they stood ages ago. It is most absolutely Old English. The slumber of a summer noon lies there profoundly as a trance. The low of cattle from a neighbouring croft, or the hum of a passing bee, seem the only living sounds. The village consists of a few old farm-houses—one of which is a dilapidated monastery—the usual diversification of a blacksmith's shop, a wheelwright's shop, the parsonage, and little garden cottages. It stands surrounded with a profusion of trees. The church is a plain, unpretending structure, with a low square tower; but it delights you as you approach with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard, and, on your entrance, with such a group of effigied tombs as few village churches can shew.

We found the old sexton in his little cottage by the churchyard gate, supping his porridge, to use a Lancashire phrase—for it was twelve o'clock; but, on stating our desire to see the church, he set down his porringer and reached his keys. The man himself was a character worth knowing. He appeared very old, with a face that evidently had been a good one, and that now exhibited much shrewdness and sense of office. He was corpulent, and bound his waist about with a cord. He was so asthmatic that he could hardly breathe, and yet, when we asked his age, he replied—"Oh, I'm nubbut 85!" He seemed, indeed, to regard himself as quite a youth, though he had been clerk sixty-four years, had seen two or three clergymen out, and had copied inscriptions, and held a deal of intercourse with Dr Whittaker, the historian of Whalley, respecting the antiquities of this church.

On entering the churchyard, the very first object was one which spoke greatly in favour of the old man. It was the tomb of the late vicar, surrounded with a spacious railing, and, within the railing, planted with a hedge of evergreens, bays, junipers, box, and arbor-vitæs. He told us that the former clergyman had been very fond of evergreens, and so he had planted these about his tomb, as he had no surviving relatives on the spot to shew this respect to his memory. The shrubs had grown bravely; and he had

clipped them square, like a green wall round the tomb, and cut them low at its foot, so as to allow the inscription to be read. The bottom of this verdant screen was newly weeded. He always weeded and clipped it once a year, he said; he had been doing it these last few days, but he had not yet had time "to ready the weeds and clippings away"—and there they lay.

As the old man applied his key to a door on the north side of the church, we observed an old effigy of a knight, in freestone, lying close to the wall. "Yes," said he, "you must notice that, and, when you come out of the church, notice it again." He opened the door; and the sight of the white marble tombs, and their extended figures, was very striking. They were the tombs and effigies of the Sherburnes, executed by William Stanton, and mentioned by Whittaker in his history of Whalley; but which our worthy sexton described in a way very peculiar to himself, and one infinitely more graphic and piquant. They were evidently the pride of his heart; and no wonder—for such an assemblage of marble tombs and recumbent figures, I suppose, scarcely another country church in England can boast.

The old man, like other show-people, had his story by rote; and, taking his stand before every successive monument, gave his account of it, and read off the inscription—Latin or English, legible or illegible, no matter. The first to which he turned, was, in fact, what he should have shewn last, because it was in memory of the last direct male descendant of the Sherburnes; but it was a pathetic subject, and, no doubt, strongly attracted his sympathies. It was an *alto relievo* of white marble. "This," said he, pointing to the centre figure, a graceful boy, "was the only son of Sir Nicholas Sherburne; and these," shewing two chubby lads on either hand, "were two poor lads that he took to be his playfellows; and they went to play in the gardens, when green fruit was rife, and he eat something that was poison, and died at nine years of age. Here you see the poor lads weeping for him, and the tears are running down their faces, as natural as life; here the angels are cutting down lilies and roses with their sickles—the lilies mean that he was cut off in his innocence, and the roses in his youth; here, the hour-glass, with the sand run out, shews that time to him was no more; and here the angels are receiving his soul into heaven. That is a very affecting thing."

But one specimen of our worthy cicerone's style must suffice. We must make shorter work of it than he did, and restrict our attention to a few particulars, characteristic of the cemetery of an old English family. There are three tombs, with recumbent figures of knights and their ladies, executed with great spirit, especially one lady, who is really beautiful. But the most singular monument, is one of Richard Sherburne, and his lady, who died in childbed of twins, while he was Captain of the Isle of Man, in 1591, "and there lieth entombed." "That," said the sexton, "is Old Fiddle-o'-God and his wife. He went by that name, because, when he was in a passion, that was his word." The pair were kneeling aloft on the monument, at an altar, opposite each other, in prayer, clad and coloured in the quaint style of that age—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin; she in a black gown and hood, falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves on her arms. On the compartments below, are seen the twins in bed, with their nurses watching by them; and, not far off, monks praying for the lady's soul. However passionate and profane the old gentleman might be, (and not only his speech betrays as much, but the inscription itself seems to confirm it, praying most heartily for them—"Whose souls God pardon; grant them His heavenly pardon,") yet he has a most ludicrously pious look on the monument.

There are two inscriptions by the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Sherburne, which are perfect specimens of the manner in which great families glorify themselves in their own churches, over the very pit of corruption, which one would think enough to confound all human greatness. The first is to her parents, and conveys a curious picture of the times:—"Sir Nicholas Shireburn was a man of great humanity, sympathy, and concern for the good of mankind, and did many good charitable things whilst he lived: he particularly set his neighbourhood a-spinning of Jersey wool, and provided a man to comb the wool, and a woman who taught them to spin, whom he kept in his house, and allotted several rooms he had in one of the courts of Stonihurst, for them to work in; and the neighbours came to spin accordingly. The spinners came every-day, and span as long a time as they could spare, morning and afternoon, from their families: this continued from April 1699 to August 1701. When they all had learned, he gave the nearest neighbours each a pound or half a pound of wool ready for spinning, and wheel, to set up for themselves; which did a vast deal of good to that north side of Kibble in Lancashire. Sir Nicholas Sherburn died December 15, 1717. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutchess of Northfolk, in memory of the best of fathers and mothers, and in this vault designs to be interred herself, whenever it pleases God to take her out of this world."

"Lady Sherburn was a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiment, singular piety, virtue, and charity, constantly employed in doing good, especially to the distressed, sick, poor, and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house. She continued as long as she lived doing great good and charity. She died January 27, 1722. Besides all other great charities which Sir Nicholas and Lady Sherburn did, they gave, on All-Souls Day, a considerable deal of money to the poor; Lady Sherburn serving them with her own hands that day."

But this is nothing to the monumental testimony to the Honourable Peregrin Widderington:—"In

this vault lies the body of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington. The Honourable Peregrin Widderington was youngest son of William Lord Widderington, who died April 17th, 1743. This Peregrin was a man of the strictest friendship and honour, with all the good qualities that accomplish a fine gentleman; he was of so amiable a disposition, and so engaging, that he was beloved and esteemed by all who had the honour and happiness of his acquaintance, being ever ready to oblige and to act the friendly part on all occasions; firm and steadfast in all his principles—which were delicately fine and good as could be wished in any man—he was both sincere and agreeable in life and conversation. He was born May 20th, 1692, and died February 4th, 1748–9. He was with his brother in the Preston affair, 1716, where he lost his fortune, with his health, by a long confinement in prison. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutches of Norfolk, in memory of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington."

"What! was this her second husband?" we inquired.

"Ay," said the old man, with a knowing look, "her *tally* husband—and that makes a difference!"*

The rest of the interior of the church is old and mean. This aisle, with its proud monuments, separated by a screen, stands in strange contrast, and makes it seem a place where the Sherburnes have the glory rather than God. The old man now led the way to a curious ancient cross in the churchyard, and to the tomb of a monk, whose honoured head is still visible upon it; and then to the freestone effigies under the windows of the Sherburne aisle. The origin of it, he said, was this:—When the monuments of the Sherburnes came down from London, they were, of course, the wonder and the talk of the whole country. A common stone-mason, as he sate by the ale-house fire at Hurst's-Green, hearing the company extolling them, said, "Oh, he would undertake to cut out as good in common stone." The whole place was scandalised at the man's arrogance; it was carried to the hall. The man was sent for, and desired to make good his boast, under penalty of forfeiting their employment for ever if he failed. He was to take only one view of the figure he pitched upon; and twelve months were allowed him to finish it in. "And there it is," said the sexton, "as like as pea to pea. The man had done it long before the year was up; and so surprised were the Sherburnes, that they gave him £20, and allowed it to be laid under the window of the aisle."

We must now hasten to Stonyhurst College—for we have stopped long by the way; but who would not stop awhile at such a pleasant, antiquated place as Mitton? Let my readers look upon it as a distinct episode in this account.

We have seen where the Sherburnes lie—let us now see where they lived; and we cannot give a better general idea of the place than by transcribing the clear and succinct description of it by Mr Baines, in his "History of Lancashire.

"In the year 1794, the stately mansion of Stonyhurst was fixed upon as the seat of an English Roman Catholic college. The heads of that college having been driven from their establishment at Liege by the proscriptions of the French Revolution, were induced, in consequence of the judicious mitigation of the penal enactments in England against Catholic seminaries, to seek an asylum in their native country. A long lease was accordingly obtained of the house and of the college farm, on moderate terms, from the late Thomas Wild, Esq. The mansion they found much dilapidated from time and neglect; but it is now in a state of complete repair, and they have raised, at a great expense, a large and handsome new building, with a south-east aspect, forming a house admirably adapted for the purpose of education.

"In the upper stories are the dormitories, where each student has his little apartment. The next story consists of the apartments for the professors and teachers. Below, are the chambers of the president and other directors, with the hall of study and philosophical room; the former, of seventy-eight feet by twenty feet, is fitted up with desks and benches for 220 scholars; but they do not at present amount to that number. A high throne or pulpit for the prefect, who has the charge of the young gentlemen at their studies, stands against the wall in the central part of the room, so as to command a view of each student. This place is devoted to study exclusively. Not a word is exchanged between the students during the hours allotted to study. The philosophical apparatus room is forty-eight feet by thirty-three broad; it is ornamented with a rich deep frieze; and the instruments which are used in the illustration of the different branches of natural philosophy, are deposited in this room. A fine painting, by Annibal Caracci, of the taking down of the Saviour from the Cross, hangs over the fireplace. The exhibition room is connected with this apartment by sliding doors. This room is adapted for classical or philosophical exhibitions—and such exhibitions are frequent in the college.

"On the ground-floor, are the seven school or class rooms, where the respective scholars of each class recite to their several masters the lessons which they have learned in the study, and receive lectures. The play-rooms, lavatory, drawing-room, music room, and dancing-gallery, are also on this floor. Every duty has its own fixed time, place, and superintendent. The library is a handsome, but small room. It contains, amongst other valuable works, some highly illuminated manuscripts, the prayer-book of the queen of Henry VII., and the office in honour of the blessed Virgin, which belonged to the persecuted Queen of Scotts. There are also here, two or three vellum missals, and several black-

* A provincialism for a lady's choice not sanctioned by the priest.

..... So suited in their minds and persons,
That they were framed the *tallies* of each other.
DRYDEN.

letter books; a copy of St John's Gospel; a manuscript of the seventh century, found in the tomb of St Cuthbert; with two sculptures in ivory, and a painted crucifix—all by Michael Angelo; also, a chest of coins and medals, medallions of the popes, &c.

"The museum is between the western towers; and contains, among many other interesting subjects, the private seals of James II. and Fenelon; the embroidered cap of Sir Thomas More; his seal, when Under-Treasurer; and his original George,* when Lord Chancellor, with this inscription—'O passi graviora dabit his quoque finem;' several remarkable vases, pixes, and crosses; with a number of transatlantic curiosities, presented by C. Waterton, Esq. of Walton Hall, in the county of York; a good collection of minerals and shells; bronze casts of the Cæsars, and plaster casts of the martyrdom of the Apostles; and the cabinet of the learned Queen Christina of Sweeden. The merits and promise of this museum, are not known, or we should find here more monuments of Roman antiquity from Ribchester. A Roman altar, dedicated to the mother goddesses, by a captain of the Asturias, has, however, been lately rescued from the rubbish of a neighbouring farm-yard, and now stands on more classical ground, in the garden of Stonyhurst. This rare piece of antiquity proves to be the identical altar which the venerable Camden, in 1603, saw near Ribchester. The altar is thirty-three inches high, by twenty-two inches broad, and the inscription at length may be read thus:—

DIS MATRIBUS MARCUS INGENUIUS ASIATICUS DECURIO ALA ASTRUM SUSCEPTUM SOLVIT LIBENS LUBENS MERITO.

"The recreation-hall of the Professors is a magnificent gallery, ninety feet by twenty, in the old house, running parallel with the study; the grand tapestry of which room was renewed by the Duke of Norfolk. The refectory, which is of the dimensions of sixty feet by twenty, was the baronial hall of the Sherburnes; its ceiling, frieze, and floor, are magnificent. The new building is three hundred feet long, and fronts the extensive play-ground and gardens. The public rooms in the new, as well as in the old buildings, are constructed on a noble scale. The area of the house, play-grounds, and gardens, comprises a space about equal to that on which stood Roman Ribchester—upwards of ten acres.

"Such is the college in which many of the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry of this country, are educated. Here they are taught to respect and cherish the laws and constitution of their country, and to place a due estimate upon the advantages of a polite and classical education.

"The character of the population, like that of the lands round the college, is much improved during the last thirty years; and many of the poor of the neighbourhood are fed and clothed by the institution. The political importance of large Catholic establishments of this kind, is well known to the legislature; and wise was that monarch and that Parliament which relaxed the severity of the penal laws, and invited the Catholic exiles from foreign countries and colleges, to spend their fortunes and their lives in their own country.

"The stately pile of Stonyhurst, with its towers and park-like grounds, forms a magnificent object to the whole of the surrounding country; and the prospects which it commands are bold, rich, and beautiful. Eastward, appears the picturesquely-wooded valleys of the Hodder and the Ribble; the castle of Clitheroe is seen crowning the summit of an insulated hill; and the vast mass of Pendle closes the view. Southward, appear the high grounds of Blackburn parish, and the windings of the Ribble towards Ribchester. The principal part of the edifice is to the west; looking over the park and grounds, which are ornamented with clumps of plantation. The geographical situation of Stonyhurst is ten miles to the north of Blackburn, the post-town of the establishment, and is equi-distant from Clitheroe, Whalley, and Ribchester.

"On the south angle of the front of the college, a large and handsome Catholic church or chapel is now erecting, partly by subscription and partly out of the college funds, in the Tudor style of architecture, after a design by J. J. Scholes, Esq. The first stone of the structure was laid in 1832; and it will, when finished, be dedicated to St Peter."

On approaching this interesting place, we found two roads, one diverging to the right, the other to the left. We took the right, which led us, through pleasant, bowery lanes—the fine buildings shewing themselves, ever and anon, over the trees—to the lodges, the usual way of entrance. Here, visiters are expected to use the hospitality of the place, by giving their horses and carriages into the hands of the groom, who takes all possible care of them during their stay. As we were, however, not aware of this circumstance, we drove on, by a winding route, to Hurst's-Green, a little hamlet, about half a mile from the college. We found here, that the road diverging to the left from Mitton is the direct way to Hurst's-Green, where those who are not inclined to tax the hospitality of the establishment so much, will find a good village inn, where their horses will be well accommodated. We can only say, however, that, when the heads of the college found that we had not brought our horses to their stable, they expressed the greatest concern.

The approach from Hurst's-Green, is a pleasant walk, and gives you the fullest and finest view of the college. Advancing from the green, you pass several comfortable cottages, and then through a gate, which brings you into the lawn in front of the house; but at the distance of a quarter of a mile. But, before passing through this gate, you come to a charming little cemetery, belonging to the hamlet and neighbourhood, with a plain but very tasteful oratory, with a bell. The ground is adorned with a white cross, and a few scattered tombs

* A figure of St George, worn by the Knights of the Garter.

of simple and appropriate style, and graves planted with shrubs and flowers. This rural cemetery stands well, giving wide views of the country round—of Pendle in one direction, and the wild uplands of Bowland Forest in another; and is screened and skirted with trees, with good effect. Here, in winter and bad weather, the funeral rites are performed for the deceased, by one of the fathers of Stonyhurst, in the oratory; but, in summer and fine weather, in the open air. The poetical, and, I trust, the religious effect, must be strong, of such a funeral in such a place. The single bell from this fair, but solitary grave-yard, calling, over hill and dale, with its solemn voice, the dead to his place; and the weeping forms, the funeral garments, and the impressive rites of Christian sepulture, thus witnessed in the face of heaven, and the beauties of that earth which shall know him who has departed "no more for ever"—must, one thinks, exercise a strong and even soothing influence, under such circumstances, over the human spirit.

Turning away from this cemetery, and entering upon the lawn, the ruin of Stonyhurst is very impressive. It is a house which accords well with the style of its former lords in Mitton church. You see that it was worthy of the Sherburnes. The grounds, woods, and waters about its solitary stateliness belong strictly to the "old English gentleman." You see that it was not unnatural for the lords and ladies of such a place to take to themselves some credit for "their sympathy and concern for the good of mankind," and for "the many good, charitable things which they did while they lived." You could not avoid thinking of Lady Sherburne now, not as the tenant of a tomb, but as the living lady of this noble mansion; and then, for "a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiments," inhabiting such a house, it really did not seem too much to glorify her condescension in giving money away, "on All Saints' Day, with her own hands." One thought of those delicate hands busy amongst her cordials and plasters, "for the poor and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house;" and then, calling to mind the many stately mansions and stately parks now-a-days, where the fair and high-born shut themselves up from the intrusions of their own poor neighbours during the few months in the year that they dwell amongst them; and calling to mind, at the same time, the poor men removed from their cottages and imprisoned in some monstrous Poor-Law prison—and, truly, the eulogium of her Duchess-daughter became worthy of being carved with "an iron pen, and with lead in the rock.

An avenue of noble trees formerly skirted the carriage road, which runs directly up the lawn to the house. That is gone; but woods on either hand of the lawn still form a wider kind of avenue, at the end of which appears this tall building, with its large entrance gateway in the centre, its large square windows, and two domed towers, surmounted with eagles. About half-way up the lawn, a railing runs across, marking the more immediate approach; and, on each hand, is a sheet of water. The house is in the style of Paul of Padua, and is said, by the Jesuit fathers, to be the most perfect English specimen of that style. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the older edifice, by Sir Richard Sherburne, who received the honour of knighthood for his bravery in the battle of Leith, and was so great a favourite of her Majesty that she allowed him to have his chapel and his priest at Stonyhurst. He did not, however, live to finish it; and the cupolas of the towers were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, at a cost of £40! as is shewn by the deed of contract still existing at Stonyhurst. Sir Nicholas was a travelled scholar; and by him the gardens and grounds were laid out in the French taste; and he was preparing to complete the half-finished building, when he lost his only son, Richard Francis, who died in the year 1702, at the age of nine years, and in the manner already related. This severe domestic bereavement so affected him that he abandoned his design. His only daughter, Maria Winifreda Francisca, married Thomas, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, and died without issue in the year 1768. The family possessions now passed to the children of Elizabeth, sister of Sir Nicholas, married to Sir William Wild of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire; and his eminence, Cardinal Wild, eldest son of the late Thomas Wild, Esq., of Lulworth, inherited this noble mansion from his father.

This family appears to have been always a stanch Catholic one; and Stonyhurst coming into the possession of a cardinal, one is not surprised that it should be alienated from the family, and converted to the service of the Catholic cause. The estate is now not merely leased, but sold to the founders of the college.

Having devoted a considerable portion of a chapter in "The History of Priestcraft" to the historical character and policy of the Jesuits—a portraiture by no means favourable to the order—it might seem to many, a brazen-visaged sort of thing to present one's self at a Jesuit institution; but what I stated, I stated on the faith of history, and I imagined that I could not give a more convincing proof of the honesty of my convictions, and the absence, on my part, of any intention to give offence to individuals, nor pay a higher compliment to the discreet policy and courtesy of the order itself—than by such an act. I had, therefore, furnished myself with an introduction to the President from a Catholic priest, whom I believe to be at once a Jesuit and a worthy man—and the event justified my opinion. Nothing could be more courteous than our reception, or more candid than the manner in which all answers to our inquiries, both regarding the place and the social and political views of the conductors, were given. We found the President, the Rev. Mr Scott, was extremely ill at some other place—in fact, as was supposed, and as it proved, at the point of death; but two of the priests, Mr Daniells and Mr Irvine, received us most kindly.

They apprised us that we had arrived on a day on which it was contrary to their custom to admit visiters—being no other than the anniversary of the dedication of their new church to St Peter and St Paul—but that they would gladly make an exception in our favour. They could not, indeed, both attend us, divine worship going on in the church the greater part of the day, and Mr Daniells being now just going to celebrate mass; but Mr Irvine would shew us the institution during that time, and lunch would be on the table at our return. Accordingly, we made the round of the house, and were struck with admiration at the general style and nobility of the place—its oaken floor, long galleries, paintings, ceilings, the library, the museum, the exhibition and philosophical apparatus room, and all those relics and antiquarian remains which enrich it. The passing remarks which I have to make upon these may form a sort of running commentary on Mr Baines's statement above. The dormitories are large and airy rooms, every separate bed being inclosed within a screen, like the screens of a coffee-house; and a large curtain is drawn in front, so that every box, with the advantage of ample ventilation, possesses perfect privacy. The philosophical apparatus room and exhibition room merit all the praise bestowed upon them; they are noble rooms, and well furnished with orreries, galvanic batteries, a small steam-engine, mathematical instruments, and every requisite for scientific demonstrations. Besides the fine painting by Annibal Caracci, there is one of St Catherine of Padua, in the hospital, well worthy of attention, for the contrast of benignant beauty in the saint, with the wretched and agonized forms around her. This room is also furnished with a noble organ.

An excellent and effective mode of education is adopted here. After philosophical exhibitions in these rooms, and after silent reading in the hall of study, each class returns to the room of its particular teacher, and every boy is carefully questioned upon what he has seen or read, so as to ascertain that he has clearly comprehended and made himself master of the matter presented to his mind. The silence and decorum of the school are beautiful. At one moment, the sound of 166 boys at play, in front of the college, came up to us; the next, we saw them marching to the hall of study; and, shortly afterwards, passing the door, so profound was the hush that we inquired whether it were not really empty.

Amongst the relics and sculptures in the library which are secured in a glass case, the Prayer Book, stated above to have belonged to the Queen of Scots, was asserted by Mr Irvine to have belonged to Mary of England; and that with good reason—the words Maria Regina merely being written within the cover, and amongst the emblematical silver embossments on the binding, appearing the pomegranate, the emblem of Spain. The seals of James II., of Fenelon, and the cap, beads, seal, and reliquary of Sir Thomas More, were also in this case in the library. The relics of Sir Thomas More were given by Father More, the last of the family. Amongst the many interesting contents of the Museum, none are more striking than the quaint old jewel chest of Queen Christina, a large cup of crystal, a curious old ark surmounted with a cross, and some old English MSS. written on long narrow slips of vellum. The recreation hall is indeed a magnificent gallery, and is embellished with a great number of paintings, amongst which is a very curious large Spanish piece, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, surrounded by those of almost every celebrated Jesuit. There is also a set of heads of the apostles, very striking, and correspondent with their characters, especially that of St John, which is beautiful, and full of that spirit of love which gave him the bosom-place with his Divine Master. The refectory is one of the finest baronial halls I have seen; and the floors of this and other rooms are of oak laid in squares, lozenges, and other figures, of a rich and antique beauty. This noble room has tables, seats, and other furniture now preparing for it, of a fashion accordant with and worthy of its old English magnificence.

We proceeded from the house, to view the play-ground and gardens. In the former, which has been taken from the gardens, we found 166 boys at play—a fine set of lads, in all the eagerness and animation of their age—the sons of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. Sheil was educated here.

With the exception of the piece taken for the play-ground, the gardens remain pretty much in the form in which they were laid out by Sir Nicholas Sherburne. They are delightful in themselves, and delightfully situated—looking out over that splendid valley, with its river, woods, uplands, and distant hills. It is the fashion to cry down all gardens as ugly and tasteless which are not shaped by our modern notions. The formalities of the French and Dutch have been sufficiently condemned. For my part, I like even them in their place. One would no more think of laying out grounds now in this manner than of wearing Elizabethan ruffs, or bob-wigs and basket-hilted swords; but the old French and Dutch gardens, as appendages of a quaint old house, are, in my opinion, beautiful. They are like many other things—not so much beautiful in themselves as beautiful by association, as memorials of certain characters and ages. A garden, after all, is an artificial thing, and, though framed from the materials of nature, may be allowed to mould them into something very different from nature. There is a wild beauty of nature, and there is a beauty in nature linked to art; one looks for a very different kind of beauty in fields and mountains to what one does in a garden. The one delights you by a certain rude freedom and untamed magnificence; the other, by smoothness and elegance—by velvet lawns, bowery arbours, winding paths, fair branching shrubs, fountains, and juxtapositions of many rare flowers. Who will say that Colonel Howard's Elizabethan house

and old French gardens at Leven's Bridge are not beautiful?—and who will say, when they have seen them, that the gardens of Stonyhurst are not so too?

In the centre is a capacious circular basin of water, in the midst of which stands a leaden figure of a man in chains, said to be Atilius Regulus. This basin abounds with gold, silver, and black fish. Near it, a fine observatory is erecting which will command an enviable prospect. At each lower extremity of the garden, overlooking the dale, is a summer-house of very beautiful form, with tall pointed roofs, surmounted with eagles. Over each door is a grotesque head, and, above it, a very classical bass-relief vase, with wreaths of flowers and fruit falling on each side. One side of the garden is still divided by pleached walks of yew—in fact, tall screens or walls of yew, cut square, at least ten feet high, and four or five thick, and kept in fine order. From the observatory, you see the whole plan of these fences; but, as you walk among them, you are enveloped in a most green and pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through them, and you come, in one place, to a large circular enclosure, formerly occupied by a fountain, but now converted into a bowling-green. Thence you descend, by broad flights of easy steps, into a most solemn, cool, and twilight walk, formed by ancient, over-arching yews—a place, of all others, made for the meditations of the religious devotee. Reascending, you pass into the air and sunshine, amongst cheerful trees and delicious flowers. Similar flights, at the opposite side of the garden, lead you to walls hung with fruit, and kitchen gardens calculated for such an establishment.

From the garden, we passed into the new church, an erection of great beauty, dedicated to St Peter and St Paul, whose statues occupy niches on each side of the great western window, which is richly painted with the figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, St John, and the other apostles. The church contains four altars decorated with considerable splendour; the carving, which is very good, being principally executed by a working mason of Preston. The different parts of the church are copied from different celebrated ecclesiastical buildings; the pillars and arches forming the aisles from St Winifred's Well; the figures of the saints from Henry VIII.'s chapel. The roof and the organ of oak, are fine.

This was the first anniversary of the opening of this church, and numbers of the country people were at mass. But, about forty years ago, when the Jesuits came here, they found the place a wilderness, having been uninhabited for some years. The lands were wild and overgrown with rushes; now, they present an aspect of great cheerfulness and good farming. About fifty cows are kept to supply the establishment with milk and butter. The place, indeed, is a perfect rural paradise; and what has alarmed the Church of England no little, and caused it to build a new church at the nearest point of approach, and induced the neighbouring clergy to preach furious sermons against them, is the fact, that the fathers have proselyted the greater part of the population of the neighbourhood. Their regular congregation now consists of 1600 people, exclusive of their own establishment, which is 250—making, in all, about 1850 people.

We returned to the house, and found, instead of a lunch, an excellent hot dinner awaiting us. Mr Daniells having now terminated his labours in the chapel, joined us, and our conversation naturally turned upon their peculiar position here, their success, and the general condition of Catholicism in England and Ireland. We joked them on the casuistry and duplicity of the Jesuits, and on their gallantry to the ladies, no women being suffered to sleep under the roof. All this they took in very good part, as Jesuits ought to do, only saying—

"Ah, indeed, Jesuits are dreadful fellows. General Johnstone," said one of them, "with a young friend of his, was, some time ago, obliged to pass the night here in consequence of his chaise not coming for him as he expected, and, in retiring to bed, he said to his companion—'Good-by, my dear fellow—I shall never see you any more; for, when you wake in the morning, you will find your throat cut!'"

"But," said Mrs Howitt, "let what would happen, if it rained or snowed beyond all possibility of travelling, you would turn me out. You would permit Mr Howitt to stay; but poor I must dare the elements, and do as well as I could."

"O ma'am," they replied, "we should be very sorry; but the rules of our order would compel us to do so—not, however, quite so savagely as you represent; for we would take care to get you good quarters in the neighbourhood."

We had found, in different places, as we advanced northward, a good deal of the Newcastle panic prevailing, as I have said, amongst those who possess calmer heads and more Liberal politics than Newcastle or Winchelsea—amongst Dissenters, and, particularly, amongst Friends. They seemed to look upon the Catholics as exerting every energy to regain their ancient power; that, under the mask of Liberal politics, they were uniting with the Dissenters to pull down the Church of England merely to raise their own; that their first attempt would be upon Ireland; and that the Dissenters, by their support of O'Connell, were blindly overlooking their own interests. They contended that the establishment of Popery in Ireland, as the national church, was their great object—perhaps not their ultimate one; for, that once attained, they would exert a pernicious influence over the liberties of England. One Friend did not scruple to say that the Catholics not only aimed at the Irish hierarchy, but that they had a great right to ask it—had a right to say to the government—"The Episcopalians have a majority in England, and you there have established them; the Presbyterians have a majority in Scotland, and you there have established them; we have the majority in Ire-

laid, and, by the clearest and simplest principles of equity, there you ought to establish us." He thought it reasonable language. It was in vain to tell him that certainly they had the greatest right to ask this of the government, while the government advocated national establishments at all; but that the people, who were tired of establishments altogether, had a right also to say to the government—"You shall not multiply nuisances. We desire to see the inhabitants of all the three countries placed on a level; but it is not the level of establishments, but of the free enjoyment of a free religion."

Here our worthy friend turned round from argument to assertion, and replied—"But the Catholics will, ere long, demand this of the Whigs, and the Whigs will give it them as a bribe to cease their alliance with the Dissenters of England against the English Church."

Another gentleman of the same society took the same view, and condemned the Dissenters, that, while they supported O'Connell and the Irish in their demands for justice to Ireland, they did not call upon every Irish Reformer to pledge himself to support the Dissenters' claims; contending that, the moment O'Connell and his party had obtained their objects, they would leave the Dissenters to shift for themselves. To this I had opposed the uniform conduct of O'Connell and the brave band of Irish patriots, as it regarded English reform, and the repeated declarations that O'Connell had publicly made, that he was opposed to all establishments of religion whatever—a declaration with which all the respectable Catholics that I knew entirely agreed. The answer was—"Yes, they *say* so! O'Connell says so in public; but his *Dublin Review* speaks a different language. They *say* so; but the universal practice of the Catholics on the Continent belies the assertion—they have always been, and still are, only too happy to link themselves to the political machine."

Bearing those things in mind, I sought to introduce this subject to these gentlemen in such a way as I thought would shew me, by their manner as much as their words, what were their real sentiments—spite of the proverbial casuistry and caution of their order. When, therefore, conversation had assumed a confidential and even merry tone, I alluded to the difficulties and popular antipathies which growingly beset the English Church. "Yes," said one of them, "she is going, and I will join, with a hearty good will, in pulling her down."

"But why," I asked, "pull her down? Would it not answer your purpose better to establish your own church in Ireland? Would it not be better to ask this, which you may ask with so good a grace, having there so preponderating a majority? Is not this an object that, as a sincere lover of your own church, you must ardently desire?" In a moment, and with an enthusiasm that could not be mistaken, one of them replied—"No, never! To desire the political establishment of Catholicism, would be to desire its destruction! I hope never to see that day—it would be a fatal day to us."

"Yes," I rejoined, taking up the arguments furnished me by the gentleman alluded to; "this, I know, is the common language of English Catholics; but how is it that it does not agree with the practice of Catholics, when the opportunity is afforded them? On the Continent, we see the Catholics as ready as ever to ally themselves with the State."

"That," replied Mr Daniells, "is the very reason that makes me dread a union with the State here. I know human nature—I know how prone it is to grasp at power and honour; but I know, too, that the union with the State was the destruction of the Church of Rome in this country in the sixteenth century; and it is destroying the Church of England now, and will destroy it. Sir, we have read history, as well as the Protestants, and we know, as well as we know anything, that an establishment is the most fatal curse that can befall any church. We know that it infuses a Lethean lethargy; it destroys the vitality of zeal; it breaks up the living interest between the priest and his people. That is the notorious and necessary result of an establishment; that has been, and is, and must be the perpetual tendency of every such experiment; and, therefore, whatever may be the desire of others, mine is, that Catholicism may never be established by law in these kingdoms. I do not deny that I desire to see Catholicism spread and prosper; as a zealous lover of my Church, and deeming it, as I do, the best form of Christianity, it is what I must desire; and here we have done all that we could, and shall continue to do all that we can, to extend its sphere and its influence. I do not deny that we love power; but, then, it is an intellectual and moral power—not the unnatural power derived from a political alliance, which, in the end, brings weakness for the State, while it confers a specious and external form of existence; and, like a vampire, saps the very life of the life within its victim. If I desire prosperity and power for my Church, all history has shewn me that they only can be derived from the voluntary zeal of the minister and the affections of the people."

I could not but admit that this was, at least, sound reasoning—a wise and legitimate rendering of the language of a long and painful experience; and I felt, in the frank earnestness with which it was delivered, that it was sincere.

We rose to take our leave, and our polite and hospitable hosts also took their caps and walked down with us to Hurst's-Green. As we approached that place, I pointed out to them the new English church built on the hill opposite. They smiled, and said—

"Yes, they may build churches, and preach bitter sermons against us, but it all will not avail; it is not by these means that the hearts of the people are won and their lives amended. We shall go on in our own way."

And what is that way? That is the important question—important to the Church of Eng-

land—important to all who fear error and desire truth—most important to us all, as we love our fellow-men, and are anxious that they should have Christianity presented to them in its purest and truest form. It is, "to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep yourselves unspotted from the world." Now, this, it must be confessed, is the plan of their operations; this is "the witchcraft which they have used;" it is by this that, while the Church of England all round them has been weakening its influence and exasperating its enemies, they have been gaining strength every day, and have already acquired a congregation of upwards of 1800 souls. Mr Baines, in the quotation I have made, bears testimony to the improvement they have effected, both in the condition of the land and the condition of the people; and it is this religion of works, after all, that will prevail. If the faith of these men be adulterated by some grievous errors and traditionary superstitions, as it unquestionably is, is not that a strong reason why both the Church people and the Dissenters should look to their own practice, and ask themselves why it is less effective? The purer the church, the more powerful it ought to be found over the human mind. But St James has told us a great truth—"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he have faith, and have not works? If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" The religion of good works, of generous and active philanthropy, is the only religion which will win the people. The bulk of the people are not nice reasoners; they are none of your acute metaphysicians, who can tell you the difference between the hundredth and the hundredth-and-one shade of a sentiment; but they know in a moment when they are treated as men, and their hearts kindle and embrace their benefactors, with a sympathy not easily destroyed. Their understandings may even revolt at the prominent errors of a church's doctrines; but if they once *feel* that it has the pith of real Christian love in it, they are gained for ever; errors become changed into matters of indifference, or are actually converted, by the mental alchemy of grateful affection, into real and venerable truths. It should be recollected that, whatever be the errors with which the Catholic faith is blemished, it is the religion of Fenelon; and I ask any candid person, what would be the effect if we had the Archbishop of Cambray on the one hand, preaching and practising love to a suffering and simple-hearted people, succouring their wants, soothing their troubles, entering their cottages, and, by their bedsides or their firesides, acting the part of a kind and affectionate friend, of a cheerful and encouraging neighbour; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other, coming in his carriage to the principal church of the next principal town, and delivering a charge to his clergy, warning them to be ware of the damnable doctrines and pernicious practice of Catholic priests? We need not answer the question—the Jesuits of Stonyhurst have answered it for us. More cheerful, friendly people, it is impossible to find; visiting the poor in their cottages with the usual assiduity and familiar kindness of Catholic priests.

Now we ask, Can any one shew us a more signal example of THE TRIUMPH OF THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE? Here is a religion which, for three centuries, has been stigmatized, throughout all England and Scotland, as a bloody and superstitious religion—a religion which, in fact, when it was the established religion of the land, crowned itself with odium for its rapacity, its sensuality, and for the folly, idleness, and everlasting bickerings of its monks; here is an order, too, of that religion which, more than all others—by the depth of its policy, the ambition and the talent of its leaders, by the pliant and yet most persevering pursuance of its objects—rendered itself the terror and abhorrence of the English people:—this religion and this order have thus come boldly forth in the face of England, in the face of a rival and established Church armed with the wealth and influence of the nation, and have driven that Church out of its own field, and reclaimed the population round it to the faith which their forefathers cast off as an obsolete thing. Now, how has this happened? Simply, because the one Church has been thrown upon its own resources—has been put under the necessity of creating its own prosperity; while the other, boasting itself as the perfection of Christian polity and doctrine, has been rocked to slumber in the lap of the political Dalilah. It is in vain that the Church of England tells us that this Church is the very sink of corruption and delusion—for, if that be true, the more shame to the English Church to suffer such discomfiture from it, with such fearful odds in its own favour. It is in vain that it proclaims its alarm at the progress and the designs of Popery, for Popery itself has shewn it how that progress may be averted and those designs neutralized. We can only answer its outcry, by saying, If you dread its progress, embrace the cause of its prosperity—abandon the false position of State alliance, and assume the position of self-dependence. Your rivals, your scorned and calumniated rivals, have presented to you a text which must shew to the whole empire your actual choice. If you really desire the good of your flocks, you must abandon your political position—if you still maintain that, no man can any longer mistake your character or the meaning of your cry. Come down, Antæus-like, to the naked ground, face to face and foot to foot with your antagonist; and, in proportion as you are purer in doctrine and more Christian in spirit, the more glorious must be your triumph over her.

We took our leave of those gentlemen with sincere respect for their talents and Christian conduct in this neighbourhood; and, still differ-

ing as much as ever from their creed, more than ever convinced that the true policy of the Catholics in these kingdoms is this—and none are better persuaded of it than themselves—to unite with the people for both political and religious freedom; and that, if there be any real design against the English Church or Government amongst them, the surest and the only way to counteract it is, to place all religious parties on the same vantage ground as the Catholics themselves—that of SELF-DEPENDENCE and individual exertion, unaided by any other power than that of Truth and the God of Truth.

PRIVATE WHISPERINGS BELOW.

QUOTH Satan to Titus Oates—
"Oates, my boy, you're the jewel for plots;
A word in your ear—I'm provokingly vexed;
Since I quizzed your grim phiz, I've been ne'er so perplexed;
I've forsworn our mad billies on earth for a trice,
To extract from your wise head a bit of advice.
D'ye see, I've left earth and our council corner,
Crammed with the alien and rank suborner,
Bishop and barrister, gown and wig,
Plundering Tory and pilfering Whig;
Copely the renegade, Winchy the frantic;
Hooky and Scarlet, and Charley the antic;
He of the bright sword, and Sinclair the creeper;
M'Ghee the defamer, and Eldon the weeper.
Our plans were well laid—even yours were not better—
The giant of Freedom to gag and to fetter;
Our friends were stanch, and I twigged their vanity,
And primed them with Beelzebub's *best* of insanity.
So the renegade rose, with a dash and a swagger,
With a face of oil, and a tongue of dagger;
Headed the Lords, and floored the nation;
Hurled to the winds the 'Appropriation;'
Vowed that the fetters of bondage should grace,
For ever and aye, the alien race;
Flung defiance to reason, and shouted 'Victorious!'
I sung out, 'Hurrah, boy!' and Philpotts cried, 'Glorious!'
We had deemed that Old England would smile or would sleep;
But our magic was powerless—her curses were deep.
Out blustered M'Ghee, with a face lack-a-daisical,
Though *we* knew that the rogue looked confoundedly quizzical—
'I've a letter from Rome, boys, and Dan, by the powers!
Is a traitor—that's plain as the rain when it showers.'
And he read——But, ha! ha! I'm ashamed of the squad—
For the Devil himself, it was really too bad.
Friend Murtagh out-blarneyed the Doctor, and swore
The old lies he has sworn to a hundred times o'er—
That blest would green Erin be, bishop-bestraddled;
While in tithe-fat the Ryder and Beresford waddled,
While the hierarch priest swigged his thousands in riot,
And the Catholic millions were starving *in quiet*;
That the sun of old Ireland was stanch orthodoxy,
And the smile of a bishop was heaven's by proxy;
That treason and bloodshed were hatched in the skull o' Dan.
But folk sneered, held their hands up, exclaiming,
'O Mulligan!'
Now, in spite of old Peter* and Mortimer's flummery,
Our bribing and dining, our ranting and mummery,
Our hopes that green Erin, be-Peeled and be-Pitted,
Would smile on her shackles—we're fairly outwitted;
The gloom that hung o'er us broods deeper and nigher,
And the white flag of freedom is broader and higher."
Quoth Titus Oates to Satan, " . .
. . . . . ."
Now, the upshot was this, that Titus Oates,
And a legion of imps of the wiliest sect,
In Stygian chaos, and air-tight boats,
From Averno to London, sailed direct.

G. P.

Galilee, Dec.

* Dens.

TALES OF THE CLEIKUM INN, ST RONAN'S.

"BE reasonable, my good landlady—we shall make your inn as renowned as 'The Tabard,' 'The Gordon Arms,' or the very 'Boar's Head' in East Cheap, if you will only be conforming," said the well-known Captain, now Major Jekyll, who, after a dozen years of Indian service, had returned to England, and come for a time to St Ronan's, partly in search of health, and partly for amusement. The good dame he thus addressed, though now turned fourscore years, was as alert and active as ever, and quite as zealous for the accommodation of her guests and the credit of her house, although she had for ten years been constantly talking of retiring.

Mistress Dods was by no means insensible to the eclat of seeing another printed book emanate from her domains, bearing the title and blazon of her famous hostel; but she had now a reputation to preserve, and, like other great people, was chary of committing herself.

"If I could but see it a feasible thing—creditable to my hoose and the country, and a douce, sensible, usefu' beuk"——said Meg, hesitating.

"Sit down, dame, and take a glass of wine," returned the Nabob, in whose teeming brain the project had originated, though his ideas differed from those of his friends as to the plan and subject. "Every soul now-a-days makes a book. Wheel in the arm-chair to the table for your mistress, Jenny." And he went on—"A man can hardly hold up his head in town, unless he is *suspected* to be the author, or *known* to be the editor of something—every man and most women write a book."

"And so signs on them—the beuks I mean,"

said Meg, drily; "but what is a' this to the purpose, gentlemen?"

"Why, I should peer out this season myself, in three neat duodecimos of a fashionable novel announced before it is even named," said Jekyll, "could I only prevail with our excellent hostess to edit me, or to grace my title page with her name, in lieu of that of some dowager of quality."

"Nane o' yer skits, noo, Major. But I see ye are just the auld man. India hasna sobered ye. Think o' my douce, and, though I say it, 'sponsible name, on a nonsense novelle!—or the name of my hoose either! My certes! But this claret should please, I hope, gentlemen?" and she kissed the cup.

"Supereminent!—No trumpery novels, however, should tarnish the well-earned glory of your house's great name. True stories, gently entertaining, mildly pathetic, or such as "purge the soul through pity and terror," shall be all we chronicle. Sure, I have heard you tell yourself, dame, of the 'Weird of the Winrams,' and of 'Pearlin Jean.'

"Ye dinna surely ca' thae things nonsense stories!" cried Meg, in astonishment. "True facts, known from generation to generation to a' this countryside; and no like to be soon forgotten:—such judgment-like dealins wi' great houses never are."

"Precisely—facts; and what do we want, madam, but facts?" said a gentleman of a semi-clerical cast, habited in a full suit of Oxford grey, or, as it was here called, pepper-and-salt mixture.

The Nabob, whose morbid activity seemed to increase with his years, had, before now, swept away his filbert shells, and whipped out his tablets. He read:—

"TALES OF THE CLEIKUM INN, ST RONAN'S.
NO. I.—THE BEGUM SAALI-UL-POORI.
By Peregrine Touchwood, Esq.

Or, stay, shall I touch them off a something on political economy, in the style of Miss Martineau; the world will no longer abide direct instructions, I am told, or what is called prosing."

Major Jekyll had not forgotten his old trick of putting up his lip, with a motion equivalent to a Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders. He curled it quietly upon the present occasion.

"Na, na, Nawbob," cried Meg, who saw as far into a millstone as the hewer of it, "If ye *are* to begin—and if, moreover, the credit of my Public at St Ronan's is to be concerned—let us make a wiselike job o't. Sir Walter, to be sure, is awa; and even James Hogg e' the Ettrick, puir fallow! But, if ye can get Allan Kinnygemm or John Galt to countenance ye"——

"Countenance us!"

"Ay, countenance ye, and help ye oot;—and the Maister O'Haras, wha tell sae weel aboot Irish firesides, and their doins; and oor ain Dominie there.—Will ye tak yer glass o' wine, Dominie? I'm sure the gentlemen would ne'er hae boded it on ye, had they no made ye welcome." And the modest Dominie, on this remonstrance, modestly sipped his wine. "They'll hae need o' you to mend the spellin', and the wordin', and maybe the sense too, a bit, noo and then; for, if ye haena that muckle mother-wit, ye hae but the mair clergy."

The Nabob went on scribbling:—"Such a corps! all under my drill!—For whom more do you undertake Jekyll?"

"For the admirable author of 'The Beggar's Wallet,' 'Mrs Armytage,' and 'Mothers and Daughters.'"

The Dominie made wondering eyes, round as an owl's.

"Famous beginning! And you, Pepper-and-salt?"

"For Myself, sir, in the first place; for *Phadde and all his Friends* in the second; and—but this was confided to me under the seal of confession"——

"Good again.—I can, I believe, engage the aid of the author of the 'Experiences of Richard Taylor,' if worth our while."

"Na, tak Maister Taylor by all manner of means," cried Meg; "I'm glad to hear o' a man o' experience among ye. And what's the natur o' his Experiences?—But ye're no to put oot lees in my honest name, and cheat the public, saying stories were told in the common parlour, ye get frae your grand Lon'on authors; nor yet to pretend that the clavers the Major wrote doun frae gaberlunzies and gangrel bodies in my out-kitchen, were made up by yoursels. But I'm sure ye can help the gentlemen, Dominie; for ye hae a hantle o' the auld-warld stories Sir Walter likit sae weel. He would hae made a silk purse, an' gien him but a sow's lug, and stored it with the red gowd. Ye see hoo muckle he made oot o' yoursel', Nawbob."

"Well, well, dame—every dog has his day," returned the Nabob, hastily. "What resources have you, Dominie? Undo your fardel, man."

"No resource have I," said the pale, worn Dominie—"none save Nature, who is still as rich as before Shakspeare and Scott drew their hundred volumes from her bosom."

Jekyll looked up somewhat amused by the pragmatical simplicity of the speaker.

"Then we shall seek her at first hand if you please, sir. Pray, what if we adjourn down stairs, and try what fortune shall send us in the shape of a first story? Your house is full to-night, madam?" inquired Jekyll.

"A' kin-kinds o' folk. This sair weather makes dreich travelling; an', indeed, I'm owre lang here, though I maun hear the tale, and see if the thing look feasible.—There's horse-coupers frae about the Morpeth side; writer chields that has been up at the Jeddart circuit; a Paisley body, i' the saft line; and a Sheffield lad, i' the hard line, as sharp as a whittle."

To cut short all superfluous preliminaries, it was the latter who, after a long talk which we have greatly abridged, made the first contribution to the Tales of St Ronan's.

NO. I.—THE CHRISTENING CLOTH.

"I wish I had something to tell you, in return for your good entertainment," said the hearty-looking young man, in the mahogany topped-boots, who had abstained from joining in the potations, being as intent upon the configurations of a well piled, glowing fire, as if occupied in working a problem in the embers. "It is true I have seen as much of the world as most people—whether by the world you understand nature or human nature—but, somehow or other, I seem to have wanted the gift of observation; for never has it fallen to *my* lot to run my head against a picturesque robber in a wood, or an interesting swindler in a city—the blackguards with whom I have been involved in adventures, being all sneaking fellows of small account, not fit to figure in the poorest of melodramas. Nor was it ever my luck to travel, per coach or mail, inside or out, with anything sufficiently above or below my own condition of life, to become the hero or heroine of a romance."

"Not even in those foreign countries where I think you said you had travelled in the Sheffield line?" inquired the strange gentleman in pepper-and-salt, whose curiosity had already served to draw forth a variety of interesting particulars from our little community.

"You mean when I was collecting-clerk to the furnaces of old Coquerel, in the neighbourhood of Liege? Why, what was I likely to find *there* which you have not all seen in Colebrook Dale, or at some of the Welsh forges?"

"But the people—the industrious natives of Eastern Flanders, who work all night as merrily by the harvest moon as we by the noonday sun, and are said to be the best agriculturists in the north of Europe?" demanded pepper-and-salt.

"I understand little or nothing of rural labour," answered Bagshaw, (for such was the name by which he had inscribed himself in the Chronicle of Mistress Dods;) "but, as to night-reaping or the like, I certainly do recollect having heard the merry laughs and songs of the lads and lassies in the meadows, when they were getting in their after-grass by moonlight, near Battices, in the Netherlands; and, for the life and soul of me, I could not persuade myself but what the good people were at work doing an ill turn, maybe, to the farmer, by destroying at night what his men had been completing by day. It was no such thing, however—'twas nothing but the farm-folks working double-tide, by the light of a moon that might have served a nun to thread her needle by, for embroidering a mantle of point lace for the Blessed Virgin of Liesse.

"And, by the way, it was on that self-same night, ladies and gentlemen, that I met with something which, for want of a better, I shall call an adventure. I had been making a circuit of the country for Coquerel's house, visiting Namur, Luxembourg, Cologne, Aix la Chapelle, and divers other places of traffic; and was to finish, before I returned to business at Liege, by giving up an account to old Coquerel, who was residing at his favourite country-house at Spa. It was a fine moonlight night, as I have already told you; and I was trotting briskly along the highroad, on a steady old beast of a Mecklenburg mare, which at thirteen years was as fresh as a four-year-old. The heats of a sultry August day had brought out all those fragrant country smells which *we* city-bred people think so much finer than the finest of perfume; and the road lay for a mile or two through a wildish sort of wood, where the spiciness of the resinous fir trees, and the astringent scent of the weeping birch, and here and there a gush of overpowering sweetness from a thicket of wild honeysuckle, filled the air with wholesome perfume. Then there was the yellow broom, somewhat sickly in its odour, but soon overpowered by the aromatic vapour of the juniper plants, crushed by the hoofs of my mare, as I indulged the old jade with an occasional canter on the strip of turf skirting between the coppice and the road.

"I was guiding her somewhat more cannily among certain dikes which intersected the grass ground just at the extremity of the road, when, lifting my eyes from the ground, which I had been carefully examining for the sake of my nag, I perceived, on one side the road, a few hundred paces before me, one of those stone shrines or chapels so common in the Netherlands; in a great portion of which the influence of the bigoted Austrian government of other times may still be traced. I may be wrong in my views on that subject; but, wherever I have met with those simple shrines in a country—those spots of holy ground amid the vines, the woods, and the corn-fields—I have found the peasantry the better for it. The husbandman's is, we all know, a life of early labour. He must be astir while the dew is on the grass. The shepherd must lead his flock betimes to the pastures, and the reaper must stand, sickle in hand, before lark or grasshopper begin their song. It is not the life of those who kneel down at leisure, like a lord—(though, in spite of leisure, velvet hassocks, and gilt psalm-books, I am afraid even lords themselves are sometimes too swift in their devotions;) and 'tis a happy thing for the hinds, in the pauses of their toil, to find the image they regard as holiest of holies, standing beside them, under the great, glorious canopy of heaven, inviting them to say a grateful prayer, or to breathe an intercession to the Almighty for a continuance of his mercies.

"Well, useful or useless, *there*, as I said before, stood one of those little shrines—just a sort of stone alcove, which glimmered white as marble in the moonlight, sheltering what they call, in Papist countries, a Calvary—that is, the Saviour on his Cross, and the three Maries at its foot;

and, round the head of Christ, a garland of fresh vine-leaves, or hop-leaves, or ivy, according to the productions of the neighbourhood. As I passed, my eyes glanced towards the Calvary—for a beautiful effect of light and shade was produced on the kneeling figures of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene, by the moonbeams streaming full upon them, while the Cross itself remained deep in the shadow of the alcove. But, behold! just as I was about to resume the burthen of the song with which I had been cheering my way when the sight of this sacred object warned me that I was upon holy ground, I fancied that a dark object, close on the northward side of the shrine, (which at first I had mistaken for the withered stump of a tree, such as one often sees beside such monuments, outlasting, as they do, the verdant shade under which they were originally erected, and the remains of which have acquired too much sanctity from such neighbourhood ever to be rooted up,) was the crouching figure of some living thing! I have admitted that I am no robber-finder. Habituated to both the highways and byways of other countries and my own, I never yet hit upon a highwayman—no!—not even on a simple footpad. But *this* time, said I to myself, 'I have him!' or, to have better expressed my thoughts, I might perhaps have phrased it, 'He has *me!*' The pocket-book snugly deposited in the bosom of my waistcoat, containing notes and bills of larger amount than old Coquerel would have cared to lose, or than I should have cared to account for to his cashier, began to grow as troublesome to me as a certain magic book to a certain moss-trooper, whom I have read of in one of Sir Walter's stirring stories, prose or verse. I made up my mind, in short—the lonesomeness of the place considered—that I was about to be called upon to render an account of my clerkship to some fellow nowise entitled to claim the balance at my hands. I forget whether I grew hot or cold—whether I stood upright in my stirrups, or whether my hair stood upright on my head—and no great matter. Only, I observe that, whenever story-tellers protest they were frightened out of their wits, they seemed to have retained exactly wit enough to note every beat of their pulse, and how the owls shrieked and the crickets cried. Leaving them to account for their presence of mind, I own I *had* so thoroughly prepared myself for a rattling blow about the ears with a cudgel, or for the whistling of a bullet, that I was scarcely less surprised than pleased to find myself trotting on as safely a hundred paces after as a hundred paces before I reached the little chapel. What I said to myself *then* I shall not repeat; for my words were complimentary neither to my courage nor my understanding; but, as there was no one at hand to gainsay the epithets bestowed, I thought it right to assure myself that I certainly had seen something; and that, if neither the trunk of a tree nor of a brigand, it might be the Devil in proper person, for aught I knew to the contrary.

"Now, if I acknowledge myself to have had small personal intercourse with those who have been called clerks of Old Nick, still less have I to boast of with their master. I have read Tam O'Shanter till I almost regretted the same; and, on the present occasion, a sort of dare-devil, gallop-by-moonlight spirit came over me—the species of heroism that sometimes grows out of fear. As the aforesaid notion accordingly flashed into my mind, I turned the mare's head so much more suddenly than was my wont, that the old lady began to testify, by divers snortings and wincings, her disapprobation of my change of movements; and seemed as determined to go on as I to go back.

"'Is it even so?' thought I, overmastering her obstinacy without much effort. 'Tis a well-known thing that dumb beasts have a quicker instinct of such matters than the human kind. Kätchen is, no doubt, aware that we are in a bad neighbourhood. Yet, so near the Calvary? Impossible! Well, 'twill be no great trouble to set my doubts at rest.'

"I was proceeding at a foot's pace. The shrine lay before me, now, to the right of the road, with its little screen of abele trees close behind; rustling (foolish, fluttering things!) with even so little of a breeze as the soft night air of an August night. Up went the ears of Kätchen, as she started and stood listening! What did the old mare hear besides the shivering leaves of the white poplar trees?"

"Ay! what *did* she hear!" interrupted the pepper-and-salt gentleman.

"She did not condescend to inform me," replied Bagshaw, drily; "I can only tell you what I heard myself."

"You *did* hear something?" persisted Pepper-and-salt.

"You shall relate the rest to-morrow at breakfast," quoth Mistress Dods. "'Tis ill talkin' o' sic things at this awsome time o' nicht."

"Now or never!" persisted Bagshaw. "I must be off by daybreak for Galashiels; and what I heard might be told at midnight under a murderer's gibbet."

"A hymn, perhaps, from the saints in stone-work?" resumed Pepper-and-salt.

"If you interrupt me again," said Bagshaw, sturdily, "not another syllable shall you get out of me. Every man to his own story. I heard a woful, wailing cry, like the voice of an infant, and, a moment afterwards, that gentle soothing which no voice but a woman's, and few voices but a mother's, can administer in reply. Take it for granted that, whatever Kätchen might be, *I* was not much daunted by such music. I made up to the old shrine, without for a moment remembering that Satan is said to invest himself in whatsoever shapes or sounds he may prefer; and, dismounting as I reached it, soon realized my supposition that a woman and a babe were resting themselves beside it on a bank of turf. The woman was on her knees—the babe nestling in her bosom.

"'Can I be of any service to you?' said I, perceiving, from the linen cloak, with the hood

drawn over her head, that I was addressing one of the peasants of the country.

"'No one can be of service to me!' sobbed a voice under the hood—"no one but them," she continued, raising her head towards the sacred images to whom she had been addressing her supplications. 'But I have prayed and prayed, and they will not give ear to me. Sinner must I be, since they suffer me to be thus heavily afflicted.'

"I could not but recall to the half-frantic woman that well-known text which assures us that the chastisements of God are dealt heaviest on those whom best He loves; and the poor woman would fain have replied, but the child, startled, perhaps, by a strange voice, set up so piercing a shriek that all her efforts were now directed to the task of appeasing its terror.

"'Is the child ill?' said I.

"'Ill and hungry—ill and famished!' sobbed the poor mother. 'We shall perish here by the way; and *he* will never know what we have borne for him, and that I died as I lived, for his sake.'

"With the 'he' and 'him' of the stranger's doleful ejaculation, myself had nought to do. Husband or lover, to *me* it nothing mattered. But what was to be done for the two poor helpless creatures drooping for want of sustenance in that strange place, at that strange hour.

"'I have not food to give you,' said I, as soon as the screamings of the poor infant were pacified; 'I have only money, which is of no immediate avail.' But, as I was proceeding in my explanations, I saw that the woman was now in a half-fainting state, incapable of listening or replying. There was but one thing to be done—to gallop on in all haste to the nearest habitation, procure bread and wine, and hasten back to her relief. For the last four miles, not a house, not a cottage, had been in sight; it seemed unlikely but that, now that I had reached the open country, I should soon chance upon a dwelling-house.

"Never before had I so earnestly looked out for the twinkling light of a human habitation. I began to curse the moonlight, which, I thought, perplexed my eyes, as I galloped on and on without success. At last, somewhat more than a mile from the spot where I had left the sufferers, I was struck by the sound of music and laughter, proceeding, as I thought, from the meadows far down in the valley, below the raised road I was pursuing. For a moment, as I have already owned, I was puzzled as to the origin of these unusual sounds. I saw, by the moonlight, groups of male and female haymakers, diminished by distance into pigmies; and it was only my recollection of what I had heard asserted of the harvest-industry of the Flemish, which convinced me that these night labourers were flesh and blood. Kätchen's bridle was accordingly fastened to a wayside tree. I slid and climbed down the embankments of the road into the pastures below, made over hedge and ditch, and soon found myself in the midst of a goodly company of Walloon peasants, busily carting a fine growth of aftermath.

"My story was soon told—readily believed; and some slices of black bread, and a gourd full of Brabant beer, were heartily offered to me. But, what was more to the purpose, I was instructed that, a short distance further on the highroad, I should find a house of public entertainment, where it would be easy to obtain a horse and cart to remove the sick woman and child to safe lodgings for the night. So said, so done. I made my way to the little inn of The Golden Artichoke; and, if I did not take out twopence and give them to the host, played the good Samaritan to so much purpose that he flung aside his cotton nightcap and offered to drive the little waggon so far as the Calvary.

"To make a long tale short, or rather to abbreviate that part of it of which I seem myself to be the hero, suffice it that the poor woman gratefully accepted our succour; and, when refreshed by food, was lifted into the cart, and, within an hour of my first appearance on the spot, seated in the chimney-nook of the kitchen of The Golden Artichoke, watching the simmering of the broth I had ordered to be prepared for the child; while mine host, a recent widower, was busy settling his horse and cart for the night, so as not to incommode Kätchen, an inmate of the same stable."

"You did not proceed, then, that night on your journey?" demanded the curious pepper-and-salt gentleman. "The white lady you had mistaken for the black gentleman was, perhaps, young and pretty?"

"Both!—but so pale, so thin, so wretched, so exhausted by an aguish fever, that even an individual so facetious as yourself could have found no cause to attribute my assiduity to motives of gallantry."

"Lord sake, sir, go on!" cried Meg. "We carena for motives. Let's hear o' the woman and bairn."

"The woman, then, sat waiting for the strengthening of the food that was to nourish her feeble boy, with her poor, blue lips compressed, and her long, thin hands trembling with weakness, as, every now and then, she skimmed the simmering pot. The child was laid to rest upon a clean deal table near the fireplace, a blanket folded beneath it for a bed, and her own cloak over it as a covering.

"'That cloak is too heavy for it in so hot a room,' said I, longing to stimulate my interesting companion to a word or two of conversation.

"'Perhaps you are right—so weak and so exhausted as he is,' said she, removing the weighty garment from the body of the poor, attenuated babe; and, taking what seemed a piece of cloth from her bosom, she spread it carefully over the child and returned to her place.

"I could not bear this. The babe, thus covered, presented exactly the appearance of a little corpse. I had once seen the body of a young child laid out, under circumstances so

afflicting, that the force of reminiscence was too much for me. I fetched a bright-coloured Barcelona handkerchief from my small saddle valise, and, snatching away the cloth, substituted the less ghastly silk in its room.

"'Ah! do not move it—do not touch it!' cried the young woman, apparently shocked by my irreverential action.

"'The handkerchief is lighter and cooler for the little creature,' said I, in a tone of remonstrance.

"'Perhaps so; but the other is a relic—there is salvation in the other,' said she, crossing herself. And, taking it from my hands, she pressed it to her lips and heart; and, again uncovering the face of the sick child, replaced my despised offering with the fine damask napkin she seemed to prize so dearly.

"I longed to ask for explanations; but, between the sufferings of the child and the duties of attendance, there was little time for questioning; and it was only when, on the return of Pierre from the stables, I learned that the few sleeping chambers of The Golden Artichoke, such as they were, were engaged to the extra hands engaged at the adjoining farm of Gros Chenêt, that I offered my services to sit up through the night in the kitchen with poor Mina. I could scarcely do otherwise; for the men, when, at four in the morning, they returned from their carouse at the farm, were so merry with Louvain beer, that it needed all my eloquence to induce them to respect the sufferings of the dying child.

"It was before they had returned, however, and by the gleams of flickering embers and a melancholy watch-light, that Mina related to me her history. Let me tell it you as nearly as possible in her own words."

"I am the child," said she, "of wealthy farmers on the frontier towards Charleroi—their eldest born and their idol. My mother, too, was come of thriving people; and when she gave herself and her handsome portion to the rich farmer Regenhart of Florennes, it was said, in all the country round, that *now* she might sit like a lady all the rest of her days, spinning fancy thread, according to her favourite taste, of no mortal use for any earthly purpose. Unlucky it was that my mother got hearing of the taunt, for she was of a high spirit, and liked not to be made a jest by her neighbours; for, at the close of a year after her wedding-day, all those who had indulged in the remark were invited over to the farm; and *there* my good father made it his glory to display to them a damask table-cloth, with napkins to suit, the like of which had never been seen, for fineness of texture, in that part of the country. Each one of the napkins, sir, could be drawn through Madame Regenhart's wedding-ring. Where they had been woven, ('twas in some foreign city—the name I know not; it might be Hamburg—it might be Elberfeldt,) my father deigned not to disclose. He only explained that the flax was grown on his own lands, and the thread spun by the dainty fingers of his dear Marjory, 'who,' said he, 'might, if idly inclined, sit like a lady in her sanded parlour, with her hands crossed on her knees, for the remainder of her life, and no one to say, Why dost thou so?'

"'And what may be the use of this delicate napery, neighbour Regenhart?' asked Klartsch, the blacksmith, who was a bolder man than the rest. 'Is it to be spread yonder, over your cherrywood table, for holidays, to be stained with beer sops, and daubed with prune sauce?'

"'No!' cried my father, planting his hands sturdily upon his hips, and surveying the whole company; 'I have too much respect for Marjory's handywork to throw it away in welcoming such as *you* to my board. No! goodies,' said he, addressing two of the most cankered gossips of the village; 'tis neither for you nor me to sup our porridge off a web the thread of which might have been wove into Mechlin lace. This suit of table-linen, my fine friends, is destined to no less a person than his Highness the Stadtholder; and I sent for ye to have a sight of it before 'tis packed and forwarded to my cousin, Regenhart, the merchant of Antwerp, who has undertaken to convey it to the Hague.'

"Great, indeed, was the amasement of the envious neighbours; and though, for some days afterwards, they continued to scoff among themselves at the notion of a Flemish farmer pretending to send presents to a sovereign prince, yet when, at the end of a month, there came a letter to Marjory, in the own seal and true handwriting of her Highness, the Princess of Orange, (own sister, sir, to the King of Prussia, as you may have heard,) full of thanks and commendations of the present, and begging her acceptance, in return, of a costly tankard of gilt silver—to look at, as good as gold—you may guess whether my poor mother was pleased, and the neighbours mortified! My father had the Princess's letter framed and glazed, and hung up next to a sampler of needlework, (the ten commandments worked in the house of her parents by his beloved wife,) as the chief ornament of their state parlour; while, in the glazed corner cupboard of the same chamber, was installed the splendid tankard, on a cloth of Utrecht velvet, with nothing on the shelf above, but a rich japanned ewer and basin of green enamel, presented as a wedding gift by my cousin Regenhart of Antwerp; and nothing on the shelf below, but a tea-kettle and service, of Meissen porcelain, bought by my father, as a courtship token for Marjory, at the fair of Düsseldorf.

"Well, sir, all this magnificence did not serve to put my mother and her neighbours in better humour with each other. The very next year there came to be trouble in more countries than one; and crowned kings were put down from their thrones, and kings without crowns set up in their places—in plainer clothes, perhaps, with just as good a mind to make their greatness a bugbear to the people. Among those who were forced to fly their country, were the Stadtholder and his Princess; and I have heard

my poor mother say that not a soul in our village but was right glad of their misfortunes, only because the rich Regenharts were now forced to remove from their parlour the latter and tankard, so great an eyesore unto many. His Highness took refuge in England; perhaps, sir, you may have heard of him in your own country?

"My parents, however, had other things to think of than to guess whether their fine damask had been pillaged with the rest of the Princess's belongings; for, on the following year, I was born; and, though my father had sadly longed for a son, glad enough he was to hear the first cry of a daughter. In spite of the ill-will of the neighbours, he determined to call me Wilhelmina, after the great Princess who had written so kindly to my mother; and it was decided, according to the custom of the country, that, ten days after my birth, my christening should be celebrated; and a gay and gaudy day it was to be at Florennes.

"'Ay, ay!' said the gossips—'Farmer Regenhart is killing his fatted calf, and the finest of his Chinese pigs, and the choicest of his flock. His people have been up to the cheese-loft, and down to the beer-cellar. They have emptied jars and jars of pears and plumbs for sauce; and the dovecot and the hen-roost will have something to say of their waste. There will even be a canister of Antwerp Regenhart's perfumed Persian tea, with sugarcandy, as fine and as white as alabaster. The good curé, no doubt, will be invited to the feast; and the farmer will scarcely grudge him a golden ducat for so grand a service as baptising my young Lady Regenhart with the name of her royal godmother. Remains to see whether Mistress Marjory will have the audacity to put off some old house napkin as the christening cloth—she, forsooth, who chose to make herself spinstress to princes and princesses.'

"Thus they talked, sir; but they talked without book—for, when the day came, and the baptistery of the old church at Florennes was decked with fresh flowers in honour of the ceremony, and my comely godmother, (wife of Hans, the miller,) presented me to the priest, it was seen, by all the idle and curious thronging the church and peeping through the iron palisades of the baptistery, that the christening cloth which, according to custom, my father respectfully presented as a gift to the curé at the close of the ceremony, was whiter and finer than the finest lady's kerchief. There it lies, sir; judge yourself of its texture.

"'This is your wife's famous spinning, Regenhart?' asked the old priest, while a kindly smile lighted up his face.

"'It is,' said my father, with a pleased, proud look. 'My Marjory would have been loath to have it said that she gave to the throne what she grudged to the altar; and, long after she was so round and portly (with submission to your reverence) that I had forbidden her to do a turn of work for me or mine, hum, hum, hum went the wheel by my fireside. My good wife would not hear of laying it aside till she had completed a becoming offering to tender to Monsieur le Curé.'

"'Marjory is a good housewife—Heaven prosper her labours!' replied the priest. 'See that she become not *over* thrifty in the things of this world. It is good to labour, and it is good to gather riches; but, better still, to preserve a quiet mind and humble heart towards God. May this infant,' he continued, signing me anew with the sign of the cross, 'grow to be a grace and blessing to ye!—and, with my benediction, I bestow upon her this specimen of her mother's industry. It will serve as a foundation to begin her marriage *trousseau*.'

"He smiled as he spoke, imprinting a kiss upon my forehead; and my godmother, Madam Hans, told my poor mother, on her return to the farm, and has often told me since, that I smiled up in his venerable face in return, when she laid the rich christening napkin over my cambric swaddling clothes, and carried me proudly home, and laid me in my mother's bosom. Poor mother! she had not much occasion to rejoice in me. Some harm she took in her lying-in hung upon her ever afterwards, and she was an ailing sufferer to the day of her death.

"There is no need to tell you, sir—who are, no doubt, a book-learned gentleman—how soon after this the French armies came fighting out their grievances on the Belgian territory. The first thing I can well remember of these changes of kings, and nations, and languages, was an outcry at Florennes that the brother of the French Emperor Napoleon was going to be King in Holland, where my namesake, the dethroned Princess of Orange had reigned before. Our neighbours took care that *we* should have the earliest tidings of it; and seemed to rejoice in the news as a mortification to our family. They thought it, however, no rejoicing matter *themselves*, that we had a Frenchman put over us in the new Mayor of Florennes, and French gendarmerie to rule the country, and French prefects to rule *them*; and, above all, that their sons were to be carried off by the conscription to fill up the armies of Napoleon. My mother, sickly as she was, and without hope of further offspring, now rejoiced that she was not the mother of a boy, to be carried off in his turn to the Grand Army; and both she and my father seemed to treasure me the more, that I was likely to abide with them always, and be a comfort to their old age. I was the darling of house and household; a happy child—a very happy child; and, I may say, *then*, a dutiful."

(Wilhelmina paused, and went and hung over her babe; and, after she had wiped the cold dew from its forehead, with a corner of the christening napkin, methought I saw her raise it to her own eyes, as if to prevent the tears from falling.)

"Time went on, and went well with us," she continued, after resuming her place on the settle. "Whatever king might reign, my father was master of his farm; and he seemed proud of seeing me grow up to womanhood, who

was one day to be its mistress; and still the only charge he laid upon me, was—'Mina!—girl—never let thine eye be dazzled by a laced jacket; never dream, child, of marrying a soldier. Who thou wilt beside, so he can prove himself an honest man, and an honest man's son. *But no soldier!* Hav'n't we seen the fellows sell themselves from service to service, from king to king, as I might transfer a flock or herd? And ar'n't they heard of in foreign lands—yonder in Prussia, for instance—making shame to the name of Frenchman or Belgian, by pillaging houses and lands—burning down barn and garner—making free with money-chest and plate-press—with wife and daughter? Robbers and reivers!—to plunder and burn the fruits of a hard-working fellow-Christian's industry, merely because a bayonet on the shoulder, and cartridges in the pouch, seem to sanctify such wickedness!' And *then*, sir, I was of my father's way of thinking; for, then, I had not seen Bernhard."

"And who is Bernhard?" said I, with an involuntary glance towards the sleeping child.

"You guess rightly—Bernhard *is* the father of that boy: a better father, a better husband, never breathed. It was not till after the death of my poor mother, that he came so familiarly to the farm; for a mother would have seen the danger of admitting a fine young man like Bernhard, at all hours and seasons, meal-time and prayer-time, nutting in the woods or fishing in the Sambre. But my father liked Bernhard for the frankness of his sociability; and I, at first, perhaps, because of my father's liking, and, at length, for my own, and in good earnest. And, when, sixteen months after the commencement of our intimacy, Bernhard was drawn for a soldier, and refused the offers made him by his family to furnish a substitute to the conscription, I thought my very heart would have broken. It was the eve of the grand expedition to Moscow, and substitutes were getting scarce; so that, to have paid the money requisite, would have ruined Bernhard's friends, who were small, very small farmers in the neighbourhood of Florennes; so he was, perhaps, right to persist, and on with the knapsack, like the rest. I did not think so *then*; neither did my father, who was almost as loath as myself to part with the lad. Only he was displeased to observe what he thought a leaning in Bernhard's mind towards a military life; for, during the three days intervening between the drawing and the marching off of the conscripts, which it is the custom of the young men to pass in parading the town and neighbourhood, with the drum-major preceding them, and flaunting cockades on their heads, Bernhard was the noisiest of them all. He did not wish his friends to see what a bitter thing it was to him to quit Florennes.

"Those three days, meanwhile, were grievous days to me. Bernhard had never spoken to me of his affection—for *I* was rich and *he* was poor—but I knew pretty well how it was with him, and better still how it was with me. I could not stop the tears from running down my cheeks, as I pretended to busy myself with my mother's old spinning-wheel; and my father seemed so much concerned when he saw me weeping, that I could not but hope, in my heart, he would do something for Bernhard to prevent him going. But my father was proud, and expected Bernhard to ask him, or, at least, to speak first on the subject. He never left home during those three days, though his presence was wanted in the farm, but kept loitering near our door and looking out whenever the conscripts were coming; and when, after the third day, the lads passed our door for the last time, my father banged it to with a sort of desperate fury; and, as the drum and fife sounded fainter and fainter in the distance, along the high road, fixed his eyes upon me with a sort of settled obstinacy—as much as to say, 'I have sworn you shall never be the wife of a soldier, and I will keep my word!' I so perfectly understood the meaning of his looks, that I sank back in my chair without power to speak. I even seemed to forget, for a moment, that Bernhard was quitting his native village for danger and death. All I had power to understand was, that my father had sworn I should never become the wife of a soldier.

"From that day, a sort of enmity seemed to grow between me and my father. He was always proposing to me some marriage or another—I always refusing; and, though he must have known how completely my happiness was wrapt up in Bernhard, there was no end to the pains he took to prevent my obtaining intelligence of the progress of the Grand Army. He forbade me all intercourse with Bernhard's family; and, at length, forbade me even to quit the farm, lest I should, by chance, encounter them. Heaven knows I had little inclination to go abroad—my sorrows, and my spinning wheel, and the chimney corner, engrossed my whole attention.

"My father even threw out hints that he would marry again, unless I changed my proceedings. He said his home was grown worse than a prison; and, to get rid of its gloominess, used to make off, evening after evening, to the house of my godmother, the widow of Hans the miller, to whom all Florennes persisted that he was paying his addresses. I never believed it, however, till he invited me one day to his wedding; when experience taught me how great had been my folly, and what it was to have a step-mother. The new Madam Regenhart had six grown up children of her own, four of whom were soon settled at the farm; and, thenceforward, my life became a burthen to me. Trudchen and Maria, my good friends in childhood, were now always twitting me with my love for a conscript. To please my father, they tried to laugh me out of my attachment for Bernhard, as if such things were to be rooted out of the heart by idle scoffing. A year passed thus—a very sad one; not because the hand of my mother-in-law's authority was heavy, but because bad tidings from the army darkened daily into worse and worse. At last, the great blow came. Napoleon was defeated, to rise no more; and how was I to

learn whether Bernhard was among the victims already sacrificed to the madness of his ambition? The spring of 1814 passed over ere I obtained a word that I could trust in; but, one summer morning, as I came out of church, a little child plucked me by the gown, whispering to me, in the name of Bernhard's mother, that her son would shortly be at Florennes! I had a silver dollar in my hand that I was about to drop into the alm's-trunk of the poor, as I had constantly done since my days of trouble; but I hastily thrust it into the hand of the child. Nay, it was all I could do not to fall down on my knees and bless God *there* in his holy house. *He* lived—and that was enough. That I was about to behold him again, seemed almost too much.

"That evening did not pass but I had learned the best and worst of my destiny. Bernhard came, presented himself at the farm—no longer a laughing lad, but a way-worn, hard-voiced soldier. My father held out his hand to him when he entered, which was more than I expected; and sat listening, with changing colour and glaring eyes, when Bernhard recounted all the horrors he had witnessed—the blazing city, the frost-defeated troops, the massacres, the desperation. He even pledged him in a cordial cup, and I thought kind feelings of old times were springing up between them; and Trudchen and Maria pointed out, scornfully, to each other, the bright red flush of delight that was burning on my cheeks. But when the time came for Bernhard take leave for the night, my father spoke out:—

"'You and I, my lad,' said he, 'must understand each other. If you come here as a neighbour's son, whom I liked in old times, to taste my beer and have a dish of gossip over the strange sights of the times, well and good. But if you fancy things are to be as they used, or that you are to patch up the threadbare coat on your back with Mina's dowry, you mistake black for white, and there's an end on't. I have said, in your hearing, ten thousand times, that no girl of mine should mate with a soldier. You might have borne the saying in mind when you refused your old father's offer of selling his orchard to the notary at Charleroi, and sending a man in your place. I know—I know! You did not choose to bring ruin on your family. Right enough, perhaps; but plain proof that you loved father, mother, and grandmother better than Mina there, who fancies she loves *you* so dearly. Understand, therefore, friend Bernhard, that my wench is not for your market! Times, you see, are altered here; and were she to give her ear to you in defiance of my authority, without more ado I would cut her off with a grosch, and settle my property on my wife's two grinning minxes there, Trudchen and Maria, whom I like none the better, I can tell them, for the triumph they are enjoying at my daughter's expense.'

"Madam Regenhart now interposed in defence of her children; but my father's business was with Bernhard. 'Is it, then, a bargain, my lad?' said he. 'Do you consent to give up all notion of Mina?'

"'I do *not*,' replied Bernhard, with firmness. 'You say that times are altered here. They are so; for Mina has reached woman's estate, and can judge for herself. Her home is not what it was; she may now wish to leave it even for a roof so poor as mine. Here, therefore, before your face, I offer her my hand and heart, and the tender welcome of my family. Had I aught else to give, she knows it would be hers.'

"'You *dare*?' exclaimed my father, with kindling eyes.

"'I *dare*,' replied Bernhard, calmly. 'I have fought for my country. My wounds and my sufferings have given me the right to speak as a man, and as a man to claim an answer. But it must be from *her*. Mina!' he continued, addressing me—'for five long years I have dearly loved you. Will you be mine?'

"'Not against my father's desire,' I faltered, not daring to look him in the face.

"'Desire?' cried the old man, fiercely. 'Is that your milk-and-water word? I tell you, girl, that, if ever you wed this man, or any other wearing the same habit, my eternal malediction shall be upon you and upon your children's children, for evermore.'

"I know not what ensued. I was lying on my bed with my father hanging over me, when I recovered my recollection. 'Bernhard is gone,' said he, in a hoarse voice, as he bade me adieu for the night. 'Bernhard has quitted the house;—he will do well to quit the village—for you must meet no more.'

"He did *not* quit the village, however; he had obtained two months' leave of absence, to visit his relations; and, for the sake of his aged parents, it behoved him to remain. My step-mother and her children contrived that my father should hear daily and hourly of his sojourn at Florennes; and the old man's wrath was soon stirred up against him by new offences; for Bernhard, like all the soldiers of the Emperor, leaned towards the dominion of the French, and desired, since Belgium was not to become an independent kingdom, that it might remain subjected to the laws under which it had so greatly prospered; while my father, who had thrown up his cap for joy at the first news of the Stadtholder's return to his dominions, could not restrain *his* ecstasy on learning that Flanders had been tacked (by the great parliament of kings at Aix la Chapelle) to the kingdom of Holland. In his delight at finding the Stadtholder become an anointed king, and my royal namesake a queen, he lost all thought of the dignity of his native country. This, of course, begat greater ill-will between him and Bernhard; and the whole place seemed to take part with one or the other. My step-mother harassed me by constant reproaches; her children allowed me no interval of peace. I was very, *very* unhappy.

"In the midst of all this, my father determined, as if for vengeance sake, to marry me to the son of Klartsch, the blacksmith, whom, in other days, he would have scarcely judged worthy to enter my presence. The man was a sot, a

ruffian, a profane swearer; one of whom I never could bear the sight. Bernhard's leave was almost expired, when Madam Regenhart hit upon this method to drive me to desperation. I felt that, when *he* was gone, I should have no protector against the violence of my father—that I should be sacrificed to the interests of Trudchen and Maria; and, as I had now attained the age of independence, I accepted the generous proposals of Bernhard, when once more he offered me a loving heart and tranquil home. I quitted my father's roof—already a place of torment to me; I quitted Florennes, my birth-place, the grave of my mother; and, with tears upon my face and terror in my heart, became the wife of my faithful Bernhard."

"In my own country," interrupted I, taking pity upon her distress, "such circumstances are by no means uncommon."

"They *are* in *ours*—happily they are in *ours*," she replied; "for, since I became a mother, I seem better to understand how heart-piercing must be the rebellion of a child. In *ours*, sir, filial piety is the first of duties. We are taught to reverence old age in all—but in our parents with fear, trembling, and submission. An undutiful child, sir, is an outcast *here*; and you see I *am* an outcast. My father's curse pursues me—pursues that babe!"—And again she sobbed aloud, in profound affliction.

"Well, sir, I followed my husband to his regiment, and with his regiment. It was one of those which Napoleon had always named with honour as his '*braves Belges*;' and my Bernhard was noted among the bravest of them. I had a little fund that afforded us all the help we needed at starting; and he was quartered at a cheerful happy spot—the town of Huy, on the Meuse, where a grand citadel was already in progress of construction. Poor Bernhard looked with an evil eye on every stone that was laid of it. 'Tis a damned Dutch dike of demarcation,' said he, 'which the blue-breeches and the red-coats are building up, to separate us eternally from that vast and beautiful France under whose banners we at least obtained glory and advancement.'

"I thought of my poor father's hatred against the French, and said nothing; and, while we were thus meeting our destiny together, cheerfully, affectionately, and with full trust in the Almighty and each other, yonder little boy was born.

"Till that time, I had taken less thought than perhaps I ought of my father's alienation. But the moment I became a mother, I seemed to think as I had never thought before, of my parents and their rights. I dearly longed to shew my babe to my father. I obtained my kind husband's permission to name it after my father. I dreamed of my father—I prayed for him—I yearned after him; and, at length, unable to repress my feelings, addressed a letter to him, saying that I was well and happy, submissive, though not repentant, and humbly praying for his forgiveness."

"And old Regenhart's answer contained?"—

"A reiteration of his cruel malediction!"

"Then," said I, "he must be a cruel, unchristian man; and his animosity is not worth fretting for."

"Ah, sir! it took fatal effect upon me and mine! Misfortunes soon came upon me, and nothing that I could say or do would prevent Bernhard from speaking his mind in places where minds are not to be spoken, touching the ill luck of his native country, in falling to the lot of a Prince whom he would never designate otherwise than King of the Butter-Firkins, or Field-Marshal Schiedam. All this was duly reported; and he was reprimanded and reprimanded, and all to no purpose. The more punishment given him to increase his loyalty to the House of Orange, the less he liked the new King; and it was a strange thing, sir, in my husband—for King William was a good man, and merciful, and said to be well-inclined to further the prosperity of his new kingdom. But the taxes and imposts were high; and, whenever a fresh one came to be talked about, Bernhard was giving his free opinion, and throwing up his police-cap in honour of Napoleon and Belgium!

"I did not live in barracks with my husband. During my mother's lifetime, she had bestowed on me, from time to time, little sums in gold, earnings or savings of her own, which she bade me treasure up and say nothing of to my father. 'Strange things happen,' she used to say. 'Tis no bad thing for even the happiest of wives to have a nest-egg against a day of trouble.' And she was right; for, when I rashly quitted my father's house, that sum—a large one, for poor folks like Bernhard and me—became our sheet-anchor; and, even after my boy's birth, I had nearly fifty ducats left, for future exigencies. One night, sir, it was very late, and I had sat up in my lodging expecting home Bernhard from the barracks; and, as the hour was past when the men were rung in, my mind misgave me that he had come to some mischief. I entertained little doubt that he had been at his politics again, and, perhaps, been clapped into the guard-house; but, behold! at midnight, just as I was putting down the baby into his cradle, after having him up to nurse, I heard a well-known step on the stair, and in rushed Bernhard; his face flushed, but not with drinking—it was easy to see *that*, for his eyes neither sparkled nor were heavy with the effects of liquor.

"'Mina,' said he, instead of answering my questions as to where he had been, 'how long would it take you to pack up your traps, and such of the child's as are movable, to quit this place?'

"'Quit this place?' I exclaimed. 'Is the regiment under marching orders?'

"'No matter,' replied my husband—'answer my question.'

"'You have reason to know,' I replied, smiling, 'that I am not very difficult to move. We

owe nothing in the town but the last week's rent for our lodgings; and, in an hour and a half, I could clear all up, pack our few clothes, and be ready to start. But I hope there is no occasion to move the child at such an hour as this? Surely you will wait till to-morrow?'

"'Not an hour—not a second!' cried he. 'Make what speed you can; all you hold dear on earth depends on your activity. If you love me, ask no questions. By this time to-morrow—not sooner—all shall be explained.'

"I had promised Bernhard at the altar to love and obey him: how was I to resist his will in this thing? Within the appointed time, sir, all was cleared up in our little lodging—the amount of our rent deposited on the stone; and, at about two o'clock of a dull hazy autumn night, we crept out of the house; Bernhard almost sinking under a large bundle containing our necessaries, and I carrying a basket and the boy. We were quartered then, sir, at a small town only a few leagues from the frontier; but our lodgings were luckily in a suburb without the walls; and, on reaching a turning of the road, about a quarter of a league from the town, I was surprised to find a cart and horse, into which, without a word of explanation, Bernhard bundled us all. Away we went at a smart pace, which roused up the babe, and set him crying piteously. The wind whistled, and drove eddies of decaying leaves into our faces from the high trees bordering the road. But Bernhard said not a word to comfort me or quiet the child. He seemed exhausted, mind and body, by a great effort; and, having laid my hand upon his sleeve, in climbing into the cart, I perceived that he no longer wore his uniform. The truth now flashed into my mind—he had deserted! and we were making our way across the frontier! Three fatal leagues of road still lay before us! He might be taken. O Heavens! what would be the result of such a misfortune? I dared not utter a syllable of inquiry to my husband. He had requested me to forbear; and a request from *him* was the same as a promise from myself. I knew not even the exact distance which would set us free from danger of pursuit; and it was almost a surprise when at last the driver suddenly pulled up; and I learned, from a few words whispered between him and my husband, that we had now reached the spot where his agreement of conveyance ended; and that we were about to diverge on foot from the high road, to cross the frontier, at a point of the fields secure from military or excise inspection. The man, already paid for his services, and apparently a friend to my husband, wished us well at parting; and the rattling of the cart was soon lost in the distance.

"Heavy was the task to make our way through the mists of a chilly night across the country, ankle-deep in a miry clay that rendered it all but impracticable, burdened as we were. But terror pricks like a spur. To falter was to decree the death of Bernhard; and on I toiled, till, at length, after two hours' labour, we stumbled, as if by chance, on a high embankment, over which my husband managed to lift me, babe and all; and no sooner did he find us safely lodged on the highroad that ran below, than he clasped us together in his arms; then, uncovering his head, breathed a thanksgiving to Heaven, which assured me that he was in safety. A heavy weight was taken off my breast; and I sat down by the wayside and wept till my heart seemed like to break. It was almost daylight before we set out again, rested and relieved; and, just at sunrise, we reached a hamlet, at the door of one of whose cottages my husband knocked gently, and, presenting a slip of a letter to the aged woman who lifted the latch, she smiled encouragingly in our faces, and bade us welcome as though we were expected guests.

"I need not weary you, sir, with further details. That evening, we proceeded, by a public conveyance, about thirty leagues' distance into France, to a retired village called Isigny, where Bernhard gave himself out as a Burgundian, and hired a small cottage, with a meadow and orchard, sloping to a beautiful brook. We were soon installed there. I saw it was his intention to take up his abode in a foreign land for the remainder of his days; and what mattered it to *me*? Where *he* was, there was my home, my country; and, as to my father, what chance had I *now* of propitiating his pardon?"

"But what can have been the motive which instigated so good a soldier as Bernhard to"——I could not finish the sentence.

"To *desert!*" added Wilhelmina, in a low, emphatic tone. "Yes, sir! *that* is the word—the grievous word. That it should ever be applied to a noble, upright soul, such as my husband! But, verily, he had his excuses. On the day preceding that which ended so miserably, Bernhard obtained certain intelligence that, in order to rid the country of so factious a subject, he had been draughted into another regiment—that his route was already made out for Rotterdam, where his new corps was under order of embarkation for Batavia. 'To remove my wife and babe to so pestilential a climate was a cruel thing,' said Bernhard, when he recounted to me the history of his fall—'to leave you both behind, poor and friendless, equally heart-rending. I thought it over, Mina, for four and twenty hours. For one whole night, I lay, shedding my silent tears by your side; and in the morning, I felt that it could not be. What claim had this William of Orange upon *me*, that was born no subject of his, that I should go and rot away my life in his pestilential marshes, far from my wife and child, or see them perish under my eyes beside the fetid canals of Batavia? The Congress, which they say allotted us Belgians like a herd of dumb beasts to be the bondsmen of the House of Nassau, could not, in lawful justice, before God, condemn me to death for refusing to be banished into Asia for the gain of one who was no more to me by tie of inborn loyalty than an Inca of Peru.'"

"I am not over and above skilled in casuis-

tries of this kind," said Bagshaw, interrupting his narration; "but I own, it seemed to me, that poor Bernhard's arguments, if not according to the law, were tolerably cogent according to the equity of the case. Whatever his Majesty the King of Belgium and Holland might be, I myself felt perfectly inclined to overlook his transgression. And poor Mina, discovering my favourable verdict, gained courage to proceed. It appeared that Bernhard, established under an assumed name, in the retired hamlet where they first took refuge, fancied himself secure from pursuit."

"We were happy in ourselves," continued his wife—"happy in our child—happy in a life of prosperous labour. All around us throve—all we undertook succeeded; and, fool that I was, I fancied that, whatever might be the error of Bernhard in the eyes of man, the eyes of God beheld us with a forgiving and favouring eye. It was a valley of green pastures, where our dwelling lay, between shelving banks clothed with rich hanging woods. The air was a mild one; the flowers came earlier, and freer, and fresher there than at Florennes; and already the boy began to take note of them, and to smile at their beauty. But I will not dwell upon it all. It was a dream too bright to last; and the waking, sir, was very, very terrible! There came gendarmes into the country to search for a criminal who had escaped from prison at Mons; and, during the inquiries that arose, my husband was detected as a deserter by the *signalement* already forwarded by the authorities of Charleroi to the French police. He was seized, sir—torn from me—torn from his home; and *I* remained in a state of agony and suffering, rendering it impossible to follow him! For a whole week, a delirious fever confined me to my bed; during that time, my child fretted itself ill under the mismanagement of strangers; and, long ere my own strength was restored, I was hanging over the dying bed of my boy!

"But GOD has been good to me in this. He has spared my babe—he has spared *me* to watch over him; yet if, as those who know best aver, Bernhard must be condemned, condemned *to death*—may He be still more merciful, and call us to himself!"

"And you are on your way to rejoin your husband?" I inquired, deeply penetrated by her affliction.

"As soon as the health of my child permitted, sir, I fled from Isigny, the place where trouble had overtaken us. But I resolved, on my way to Namur, where Bernhard lies in prison awaiting his court martial, to turn aside to Florennes, and throw myself, for the last time, at the feet of my father. It may be superstition, sir; but it seems to me, that if *his* curse were recalled, the wrath of the Almighty would be appeased! Of all my earthly possessions, I have retained, as a token of my mother's love, only that christening cloth which she fancied was to be the foundation of an abundant household store for her child. Wrapt in that sacred covering, I would fain have placed my child in his arms; and then he could not—he would not have refused it his blessing. But the precarious state of my poor babe has frustrated my hopes; and, in six days, Bernhard will be called upon to take his trial!"

"Six days?—you are sure that it is not for six days?"

"On the 24th, sir—I have numbered the hours, the minutes; they may be the last my husband is fated to behold on earth!"

"Then there will be time!" was my murmured ejaculation. And, without entering into explanations, further than by affording to Mina the means of reaching Florennes by a public conveyance, I appointed her a rendezvous at Namur, recommended her to the care of mine host of The Golden Artichoke, and, before daylight, was recommending, once more, to poor Kätchen, the utmost speed, to enable me to reach Spa without delay.

"You actually left the poor woman to her fate?" demanded the pepper-and-salt gentleman.

"I *did*—exactly! I left the child to die, and the mother to bury it," replied Bagshaw, with a sneer; "and, by old Coquerel's usual breakfast hour, had rendered up my accounts. Profiting by the good humour produced in my patron by the sight of my balance sheet, I told him my story, and implored him to exercise his well-known interest with the King, in behalf of Bernhard.

"'Poor wife!—poor child!' murmured the good old man, when I had concluded my story. 'And this,' continued he, examining the cloth of fine damask which Mina, at my earnest prayer, had deposited in my hands; '*this* is the counterpart, you say, of the linen spun for his Majesty, five and twenty years ago, by Regenhart's wife? 'Tis well. It may serve to bring the circumstance to his remembrance. Memory is an instinct in kings. In my interviews with William, I have known him advert to trifles of earlier date and similar insignificance. I am about to address a memorial to him respecting a farther improvement in the machinery of his royal cannon foundry at Namur. He has offered me choice of favours more often and more widely than I should care to have it generally known; and, to beg the life of a fellow-creature, is to afford him a double occasion of conferring a benefit. *You*, Bagshaw, shall be the bearer of my memorial, and of a letter containing the particulars you have just related. The Court is at Brussels. Lose no time; by to-morrow, you may obtain an audience.'

"An *audience!*" cried Pepper-and-salt. "An audience of *the King?*"

"Ay, sir, an audience. Nothing more easy than access to the presence of William of Orange. But, even had it been otherwise, a letter from Coquerel the mechanist—Coquerel, whose introduction of British machinery into Flanders, is a chief cause of its commercial prosperity—Coquerel, the cherished of Napoleon, the right hand of kings—would have secured my

admission. Nothing could be simpler than the manners and habits of the King of the Netherlands; nothing more straightforward, more intelligent, than his mode of interrogating me respecting the circumstances of the Regenhart family, after perusing the communication of my patron."

"But did he comply with the prayer contained in it?" cried several of the auditors. "Did he give hopes of mercy?"

"Kings are not fond of giving hopes—they leave that to their ministers," replied Bagshaw. "Unless there is certainty in the case, they are wise enough to hold their tongues. His Majesty, King William, sent me back to Namur with about as much insight into his intentions as if I had made a voyage to Guinea, and been conversing with the King of Dahomey. He said he would signify his pleasure to the Sieur Coquerel as early as possible."

"And what *was* his pleasure?" cried Mrs Meg, with whose right of interrogation even Bagshaw did not think it expedient to trifle.

"With your good leave, I must talk first of my own pain," replied he. "On arriving at Namur, where my worthy master was to meet me, to receive an account of my embassy, an accident most unluckily occurred in one of the newly-invented furnaces, which, for the moment, engrossed all his attention, and ought to have engrossed mine; nor was it till the fifth day after quitting The Golden Artichoke, that I was able to make my way to the obscure inn in the neighbourhood of the citadel, whither I had directed Mina. To my utter consternation, I found, on reaching the place, that no person answering to my description had made her appearance. Either she had been detained near Battices by the debility of her child, or some accident had occurred to her on her way to Florennes! My next inquiries related to Bernhard; and an intelligent corporal of dragoons who frequented the house, acquainted me that the garrison-court had been sitting for the last two days, and that the rigour displayed in the trials already decided before the tribunal, admitted of little hope that a deserter would find mercy. I was still speaking to him, when the feeble accents of a familiar voice interrupted my inquiries. The poor wife, so soon to become a widow, had that moment arrived. The child was no longer in her arms. I dared not ask for it; but my looks, I suppose, expressed the impression I had conceived.

"'*Not dead*—no!—I trust in all-powerful Providence, not dead!' she faltered in reply. 'After you left me, every minute seemed likely to be its last. But the time is almost expired, and I could tarry no more. I have left my boy to the pity of strangers, to hasten to *him*. Have you good news for me, sir? You said when we parted that you had formed projects for us—that you had an opening in our favour. What tidings?'

"'At present, none,' said I. 'I have done my best; but nothing, alas! has been effected by my interference.'

"'And to-morrow the court-martial sits!' cried Mina. 'If nothing *has* been, nothing *will* be done. Ah! sir, why did you deceive me?—why raise hopes you had not the means to realize?'

"I forbore to remonstrate with her injustice. But, in her agony of mind, she had already forgotten her displeasure in an appeal for information to my friend the corporal; and I could not but admire with what delicacy the man who, but a moment before, had replied to *me* with the harsh coarseness of naked truth, evaded giving her pain, even while he evaded giving her hope. By *his* humane interference, too, she succeeded in obtaining immediate access to the Governor, and procuring a warrant of admission to the prisoner. I myself accompanied Mina as far as the wicket; promising to return and fetch her at the hour for closing for the night; and nothing could be more singular than the contrast between the feverish, excited, panting, half-frantic woman whom I saw rush through the wicket, to be conducted to the cell of her husband; and the inanimate form consigned to my arms by the turnkey on my return. Mina had proved unable to support the shock of what was probably their last parting—*their last parting save one*. She was still in a state of insensibility when, by the kindness of the innkeeper's wife, I saw her laid on a comfortable bed; and all I learned at the citadel and in the barrack-yard, of the probability of capital sentence upon the prisoner, inclined me to wish that her senses might not immediately be restored. She could not remain too long unconscious of the horror of her situation.

"On my return to my duties, a severe reprimand awaited me from both Coquerel and his foreman, for having absented myself at so critical a time. It was in vain that I represented to my master the cause of my absence. *His* interest in the fate of the young couple seemed wholly merged in the irritation produced by the recent catastrophe at the foundry. Nor could I blame him; for it had been attended by loss of life; and the distress he had recently witnessed in the families of the two workmen sacrificed to an experiment, seemed to have rendered him callous to every other appeal to his feelings.

"On the morrow morning, I would have given worlds to proceed to the military court to see how matters stood; or, at the worst, to have imparted such comfort to Bernhard's wife as the presence of a sympathising friend can afford. But this was impossible. The funeral of the two workmen was to take place at the cemetery without the walls; and Coquerel not only presided in person over the melancholy ceremony, but insisted that his whole establishment should afford a token of respect to the memory of their deceased comrades. Such a solemnity, at such a moment, was not calculated to raise my spirits. My heart sickened as I saw the two coffins lowered into the grave; and felt that, perhaps, at that moment, sentence of death might be passing upon Bernhard."

"Found guilty, or acquitted? Lordsake, sir,

come to the point!" cried Mrs Dods. "Talk of *your* feelings another time—have a wee bit care of ours!"

"Acquitted, then!" said Bagshaw, amused by the interest he had excited. "Acquitted—thanks to one of those nice points of legal sophistry by which judge-advocates can save the life of a man especially honoured by kingly protection. The fact of desertion was proved and admitted; but it was submitted, as a point of law, to the opinion of the court, whether Bernhard, at the moment of deserting, had not been formally draughted *from* the corps, from whose head-quarters he had made his escape, without being regularly entered into the regiment sentenced to sail for Java. The court bowed and was convinced. He was dismissed with a severe reprimand; and when the poor fellow conveyed in person the glad tidings to his scarcely-conscious wife, an autograph letter from King William was placed in the hands of my old master, containing the usual flummery about allowing justice and the laws to take their course, and enclosing the brevet of a small pension, secured by Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, to the daughter of Marjory Regenhart of Florennes. 'The loyal zeal and industry of your mother have not escaped my recollection,' said the second letter, addressed by Wilhelmina of Prussia, to the favoured family. 'The sight of the very curious specimen of damask, forwarded by the Sieur Coquerel of Namur, forcibly recalled to my mind the eventful moment (the birth of my son) when Madam Regenhart's valuable gift reached the Hague.'"

"And was that letter framed and glazed to match the other, and hung up in the old parlour?" inquired the Nabob, in a fever of excitement.

"In due time, I fancy it was; but, being soon afterwards recalled to my native country, it was not till the year 1820 that I had an opportunity of learning from a friend to whom my old master afforded a few days' hospitality at his country seat, that Bernhard and his wife had repeatedly written to me, and repeatedly forwarded to the iron works such rural dainties as their means enabled them to dispose of; that old Regenhart had opened his heart and house to his penitent daughter, her husband and child; and closed them upon the family of Madam Regenhart the second, who was now gone to rejoin Hans the miller, to the infinite relief of her household."

"If I should ever visit Florennes," said the nabob, "I will certainly find them all out, and learn the concluding particulars of the case."

"You can't do better, my good sir, and you can't do it too soon," said Bagshaw, with a significant look. "And, moreover, if ever you visit the Royal Palace at the Hague, inquire for the Queen's private apartments, look into a glass cabinet of curiosities on the left-hand side of the fire-place, in the blue satin dressing room, and you will see a somewhat discoloured, but exquisitely wrought damask napkin"——

"Well, sir?"

"*Well*, sir!—which will enable you to prove to the groom of the chambers that you are wiser than himself, by acquainting him that this nameless relique was a gift hallowed to the church and by the church, to become a talisman to the child of Marjory Regenhart, and a token of royal gratitude and clemency. It is, in short, nothing less than the CHRISTENING CLOTH of Wilhelmina, the farmer's daughter of Florennes."

"Weel, now, that is what I ca' a very bonny story, and a very heart-goin' story," said Mistress Dods, "outlandish though it be; and, though I did jalouse a twang o' Papistry at the outset, I like it, for my ain pairt, a'maist as weel as if it had been a' about Black Yerl Angus, and the reavin, ridein times o' whilk there are so many Tales in this Border land o' ours; or about the friars o' Melrose, and the fairies o' Yarrow and Ettrick. But the clock has warned eleven, gentlemen—there are your chaumer lichts—and enough is as good as a feast; so put your tale in your wallet, Dominie, till the next occasion—and a fair good e'en to ye a'!"

POETRY OF THE SEASON.

RINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR, AND IN THE NEW YEAR.

It is the custom, in many parts of the country, to ring the old year out and the new year in. The effect of the bells, in the stillness of midnight, is very striking.

How many hearts now beating high
Shall cold within the dark tomb lie,
And eyes in life's sweet springtime bright
Be veiled in death's o'ershadowing night,
And hopes bend low to sorrow's reign,
Ere that sweet chime be heard again!
What is the tale your music tells
To listening age, sweet midnight bells?
Ye speak of scenes and years gone by,
Treasured in love's deep memory;
Ye tell of buried hopes, whose birth
Too glorious seemed for aught of earth,
But, like all lovely things below,
Being fairest, were the first to go;
Ye bring back voices from the dead—
The tones which long from earth have fled;
Ye speak of manhood's vigorous prime,
Ere the swift steps of noiseless Time
Had in their dead'ning progress chilled
Each high resolve, each lofty aim,
And passion's rushing whirlwind stilled,
And quenched the burning hopes of fame;
Ye bring the thought, for them no more
That chime on midnight breeze shall pour
Its floating echoes—they may hear
The birth-peal of no coming year.

To ardent youth, ye midnight bells,
Your music of the future tells—
The syren Hope her witching song
In mingling these sweet chimes among,
And bringing thoughts of distant years,

Unstained by care, undimmed by tears.
Steeped in her rainbow-tinted dyes,
Life's fancied scenes in brightness rise;
Like shadows in a summer dream,
In Fancy's magic mirror seen,
The imaged forms of all most dear,
Gladdening those sunny paths, appear.
Alas! how may these visions be
Disproved by bitter certainty—
The sunny path be clouded o'er,
The dearest forms be seen no more!
Still, as each passing year moves on,
Your chime will have a sadder tone,
Till its sweet strain will only raise
Fond mem'ry's dream of bygone days.

A. H. D.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Hark! to that signal on the midnight air,
Like to the thunder peal when all around
Is hushed and stilly! 'Tis the past year's knell!
Another year is fled!—another wave
Of Time's vast ocean hath onward rolled
To its far boundary, no more to cross
Earth's chequered shores, or bear upon its breast
The bubble, Man; but, on the viewless brink
Of that dark precipice, is lost in foam.
Another year is fled! and Time's frail bark
Is bounding onward to the voiceless shore
Of dread Eternity.—But, list! again
Another sound bursts startling on the ear!
A merry peal, unlike the sullen toll
Which erst upon the silence broke: it speaks
The past year's transit—merrily proclaims
That yet another year hath passed away
Into the shadowy group—the vista dim
Of ages past, and in its vergeless track
Another quick appears, on whose dark stage
Fate hangs her veil!

Ah, me! how many a change
Hath cross'd the spirit of life's fitful dream
Since last the glorious sun his race began
In annual orbit through the azure void!
Death hath its work accomplished! Many a one,
Endeared by kindred or the social tie
Of sacred friendship, o'er the grave's dread bourne
Hath passed away; or the still closer bond
Of young affection Death hath all unsealed—
Leaving the blighted heart to ponder o'er
The sweet remembrance of former joys,
When, in the springtide of youth's buoyant hour,
It dreamt alone of love and happiness.
Despotic tyrant! such is thy dread power!
The mighty and the slave before thee fall;
The palace and the hovel open wide
Their portals at thy call, without appeal;
While meek-eyed Pity breathes her prayer in vain,
And Mercy shrinks appall'd. Insatiate foe!
Thousands have sunk beneath thine iron hand
Since the past year's commencement; yet strange man,
As if to aid in thy destroying course,
"Lets slip the dogs of war;" and, from her throne,
Based on the pillars of inhuman hate
And mortal vengeance, hath fell Slaughter sent
Her desolating mandates, penn'd in blood!
But the heart sickens at the dire review—
I turn me from the scene. Methinks I hear
The noisy Bacchanal, as, quaffing deep
The vicious bowel, he welcomes in the year
With rioting and mirth: be mine the task,
At this all solemn hour, to humbly breathe
A prayer that heaven would in its mercy shower
Its choicest blessings on the new-born year.

A NEW YEAR'S CHANT FOR 1837.

Air—"*Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen!*"

Here's to King William, the best of his line!
Here's to his dearest connexion!
Here's to his beautiful heiress, in wine
As bright as her glowing complexion!
Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass;
I warrant *she'll* prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the patriot who nobly withstood
The favours and frowns of the Crown, sir!
Here's to the baron who boldly avow'd
He'd "do what he liked with his own, sir!"
Let the toast pass—
I swear by the mass,
With claret like this we shall empty the glass.

Here's to the wight with political creed!
Here's to the man that has none, sir!
Here's to the trimmer, the vilest of breed,
False alike to the people and throne, sir!
Let the toast pass—
He is an ass,
Who, with claret like this, would demur at his glass.

Here's to the Duke with his aquiline nose,
In the midst of his coterie so warm, sir!
He's a wiser old fellow than many suppose,
Though he cocked up that nose at Reform, sir.
Let the toast pass—
I swear by the mass,
With millions he's proved an excuse for the glass.

Here's to Sir Robert, the Tory true blue,
Who lately the Rectorship won, sir!
We drink not this bumper for what he will *do*—
We drink it for what he has *done*, sir.*

Let the toast pass—
Brighter than gas,
The pearls on the claret appear in the glass.

Here's to O'Connell, the chief of the clan
Who are "alien in blood and religion!"
He has cut off the wings of corruption, has Dan,
And shall pluck her as bare as a pigeon!
Ould Derrynane,
He'll do it clane,
For the love that he bears to the Island so green.

Here's the fat vicar, distraining for rents!
Here's the lean puritan pastor!
Here's to the Bishops—those primitive saints,
Who walk in the paths of their Master!
Let the toast pass—
Drink the old lass—
I mean Mother Church—as excuse for the glass.

Here's the tough Scotsman in Bryanstone Square,
Who thumbs over Cocker so neatly!
May he win the first game played at Middlesex fair,
And thrash his opponents completely!
Happiness, health,
Comfort, and wealth,
To him who ne'er took his foeman by stealth.

Here's to the Baron of Brougham and Vaux,
Who of late's been a little knocked under!
With his back to the wall, and his front to the foe,
May his eloquence issue in thunder!
Let the toast pass,
Break every glass—
He'll tickle the House, for his Lordship's no ass.

* Alluding, we suppose, to his granting Catholic Emancipation, &c. &c.

Here's to the source of legitimate power—
The People, the empire all over!
And shoulder to shoulder, in sunshine or shower,
May they struggle their rights to recover!
Let their foes quail—
They're clothed in mail,
For great is the truth, and must ever prevail!

Again to King William, the best of his line!
Again to his dearest connexion!
Again to his beautiful heiress, in wine
As bright as her glowing complexion!
Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
(*Nine times nine!!*)

A LETTER TO MR TAIT, ON THE NEW POOR-LAW BILL, CORN-LAWS, CURRENCY, MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Dear Tait,—I know not whether the aristocratlings of the Modern Athens are serving their master by vituperating the new Poor-Law Bill; but those of Sheffield are as busy as so many maggots in the carcass of a dead horse, with the view, it would seem, of helping the Tories and annoying the Ministry, by exasperating the working classes. I have only been able, however, to meet with one workman with whom they have succeeded. And yet the self-supported poor ought to dislike the new Poor-Law Bill; for it has one enormous fault—a fault which "the friends of the poor," as our enemies call themselves, take especial care not to mention—*it begins at the wrong end.* Had it begun at the right end—had it been made to apply, first, to the palaced paupers, instead of their victims; had its preliminary been the total and immediate repeal of the Corn-Laws, and of all other laws which prevent or impede the exchange of manufactured goods for the agricultural productions of other countries—we should, by this time, peradventure, *have had no paupers but the authors of those laws, and their hopeful families:* for food would have kept pace with population, knowledge with both; our rivals would have become every day fewer, our customers more numerous; each passing hour would have increased, instead of diminishing the rate of profit, *and, consequently, the amount of that fund out of which high wages can alone continue to be paid.*

If we inquire into the origin and authorship of that alteration in the ancient Poor-Law which enabled Tory magistrates to debase the people, and bribe their own dependents, by and through the distribution of what is called out-door relief to the poor, we shall find that the self-supported poor have no reason to quarrel with its abolition. The author of the alteration was the monster Pitt; who, having, by his Bank-Restriction Act, deluged the nation with inconvertible paper-money—trebling rents, and raising the price of wheat from 44s. per quarter, (in gold,) to 84s. (in paper money,) while the wages of agricultural labour rose only from 1s. 9d. to 2s. per day—found that there was likely to be a *run on the Workhouses!* and that thrice the existing number would probably be insufficient to receive one half of the applicants! He, therefore, impelled by necessity, as well as his own devilish cunning and wickedness, resolved to strike the honest and industrious a double-handed blow, by devising a scheme for relieving his victims in their hovels, by payments out of the rates *ordered by the justices!* a scheme which, while it degraded the poor lower than the brutes, enabled the aristocracy and their underlings—Tory lawyers, Tory constables, Tory licensed victuallers, Tory footmen, assessors of taxes, &c. &c. &c., by thousands and tens of thousands—to divide among themselves an average of about two millions per annum of the People's money, from the commencement of the alteration in the law to its extinction. And can the working classes of this country be induced, by speechifiers and sham-radical newspaper editors, to clamour for the re-enactment of a law like this? Why, it was one of the means by which the monster carried on his crusade against liberty! First, he bribed, by his Bank-Restriction Act, the bankers and the landowners, the latter of whom were not then aware that it was to make paupers of them; and then, for a time, placed the landowners in security by his alteration of the Poor-Laws, which enabled them to garrison their neighbourhood with idle ruffians, who thenceforth had nothing to do but damn the French, rob and perhaps kill the Jacobins, eat the bread of the poor, and thank the rich for it; doffing their hats to the parson-justice, who was to be seen anywhere except in the pulpit. Why, then, if the altered law so well answered the purpose of the Tories, did they repeal it by acclamation? Because it had ceased to answer their purpose. They discovered at last—what their own personal and hereditary experience ought at once to have taught them—that persons who are *kept* by others, (as the Tories have ever been, and mean to be,) will do nothing for themselves; and, if proof were wanting that whom God hath doomed he infatuates, it is furnished by the fact, that they did not make this awful discovery (though it is the Tory's instinct) until they were literally in danger of being eaten in their own drawing-rooms, half a dozen for a breakfast, by the hundreds of thousands of wretches whom, by the altered law, they had impoverished and unsouled. And is it to benefit the Tories—whose hatred of the poor is so deadly *that they taxed building materials, to render it impossible for working men to invest their savings without ultimate impoverishment*—the Tories, who defeat forethought and punish self-denial twice, *because they know that if a poor man acquire property, he will build a Mind upon it*:—is it, I ask, to benefit these indescribable miscreants (whom I will describe, if I can) that the workmen of Britain are expected to clamour for a Repeal of the new Poor-Law Bill? That the palaced pauper's enslaved portion of the middle class—the practical man, *skilful in accounts;* the retired and experienced overseer; the so-often-re-elected of the select, with his adoring and honest crew of baker-contractors, grocer-contractors, butcher-contractors, &c. &c. &c.—respect the Tories from habit, and the gratitude which expects future plunder, I am as well aware as the people shall be. But if the latter respect the Tories, it is because they do not know what the Tories cost us. I am sure I do not; but I think I know what their Corn-Law costs. Let us see. The Tories themselves acknowledge that it raises the prices of British agricultural produce, at least 35 per

cent. above the continental prices; consequently, if the annual value of that produce, at the bread-tax prices, is £250,000,000, the Corn-Laws cost or destroy £87,500,000 per annum, or about the difference in value between gold and the inconvertible paper money which constituted the circulating medium when the Corn-Laws were enacted. Is it, then, for securing their paper-rents in gold, by means of the Corn-Laws, that the working classes are to respect the Tories? I suppose so. For we are told there are somewhere (under ground, perhaps) "Operative Conservative Societies!" There may be; and if there are, I will not blame, but pity the deluded workmen. Robbed, insulted, trampled upon, as they have been, and are still, it is natural for them to listen to any man who, with a decent coat on his back, pretends to feel an interest in their well-being. Yet, let them beware. They are environed with dangers. But they may avoid the rocks of Tory treachery, and sail safely in the roughest water, if they will only write on their hearts, as a talisman—*That all newspaper editors who do not advocate immediate and unrestricted freedom of trade, are either wicked or incapable; and that, whether wicked or incapable, they are the working man's deadliest foes; because they could not better serve his enemies than they do, if they were openly paid by the Tories at the door of their den in Charles Street. Let the working classes, then, read no newspaper—especially if it be a cheap one—that does not denounce monopolies of all descriptions!* They may safely make a religion of this, if the Bible does: and yet we are undermined by pretended preachers of that Bible, even at our prayers! But why do the Tories employ these dissenting parsons to help them into office again? Why do they seek office at all? They have already robbed us of everything but toil, sorrow, and death. Has a short abstinence from power taught them the art of picking dry bones? God grant that it may; and that, when they seek food, they may find all they have earned! So, when the Jesuits of the future read of the patrons of their fathers—whose history for the last forty years, proves that the compound noun "Tory-landowner," is the only term in language which expresses fully the *ne plus ultra* of human vileness—they will see merit and reward coincident. But they will say, "Why Tory-Landowner?" as if it were not known to every Jesuit, that, though there are honest Whigs, every Tory is a bread-tax-eater in his heart!

My present business, however, is not with the Jesuits of the future, but the Wesleyan Jesuits—I mean the popes, cardinals, and grand inquisitors of old Methodism—the saints who are preaching black slavery in America—the immaculates, traders in souls, who started a newspaper to support Peel and Toryism here—the conjurors who boast that they will betray the people through members of their body, who are to be sent to Parliament! With what honest intention a corporation, purporting to be religious, can educate any of its members as political brawlers, I leave your readers to judge. But the Methodist body—though it contains a few putrid aristocratlings, or shreds of the fag-end of the great vulgar, and a considerable number of the corruptible middle class—consists principally of workmen, a little raised above the lowest class, incorruptible, and, if not deluded, not to be sold. For that body to suppose that they who advocate black slavery in America, do not intend to perpetuate white slavery here, would be as absurd as to conclude that the idolatrous Pagans who daily crucify Christ in the name of Jesus, would not, had they lived in his time, have poisoned Socrates! The modern Loyolas, then, will find themselves mistaken. They may offer themselves for sale, and it is said they have already found bidders; but, as they cannot sell their congregations, the bidders will not be buyers, because, being themselves as throng as five in a bed, the congregations are the only things they want to buy. Still the new popedom and conclave will possess much property in chapels, which they may let to Ducrow, or to the hundred thousand seceders who, whether joined in congregations or not, have left them in disgust.

There is hope, then, in despair? Yes; but let us hope wisely, for we stand on the brink of a precipice. After passing to cash payments through unexampled horrors, are we to witness nothing but legislative destruction? experience nothing but alternations of sham-prosperity, and miseries too real? The payment of genuine bills of exchange—of which it is impossible to have too many, and between which and mere promises to pay, whether on demand or not, there exists an eternal and inherent distinction—is again endangered by mere promises to pay. What are we to say of that legislation, that Whig-suicide by Act of Parliament, which has again enabled bad money to endanger good? Bank paper is again a legal tender! Lord Althorp—one of those good-natured pests, who sometimes do more harm in an hour than all the breed ever did good since the creation of the world—partially repealed Peel's Bill; that Bill which in its consequences, carried the Reform Bill! that bill on which Peel's admirers should build his monument; for it is solid enough to sustain any weight of notoriety, and assuredly will not sink beneath a feather, swayed by every wind of expedience. Government has been bullied into the re-enactment of the cause of the crisis of 1825! Blessed with Pitt's Bank-Restriction Act shorn of its rightful security, we are now, as one of the men of Birmingham says, "quiet as a barrel of gunpowder." Yes! under pretence of accommodation to the public, a defunct monopoly has been rechartered, which requires accommodation itself; for, possessing a capital of three millions, it has lent fifteen millions to one customer who cannot repay the loan, and consequently has deprived the public of accommodation to the amount of five times its capital!—and this truly awful concern is hostilely tupping, with its soft sheep's horns, at establishments which have a paid up capital of 27 millions, and a *liable* capital of, at least, 250 millions more! If the result of all this might be, for once, a process which would teach money-mongers on both sides the Atlantic to be satisfied in future with their fair share of business, honest men would have reason to rejoice. But hitherto the re-chartering of the old libertine, through whose instrumentality, in the days of our glory, not less than fifteen hundred millions were stolen from honest men, to buy a bread-tax for thieves—hitherto, I say, the new undertakings of the strumpet, called of Threadneedle Street, have resulted in a great and sudden influx of business, followed by an equally great advance in the price of provisions, and speedily to be followed by a privation of business, as great and sudden as the influx. Is it not time, then, to look our affairs in the face? We have been saved from ruin so far, by the folly of our rivals, who have imitated our absurd legislation, imagining that we have thriven by our restrictive system—whereas we have thriven in spite of it. If they, generally, establish freedom of trade before us, our ruin is certain: witness the growing trade of Switzerland, a country which possesses no requisite for commerce, except the absence of every restriction upon it! I am told, by my excellent neighbour, Mr Samuel Jackson—whose invaluable evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, shews him to be a capital witness on the subject—that the French possess all our coal measures, spread over extensive districts; that good coal is sold at the pits for 2s. per ton in France; and that the proprietors can manufacture pig iron for £2 per ton. If, then, our cheap-food rivals possess all our coal measures, nothing but wise legislation is wanting, to give them our cotton trade, on which all our other trades, and, consequently, our subsistence, mainly depend. Now, if the Corn-Laws are suffered to continue, depressing the rate of profit here, our merchants and monied men, may and will remove their capitals to other countries, where they will pay, and be fatally employed against us; but our manufacturers cannot, for their mills cannot fly; nor can our workmen remove themselves, for the continent would not

receive them. Full nearly then it concerns the latter to insist on the immediate destruction of all monopolies! As the men have determined that the bread-tax shall not be paid out of wages, it is time for the masters to consider whether it can be paid out of profits; and to remember that the folly of wise men is wickedness.

Here, too, there is hope in our despair. It is consoling to reflect that one of the effects of the rush of artificial prosperity which we have witnessed, has been a circumstance of good omen, hitherto unexampled in the annals of paper money; I allude to the well-timed and successful strike of the Sheffield filesmiths, who anticipated, by gaining an advance of wages, the rise in the price of provisions; and this they did, not by violence, but by a display of enlightened reason, calm, and almost sublime. They also know that, if high wages here are a premium to foreign rivalry, the bread-tax offers the premium. Is it, then, too much to expect that they will soon exhibit a spectacle still more imposing? If they wait until money-monopoly, and bread-monopoly, and bad seasons here, combined with wise legislation on the Continent, and the successful competition of our cheap-food rivals, shall again cause a run on the workhouses, and, as in the days of the monster Pitt, thrice their number be found insufficient to receive the famished and infuriated applicants, what will they do next? Alas! it will be too late to do anything, but eat their oppressors raw and alive, and then each other; for there are crimes and calamities which cannot be repeated without national ruin. Neither in-door relief, nor out-door pay, nor the means of furnishing either, will any longer be possible in this country, if we wait till deep shall shout unto deep, that selfish legislation is about to be swept into eternal darkness, by the gathered thunders of its own broom! and palace and hovel together, precipitated down a Niagara of horrors into an ocean of blood! But I advise them to prevent the catastrophe by demanding (not pay, but) Justice! and by justice, I mean the ballot! household suffrage! responsible Lords, or none! and, above all, immediate and utterly unrestricted freedom of trade in money and all other things! If masters and workmen are not insane—if they do not intend to see six or eight millions of human beings in the streets and lanes, without wages, without food, and without the possibility of either—they will take the advice of one who never deceived them, and prevent the foreseen effects, by a timely removal of the disastrous and most devilish cause. With such leaders as Grote, Hindley, Bulwer, Roebuck, Thompson, Harvey, Hume, and "the man of men," O'Connell, can we fail? Let us fail, then; but let us also tell the landowners that they must henceforth be paid in that inconvertible paper-money which constituted the currency before their Corn-Laws were enacted; and by no means be allowed in future to pocket or destroy £87,500,000 yearly—being the difference in value between the inconvertible paper money and gold, or 35 per cent. on the gross of £250,000,000. This, I think, would retard our fall, and be a surer method of taxing absentees than any which O'Connell has devised. That masters and workmen will haste to ask their hearts, what will be the fate of their wives and children, if the Corn Laws be suffered to destroy our trade, is the earnest, constant, daily, hourly prayer of their fellow-sufferer and humble laureate,

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

Sheffield, 29th Nov. 1836.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Comic Almanack for 1837

Is first-rate in its own original line. In *pencil*, we have perhaps seen it as good; but, where *Cruikshank* fails, *Rigdum Funnidos*, the editor, makes all up.

The poetry, the epistles, the bits of festivals, and of great events and odd matters, are all alike comical and capital. Thus we have—

January 1. Curacoa taken—(rather too freely.)
11. *Cayenne* taken by *as-salt* 1809. Enemy well *peppered.*
April 1. *Sapientia.* Cockneys commence angling for red-herrings.
16. Mutiny at *Spit*-head. Cooks strike for wages.
29. *Thrashing* commences in London. Macready thrashes Bunn, but gets nothing but *chaff.*
30. *Rogue*ation S. A pickpocket ducked about this time.
May 1. Chimney Sweepers' Jubilee. Emancipation of the *Blacks.*
June 21. Daniel Lambert died. Grand diet of *Worms.*
August 1. Charles X. abdicated. New issue of Sovereigns.
Oct. 25. *St Crispin.* All *Soles'* day. *Cobblers'* Holiday. No business done in Downing Street.
31. Brewing ends. *Malt*-Brun. Sir Matthew *Hale.*
Nov. 26. First night of Tom and Jerry. *Larks* in season.

And thus Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. proceeds throughout the 365 days of the Calendar. There is also an Annual Register. From the epistles-general, which are numerous, we quote this of Thomas Gardener to Sally Cook, for the consolation of all prudent lovers in distress, and the benefit of scientific members of Horticultural Societies.

I tak up my pen with much plessure to inform yew that i hav bean quiet Mizzerabl ever sins i left my plase. Evvery think has gon rong from that day to this, i hav ad no Turnups to speek of in my gardn & no Peas in my mind. i offen think of the appy days we ust to spend, parti'kly our Soft tewsdys wen yew ust to toe us up them nice apel friters wile the rest of the sirvents was obleigt to put up with nothink but plane pan caks without nayther apels nor sugger. O saly! i offen sets & thinks that luv is jest like a friing pan & wons art like a pan cak frizzling in the midl on it.

I've nevver repentid leveing but onst and thats evver sins. But i wasent agoin to stand bean dun out of my perquizzits by masters pertending he ad a rites to cum into the gardn whenever he likt & get my peeches & neck-trings, jest becaws it was hisn, and give away my Cabidges and Lettises without so much as with your Leaf or by your Leaf, to say nothink about the rumpus he maid about them 2 or 3 graps & accusing me of Boneing the Bone manure, & wors then al, eaping them 2 tun of coles on my hed wich i no moor stole em then yew did saly & after turning me away on account of the Coles wanting to Cokes me bak agen.

Dear saly, my place hear is verry cumfuttabl, but i am verry uncumfuttabl in it on account of my Bean in sich a tendar pashun with Yew. O luv, luv! i am grew as thin as a lath and hav found out wot it is not to hav cuk for a swete hart. Our under ous made is verry fond on me but wats the use of ous mades, won carnt heat brumes and skrubbin brushs. O saly saly! yew wood ardly no me i am as weak as a kittin, i can scace andl my Spade & its al Hoeing to yew. i set ours & ours in the forsing ous, doing nothink but thinking of yewr perty face, & i offen think ow appy we mite be with yewr 2 underd pound as yewr Grand muther left yew, and yewr 50 pound in the saveing bank, & my 5 pound as Jorge Hawl the squir's futman as is gone away ows me. We mite take a Public ous, the Pig & wissle for instants, & get a gud bisnes & be as appy as the day is lung. Saly luv wat do yew say to me, let me no your mind, but rimmember wat i sed about the Publik is strickly Privet.

Dear saly, i carnt abuse my noo master & missus, at least not at present, they ar uncomon kind to me & so is al the fammaly. The 2 former blungs to a Linean sowsiaty & to ear em tawk about Bottany is rely quite Transporting. We ad the annywal sho the uther day wich is cundu'ktid in the most aprovd manner namely giving prises to al the supskribers wich givs gennaral sattisfaxion and advarnses siance. It tuk place in the town all on wensdy last for Pinks Dailys and settera, on wich okashun master was brote in Furst mule, & missus Furst fireball, & i beg to anounce in the veggytibl line i was juged to be the Bigest cabbige head out of 40. The sowsiaty has dun a gud deal of gud hear abouts in regard of kichin gardn stuf, namely redishs so larg as not to be told from carots, & peas like Led bulits, boath wich is nothink in comparryson of their turnups wich they hav at last sucseeded in

growin em so big & ollow is is gud for nothink but litle bys to make Jack a lantans off. The sowsiaty increses annywaly erry ear, & oposishun is got to sich a hite as yew woodent bleav. The uther day 1 poor fellow, Bean bete in his Carrots, axualy went ome & cut his Carrotid hartary. Annother grate advarntidge is the onnerrery members dining togather after the sho & eting up al the Best frute, by wich in Coarse they no wear to aply to annother time wen they want anny. The rest is sold to pay xpences. Alleo it is a verry gud thing for the markit gardners, any 1 of woom by paying 2 shilin entrants & sending in a 5 shilin baskit of veggytibles stands a charnse of wining a ½ crown prise.

For my own part i am Becuming quite bottanycle & no the lattin to evrythink. It wood sirprize my old butty James to ear me nocking the ard words about. Tel him with my best cumplyments he nose nuthink. For instants Tel him a rose isent no sich thing but only a Pollyandrew, alleo hy the same rule a Merrygold is nuthink but a Merryandrew, and sow on of the rest. But studding Bottany doant Leav 1 much time for wurking in the gardn, & i am sory to say my things is luking verry bad, partickly my Dailys wich is groan quite Weekly, and my Melons cutting a verry Melonkoly apearance.

Owevver i must cum to an end, so deer saly rimmember my cumplements to Jon butler, & Tummas futman, & Robbart cochman, & Deer saly doant Forget yourself. And saly, doant hav nothink to say to your noo Gardner, for betwene yew & me, as yew ust to say of cuks, gardners is no grate shaks. So doant nevver luv nobdy but Me for deer saly my luv for yew is Hardy Peranual. So gud Boy my deer Gal

from your hafectionet

TUMMAS HOLLYOKE.

If the reader outlive the perusal of Thomas' epistle, he may turn to twenty things equally humorous and pointed. We believe it must be already known that, besides its fun, *The Comic Annual* is properly ballasted with the useful information common to the sober Almanacks, and has about as much *earnest* as *jest*.

The Etterick Shepherd's Tales. Vol. I.

The first volume of a series of the Shepherd's tales has just been published by Blackie & Son of Glasgow. We hope that the publication is, to some extent, for the benefit of Mr Hogg's family, and would have been glad to see some intimation to this effect in the advertisement prefixed to the volume, as we have only heard it casually mentioned. Hogg, it appears from this advertisement, "wrote many original tales and sketches expressly for this series;" so that at least a part of its contents will be fresh to the public. The present volume is, we think, very judiciously selected for a beginning one. It contains the whole of "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," one of Hogg's best tales, and the *naive*, pastoral and romantic story of "The Wool-Gatherer," with two shorter tales. One of these, "Allan Gordon," ought to be dramatized; not for either its wit or interest, but from that irresistible and grotesque absurdity, half unconscious on the author's part, which kills the reader with laughter. Two characteristic embellishments are from the pencil of Mr D. O. Hill; and the volume is no slim one. Altogether, we hope the work will be successful! It is the only memorial that has yet appeared of a man who, if at one time absurdly flattered and mistakenly caressed to his own injury, has been far too easily forgotten.

Nature Considered as a Revelation. By the Rev. Robert Bayley.

Mr Bayley considers *Nature* as a *Revelation*, if we apprehend him aright, in the same sense as Addison, when the latter says—

> The spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
> *Their great Original proclaim;*

Or as, when in those other lines he writes—

> The unwearied sun, from day to day,
> Does his Creator's power display,
> And publishes to every land
> The works of an Almighty hand.

But Mr Bayley is not contented with finding in nature illustrations and analogies. He recognises a twofold law, and finds all nature full of types, emblems, and symbols. He is a Christian divine; but with a relish of the fanciful and the mystic of Quarles, Bunyan, Hervey, and, perhaps, of Swedenborg. He symbolizes all nature, and finds "sermons in stones," and uses of edifying in everything. The system of illustration is, of course, meant to be subservient to the salutary developement and cultivation of the moral perceptions and feelings. But we fear that Mr Bayley may sometimes deal with things as a punster or quibbler does with words—lose sight of their true use and meaning in hunting after the fanciful ones. Besides, where an individual possesses any ingenuity, there can be no limit to those illustrations which are here termed "Revelations of Nature." How much philosophy of this kind could Swift find in a broomstick! How much could the quaint, quibbling, allegorizing preachers of the sixteenth century find in anything whatever that they chose for a text!

The Fallacy of the Art of Physic as Taught in the Schools. By Samuel Dickson, M.D., formerly a Medical Officer on the Staff. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

We frankly plead entire ignorance to the Art of Physic; yet, like other people, sick or well, in passing through the world, we make our own observations and our guesses about the mystery. These observations and inferences of ours lead us to pronounce Dr Dickson's work as one of vigorous sense and courageous honesty. It is for others to say whether all his medical opinions be sound or not.

The Excitement.

This is a neat Edinburgh Annual for young folks, of which the eighth volume is now upon our table—one proof among others that the compilation is popular. It is understood to be compiled by a clergyman, who does not, however, consider it "essential that *every* book put into the hands of the young should necessarily contain something of a religious nature." The book is one of entertainment and information. The series professes to be intended to excite young people to read, and to record such incidents as are best fitted to arrest their attention.

A Translation of Buchanan's Latin Psalms

Has been made by Mr John Eadie, a preacher and teacher of languages in Glasgow, and, therefore, it is to be presumed, well prepared for the task. The common version of the Psalms, with which every one in Scotland is familiar from infancy, interferes so much with the judgment, that no one can be qualified to give a just or impartial opinion of what disturbs every old and endeared association entwined around the quaint homeliness of the verses lisped in childhood. We could not, in place of the old Psalms sung in our churches, accept of the strength of Milton or the elegance of Cowper. The present work is a creditable attempt for a scholar; but not a volume for extensive or popular use.

The Apprentices' Guide to Wealth and Esteem.

Does any considerate youth, in about the middle of his apprenticeship, begin to look forward to the world upon which he is about to enter, and desire, after a career of successful, because persevering and well-regulated industry, to die Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sovereign of Belfast, or even Lord Mayor of London—let him forthwith get a copy of this small manual, and study it diligently day and night. It is really one of the most judicious, clear-headed, and solid practical guides for youth we have ever seen. Somehow, we never can get rid of the feeling that there is a small relish of "Mr Thomas Inkle of London" about such productions—a touch of selfishness, in short, and cold-hearted calculation; but this little work, though cautious and prudential, is entirely free of any sordid taint. In short, no one who wishes well to a lad could make him a fitter new-year's gift than this small guide.

Dr Henry Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.

This is a work of a kind that never fails to attract and interest—one which, by pleasing gradation, and a chain of which every link is golden, leads the reader through Nature up to Nature's God. The author has chosen

the Winter season for the subject of his first meditations. He has arranged his materials in order, and taken a subject for every week, and its divisions for each day of the week. All nature supplies him with boundless themes for this ingenious and popular compilation. A better idea will be obtained of the nature and object of the work, if we state a few of the leading topics. There are the STARRY HEAVENS, which opens up the wonders of astronomy and all the collateral subjects; the HYBERNATION of PLANTS, and also of BIRDS and INSECTS; FROST; the INHABITANTS of the POLAR REGIONS—with an endless variety of subordinate subjects and illustrations. We do not give out this work as one of exact or profound science, but as a charming winter fire-side book, especially for family circles, and one which agreeably mingles entertaining knowledge with moral and religious instruction.

A Satire on Satirists. By Walter Savage Landor.

In mercy to the author, who seems in a very pitiable case, we forbear minute notice of this production. Had his satire appeared a dozen years ago, one might have sympathized with his indignation, and approved his motives. There are men who can, with edifying composure, see a neighbour run through the body, and yet get into fury and convulsion if the assassin come within a yard of their own gouty toes.

The Parson's Case of Jewels.

Is a little pious story-book, written by the well-known Mrs Sherwood, and published at Berwick. It is exceedingly amiable in tone, and in object unexceptionable. The groundwork of the story is one of the most delightful works of its kind in the language—"Herbert's Country Parson."

THE GOLDEN ALMANACK, and THE VICTORIA ALMANACK, are little calenders, printed in gold and silver letters upon coloured paper. They are intended for Christmas gifts; and, gilding and all, are cheaper than a small cake of gilt gingerbread; so, we presume, there will be a great demand for them. They are only sixpence a-piece, and really pretty and useful toys.

PETER PARLEY, our old friend, has just brought out a budget of tales about the SUN, MOON, STARS, and COMETS; in short, he teaches astronomy in his own clear, pleasant, and peculiar way, and many things subsidiary or connected with this attractive science. Peter has made himself acquainted with the latest discoveries and improvements in instruments, and has really produced, in a lively and entertaining style, a most instructive treatise. The engravings are numerous, and, like all those of this series, alike excellent in design and execution. They are generally illustrative of the experiments by which Mr Parley familiarizes science, and are very happily conceived for this purpose.

FINE ARTS.

Fisher's Views in Syria and the Holy Land.

This selection of views, the beauty and elegance of which we have had occasion to commemorate before now, has just appeared as a handsome volume, cased in green and gold, like my lady's page. We have seen none of the Annua's for 1837 better adapted for a holiday gift than this joint concern of Mr Bartlett and Mr Carne. We had not seen before the *View of Kalendria, Coast of Cilicia.* It is one of the most delicious, sun-lit sea-views that eyes ever beheld. Mr Carne says moon-lit; and, if so, the moon of the east must be more brilliant than the sun of the west. The engraving floats in glowing light, as if kindled by a transparency. *The House of Girgius Adeeb at Antioch* is another engraving new to us in the series—very characteristic of the East, and charming in its details. Let our young readers try to imagine it from Mr Carne's description:—"Girgius Adeeb, the host, is delighted to welcome travellers to his house by day or night, or both, and will not accept, even from the wealthiest, any remuneration. . . The dwelling of Girgius is a good one; it rests upon the ancient walls of the city; and from the divan windows on the left, you look upon the Orontes and the distant mountains; and, in the opposite direction, is a glimpse of the walled heights above the city. The harem, or women's abode, is on the right, in light; and, near the door, is a well, and servants fetching water, not muffled, like Turkish females, for Girgius is a Christian. The offices are at right angles with the harem, but are not seen; the children of the host are playing about; the door at the corner open, with the sleeping rooms for the guests, who rest on a broad, low divan, continued round the room. A servant is carrying refreshments up the steps of the divan; and some merchants are conferring with Girgius, who is seated with a pipe in his hand, just without the rails of the divan. A jar of precisely similar make and size to those in the plate formed part of our baggage in Syria, to carry wine, when it chanced to be good, and was filled at intervals, 'few and far between.' The young woman playing with the child is clad in the tunic or short vest, which is embroidered; the large and full pantaloons of silk reach little more than half-way down the leg; the shoes of yellow leather, turn up sharp at the point; the child's dress, like that of most children of good condition in the East, is tasteful and picturesque, and more becoming and graceful to that age than the European costume. In the foreground are the *nahrguillies*, or pipes, for smoking with water; and two large citron trees afford a scanty shade." Can the reader conceive this Eastern scene? In the hospitable house of Girgius, it is usual, on departing, to give handsomely to the servants. The chief of these is Debro, who figures on the foreground of the plate, a knowing, bustling, and useful steward to his master, and particularly obliging to all strangers. In the evening, there is generally quite a reunion in the house of Girgius, and an excellent supper is laid out, to which ample justice is always done. Before sitting down, *raki* is served out, in small glasses, as an appetizer. Here are to be met Aleppines in their rich furs, Turks, Christians, and officers of the Pasha. Among the latter was a fine young Pole in the medical service, personally attached to Ibrahim Pasha, and overlooking all his faults; clinching every argument with—"*Monsieur, il paie bien ses employés.*" The argument has force. One would like to sup some fine evening with Girgius Adeeb and his guests. In describing the *View of Mount Cassus from the Sea*, Mr Carne has given an exceedingly interesting account of Colonel Chesney's attempts, and of the progress of his stupendous projects.

The Cabinet of Modern Art

Is a series of brilliant engravings upon a small scale, all of them from clever designs, and some from recent and admired paintings. They are twenty-four in number, and include heads, landscapes, groups, and architectural and romantic scenic subjects. The artists are almost as numerous as the engravings. There are indeed so many exquisite, and also pretty and pleasing pictures, that we are at a loss how to distinguish them, without going over the whole bead-roll. Our principal favourites are *Peasants of Subiaco*, sketched by Edmonstone; the *Fantoccini*, by the same artist; *A Peasant Girl of Procida*, by Leopold Robert, a French or Belgian artist, we believe; *The Morning Bath*, by Collins, a scene which may be at Hastings, or Brighton, or twenty places, and which is full of nature and character, of a cheerful and unambitious kind. *The Gipsy*, by Rochard, is a pleasing portrait of a lady telling fortunes from the cards, in masquerade costume certainly, for this is no swarthy gipsy. *The Embroiderer*, by Hart, if flat, is yet full of quiet natural grace. We would also single out Stephanhoffe's somewhat crowded, but spirited *Triumphal Entry of the Black Prince into London, with John of France as his Prisoner*; and a very sweet landscape, *A Ruined Fountain*, by Chalon. This scene of lucid twilight—when

The moon is up, but yet it is not night—

is peculiarly beautiful. The classic and poetical subjects, of which three are by Stothard, are of varying merit. *The Muse Erato* of this artist is replete with elegance of fancy; and, among the many brilliant specimens of engraving in this selection, this by Portbury

deserves to be singled out as wholly worthy of the painting it so exquisitely represents. *The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus*, is by Mr Westall, and among the finest of the classical designs, though the goddess herself looks rather peevish and rueful. In another classic print, *The Birth of Venus*, the gawky goddess is club-footed; and, as Dandie Dinmont said in spearing the salmon, "turns up a side like a sow," as she rises from her native element. But the Graces and Nereids in attendance, are pretty laughing girls. We have omitted one of the best prints of the series, *La Belle Fortunata*—a speaking truthful portrait of an Italian girl, whose countenance beams with expression.

We would recommend this selection upon the same principle that a volume of choice pieces of poetry, selected from the best writers, must be of more value than almost any original volume whatever by one author. It consists of everybody's best.

The Book of Gems.

This is a very elegant work. The poets and painters of Great Britain meet, and, combining their rarest beauties, lend grace to each other. The series was, we believe, commenced last year. It will require, perhaps, another volume to complete one of the most tasteful additions that have lately been made to the drawing-room cabinet library. To every specimen chosen from a favourite poet, an exquisite little original design is dedicated, in the style of the illustrated editions of Rogers' poems, and other elegant works with which our readers must be familiar. The present volume contains specimens from fifty-two poets, and consequently the same number of prints. The list of artists and engravers comprehends the most popular names in modern art. We have not space to enumerate the designs. The rustic subjects and landscapes are peculiarly sweet. Autographs of many of the poets are given, and the book is beautifully printed, and forms altogether one of the most handsome and desirable works, of an enduring kind, that have lately appeared in England, within the compass of ordinary purses.

*** *Our notices of the late interesting publication of M. Von Raumer, Lord Wharncliffe's "Life and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley," Lane's "Account of the Modern Egyptians," the Memoir and Discourses of the late Rev. John Brown Patterson of Falkirk, and several other Works, are unavoidably delayed till next month; also a lot of new novels, for which we cannot, at present, make room.*

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament meets on the 31st January, and we hope that, ere that time, means will be devised for re-establishing the union among all classes of Liberals, so that the Tories may be efficiently opposed, and deterred from attempting to seize the reins of government. The demands of the Radicals are so moderate—being merely that such questions as the Ballot and shortening the duration of Parliament shall be left open—that we hardly think Ministers will be so wrong-headed as to refuse them; and, if they do, we cannot see on what grounds they can expect the support of the Liberals. We confess, for our own part, that we have not so great a dread of the Tories getting into power, as to be disposed to yield everything to the Whigs; for we do not think that, with the present state of Ireland, the high price of food, and deficiency of employment in several important branches of trade, the Tories are likely to have a longer tenure of power than they had upon the last occasion on which they attempted to govern the state. A few months' seclusion from the toils of office, would afford the Whigs leisure to study those questions on which so many of them inform their constituents, they have not yet made up their minds, and enable them to resume with more effect their duties, when their services were again required. The real struggle now lies, not between Whigs and Tories, but between the Aristocracy and the People: as long as the Whigs are useful in this struggle, they are deserving of support; but, when they shew any symptoms of being desirous to retard the progress of Reform, they must give way to bolder and honester men, even should there be a risk of the Tories gaining by the change a momentary ascendancy; for the bugbear of Tory ascendancy must not be permitted to give the Whigs a monopoly of office.

We have been looking in all directions for symptoms of that reaction which the Tories have been so loudly proclaiming; but without success. Perhaps the Tories have been exerting themselves more in the way of eating and drinking this recess than formerly, but it never can be difficult to assemble large bodies of men when dinner tickets are given gratuitously. How far it is judicious for the Tories to accustom the people to political discussions may well be doubted. The halcyon days of Toryism were, when every man had nothing to do with the laws but obey them, and nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them; when every man attended to his own business, and left to the Tories affairs of state, and the public purse. Many of those who listen to their after-dinner harangues, will not take all their assertions as truth; and if a spirit of inquiry be once raised, it is all that is required; for a little investigation will soon expose the sophistries and fraud by which the power of the aristocracy over the people is maintained. It is nothing but ignorance which enables a few hundred families to govern, for their own advantage, twenty-four millions of people. Were the masses sufficiently aware of the arts by which they are cozened and swindled out of their money, and made beasts of burden of, they would not long submit to so iniquitous a system, but demand justice with a voice of thunder. We have no hesitation in saying that our whole taxation and the greater part of our legislation, are calculated for the aggrandizement of the rich, on the degradation of the middle and poorer classes; but we are happy to see that, every year, and almost every month, the spirit of resistance is increasing in strength; and we are confident that, though the struggle may be severe and tedious, the cause of justice will ultimately be triumphant. One of the greatest errors, for themselves, the despots of this country ever committed, was reducing the stamp-duty on newspapers; for by that means a flood of light will be let into the dens of corruption, which, by exposing our vicious system of government, will lead to more important reforms than any that have yet been obtained.

At Birmingham, the people, as a speaker at a late public dinner there expressed it, are "quiet as a barrel of gunpowder;" but the match is not far off. The iron masters in Staffordshire are blowing out their furnaces and discharging their men, and it is calculated that 30,000 men are already idle. In the potteries and in other districts, a dispute about wages, has had the same effect; and the accounts from the manufacturing districts of the state of trade, are by no means favourable. Provisions are not likely to be cheap this spring, so that there will be ample leisure, and sufficient reason, for processions and meetings, to pass resolutions, which, as in 1832, will agitate the length and breadth of the land. In such circumstances, we cannot join in the cry which has been raised, for the opening of the ports. Such a measure will only ensure a continuance of our iniquitous starvation laws. By that expedient, these laws have been saved before now. Let therefore the price of food rise until the starvation laws be forced upon the attention of Parliament, and let agitation never cease, until corn and food (including butcher meat and live animals, now prohibited to be imported) be allowed to be imported free from duty. Let us revert,

in this instance at least, to the so much boasted wisdom of our ancestors, which consisted in strengthening the country, not by starving, but by feeding the people.

At a meeting of the North Devonshire Reformers, held on the 23d November, Lord Ebrington disclaimed any knowledge or belief of the intention of Ministers to dissolve the House of Commons. On the question of Reform of the Peerage, he stated that he differed entirely from those who maintained that the constitution of the House of Lords was immutable, without the destruction of the constitution. No one would maintain such a doctrine who reflected upon the immense increase of the Peerage, made since the accession of George III., the admission of sixteen peers on the Union with Scotland, elected for the Parliament, and of only twenty-eight peers elected for life, on the union with Ireland. After such innovations, no one could say that any further extension of the elective franchise would be new or unheard of; but he objected to the Reform of the House of Lords, on the ground that he had not heard of any plan of Reform of which the benefit would be commensurate with the difficulty of effecting it. This is the opinion of a Lord. Mr Newton Fellowes had no scruples about reforming the Lords. Before the Reform Bill passed, he was convinced that it could not work without a Reform of the Lords. He proposed that they should make an experiment by holding a county meeting, and signifying their wishes to the Lords to adopt certain measures, which they had thought proper to reject. "If they set themselves up against your representatives and against you as a body, I say then, that, if petitions will not do, state to your Representatives that you *wish to go further*." This, from the brother and heir apparent of an Earl, is spirited and deserving of commendation. We need hardly remark that the expression of the opinion that the Reform of the Peerage was the only remedy for evils—the only means by which the advance of liberty and good government could be secured—was received by the meeting with vehement and protracted cheering.

At a meeting of the Reformers of South Devon, held on the 16th December., Sir W. Molesworth, advocated with great power the Ballot. He complained that, although the majority of the supporters of Government are in favour of the Ballot, and several of the Members of the Cabinet pledged to it, yet twice have the Ministry joined the Tories in rejecting the measure. He asked if these were the principles of solid union, if such conduct was fair, after the Liberals had struggled and laboured for union, night after night, when the slightest apathy or indifference would have proved fatal. Was it to be tolerated that Ministers should join with their worst foes in opposition to their only true friends? He maintained that, if members of the Cabinet were forced to vote against their real sentiments, they must be forced to relinquish their seats for real constituencies, and resort to those places which are still the sinks of the ancient borough system.

Mr Raikes Currie, a Liberal of the true stamp, has been invited to oppose Mr Charles Ross, the Tory whipper-in, at next election for Northampton. He is opposed to restrictions on trade and to the Corn Laws: he is the advocate of the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, Household Suffrage, and Reform of the Lords. He will support the Whigs as long as they act honestly and fairly: but, if they do not, "it matters little. Great occasions create if they do not find great men. The people will range themselves under other leaders; and then the Whigs may perish—but the Reform Bill is eternal."

THE BANK.—The bullion continues to ooze out of the Bank's coffers. Every return for several months past has shewn a greater deficiency than the preceding. The return of 15th December, although 200,000 sovereigns has been received from the Bank of France, is £388,000 lower than the return of the preceding month. The exchanges have, however, now improved; and it is to be hoped the drain will stop. Consols for the account have risen to 88¼.

Trial by jury in civil causes, for which the people of Scotland have always had a great, and, in our opinion, a well-founded aversion, has received a severe blow in England by the verdict pronounced in the case of Mr Fraser against Mr Berkeley. The whole compensation given for one of the most atrocious and brutal assaults on record is £100! Did the circumstance that the plaintiff was a tradesman and the defendant an aristocrat, operate on the jury?

The London University has at length obtained a charter, enabling it to confer degrees. The rage of the Tories is in consequence unbounded.

COUNTY POLICE.—We are glad to observe that it is in the contemplation of the Government to establish a rural police in England; but we hope that care will be taken how it is organized, and under whose direction it is placed. To give the Home Secretary, or any other Ministerial official, the control of such a force, would be to place an army not sanctioned by Parliament, in the hands of Government. The establishment of such a force must be preceded by giving a constitution to the counties, similar to that which boroughs now possess. Let every one who contributes to county rates, have a vote in the election of the lord-lieutenant, justices, collectors of taxes, and other local authorities, including the superintendent or head of the rural police. By this means, more than any other within the power of the legislature, the Toryism of the counties will be weakened. But, until the people of the counties have the same control over their own affairs as that possessed by the inhabitants of burghs, the appointment of any county police should be resisted to the utmost. We have only to point to Ireland to shew what an intolerable nuisance such a police, if not properly administered, might, or we ought rather to say, will become.

TITHE COMMUTATION.—Nothing is sufficiently great to satiate, and nothing sufficiently small to elude the grasp of our aristocracy. Not content with compelling the people to purchase what they have to sell—food—at an exorbitant price, they have ransacked the statute book, and having rid themselves of the tax on husbandry horses, shepherds' dogs, insurance on farm buildings and stock, and every other direct tax, they have had the meanness, in the late Act for Commutation of Tithes, to insert a clause for exempting advertisements relative to tithe commutations from payment of advertisement duty. By this exemption, the landlords in each parish of England and Wales, will be enabled to save—that is, to defraud the public of—1s. 6d.! We will venture to say that this piece of meanness is without parellel.

SCOTLAND.

THE CLERGY.—The question of the annuity tax continues to excite considerable interest in Edinburgh. The clergy, with Dr. Chalmers at their head, are standing up manfully for the last shilling the tax will yield; and they indignantly repudiate having the seat rents assigned to them as part of the security for their stipends. The Town Council, on the other hand, backed by the citizens, shew no disposition to yield, and have published a statement, shewing that, if the clergy collected the last shilling of the revenues appropriated to them, they would not receive above £450 each, whereas they refused £500 a year tendered to them by the Town Council with ample security some years ago. We advise the Edinburgh clergy to consider that their brethren in Glasgow receive only £420 a-year; that there are very few country parishes in which the stipend has of late years been £250; and to look to the situation in which the Irish Clergy have placed themselves by their rapacity. We will venture to prophesy that disputes between the clergy and their flocks, or rather the flocks of the Dissenting clergy, about money matters, is likely to have the same result as the bargain with the sybil; and we shall be surprised if the Edinburgh Clergy ever again receive £500 a-year of stipend under the annuity tax system. Notwithstanding that they have still the right of imprisonment, of which all other creditors were deprived, in the case of small debts, by a late statute, we doubt whether they will again venture to resort to a remedy repudiated by public opinion.

COALS.—In all parts of Scotland, a great scarcity of

fuel has existed for some months past, caused, as is shrewdly suspected, by a combination of the coal masters. The consumption in Glasgow exceeds in value £300,000 a-year, and the price is double what it was last year. An association has in consequence been formed for discovering and working new seams of coal in the vicinity of that city. It has already had the effect of reducing the price of coals. In order to punish the combined coal-masters, we strongly recommend the use of Newcastle coals, which only require a fair trial to convince any one that they are, at the present relative price, much more economical than the best Scotch coals. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, in iron making, that three quarters of a ton of Newcastle coals are equal to one ton of Scotch coals; and, for economical purposes, we are satisfied that the difference is much greater.

PARISH ROADS.—Numerous complaints exist as to the manner in which parish roads are maintained, and in regard to the administration of the funds. Those who contribute the whole money have not the slightest control over its expenditure, and are never even informed what is done with their money. The tax is levied according to the number of horses, or more generally ploughs, kept by each inhabitant of the parish; and a land proprietor, if non-resident, does not pay anything. The proprietors, however, have the sole control of the collections. The consequence is, that the funds, instead of being employed usefully for the parish, are expended in improving the roads running through the properties of the most influential proprietors; and the grossest encroachments on the parochial roads, if made by such a proprietor are overlooked. We know, for example, one instance of a proprietor—who calls himself a Liberal too—in the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, having drawn a wall across nearly one-half of the public road at his porter's lodge, to give the road the appearance of an approach to his own mansion; and that encroachment has remained for years unchallenged—his neighbour landlords not being resident, and taking no interest in the matter. We believe that, in every parish, similar encroachments and gross mismanagement of the funds could be pointed out.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—A schism has arisen in the Church with regard to the Moderatorship of next Assembly. Dr Lee, who, it was understood, had been agreed on by all parties, though a Tory, is not sufficiently rabid for some of our Churchmen, though affecting to hold Liberal opinions; and hence, Dr Gardiner, a man according to their own mind, has been set up in opposition. It is a very pretty quarrel, and there is little doubt that *odium theologicum* will not be absent on either side.

The Lord Advocate Murray has met his constituents at Leith, but has given little satisfaction. He is one of the Whigs who would be the better of a little leisure to study such questions as the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, Church Rates, the Pension List, and the Voluntary System. Lord William Bentinck is in a similar predicament, and must make up his mind to give way to a more Liberal representative at next election. He is for quinquennial Parliaments, reforming the House of Lords by making more Peers, and has rather a short memory regarding the proceedings of Parliament on the Pension List, Tithes, &c. Poor Lord Dalmeny is, however, still more to be pitied; his constituents at Dunfermline not having hesitated to pass a vote of censure on him before his face. His abortive attempt to answer Mr Grote's speech last session on the Ballot has not been forgotten. Sir Henry Parnell also was anything but well received at Dundee; and, on the whole, it may be stated that such of the Scottish Whig Members as have ventured to render an account of their stewardship to their constituents, have met with but an indifferent reception. If they wish to keep their seats they must move forward with the progress of public opinion.

Mr Feargus O'Connor addressed a numerous meeting, principally of the working classes, in the Cowgate Chapel, Edinburgh, on the evening of the 14th December. The principal topics of his address were Universal Suffrage, the Ballot, Reform of the Peers, and the Voluntary System. He was listened to with the utmost attention and repeatedly cheered during his speech, which lasted upwards of two hours. He speaks with great readiness, and occasionally with much eloquence. Nearly 3000 persons were present. Mr O'Connor is on a tour of agitation through the Scottish towns.

EAST LOTHIAN.—A requisition has been got up to Lord Ramsay to stand as candidate for this county at next election, against Mr Ferguson of Raith. As was to be expected, the Tories have made up their differences and united in their opposition. We believe, however, that, although the contest will be severe, Mr Ferguson will carry his election; the only thing that can defeat him will be the want of the Ballot. Here, as elsewhere, many of the tenantry of Tory landlords neither see the expediency, nor indeed the morality of supporting Whiggery, at the expense of ruin to themselves and families. A quarter of a century of Tory denomination could do them less ill than their landlords could in a few months; and it cannot be expected that the electors are to fight defenceless, for those who are to derive the benefit, and yet withhold the shield.

IRELAND.

The National Association have unanimously passed a resolution against Lord Lyndhurst, which must render it difficult for him ever to hold office as a minister, it was moved by Mr Boyce, a Protestant gentleman of large fortune in Wexford, and seconded by Mr O'Connell:—"That it having been ascertained that Lord Baron Lyndhurst has asserted in his place, as a Member of Parliament, that the great and overwhelming majority of the Irish prople, are aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion from the British people, we deem it a sacred duty, solemnly, and in the face of the entire British nation, to proclaim our deep convictiion, that the said Lord Lyndhurst is an enemy, at one and the same time, to the peace of Ireland, to the stability of the connection between these countries, to the liberty of the people, and to the safety of the throne."

Another victim has been sacrificed to the Moloch of tithes. Patrick Dwyer, who was imprisoned for tithes due to the Rev. Mr Coote, a clergyman of Kildare, lately died in jail. An immense funeral procession attended his corpse from Dublin to Kildare. Dwyer has left a wife and family, for whom we hope the Establishment will provide.

The proceedings of the Irish Court of Exchequer in issuing writs of rebellion for the recovery of tithes has been established to be erroneous, the defenders not having received the various notices prior to the issuing of the writ to which they were, by law and immemorial practice, entitled. The consequences of this blunder to the clergymen, on whose suit the writs were issued, will be most serious. Several hundreds of such writs have been issued, lives have been sacrificed in executing them, sales have taken place, and numerous persons have been imprisoned in virtue of them. All the persons aggrieved, have, of course, good actions for damages against the plaintiffs.

Several attempts have been made to effect tithe sales during the month; but in not a single instance has any article been sold. During the last 18 months, upwards of 20,000 persons have been prosecuted for non-payment of Tither.

The run on the Irish Banks has stopped. A letter from Mr O'Connell, as Governor of the National Bank, had a considerable effect in producing this result. The run appears to have originated with the Tories, for a political purpose.

The O'Connell Subscription raised in Great Britain to assist in defraying the expenses incurred by the Dublin election petition, has been closed, and the net amount remitted to Mr O'Connell is £8.429:15:2. The Justice rent amounts to from £300 to £400 a-week. The Tory tactics, of defeating their antagonists, by involving them in expense, are not therefore likely to be attended with success. The Dublin Election cost the Carlton Club purse £46,000, the greater proportion of which was expended in bribery.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The conquest of Algiers is likely to prove as troublesome and expensive to France as most of our colonies are to Britain. To secure its quiet possession, the French have thought it necessary to occupy a large portion of the surrounding country; and an expedition was fitted out to take the town of Constantine. The army, however, partly from the inclemency of the weather, became completely disorganized on the route, plundered the baggage, and, on their arrival at Constantine, finding the Arabs prepared for resistance, after an ineffectual attempt to take the place by a *coup de main*, commenced a retreat, which proved most disastrous. It is admitted, in the French official account, that, of 7000 men, who formed the expedition, only 4000 reached Constantine; but how many returned we are not told. The French, however, seem to have run imminent danger of being actually cut off by the Arab horse, of whom from 10,000 to 12,000 were in pursuit. This defeat, so unlooked for, has produced the utmost sensation in Paris, and will, in all probability, prove fatal to the present Ministry, and we trust also to the dynasty of Louis Philippe. As is well known, he is no favourite with the army, and the recent disaster will not add to his popularity. Prince Polignac, having been released from Ham two years before his period of imprisonment expired, has come to England. He has been graciously received at Court, and is feted by our nobility. Fieschi lost his head, although he did not commit a crime of one-tenth of the atrocity of that perpetrated by Polignac; for, if one or two lives were sacrificed by the former, thousands fell victims to the policy of the latter. But our aristocracy sympathize with Polignac in his sufferings, while they execrate the memory of Fieschi. There is yet a chapter in the criminal code to be written—the penalties of treason by rulers against the people.

SPAIN.—The accounts from Spain are so contradictory that it is useless to report them. One day Gomez is in full retreat: next day Madrid is alarmed lest he make a dash upon the city. Bilboa appears, however, to make a serious resistance, greater than the miserable troops arrayed against it can overcome.

PORTUGAL.—There appears every reason to believe that Don Miguel is about to make another attempt to regain the throne of Portugal. We hope the Portuguese will be allowed this time to fight the matter fairly out, without the interference of any of those *condottieri*, who are so ready, like Dugald Dalgetty, to join in any quarrel for pay and rations. We are strongly inclined to think that every country has as good a government as the people, taken generally, deserve; and that tyranny, as it is the consequence, so it is at the same time the just punishment of pusillanimity.

HOLLAND.—The Dutch Government has been forced to admit its inability to discharge its pecuniary engagements regularly. This is the result of his Majesty of Holland's obstinacy on the Belgian question.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Van Buren, who adopts generally the same policy, especially on the banking question, as General Jackson, we are happy to observe, is likely to be the new President. The pressure on the money market still continues, though with less severity. The surplus revenue of the Government continues to increase, and measures are in progress to effect its distribution among the different States, in proportion to the number of members each state sends to Congress.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

We regret to state that, for the last few weeks, the accounts from the manufacturing districts have been far from favourable. We hope that the prosperity, which has existed for a longer period than at any time during the present century, has not terminated. The state of the currency, joined with the portentous aspect of the political horizon, has induced both buyers and sellers to contract their business as much as possible; while the operatives, pressed by a higher price of food than they have been for many years accustomed to, are making every effort to obtain a rise of wages, precisely when the diminished profits of their masters render them unable, or, at least, most reluctant to comply with their demands. Hence strikes, throwing thousands of workmen idle, have taken place in various branches of trade. The iron masters have been among the first to take alarm. At a meeting of the Welsh iron masters, held at Newpool, on the 3d. December, it was determined to blow out twenty-one furnaces in South Wales, and otherwise to reduce the manufacture one-fifth from the 15th December to the 31st March next. The Scotch iron masters have come to a similar resolution; so that, including the twenty-nine furnaces already out of blast in Staffordshire and Shropshire, there will be no fewer than sixty blast furnaces extinguished for three months certain, and a consequent reduction in the quantity of iron produced, of 4500 tons a-week.

Another symptom of the bad feeling of the operatives in England is, the incendiary fires which have taken place. On the 10th December the extensive cotton factory of Messrs Faulkner & Owen, Manchester, was discovered to be on fire; but the spectators, instead of assisting the firemen, "manifested their fiendish glee at the progress of destruction, by loudly cheering whenever a falling wall gave indication that the fire was still doing its work." The proprietors of this factory had quarrelled with their regular workmen and had engaged new hands, to protect whom they had been obliged to quarter them in the building.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the crops this year, now that time has been allowed to judge of their quantity and quality, is the most lamentable that has occurred during our experience. To avoid any charge of exaggeration, we shall confine ourselves to copying the reports of our provincial contemporaries. From Fifeshire, it is stated, under date, 30th November, that very little wheat has been sown—not one-tenth of the usual breadth—and from the wetness of the ground, much must remain for spring sowing, it being impossible to plough the bean land; and the potato land generally is also in a very damp state. The last crop of wheat has turned out not much more than half an average, and barley is also deficient. Oats, in point of quantity, are abundant; but that crop, as well as beans, peas, and potatoes, have suffered severely by the rains, winds, and frost. From Kincardineshire, it is reported, the young wheat does not look well; the deficiency of grain and pulse crops is great, and potatoes have received much damage. The account from Strathmore is not more favourable. In all the higher districts of Scotland, much of the crops remained in the field, and there were even considerable patches unshorn in the beginning of December. Taking it altogether, this is one of the latest, most expensive, and deficient harvests we have had for many years. In Inverness-shire, the crop is said to have proved a complete failure. Prices can hardly fail to rise during spring; and should dear food and low wages be combined, the questions of the Reform of the Lords and Extension of the Suffrage will be discussed in a more efficient and more intelligible manner than they have hitherto been.

Meanwhile, the Corn Laws are marked out for popular vengeance. An Association, at the head of which is Mr Hume, Colonel Thompson, Mr Roebuck, and several other Members of Parliament, has been formed for their repeal; and throughout the country, the spirit of hostility, which the low prices of late years had laid dormant, is again exhibiting itself. All the efforts of the aristocracy will not be able to maintain the laws against the importation of food in their present state; and the sooner they are abolished, it will be the better for all parties.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

LITERARY CONNEXIONS OR ACQUAINTANCES.

It was in the year 1801, whilst yet at school, that I made my first literary acquaintance. This was with a gentleman now dead, and little, at any time, known in the literary world; indeed, not at all; for his authorship was confined to a department of religious literature as obscure and as narrow in its influence as any that can be named—viz. Swedenborgianism. Already, on the bare mention of that word, a presumption arises against any man, that, writing much (or writing at all) for a body of doctrines so apparently crazy as those of Mr Swedenborg, a man must have bid adieu to all good sense and manliness of mind. Indeed, this is so much of a settled case, that even to have written *against* Mr Swedenborg would be generally viewed as a suspicious act, requiring explanation, and not very easily admitting of it. *Mr* Swedenborg I call him, because I understand that his title to call himself "Baron" is imaginary; or rather he never *did* call himself by any title of honour—that mistake having originated amongst his followers in this country who have chosen to designate him as the "Honourable" and as the "Baron" Swedenborg, by way of translating, to the ear of England, some one or other of those irrepresentable distinctions—*Legations Rath, Hofrath*, &c.—which are tossed about with so much profusion in the courts of continental Europe, on both sides the Baltic. For myself, I cannot think myself qualified to speak of any man's writings without a regular examination of some one or two among those which his admirers regard as his best performances. Yet, as any happened to fall in my way, I have looked into them; and the impression left upon my mind was certainly not favourable to their author. They laboured, to my feeling, with two opposite qualities of annoyance, but which I believe not uncommonly found united in lunatics—excessive dulness or matter-of-factness in the execution, with excessive extravagance in the conceptions. The result, at least, was most unhappy; for, of all writers, Swedenborg is the only one I ever heard of who has contrived to strip even the shadowy world beyond the grave of all its mystery and all its awe. From the very heaven of heavens, he has rent away the veil; no need for seraphs to "tremble while they gaze;" for the familiarity with which all objects are invested, makes it impossible that even poor mortals should find any reason to tremble. Until I saw this book, I had not conceived it possible to carry an atmosphere so earthy, and steaming with the vapours of earth, into regions which, by early connexion in our infant thoughts with the sanctities of death, have a hold upon the reverential affections such as they rarely lose. In this view, I should conceive that Swedenborg, if it were at all possible for him to become a popular author, would, at the same time, become immensely mischievous. He would dereligionize men beyond all other authors whatsoever.

Little could this character of Swedenborg's writings—this, indeed, least of all—have been suspected from the temper, mind, or manners of my new friend. He was the most spiritual-looking, the most saintly in outward aspect, of all human beings whom I have known throughout life. He was rather tall, pale, and thin; the most unfleshly, the most of a sublimated spirit dwelling already more than half in some purer world, that a poet could have imagined. He was already aged when I first knew him—a clergyman of the Church of England; which may seem strange in connexion with his Swedenborgianism, but he was however so. He was rector of a large parish in a large town, the more active duties of which parish were discharged by his curate; but much of the duties within the church were still discharged by himself, and with such exemplary zeal that his parishioners, afterwards celebrating the fiftieth anniversary, or *golden* jubilee of his appointment to the living, (the twenty-fifth anniversary is called in Germany the silver—the fiftieth, the golden jubilee,) went farther than is usual, in giving a public expression and a permanent shape to their sentiments of love and veneration. I am surprised, on reflection, that this venerable clergyman should have been unvexed by Episcopal censures. He might, and I dare say would, keep back the grosser parts of Swedenborg's views from a public display; but, in one point, it would not be easy for a man so conscientious to make a compromise between his ecclesiastical

duty and his private belief; for I have since found, though I did not then know it, that Swedenborg held a very peculiar creed on the article of atonement. From the slight pamphlet which let me into this secret I could not accurately collect the exact distinctions of his creed; but it was very different from that of the English Church.

However, my friend continued unvexed for a good deal more than fifty years, enjoying that peace, external as well as internal, which, by so eminent a title, belonged to a spirit so evangelically meek and dove-like. I mention him chiefly for the sake of describing his interesting house and household, so different from all which belong to this troubled age, and his impressive style of living. The house seemed almost monastic; and yet it stood in the centre of one of the largest, busiest, noisiest towns in England; and the whole household seemed to have stepped out of their places in some Vandyke, or even some Titian picture, from a forgotten century and another climate. On knocking at the door, which of itself seemed an outrage to the spirit of quietness which brooded over the place, you were received by an ancient man-servant in the sober livery which belonged traditionally to Mr Cl——'s family; for he was of a gentleman's descent, and had had the most finished education of a gentleman. This venerable old butler put me in mind always, by his noiseless steps, of the Castle of Indolence, where the porter or usher walked about in shoes that were shod with felt, lest any rude echoes might be roused. An ancient housekeeper was equally venerable, equally gentle in her deportment, quiet in her movements, and inaudible in her tread. One or other of these upper domestics—for the others rarely crossed my path—ushered me always into some room expressing, by its furniture, its pictures, and its coloured windows, the solemn tranquillity which, for half a century, had reigned in that mansion. Among the pictures were more than one of St. John, the beloved apostle, by Italian masters. Neither the features nor the expression were very wide of Mr Cl——'s own countenance; and, had it been possible to forget the gross character of Swedenborg's reveries, or to substitute for these fleshly dreams the awful visions of the Apocalypse, one might have imagined easily that the pure, saintly, and childlike evangelist had been once again recalled to this earth—and that this most quiet of mansions was some cell in the island of Patmos. Whence came the stained glass of the windows, I know not; and whether it were stained or painted. The revolutions of that art are known from Horace Walpole's account; and, nine years after this period, I found that, in Birmingham, where the art of staining glass was chiefly practised, no trifling sum was charged even for a vulgar lacing of no great breadth round a few drawing-room windows, which one of my friends thought fit to introduce as an embellishment. These windows, however, of my clerical friend were really "*storied* windows," having Scriptural histories represented upon them. A crowning ornament to the library or principal room, was a sweet-toned organ, ancient, and elaborately carved in its wood-work, at which my venerable friend readily sate down, and performed the music of anthems as often as I asked him—sometimes accompanying it with his voice, which was tremulous from old age, but neither originally unmusical, nor (as might be perceived) untrained.

Often, from the storms and uproars of this world, I have looked back upon this most quiet and I believe most innocent abode, (had I said saintly, I should hardly have erred,) connecting it in thought with *Little Gidding*, the famous mansion (in Huntingdonshire, I believe) of the Farrers—an interesting family in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Of the Farrers there is a long and circumstantial biographical account, and of the conventual discipline maintained at Little Gidding. For many years, it was the rule at Gidding—and it was the wish of the Farrers to have transmitted that practice through succeeding centuries—that a musical or cathedral service should be going on at every hour of night and day in the chapel of the mansion. Let the traveller, at what hour he would, morning or evening, summer or winter, and in what generation or century soever, happen to knock at the gate of Little Gidding, it was the purpose of Nicholas Farrer—a sublime purpose—that always he should hear the blare of the organ, sending upwards its surging volumes of melody, God's worship for ever proceeding, anthems of praise for ever ascending, and *jubilates* echoing without end or known beginning. One stream of music, in fact, never intermitting, one vestal fire of devotional praise and thanksgiving, was to connect the beginnings with the ends of generations, and to link one century into another. Allowing for the sterner asceticism of N. Farrer—partly arising out of the times, partly out of personal character, and partly, perhaps, out of his travels in Spain—my aged friend's arrangement of the day, and the training of his household, might seem to have been modelled on the plans of Mr Farrer, whom, however, he might never have heard of. There was also, in each house, the same union of religion with some cultivation of the ornamental arts, or some expression of respect for them. In each case, a monastic severity, that might, under other circumstances, have terminated in the gloom of a La Trappe, had been softened, by English sociality, and by the habits of a gentleman's education, into a devotional pomp, reconcilable with Protestant views. When, however, remembering this last fact in Mr Cl——'s case, (the fact I mean of his liberal education,) I have endeavoured to explain the possibility of one so much adorned by all the accomplishments of a high-bred gentleman, and one so truly pious, falling into the grossness—almost the sensuality—which appears to besiege the visions of Swedenborg—I fancy that the whole may be explained out of the same cause which occasionally may be descried, through a distance of two complete centuries, as weighing heavily upon the Farrers—viz. the dire

monotony of daily life, when visited by no irritations either of hope or fear—no hopes from ambition, no fears from poverty. Nearly (if not quite) sixty years did my venerable friend inhabit the same parsonage house, without any incident more personally interesting to himself than a cold or a sore throat. And I suppose that he resorted to Swedenborg—reluctantly, perhaps, at the first—as to a book of fairy tales connected with his professional studies. And one thing I am bound to add in candour, which may have had its weight with him, that, more than once, on casually turning over a volume of Swedenborg, I have certainly found most curious and felicitous passages of comment—passages which extracted a brilliant meaning from numbers, circumstances, or trivial accidents, apparently without significance or object, and gave to things, without a place or a habitation in the critic's regard, a value as hieroglyphics or cryptical cyphers, which struck me as elaborately ingenious. This acknowledgment I make not so much in praise of Swedenborg, whom I must still continue to think a madman, as in excuse for Mr Cl——. It may easily be supposed that a person of Mr Cl——'s consideration and authority was not regarded with indifference by the general body of the Swedenborgians. At his motion it was, I believe, that a society was formed for procuring and encouraging a translation into English of Swedenborg's entire works, most of which are written in Latin. Several of these translations are understood to have been executed personally by Mr Cl——; and in this obscure way, for anything I know, he may have been an extensive author. But it shews the upright character of the man, that never, in one instance, did he seek to bias my opinions in this direction. Upon every other subject, he trusted me confidentially—and, notwithstanding my boyish years, (15–16,) as his equal. His regard for me, when thrown by accident in his way, had arisen upon his notice of my fervent simplicity, and my unusual thoughtfulness. Upon these merits, I had gained the honourable distinction of a general invitation to his house, without exception as to days and hours, when few others could boast of any admission at all. The common ground on which we met was literature—more especially the Greek and Roman literature; and much he exerted himself, in a spirit of the purest courtesy, to meet my animation upon these themes. But the interest on his part was too evidently a secondary interest in *me* for whom he talked, and not in the subject: he spoke much from memory, as it were of things that he had once felt, and little from immediate sympathy with the author; and his animation was artificial, though his courtesy, which prompted the effort, was the truest and most unaffected possible. The connexion between us must have been interesting to an observer; for, though I cannot say with Wordsworth of old Daniel and his grandson, that there were "ninety good years of fair and foul weather" between us, there were, however, sixty, I imagine, at the least; whilst, as a bond of connexion, there was nothing at all that I know of beyond a common tendency to reverie, which is a bad link for a *social* connexion. The little ardour, meantime, with which he had, for many years, participated in the interests of this world or all that it inherits, was now rapidly departing. Daily and consciously he was loosening all ties which bound him to earlier recollections: and in particular, I remember—because the instance was connected with my last farewell visit as it proved—that for some time he was engaged daily in renouncing with solemnity, (though often enough in cheerful words,) book after book of classical literature, in which he had once taken particular delight. Several of these, after taking his final glance at a few passages to which a pencil reference in the margin pointed his eye, he delivered to me as memorials in time to come of himself. The last of the books given to me under these circumstances, was a Greek "Odyssey" in Clarke's edition. "This," said he, "is nearly the sole book remaining to me of my classical library—which, for some years, I have been dispersing amongst my friends. Homer I retained to the last, and the 'Odyssey' by preference to the 'Iliad,' both in compliance with my own taste, and because this very copy was my chosen companion for evening amusement during my freshman's term at Trinity College, Cambridge—whither I went early in the spring of 1748. Your own favourite Grecian is Euripides; but still you must value—we must all value—Homer. I even, old as I am, could still read him with delight; and as long as any merely human composition ought to occupy my time, I should have made an exception in behalf of this solitary author. But I am a soldier of Christ; the enemy, the last enemy, cannot be far off; *sarcinas colligere* is, at my age, the watchword for every faithful sentinel, hourly to keep watch and ward, to wait, and to be vigilant. This very day, I have taken my farewell glance at Homer; for I must no more be found seeking my pleasure amongst the works of man; and, that I may not be tempted to break my resolution, I make over this my last book to you." Words to this effect, uttered with his usual solemnity, accompanied his gift; and, at the same time, he added, without any separate comment, a little pocket Virgil—the one edited by Alexander Cunningham, the bitter antagonist of Bentley—with a few annotations placed at the end. The act was in itself a solemn one; something like taking the veil for a nun—a final abjuration of the world's giddy agitations. And yet to him—already and for so long a time linked so feebly to anything that could be called the world, and living in a seclusion so profound—it was but as if an anchorite should retire from his outer to his inner cell. Me, however, it impressed powerfully in after years; because this act of self-dedication to the next world, and of parting from the intellectual luxuries of this, was also, in fact, though neither of us at the time knew it to be such, the scene of his final parting with myself.

Immediately after his solemn speech on presenting me with the "Odyssey," he sat down to the organ, sang a hymn or two, then chanted part of the liturgy, and finally, at my request, performed the anthem so well known in the English Church service—the collect for the seventh Sunday after Trinity—(*Lord of all power and might, &c.*) It was summer—about half after nine in the evening; the light of day was still lingering, and just strong enough to illuminate the Crucifixion, the Stoning of the Protomartyr, and other grand emblazonries of the Christian faith, which adorned the rich windows of his library. Knowing the early hours of his household, I now received his usual fervent adieus—which, without the words, had the sound and effect of a benediction—felt the warm pressure of his hand, saw dimly the outline of his venerable figure, more dimly his saintly countenance, and quitted that gracious presence, which, in this world, I was destined no more to revisit. The night was one in the first half of July 1802; in the second half of which, or very early in August, I quitted school clandestinely, and consequently the neighbourhood of Mr Cl——. Some years after, I saw his death announced in all the public journals, as having occurred at Leamington Spa, then in the springtime of its medicinal reputation. Farewell, early friend! holiest of men whom it has been my lot to meet! Yes, I repeat, thirty-five years are past since then, and I have yet seen few men approaching to this venerable clergyman in paternal benignity—none certainly in child-like purity, apostolic holiness, or in perfect alienation of heart from the spirit of this fleshly world.

I have delineated the habits and character of Mr Cl—— at some length, chiefly because a connexion is rare and interesting between parties so widely asunder in point of age—one a schoolboy, and the other almost an octogenarian: to quote a stanza from one of the most spiritual sketches of Wordsworth—

> We talked with open heart and tongue,
> Affectionate and free—
> A pair of friends, though I was young
> And Matthew seventy-three.

I have stated a second reason for this record, in the fact that Mr Cl—— was the first of my friends who had any connexion with the press. At one time I have reason to believe that this connexion was pretty extensive, though not publicly avowed; and so far from being lucrative, that at first I believe it to have been expensive to him; and whatever profits might afterwards arise, were applied, as much of his regular income, to the benefit of others. Here, again, it seems surprising that a spirit so beneficent, and, in the amplest sense, charitable, could coalesce in any views with Swedenborg, who, in some senses, was not charitable. Swedenborg had been scandalized by a notion which, it seems, he found prevalent amongst the poor of the Continent—viz., that, if riches were a drag and and a negative force on the road to religious perfection, poverty must be a positive title *per se* to the favour of Heaven. Grievously offended with this error, he came almost to hate poverty as a presumptive indication of this offensive heresy; scarcely would he allow it an indirect value, as removing in many cases the occasions or incitements of evil. No: being in itself neutral and indifferent, he argued that it had become erroneously a ground of presumptuous hope; whilst the rich man, aware of his danger, was, in some degree, armed against it by fear and humility. And, in this course of arguing and of corresponding feeling, Mr Swedenborg had come to hate the very name of a poor candidate for Heaven as bitterly as a sharking attorney hates the applications of a pauper client. Yet so entirely is it true, that "to the pure all things are pure," and that perfect charity "thinketh no ill," but is gifted with a power to transmute all things into its own resemblance—so entirely is all this true, that this most spiritual, and, as it were, disembodied of men, could find delight in the dreams of the very "fleshliest incubus" that has intruded amongst heavenly objects; and, secondly, this benignest of men found his own pure feelings not outraged by one who threw a withering scowl over the far larger half of his fellow-creatures.

Concurrently with this acquaintance, so impressive and so elevating to me, from the unusual sanctity of Mr Cl——'s character, I formed another with a well-known coterie, more avowedly, and in a more general sense, literary, resident at Liverpool or its neighbourhood. In my sixteenth year, I had accompanied my mother and family on a summer's excursion to Everton, a well-known village upon the heights immediately above Liverpool; though by this time I believe it has thrown out so many fibres of connexion as to have become a mere quarter or suburban "process," (to speak by anatomical phrase,) of the great town below it. In those days, however, distant by one-third of a century from ours, Everton was still a distinct village, (for a mile of ascent is worth three of level ground in the way of effectual separation;) it was delightfully refreshed by marine breezes, though raised above the sea so far that its thunders could be heard only under favourable circumstances. There we had a cottage for some months; and the nearest of our neighbours happened to be that Mr Clarke the banker, to whom acknowledgments are made in the *Lorenzo the Magnificent* for aid in procuring M.SS. and information from Italy. This gentleman called on my mother, merely in the general view of offering neighbourly attentions to a family of strangers. I, as the eldest of my brothers, and already with strong literary propensities, had received a general invitation to his house. Thither I went, indeed, early and late; and there I met Mr Roscoe, Dr Currie, (who had just at that time published his Life and Edition of Burns,) and Mr Shepherd of Gatacre, the author of some works on Italian literature, (particularly a Life of *Poggio Bracciolini*,) and since then well known to all England by his

Reform politics. There were other members of this society—some, like myself, visiters merely to that neighbourhood; but those I have mentioned were the chief. Here I had an early opportunity of observing the natural character and tendencies of merely literary society—by which society I mean all such as, having no strong distinctions in power of thinking or in native force of character, are yet raised into circles of pretension and mark, by the fact of having written a book, or of holding a notorious connexion with some department or other of the periodical press. No society is so vapid and uninteresting in its natural quality, none so cheerless and petrific in its influence upon others. Ordinary people, in such company, are in general repressed from uttering with cordiality the natural expression of their own minds or temperaments, under a vague feeling of some peculiar homage due, or at least customarily paid to those lions: such people are no longer at their ease, or masters of their own natural motions in their own natural freedom; whilst indemnification of any sort is least of all to be looked for from the literary dons who have diffused this unpleasant atmosphere of constraint. They disable others, and yet do nothing themselves to fill up the void they have created. One and all—unless by accident people of unusual originality, power, and also nerve, so as to be able without trepidation to face the expectations of men—the literary class labour under two opposite disqualifications for a good tone of conversation. From causes visibly explained, they are either spoiled by the vices of reserve, and of over-consciousness directed upon themselves—this is one extreme; or, where manliness of mind has prevented this, beyond others of equal or inferior natural power, they are apt to be desperately commonplace. The first defect is an accident arising out of the rarity of literary pretensions; and would rapidly subside as the proportion became larger of practising literati to the mass of educated people. But the other is an adjunct scarcely separable from the ordinary prosecution of a literary career, and growing in fact out of literature *per se*, as literature is generally understood. That same day, says Homer, which makes a man a slave, robs him of half his value. That same hour which first awakens a child to the consciousness of being observed and to the sense of admiration, strips it of its freedom and unpremeditated graces of motion. Awkwardness at the least—and too probably as a consequence of *that*, affectation and conceit—follow hard upon the consciousness of special notice or admiration. The very attempt to disguise embarrassment, too often issues in a secondary and more marked embarrassment. Another mode of reserve arises with some literary men, who believe themselves to be in possession of novel ideas. Cordiality of communication, or ardour of dispute, might betray them into a revelation of those golden thoughts, sometimes into a necessity of revealing them, since, without such aid, it might be impossible to maintain theirs in the discussion. On this principle it was—a principle of deliberate unsocial reserve—that Adam Smith is said to have governed his conversation: he professed to put a bridle on his words, lest by accident a pearl should drop out of his lips amongst the vigilant bystanders. And in no case would he have allowed himself to be engaged in a disputation, because both the passions of dispute and the necessities of dispute are alike apt to throw men off their guard. A most unamiable reason it certainly is, which places a man in one constant attitude of self-protection against petty larceny. And yet, humiliating as that may be to human nature, the furtive propensities or instincts of petty larceny are diffused most extensively through all ranks—directed, too, upon a sort of property far more tangible and more ignoble as respects the possible motives of the purloiner, than any property in subjects purely intellectual. Rather more than ten years ago, a literary man of the name of Aiton, published, some little time before his own death, a very searching essay upon this chapter of human integrity—arraying a large list of common cases, (cases of hats, gloves, umbrellas, books, newspapers, &c.) where the claim of ownership, left to itself and unsupported by accidents of shame and exposure, appeared to be weak indeed amongst classes of society prescriptively "respectable." And yet, for a double reason, literary larceny is even more to be feared; both because it is countenanced by a less ignoble quality of temptation, and because it is far more easy of achievement—*so* easy, indeed, that it may be practised without any clear accompanying consciousness. I have myself witnessed or been a party to a case of the following kind:—A new truth—suppose, for example, a new doctrine or a new theory—was communicated to a very able man in the course of conversation, not *didactically*, or directly *as* a new truth, but *polemically* communicated as an argument in the current of a dispute. What followed? Necessarily it followed that a very able man would not be purely *passive* in receiving this new truth; that he would *co-operate* with the communicator in many ways—as by raising objections, by half dissipating his own objections, and in a variety of other co-agencies. In such cases, a very clever man does in effect half generate the new idea for himself, but then he does this entirely under your leading; you stand ready at each point of possible deviation, to warn him away from the wrong turn—from the turn which leads nowhither or the turn which leads astray. Yet the final result has been, that the *catechumen*, under the full consciousness of *self*-exertion, has so far confounded his just and true belief of having contributed to the evolution of the doctrine *quoad* his own apprehension of it with the far different case of having evolved the truth itself into light, as to go off with the firm impression that the doctrine had been a product of his own. There is therefore ground enough for the jealousy of Adam Smith, since a robbery may be committed unconsciously; though, by the way, it is not a peril peculiarly applicable to himself,

who has not so much succeeded in discovering new truths as in establishing a logical connexion amongst old ones.

On the other hand, it is not by reserve, whether of affectation or of Smithian jealousy, that the majority of literary people offend—at least not by the latter; for, so far from having much novelty to protect against pirates, the most general effect of literary pursuits is to tame down all points of originality to one standard of insipid monotony. I shall not go into the reasons for this. I make my appeal to the matter of fact. Try a Parisian populace, very many of whom are highly cultivated by reading, against a body of illiterate rustics. Mr Scott of Aberdeen, in his "Second Tour to Paris," (1815,) tells us that, on looking over the shoulder of poor stall women selling trifles in the street, he usually found them reading Voltaire, Rousseau, or even (as I think he adds) Montesquieu; but, notwithstanding the polish which such reading both presumes as a previous condition and produces as a natural effect, yet no people could be more lifeless in their minds, or more barren of observing faculties than they; and so he describes them. Words! words! nothing but words! On the other hand, listen to the conversation of a few scandalous village dames collected at a tea-table. Vulgar as the spirit may be which possesses them, and not seldom malicious, still how full of animation and of keen perception it will generally be found, and of a learned spirit of connoisseurship in human character, by comparison with the *fade* generalities and barren recollections of mere literati!

All this was partially illustrated in the circle to which I was now presented. Mr Clarke was not an author, and he was by much the most interesting person of the whole. He had travelled, and, particularly, he had travelled in Italy—then an aristocratic distinction; had a small but interesting picture gallery; and, at this time, amused himself by studying Greek, for which purpose he and myself met at sunrise every morning through the summer, and read Æschylus together. These meetings, at which we sometimes had the company of any stranger who might happen to be an amateur in Greek, were pleasant enough to my schoolboy vanity—placing me in the position of teacher and guide to men old enough to be my grandfathers. But the dinner parties, at which the literati sometimes assembled in force, were far from being equally amusing. Mr Roscoe was simple and manly in his demeanour; but there was the feebleness of a mere *belle-lettrist*, a mere man of *virtù*, in the style of his sentiments on most subjects. Yet he was a politician, took an ardent interest in politics, and wrote upon politics—all which are facts usually presuming some vigour of mind. And he wrote, moreover, on the popular side, and with a boldness which, in that day, when such politics were absolutely disreputable, seemed undeniably to argue great moral courage. But these were accidents arising out of his connexion with the Whig party, or (to speak more accurately) with the *Opposition* party in Parliament; by whom he was greatly caressed. Mr Fox, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr Sheridan, and all the *powers* on that side the question, shewed him him the most marked attention in a great variety of forms; and this it was, not any native propensity for such speculations, which drove him into pamphleteering upon political questions. Mr Fox (himself the very feeblest of party writers) was probably sincere in his admiration of Mr Roscoe's pamphlets; and did seriously think him, as I know that he described him in private letters, an antagonist well matched against Burke; and *that* he afterwards became in form. The rest of the world wondered at his presumption, or at his gross miscalculation of his own peculiar powers. An eminent person, in after years, (about 1815,) speaking to me of Mr Roscoe's political writings, especially those which had connected his name with Burke, declared that he always felt of him in that relation, not so much as of a feeble man, but absolutely as of a *Sporus*, (that was his very expression,) or a man emasculated. Right or wrong in his views, he shewed the most painful defect of good sense and prudence in confronting his own understanding, so plain and homely, with the Machiavelian Briareus of a hundred arms—the Titan whom he found in Burke: all the advantages of a living antagonist over a dead one could not compensate odds so fearful in original power.

It was a striking illustration of the impotence of mere literature against natural power and mother wit, that the only man who was considered indispensable in these parties, for giving life and impulse to their vivacity, was a tailor; and not, I was often assured, a person deriving a designation from the craft of those whose labours he supported as a capitalist, but one who drew his own honest daily bread from his own honest needle, except when he laid it aside for the benefit of drooping literati, who needed to be watered with his wit. Wit, perhaps, in a proper sense, he had not—it was rather drollery, and, sometimes, even buffoonery. These, in the lamentable absence of the tailor, could be furnished of an inferior quality by Mr Shepherd, who (as may be imagined from this fact) had but little dignity in private life. I know not how far he might alter in these respects; but, certainly, at that time, (1801–2,) he was decidedly or could be a buffoon; and seemed even ambitious of the title, by courting notice for his grotesque manner and coarse stories, more than was altogether compatible with the pretensions of a scholar and a clergyman. I must have leave to think that such a man could not have emerged from any great university, or from any but a sectarian training. Indeed, about Poggio himself there were circumstances which would have indisposed any regular clergyman of the Church of England or of the Scottish Kirk, to usher him into the literature of his country. With what coarseness and low buffoonery have I heard this Mr Shepherd in these days run down the bishops then upon the bench, but especially those of any public pre-

tensions or reputation, as Horsely and Porteous, and, in connexion with them, the pious Mrs Hannah More! Her he could not endure. . . . . Of this gentleman having said something disparaging, I am bound to go on and add, that I believe him to have been at least a truly upright man—talking often wildly, but incapable of doing a conscious wrong to any man, be his party what it might; and, in the midst of fun or even buffoonery, a real, and, upon occasion, a stern patriot. Mr Canning and others he opposed to the teeth upon the Liverpool hustings; and would take no bribe, as others did, from literary feelings of sympathy, or (which is so hard for an amiable mind to resist) from personal applications of courtesy and respect. Amusing it is to look back upon any political work of Mr Shepherd's, as upon his "Tour to France" in 1815, and to know that the pale pink of his Radicalism was then accounted deep, deep scarlet.

Nothing can better serve to expound the general force of intellect amongst the Liverpool coterie than the quality of their poetry, and the general standard which they set up in poetry. Not that even in their errors, as regarded poetry, they were of a magnitude to establish any standard or authority in their own persons. Imitable or seducing there could be nothing in persons who wrote verses occasionally, and as a παρεργον or by-labour, and were themselves the most timid of imitators. But to me, who, in that year, 1801, already knew of a grand renovation of poetic power—of a new birth in poetry, interesting not so much to England as to the human mind—it was secretly amusing to contrast the little artificial usages of their petty traditional knack, with the natural forms of a divine art—the difference being pretty much as between an American lake, Ontario or Superior, and a carp pond or a tench preserve. Mr Roscoe had just about this time published a translation from the *Balia* of Luigi Tansillo—a series of dullish lines, with the moral purpose of persuading young women to suckle their own children. The brilliant young Duchess of Devonshire, some half century ago, had, for a frolic—a great lady's caprice—set a precedent in this way; against which, however, in that rank, medical men know that there is a good deal to be said; and in ranks more extensive than those of the Duchess, it must be something of an Irish bull to suppose any *general* neglect of this duty, since, upon so large a scale, whence could come the vicarious nurses? There is, therefore, no great sense in the fundamental idea of the poem, because the abuse denounced cannot be large enough; but the prefatory sonnet, addressed to the translator's wife, as one at whose maternal breast "six sons successive" had hung in infancy—this is about the one sole bold, natural thought, or natural expression of feeling, to which Mr Roscoe had committed himself in verse. Everywhere else, the most timid and blind servility to the narrowest of conventional usages, conventional ways of viewing things, conventional forms of expression, marks the style. For example, Italy is always *Italia*, Scotland *Scotia*, France *Gallia*;* so inveterately had the mind, in this school of feeling, been trained, alike in the highest things and in the lowest, to a horror of throwing itself boldly upon the great *realities* of life: even names must be fictions for *their* taste. Yet what comparison between "*France*, an Ode," and "*Gallia*, an Ode?"—Dr Currie was so much occupied with his professional duties, that of him I saw but little. His edition of Burns was just then published, (I think in that very month,) and in everybody's hands. At that time, he was considered not unjust to the memory of the man, and (however constitutionally phlegmatic, or with little enthusiasm, at least in external show) not much below the mark in his appreciation of the poet. So stood matters some twelve or fourteen years; after which period, a "crase" arose on the subject of Burns, which allowed no voice to be heard but that of zealotry and violent partisanship. The first impulse to this arose out of an oblique collision between Lord Jeffrey and Mr Wordsworth; the former having written a disparaging critique upon Burns' pretensions—a little, perhaps, too much coloured by the fastidiousness of long practice in the world, but, in the main, speaking some plain truths on the quality of Burns' understanding, as expressed in his epistolary compositions. Upon which, in his celebrated letter to Mr James Gray, the friend of Burns, himself a poet, and then a master in the High School of Edinburgh, Mr Wordsworth commented with severity, proportioned rather to his personal resentments towards Lord Jeffrey than to the quantity of wrong inflicted upon Burns. Mr Wordsworth's letter, in so far as it was a record of embittered feeling, might have perished; but, as it happened to embody some profound criticisms, applied to the art of biography, and especially to the delicate task of following a man of original genius through his personal infirmities or his constitutional aberrations—this fact, and its relation to Burns and the author's name, have all combined to embalm it. Its momentary effect, in conjunction with Lord Jeffrey's article, was to revive the interest (which, for some time, had languished under the oppression of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron) in all that related to Burns. Fresh Lives appeared in a continued succession, until, upon the death of Lord Byron in 1824, Mr Allan Cunningham, who had personally known Burns, so far as a boy *could* know a mature man, gave a new impulse to the interest, by an impressive paper, in which he contrasted the circumstances of Burns' death with those of Lord Byron's; and also the two funerals—both of which, one altogether, and the other in part, Mr Cunningham had personally witnessed. A man of genius, like Mr Cunningham, throws a new quality of interest upon all which he touches; and having since brought fresh research and the illustrative power of the arts to bear upon the

* Not always: "Gallia," Roscoe's finest lyric, opens—"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of *France*."—*E. T. M.*

subject, and all this having gone on concurrently with the great modern revolution in literature—that is, the great extension of a *popular* interest, through the astonishing reductions of price—the result is, that Burns has, at length, become a national, and, therefore, in a certain sense, a privileged subject, which, in a perfect sense, he was *not*, until the controversial management of his reputation had irritated the public attention. Dr Currie did not address the same alert condition of the public feeling, nor, by many hundred degrees, so *diffused* a condition of any feeling which might imperfectly exist, as a man must consciously address in these days, whether as the biographer or the critic of Burns. The lower-toned enthusiasm of the public was not of a quality to irritate any little enthusiasm which the worthy Doctor might have felt. The public of that day felt with regard to Burns exactly as with regard to Bloomfield—not the quality of his poems was then the staple of the interest, but the extraordinary fact that a ploughman or a lady's shoemaker should have written any poems at all. The sole difference in the two cases, as regarded by the public of that day, was, that Burns' case was terminated by a premature, and, for the public, a very sudden death: this gave a personal interest to his case, which was wanting in the other; and a direct result of this was, that his executors were able to lay before the world a series of his letters recording his opinions upon a considerable variety of authors, and his feelings under many ordinary occasions of life.

Dr Currie, therefore, if phlegmatic, as he certainly was, must be looked upon as upon a level with the public of his own day—a public how different, different by how many centuries, from the world of this present 1837! One thing I remember which powerfully illustrates the difference. Burns, as we all know, with his peculiarly wild and almost ferocious spirit of independence, came a generation too soon. In this day, he would have been forced to do that, clamorously called upon to do that, and would have found his pecuniary interest in doing that, which in his own generation merely to attempt doing, loaded him with the reproach of Jacobinism. It must be remembered that the society of Liverpool wits, on whom my retrospect is now glancing, were all Whigs—all, indeed, fraternisers with French republicanism. Yet so it was, that—not once, not twice, but daily almost, in the numerous conversations naturally elicited by this Liverpool monument to Burns' memory—I heard every one, clerk or layman, heartily agreeing to tax Burns with ingratitude and with pride falsely directed, because he sate uneasily or restively under the bridle-hand of his noble self-called "*patrons*." Aristocracy, then—the essential spirit of aristocracy—this I found was not less erect and clamorous amongst partisan democrats—democrats who were such merely in a party sense of supporting his Majesty's Opposition against his Majesty's servants—than it was or could be among the most bigoted of the professed feudal aristocrats. For my part, at this moment, when all the world was reading Currie's monument to the memory of Burns and the support of his family, I felt and avowed my feeling most loudly—that Burns was wronged, was deeply, memorably wronged. A £10 bank note, by way of subscription for a few copies of an early edition of his poems—this is the outside that I could ever see proof given of Burns having received anything in the way of *patronage;* and doubtless this would have been gladly returned, but from the dire necessity of dissembling. Lord Glencairn is the "patron" for whom Burns appears to have felt the most sincere respect. Yet even he—did he give him more than a seat at his dinner table? Lord Buchan again, whose liberalities are by this time pretty well appreciated in Scotland, exhorts Burns, in a tone of one preaching upon a primary duty of life, to exemplary gratitude towards a person who had given him absolutely nothing at all. The man has not yet lived to whose happiness it was more essential that he should live unencumbered by the sense of obligation; and, on the other hand, the man has not lived upon whose independence as professing benefactors so many people practised, or who found so many others ready to ratify and give value to their pretences.* Him, whom beyond most men, nature had created with the necessity of conscious independence, all men besieged with the assurance that he was, must be, ought to be dependant; nay, that it was his primary duty to be grateful for his dependance. I have not looked into any edition of Burns, except once for a quotation, since this year 1801—when I read the whole in Currie's edition, and had opportunities of meeting the editor—and once subsequently upon occasion of a fifth or supplementary volume being published. I know not, therefore, how this matter has been managed by succeeding editors, such as Allan Cunningham, far more capable of understanding Burns' situation, from the previous struggles of their own honourable lives, and Burns' feelings, from something of congenial power.

I, in this year, 1801, when in the company of Dr

* Jacobinism—although the seminal principle of all political evil in all ages alike of advanced civilization—is natural to the heart of man, and, in a qualified sense, may be meritorious. A good man, a high-minded man, in certain circumstances, *must* be a Jacobin in a certain sense. The aspect under which Burns' Jacobinism appears is striking: there is a thought which an observing reader will find often recurring, which expresses its peculiar bitterness. It is this:—the necessity which in old countries exists for the labourer humbly to beg *permission* that he may labour. To eat in the sweat of a man's brow—that is bad; and that is a curse, and pronounced such by God. But when *that* is all, the labourer is by comparison happy. The second curse makes *that* a jest: he must sue, he must sneak, he must fawn like an Oriental slave, in order to win his fellow-man, in Burns' indignant words—"To give him *leave* to toil." That was the scorpion thought that was for ever shooting its sting into Burns' meditations, whether forward-looking or backward-looking; and that considered, there arises a world of allowance for that vulgar bluster of independence which Lord Jeffrey, with so much apparent reason, charges upon his prose writings.

Currie, did not forget, and, with some pride I say that I stood alone in remembering, the very remarkable position of Burns: not merely that, with his genius, and with the intellectual pretensions, generally, of his family, he should have been called to a life of early labour, and of labour unhappily not prosperous, but also that he, by accident about the proudest of human spirits, should have been by accident summoned, beyond all others, to eternal recognitions of some mysterious gratitude, which he owed to some mysterious patrons little and great, whilst yet of all men, perhaps, he reaped the least obvious or known benefit from any patronage that has ever been put on record. Most men, if they reap little from patronage, are liberated from the claims of patronage; or if they are summoned to a galling dependancy, have at least the fruits of their dependancy. But it was this man's unhappy fate—with an early and previous irritability on this very point—to find himself saddled, by his literary correspondents, with all that was odious in dependancy, whilst he had every hardship to face that is most painful in unbefriended poverty.

On this view of the case, I talked, then, being a schoolboy, with and against the first editor of Burns: I did not, and I do not, profess to admire the letters, (that is the prose,) all or any, of Burns. I felt that they were liable to the charges of Lord Jeffrey, and to others beside; that they do not even express the natural vigour of Burns' mind, but are at once vulgar, tawdry, coarse, and commonplace; neither was I a person to affect any profound sympathy with the general character and temperament of Burns, which has often been described as "of the earth, earthy"—unspiritual—animal—beyond those of most men equally intellectual. But still I comprehended his situation; I had for ever ringing in my ears, during that summer of 1801, those groans which ascended to heaven from his over-burthened heart—those harrowing words, "*To give him leave to toil,*" which record almost a reproach to the ordinances of God—and I felt that upon him, amongst all the children of labour, the primal curse had fallen heaviest and sunk deepest. Feelings such as these I had the courage to express: a personal compliment, or so, I might now and then hear; but all were against me on the *matter*. Dr Currie said—"Poor Burns! such notions had been his ruin;" Mr Shepherd continued to draw from the subject some scoff or growl at Mr Pitt and the Excise; the laughing tailor told us a good story of some proud beggar; Mr Clarke proposed that I should write a Greek inscription for a cenotaph which he was to erect in his garden to the memory of Burns;—and so passed away the solitary protestation on behalf of Burns' Jacobinism, together with the wine and the roses, and the sea-breezes of that same Everton, in that same summer of 1801. Mr Roscoe is dead, and has found time since then to be half forgotten; Dr Currie, the physician, has been found "unable to heal himself;" Mr Shepherd of Gatacre is a name and a shadow; Mr Clarke is a shadow without a name; the tailor, who set the table in a roar, is dust and ashes; and three men at the most remain of all who, in those convivial meetings, held it right to look down upon Burns as upon one whose spirit was rebellious overmuch against the institutions of man, and Jacobinical in a sense which "men of property" and master manufacturers will never brook, albeit democrats by profession.

So passed my noviciate as a literary aspirant, and in circles such as these. The next persons of eminence whom I saw were, with few exceptions, in the circles of London; and these were Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Wilson, Mr Godwin, Mrs Siddons, Lady Hamilton, Mrs Hannah More and her sisters, Walking Stewart, Dr Beddoes, Mr Abernethy, Charles Lamb, Mr Hazlitt, Dr Parr, and others of whom I should say a passing word or two according to the circumstances, slight or ample, under which I saw them.

(*To be continued.*)

VON RAUMER ON THE CHARACTER AND TIMES OF CHARLES I.*

To those who read the early struggles of the British people, and watch the balance of despotism and liberty often trembling on the turn, with the intense interest of persons whose fate in life has been stamped by the acts of those critical moments, and who may again possibly live to see the same powers to endure and struggle called into existence, the abstractions of the German philosopher, in his study at Berlin, seem vapid and unsatisfactory. The events of that great struggle of which Lord Chatham justly said, "There was mixed with the public cause, ambition, sedition, and violence; but no man will persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one side, and tyranny on the other"—have, in their own original forms, a surpassing interest, to which no varnish of cold and formal philosophy can give lustre or beauty; and we thank not the German metaphysician for melting down the goodly, though sometimes rude, forms of the events and characters of the seventeenth century, in the fluent of certain pre-established and minutely defined principles of politics, which leave no room for all the noble enthusiasm which happened occasionally to stray from the right path, and the intrepid struggles for freedom which sometimes levelled despotism with too severe a shock.

Some historians have boldly supported Charles and his minions, in their efforts to extend and fortify the prerogative—have viewed the opposing efforts as crimes, and the final end of the

* The Political History of England, during the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History in the University of Berlin. Vol. 2. From the breaking out of the Scottish Troubles, to the Restoration of Charles II., 1637—1660. London: Richter & Co. 1837.

drama as the consummation of atrocity and injustice. Others have linked their feelings with some one of the opposition parties—the Parliament, the Presbyterians, or the Army—justifying all their acts, and supporting all their opinions. Von Raumer, probably sketching out to himself a path of lofty impartiality, has designed, in the solitude of his own mind, an abstract code of political conduct, departure from which, on either side, must call forth his censure. He, probably, commenced his task with little prejudice against the individuals on either side; but to support such a principle, amidst the crowd of great actions and startling opinions with which the history of the time is rife, required more qualifications than a perusal of our ordinary historians. A man to be fit for the task of impartiality, must not only have looked on the outward events of the time, but, like Hallam, have embued his mind with the sentiments and impulses of the men who figured in these events. When we read of the repeated risings of the mob of London, and their intimidating shouts, we must reflect that they consisted of the same persons, who saw Prynne, Bastwick, Burton, and Leighton, men of worth and learning, exposed in the pillory, with their bleeding and branded cheeks. The conduct of such men as Ireton, Harrison, and Ludlow, cannot be judged according to abstract rules of morality, when we reflect on the conviction they must have formed, that the return of their adversary to power would seal their death-warrant; and the reluctance of the leading men, in the latter period of the conflict, to treat with Charles on such terms as they would have gladly accepted before, must be viewed in conjunction with the repeatedly proved perfidy of the monarch, and the moral certainty, that it was not in his nature to keep treaties, unless they were supported by force. In viewing the whole aspect of the struggle, too, it must be recollected, that the English people, who, for five years, carried on a war against the King, had, during the previous twenty years, smarted under a complicated and ingenious system of exaction and torture, which directed itself, not only to the subversion of their remaining public rights, but penetrated to their domestic hearths, snatching at the wages of honest industry, and rendering personal liberty as uncertain as in an Eastern despotism. Of this nature were the notorious tax of ship-money—the scale of duties adopted without the sanction of Parliament—the arbitrary levying of soldiers, in defiance of protecting laws, which, centuries before, had been exacted from unwilling sovereigns, and jealously confirmed—the practice of purveyance, equally illegal, which let loose a predatory army, to prey where it listed—the sale of monopolies, by which the honest trader might be suddenly deprived of his means of livelihood, and his customers compelled to pay enormous profits on the necessaries of life, for the benefit of the Exchequer and its favoured contractor. Such were the evils concentrated and fortified by that array of secret tribunals, the Star Chamber, the High Commission, and the Marshal's Court, each vying with the other in trampling on all public rights and individual justice, while the more unbending courts of law were gradually taught to rival them in iniquity.

Von Raumer does not justify the infringements of the law which had taken place previously to the sitting of the Long Parliament; and he even admits that Finch and Windebank—the busy instruments in overawing the Parliament and undermining the laws, who had fled in guilty terror from the justice of a roused people—"were, if not ill disposed, certainly inconsiderate and imprudent statesmen."

It has pleased the author, in the application of his preconceived system of political morality, to consider the King in the wrong up to the time of Strafford's death and the act to prevent the dissolution of the Parliament, and from that moment to cast all blame on the other side. "Strafford's death," he observes, "and this law, which produced the Long Parliament, form the culminating point, from which the natural and necessary amelioration of defects, changes into a disastrous and violent revolution." And thenceforth—overlooking the circumstance that the divisions and bloodshed which followed, were nourished and reared by the resistance to "the natural and necessary amelioration of defects," and that, when parties are ranged against each other in actual civil warfare, they can no more be expected to deal out to each other an exact measure of equal justice, than the troops of opposing nations can be expected to practise the amenities of peaceful life on the field of battle—he gives us on one side all the encroachments and violent acts of the Parliament and the army, as if they had risen causelessly against a merciful and just government; suppressing or smoothing over the equally if not more unjustifiable acts of the other party in the war. This method of considering the subject, has not the merit of originality. It was adopted by one who had far more cogent motives than the German philosopher. Clarendon is seldom the defender of the encroachments of the crown, and treats its adversaries gently, till the assembling of the Long Parliament, in order that he may gain a character of impartiality, large enough to cover a multitude of misstatements in the rest of his narrative. We are not prepared to defend the Parliament from considerable oligarchical assumption in the exercise of the power which it acquired; we heartily agree in censuring the selfish bigotry and spiritual ambition of the Presbyterians, the insolence of the army, the folly of many fanatics of different hues, the harsh measures sometimes adopted by the republican leaders towards their enemies, and, above all, the savage cruelty displayed by Cromwell, Ireton, and Ludlow, among the Irish Catholics; but the author who dwells on these things should have told us, that, during the pending of a treaty, Charles attacked and pillaged Brentford; that Prince Rupert stripped the prisoners taken at Cirencester naked, driving them,

tied together by cords, to Oxford; and plundered Bristol, in breach of capitulation; and that, on very few occasions indeed, did the royalists respect the private property of neutrals. It has been always observed with justice, that the Parliamentary party broke up the treaty of Uxbridge, to all outward appearance, with unnecessary haste. Raumer's remarks on the subject are as follows:—

The Parliament, which intended and demanded no discussion, but the unconditional acceptance of its proposals, refused, in spite of the King's remonstrances and the intervention of Holland and France, every prolongation of the term which it had arbitrarily fixed; and to the King's offer to go in person to Westminster with a safe-conduct, and there continue the negotiations, he received no answer whatever. All the moderate and judicious friends of their country were deeply afflicted at the failure at all attempts to bring about a peace, and each party endeavoured to throw the blame upon the other. The Royalists affirmed that Charles had already yielded too much, and had thereby destroyed the due balance between the powers of the state; that any further concessions would make him the mere shadow of a King, not only to his own ruin, but to the injury of the whole kingdom. To this the friends of the Parliament replied, that the present state of affairs, dangers and opinions, required new securities for liberty and religion, as well as a new system of political and ecclesiastical law. The King, therefore, was wrong in referring, in all his demands and discussions, to former times only, and to circumstances which no longer existed, and were least of all calculated to serve as models for the future. That, instead of yielding, with new confidence and a sincere heart, to what was inevitable, he thought of recovering what had been extorted from him at the first favourable opportunity, and relied on the support of foreign powers, on the success of Montrose in Scotland, and on the Irish rebellion.

It would certainly have been unreasonable and injudicious if the King had thought of setting up former relations and rights as unalterable to all eternity, thereby putting an end for ever to all legislation; but, in fact, he had already made so many changes, and either voluntarily or by compulsion yielded so much, that his dangerous preponderance was entirely out of the question, and there was much more need of securities for the few rights left to him, than for the newly-acquired and important increase of liberty. For, though his army was still animated by a sense of honour or by hatred and contempt of its opponents, there was more religious and political enthusiasm in the army of the Parliament. Here all considered themselves as chosen vessels of grace, and the democratic principle allowed talent to make its way in every manner; whereas there were many impediments in the Royalist and Aristocratic circles. If the King hoped much from foreign assistance or from a change at home, he was here again under an illusion.

This appears to be a very candid view, having for its result a proof of the unreasonableness of the Parliamentary party. The treaty, however, was only one of the King's manœuvres—part of "the game he was playing," to use his own words. He was elated with the success of Montrose in Scotland; while solemnly protesting that he would not employ Papists, he was engaged in a clandestine negotiation with the Irish Roman Catholics; and the Queen, to whom he was writing that he had no hopes of a peace, was busily procuring assistance from the Continent. Nothing seems, at that time, to have been so much dreaded by Charles, as that his friends should compel him to agree to a peace, on terms very different from those he would have exacted at the head of a conquering army. The breaking off of the treaty was a relief to him, and he writes to the Queen with an easy mind:—"Now, if I do anything unhandsome, or disadvantageous to myself or friends, in order to a treaty, it will be merely my own fault; for I confess, when I wrote thee last, I was in fear to be pressed to make some overtures to renew the treaty." With such views it was, with grave mockery, that Charles objected to the abolition of Episcopacy, because it affected "his conscience"—a monitor afterwards equally convenient on the other side, when, in the midst of a treaty with the Parliament and army of England, he conducted clandestine negotiations for obtaining the support of the Scotch, the fundamental conditions of which were the establishment of Presbyterianism. Of the King's Letters, found after the battle of Naseby, which exposed the specific insincerities, of which the Parliament acted on the suspicion, the author remarks, "In fact, they show various plans, hopes, ideas of war and peace, and, in general, a changeableness of views and passions, which in no case degenerates into anything criminal, but is deficient in veracity, firmness, and consistency; and, at such a moment, must have diminished, if it had been possible, the affection and confidence of the people." The complicated expression, "a changeableness of views and passions, deficient in veracity," is a gentle way of telling what the good old English term a "teller of lies," would have more distinctly announced. Whether the want of veracity was criminal or not, is a question to be solved by some higher analysis of morality than we comprehend; but it does seem to us, that the confirmation of designs against the country being conducted under the mask of treaties of peace, afforded some justification to the Parliament for treating with the King as if he were a person whose honour was not to be very implicitly relied on. Von Raumer and his translator are peculiarly happy in the choice of soothing epithets for the double dealing of the King. At the time when he was selfishly exulting in the hope, that the various parties might, by artful management, be urged to each other's destruction, and afford room for him to rise with double power on their ruins, he "still considered such absolute concessions as contrary to his duty, and hoped that the equilibrium of the parties opposed to him would, in the end, place the decision in his hands." How much more animated is the language used, four pages farther on, towards the Scotch, who, finding the King by no means a convenient visiter, agreed to transfer him to the English on being paid their arrears. "Their conduct was composed of religious hypocrisy, cowardice, want of feeling, perjury, and treason." Charles, in disclosing his own views, was far more frank than his commentator has proved. "I am endeavouring," he says, in a letter to Lord Digby, "to get to London, so that the conditions may be such as a gentleman may own, and that the rebels may acknowledge me King; being not without hope that I shall be able to draw either the Presbyterians or Indepen-

dents to side with me for extirpating the one the other, that I shall be really King again." Afterwards, at the treaty of Newport, his last chance for his safety, he wrote to his friends—"I must command you two things—first, to obey all my wife's commands; then, not to obey any public command of mine until I send you word that I am free from restraint; lastly, be not startled at my great concessions concerning Ireland, for they will come to nothing."

We have the following view of the merits of the condemnation of the King:—"In order to counteract this favourable feeling, which was daily growing stronger, witnesses against the King were heard, whose depositions amounted to this—that they had seen him at the head of soldiers, or sword in hand, which maliciously, and at the same time absurdly, was alleged as a proof of murders deserving death; whereas the thorough justification of Charles, which was presented in writing, made no impression." The intended inference from this is, that Charles was an innocent man, and his trial a mockery of justice. It does not infer a sanction of the extent of the punishment to say, that Charles was a great criminal, who merited severe castigation. That what he received exceeded the due medium is to be regretted; but it was the fortune of war—the catastrophe of the contest in which he was engaged with individuals, and a circumstance which, as far as it affected the public or any great party, might be called accidental. Such as the crimes were—and we have given an instance or two of them—they were proved against the King, by evidence too "loud and trumpet-tongued," in the recollection of every man who had lived from the commencement of his reign. Nor was there entirely wanting personal evidence of his perfidy, in addition to the damning deductions necessarily made from his intercepted correspondence, and the papers found at Naseby. A witness was adduced, who stated facts to shew that, during the treaty of Newport, he had authorized the Prince to carry on clandestine negotiations. "This evidence," says Mr Brodie, very justly, "if it had stood alone, might not, at such a juncture, have been entitled to credit; but when we collate it with the private letters which Charles was writing at the very moment, we have no reason to doubt it; and it is just an additional proof of that unfortunate want of faith in this prince, which rendered it utterly impossible to bind him to any law or condition."

On the self-denying ordinance, the author adopts the common view, that it was a subtle design to advance Cromwell. We never could see anything to make us believe that so shrewd a man would have raised his hopes of aggrandizement on his chances of being excepted from the operation of a measure in the design of which he was included. It seems to have escaped the notice of most historians that there must have been a practical utility in this ordinance, clearly seen by its promoters, though the grounds on which they proceeded may not be easily discoverable at the present day. Undoubtedly, the measure immediately produced a marked effect in raising the character of the army. Although the author does not attempt, in Cromwell's character, to trace the origin of motives so deeply as Hume—who seems to have thought that the career of that great man arose in his mind almost at the moment of his birth, as the trunk and branches of the oak are said to be modelled in the acorn—he infuses into his mind certain subtle principles of action, the justice of which will hardly be acknowledged in this practical and unphilosophical country.

At the beginning of his career, he had, by no means, laid down any plan; but the force of circumstances gradually gave him ideas, means, and resolutions. Hence, he said very characteristically to Warwick, "I can very well say what I will not; but, by no means, what I will: I shall know it as soon as it is necessary." Thus circumstances led and misled him; and he, on the other hand, knew how to mould them to the gratification of his passions. In that age, which threw down all barriers, the noble talent of guiding the minds of men could grow up to unbridled ambition, which, at the beginning, was unconsciously united in him with fanaticism; then he designedly used the latter as a pretext and cloak, till religious considerations and opinions withdrew more and more into the back ground; nay, till he at length maintained in theory, and reduced to practice, the impious principle that in extraordinary cases the dictates of morality must be disregarded, and right sacrificed to necessity.

We are not of those who can view Cromwell's mind as containing anything peculiar and contrary to the ordinary routine of nature, farther than that he was one whose talents, in some departments, have been hardly ever equalled. He was a man of vast powers of disciplining and organizing, deeply read in the human heart, and prompt in taking advantage of the opportunities of aggrandizement, which the troubled surge of revolutionary events was ever casting up at his feet—qualities which are often in a more or less degree united with the fanatical enthusiasm which so strongly characterised him.

The rigid fidelity of this translation is more striking than gratifying to a reader. About a third of the work consists of quotations from speeches and pamphlets, which, after having been diluted into German, have been restored to us in such words as we should be sorry to think our worthy ancestors were so barren as to have used. We cannot but wonder at the taste and judgment of the man, who, instead of the reputed testimony of Morton to the courage of Knox—"Here lies he who never feared the face of man"—chooses to give us "Here is one who never feared any man." There are several mistakes, or rather lapses, involving confusion of persons and of the periods at which particular institutions (chiefly in Scotland) had their origin, which an intelligent translator should have amended. We need not notice these, as we have no doubt the *Quarterly Review* has now several active hands employed in the charitable labour of investigating the accuracy of every sentence. On the whole, we cannot help giving our hearty testimony to the vast erudition of the author in British history, and to the accuracy, characteristic of his country, which appears in his discussion of all important events,

THE SCOTTISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

The Scottish Members are again nearly all mustered in the House; while there is every probability that a very few months may send them on their country. It becomes a serious inquiry, with what claims or pretensions they will face their different constituencies—upon what rest their claim to approbation for their past conduct, and for a renewal of confidence in their future exertions. A pretty sharp look-out has been kept upon some of the Scottish Members, and, to own the truth, some of them required it; yet we fancy that a few pages, which give a full and distinct tabular view of their votes and attendance, will be usefully occupied at this particular time. An approaching or threatened dissolution always quickens Parliamentary vigilance; but it is proper to see how Members acted when more left to their own free will. Under the best imaginable system of representation, perfect publicity must be the elector's great check on the elected; and, in cases, such as that of Britain, where the representative holds his seat for a long period, the necessity becomes the more urgent for bringing his actions more closely and frequently under the eyes of his constituents, that the power of public opinion may be brought into operation, either to approve or condemn. To furnish the electors of Scotland with a sufficient knowledge of the sayings and doings of the men they have sent to Parliament as their representatives, and thereby guide their future choice, is the object of this article.

The present Parliament was chosen to try the question, whether the reform of the representation was to be followed by the fruits for which it was so anxiously sought; or whether, after all their struggles and sacrifices, the people of this country were to be again ruled by the party who had trampled so long on truth and justice, and made a mockery of human suffering and sorrow. The Tory party was in power; and the influences which, from that circumstance, it possessed, were united with those springing from its wealth and social position, against the people and their friends. The men who, in this crisis, were elected to serve the represented in Parliament, may be divided into three classes. The first and most numerous of the Scottish representatives, was that of mere Whigs; supporters of Lord Melbourne's government; sworn enemies, for the time being, of Toryism; and giving general promises of supporting measures of reform and retrenchment. The second class was that of Liberal Whigs and Radicals; men pledged to particular reforms; anxious for good government at all hazards; and foes, at all times and in all places, to Tories and Toryism. The third class was that of Tories; enemies of popular rights; men who loved misgovernment for the profit it brought to themselves; and open foes to public freedom. These three classes were made up as follows:—

Class I.—*Whigs giving general promises of Reform and Retrenchment.*

Name.	Seat.	Profession, &c.
Abercromby, J.	Edinburgh City.	Elected Speaker, February 19th, 1835.
Adam, Sir C.,	Kinross County.	Lord of the Admiralty.
Bannerman, A.	Aberdeen City.	A Merchant and Shipowner.
Campbell, Sir J.	Edinburgh City.	Attorney-General.
Campbell, W. F.	Argyle County.	Connected with the Argyle Family.
Dalmeny, Lord.	Stirling Burghs.	Lord of Admiralty.
Ferguson, R.	Haddington County.	A Landholder.
Fergusson, Cutlar.	Kirkcudbright County.	Judge Advocate.
Hallyburton, D. G.	Forfar County.	Landholder and Currency Doctor.
Loch, James,	Wick Burghs.	Auditor to the Countess of Sutherland
M'Kenzie, J. A. S.	Ross County.	A Landholder.
M'Leod, R.	Sutherland County.	A Landholder.
M'Taggart, J.	Wigton Burghs.	A Landholder, formerly a Merchant.
Maule, F.	Perth County.	Son of Lord Panmure, and Under Secretary of State
Maxwell, J.	Lanark County.	A Landholder.
Murray, J. A.	Leith Burghs.	Lord Advocate.
Oliphant, L.	Perth City.	A Landholder.
Oswald, James.	Glasgow City.	A Merchant.
Sinclair, Sir J.	Caithness County.	A Landholder.
Stewart, Sir M. S.	Renfrew County.	A Landholder.
Steuart, R.	Haddington Burghs.	Lord of the Treasury.
Stuart, Lord J.	Ayr Burghs.	Brother and Heir of Lord Bute, a Tory.
Wemyss, Capt.	Fife County.	A Landholder, and Proprietor of Coal Mines
Hay, Col. Leith.	Elgin Burghs.	Clerk of the Ordinance.

CLASS II.—*Liberal Whigs and Radicals pledged to particular Reforms.*

Name.	Seat.	Subjects on which Pledged.
Bowring, Dr.	Kilmarnock Burghs.	A Radical—for the Ballot, Short Parliaments, Revision of the Pension List, Abolition of Flogging, &c.
Chalmers, P.	Forfar Burghs.	A Radical—thorough Reform of English and Irish Churches, Extension of Education, Short Parliaments, Ballot.
Dennistoun, A.	Dumbarton County.	A Liberal Whig—for the Ballot, Short Parliaments.
Dunlop, C.	Glasgow City.	A Radical—for the Ballot, Short Parliaments, &c.
Fergus, J.	Kirkaldy Burghs.	A Liberal Whig—"Searching Reform" in all institutions.
Gillon, W. D.	Falkirk Burghs.	A Radical—for the Ballot, and Revision of the Pension List—a Voluntary—supports Cayley on the Currency.
Johnston, A.	St Andrew's Burghs.	Liberal Whig—for the Ballot. "Would support a motion for turning out the Tories, and resign when desired."
Oswald, R.	Ayr County.	A Radical—obliged to resign his seat for ill health.
Parnell, Sir H.	Dundee Burgh.	A Radical—for the Ballot, Short Parliaments, Abolition of Flogging, Revision of Pension List, and Retrenchment. Is Paymaster of the Forces.
Speirs, Captain.	Paisley Burgh.	A Radical—for Ballot, &c. &c.
Sharpe, General.	Dumfries Burghs.	A Liberal Whig—The Ballot—"General Reforms."
Wallace, R.	Greenock Burgh.	A Radical—for Ballot, Short Parliaments, &c.

CLASS III.—*Tories—supporters of Peel and Wellington.*

Name.	Seat.	Profession, &c.
Agnew, Sir A.	Wigton County.	A Landholder.
Arbuthnot, H.	Kincardine County.	A Landholder.
Balfour, T.	Orkney County.	A Landholder.
Bruce, Cumming.	Inverness Burghs.	A Military Officer and Landholder.
Clerk, Sir George.	Edinburgh County.	A Landholder, Secretary to the Admiralty for ten years.
Chisholm, A. W.	Inverness County.	A Highland "Laird."
Fergusson, G.	Banff County.	A Landholder.
Forbes, W.	Stirling County.	A Landholder.
Gordon, Captain.	Aberdeen County.	A Landholder, brother of Lord Aberdeen.
Grant, Colonel.	Elgin County.	A Landholder.
Hay, Sir John.	Peebles County.	A Landholder.
Hope, Hon. J.	Linlithgow County.	Brother of Lord Hopetoun.
Johnstone, J. J. H.	Dumfries County.	A Landholder.
Pringle, R.	Selkirk County.	A Landholder.
Rae, Sir W.	Bute County.	A Lawyer.
Scott, Lord John,	Roxburgh County.	Brother of the Duke of Buccleugh.
Campbell, Sir H. P.	Berwick County.	A Landholder.

Dividing the Scottish members, therefore, into these three classes, it would be found that, of the first class, the number elected by the constituencies was twenty-four; of the second class, or thorough Liberals, twelve; and of the third class, or Tories, seventeen. Looking over these lists, it will be noticed that the Tory party is entirely composed of landholders or the family connexions of landholders—men who enacted and who uphold the corn-laws; and the whole of the Scottish Tory Members have, with one exception, that of Cumming Bruce, been returned by constituencies where their wealth and influence could overawe and intimidate the tenantry. On the other hand, it will be seen that the ultra-Liberals and Independents have been returned for great commercial or manufacturing towns, or for counties covered with manufacturing villages, like Dumbarton and Ayrshires.

In point of steady attention to their duties, the best Members whom Scotland sends to Parliament, are, Dr Bowring, Mr Chalmers of Auldbar, and Mr Wallace of Kelly. These gentlemen, although holding no official situation to compel or reward their attendance, are ever at their post, and regularly vote on the right side. In a record of the divisions of last session we have before us, Dr Bowring stands at the head of the list of Scottish Members—having been present at no less than 121 out of 183 divisions. Close to him is Mr Chalmers; and then Mr Wallace. Almost equally constant was the attendance of the three holders of office—Mr Steuart of Alderston, Mr John Archibald Murray, and Mr Fox Maule. The attendance of the remaining Scottish Members at the 183 divisions, average only 43; and 18 of these representatives were not present at so many as 30 of the divisions out of the 183. Of the Tories, the three most frequently present at divisions, were, Mr Forbes of Callender, Sir George Clerk, and Mr H. Arbuthnot. But the divisions are but an imperfect test for discovering the working Members.

The following table will shew how the Scottish Members redeemed the pledges they gave their constituents:—

VOTES OF THE SCOTTISH REPRESENTATIVES ON EIGHT OF THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE SESSION OF 1835.

Name.	Seat.	Speakership—Abercromby.	Repeal of the Malt-Tax.	Tooke's Motion—London University.	Surplus Revenue—Appropriation.	Municipal Reform Bill.	The Ballot.	Robinson's Motion on Taxation	Maxwell's Motion on Handloom Weavers.
1. Adam, Sir C.	Kinross County	For	Agt.	For	For	For	*	*	*
2. Agnew, Sir A.	Wigton County	Agt.	Agt.	For	Agt.				
3. Arbuthnot, H.	Kincardine County	Agt.	Agt.			Agt.			For
4. Balfour, T.	Orkney County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.		For	
5. Bannerman, A.	Aberdeen City	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
6. Bowring, Dr	Kilmarnock Burghs	For	For	For	For	For	For		For
7. Bruce, Cumming	Inverness Burghs	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
8. Campbell, Sir John	Edinburgh City	For	Agt.		For	For			
9. Campbell, Sir H. P.	Berwick County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			For
10. Campbell, W. F.	Argyle County				For	For			
11. Chalmers, P.	Forfar Burghs	For	For	For	For	For	For	For	
12. Clerk, Sir G.	Edinburgh County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
13. Dalmeny, Lord	Stirling Burghs	For	Agt.		For	For			
14. Dennistoun, A.	Dumbarton County	For	For		For	For	For	For	
15. Dunlop, Colin	Glasgow City	For	Agt.		For	For	For		
16. Chisholm, A. W.	Inverness County					Agt.			
17. Fergus, J.	Kirkaldy Burghs	For	Agt.		For	For			
18. Ferguson, G.	Banff County	Agt.	For		Agt.	Agt.			
19. Ferguson, R.	Haddington County		Agt.	For	For	For			
20. Fergusson, R. Cuttar	Kircudbright Co.	For	Agt.		For	For			
21. Forbes, William	Stirling County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
22. Gillon, W. D.	Falkirk Burghs	For	For	For	For	For	For		For
23. Gordon, Captain	Aberdeen County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
24. Grant, Colonel	Elgin County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
25. Hallyburton, D. G.	Forfar County	For	For		For	For			For
26. Hay, Sir J.	Peebles County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
27. Hay, Colonel Leith	Elgin Burghs	For	Agt.		For	For			
28. Hope, J.	Linlithgow County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
29. Johnston, A.	St Andrew's Burghs	For	Agt.			For	For		
30. Johnston, J. H.	Dumfries County	Agt.	Agt.	For	Agt.	Agt.			
31. Loch, James	Wick Burghs	For	Agt.		For	For			
32. M'Kenzie, J. A. S.	Ross County	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
33. M'Leod, R.	Sutherland County	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
34. M'Taggart, J.	Wigton Burghs	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
35. Maule, F.	Perth County	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
36. Maxwell, J.	Lanark County	For	For	For		For	For		For
37. Murray, J. A.	Leith Burghs	For	Agt.		For	For			
38. Oswald, R.†	Ayr County	For							
39. Oliphant, L.	Perth City	For	Agt.		For	For			
40. Oswald, J.	Glasgow City	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
41. Parnell, Sir H.	Dundee Burgh	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
42. Pringle, A.	Selkirk County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
43. Rae, Sir W.	Bute County	Agt.	Agt.		Agt.	Agt.			
44. Spiers, Captain	Paisley	For	For	For	For	For	For		For
45. Scott, Lord John	Roxburgh County	Agt.	Agt.						
46. Sharpe, General	Dumfries Burghs	For		For	For	For	For		
47. Sinclair, Sir G.	Caithness County	Agt.	For	For	Agt.	Agt.	For	For	
48. Stewart, Sir M. S.	Renfrew County	For	Agt.	For	Agt.	For			
49. Stewart, R.	Haddington Burghs	For	Agt.	For	For	For			For
50. Stuart, Lord James	Ayr Burghs		Agt.	For	For	For			
51. Wallace, R.	Greenock Burgh	For	For	For	For	For	For		For
52. Wemyss, Captain	Fifeshire	For	Agt.	For	For	For			
Total who voted *for*		30	10	23	30	33	11	4	9
Total who voted against		17	38		16	16			
Total voted on the question		47	48	23	46	49			
Total absent Members		5	4	29	6	3			
Total Scottish Members		52‡	52	52	52	52			

* The minorities only were published on the Ballot, Robinson's motion, and Maxwell's motion.
† Resigned his seat from ill health. Captain Dunlop was returned for Ayrshire in June.
‡ The number of Scottish Members is 53, including the Speaker.

VOTES OF THE SCOTTISH REPRESENTATIVES ON FIFTEEN OF THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE SESSION OF 1836.

Name.	Seat.	The Address.	Repealing Soap and Increasing Tallow Duties.	Lord F. Egerton's Motion.	Irish Municipal Bill, Third Reading.	Ewart's Motion on Primogeniture.	Mutiny Bill—Military Flogging.	Harvey's Motion on the Pension List.	Ripon's Motion on the Bishops.	Chandos' Motion on Agricultural Distress.	Factories Bill.	Sabbath Bill.	Jewish Disabilities Bill.	Motion on Brudenell's Appointment.	Lords' Amendments to Irish Municipal Bill.	Irish Church Bill.
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
1. Adam, Sir C.	Kinross County	For	Agt	Agt	For	Agt	For	Agt		Agt	For		For	Agt	Agt	For
2. Agnew, Sir A.	Wigton County	Agt	For	For		Agt		Agt		For	Agt	For	Agt	Agt	For	Agt
3. Arbuthnot, Hon. H.	Kincardine County	Agt	For	For	Agt		For		Agt	For				Agt	For	Agt
4. Balfour, T., jun.	Orkney County	Agt	For	For	Agt		For	Agt		For	Agt	For		Agt		
5. Bannerman, A.	Aberdeen City	For	Agt	Agt				Agt			For		For		Agt	For
6. Bowring, Dr. J.	Kilmarnock Burghs	For	Agt	Agt		For	Agt	For		Agt	For	Agt		For	Agt	For
7. Bentinck, Lord W.*	Glasgow City				For		For	Agt	Agt	Agt	Agt				Agt	For
8. Bruce, C., Major	Inverness Burghs	Agt		For	Agt		For	Agt	Agt		Agt	For		Agt		
9. Campbell, Sir John	Edinburgh City	For	Agt	Agt		Agt	For	Agt		Agt	For	Agt			Agt	For
10. Campbell, W. F.	Argyle County	For	Agt	Agt	For		For	Agt			For				Agt	For
11. Campbell, Sir H. P.	Berwick County	Agt												Agt	For	Agt
12. Chalmers, P.	Forfar Burghs	For		Agt	For				For	Agt	For		For	Agt	Agt	For
13. Chisholm, A. W.	Inverness County	Agt	For	For								For	Agt		For	Agt
14. Clerk, Sir George	Edinburgh County	Agt		For		Agt	For	Agt	Agt	For				Agt	For	Agt
15. Dalmeny, Lord	Stirling Burghs	For		Agt	For		For	Agt			For			Agt	Agt	For
16. Dennistoun, A.	Dumbarton County	For														
17. Dunlop, Captain	Ayr County	For		Agt	For		For	For			For	For			Agt	For
18. Fergus, John	Kirkaldy Burghs	For	Agt	Agt				Agt	For		For				Agt	For
19. Ferguson, Robert	Haddington County	For		Agt	For		Agt	Agt		Agt	For				Agt	For
20. Fergusson, R. Cutlar	Kircudbright County	For	Agt	Agt	For		For	Agt						Agt	Agt	For
21. Ferguson, G.	Banff County		For	For	Agt			Agt			Agt			Agt	For	Agt
22. Forbes, William	Stirling County	Agt	For	For	Agt				Agt	For	Agt	For	Agt	Agt	For	Agt
23. Gillon, W. D.	Falkirk Burghs			Agt				For	For	Agt			For	For	Agt	For
24. Grant, W. F.	Elgin & Nairn County	Agt			Agt									Agt	For	
25. Gordon, Captain	Aberdeen County	Agt	For	For	Agt		For			For				Agt		Agt
26. Hallyburton, D. G.	Forfar County	For		Agt	For											
27. Hastie, A.†	Paisley Burgh				For	For	Agt	For	For	Agt	For			Agt	Agt	For
28. Hay, Col. Leith	Elgin Burghs	For	Agt	Agt	For	Agt	For	Agt			For		For	Agt	Agt	For
29. Hay, Sir John	Peebles County	Agt		For	Agt	Agt	For		Agt	For			Agt	Agt	For	Agt
30. Hope, The Hon. J.	Linlithgow County	Agt		For	Agt		For	Agt	Agt		Agt			Agt		
31. Johnstone, A.	Cupar Burghs	For	Agt	Agt	For		Agt	For		Agt	Agt	For			Agt	For
32. Johnstone, J. H.	Dumfries County	Agt		For					Agt	Agt	For			Agt	For	Agt
33. Loch, James	Wick Burghs	For	Agt	Agt				Agt	Agt		For		For	Agt	Agt	For
34. M'Kenzie, J. A. S.	Ross County	For	Agt	Agt				Agt		Agt	For				Agt	For
35. M'Leod, Roderick	Sutherland County	For	For	Agt	For	Agt					For	Agt		Agt	Agt	For
36. M'Taggart, J.	Wigton Burghs			Agt	For			For			For	Agt			Agt	For
37. Maule, Fox	Perth County	For	Agt	Agt	For		For	Agt	Agt	Agt	For			Agt	Agt	For
38. Maxwell, J.	Lanark County	For					Agt				Agt					
39. Murray, J. A.	Leith Burghs	For	Agt	Agt	For		For	Agt		Agt	For		For		Agt	
40. Oliphant, L.	Perth City	For	Agt	Agt				For	For					Agt	Agt	
41. Oswald, J.	Glasgow City	For	Agt	Agt	For			For	For	Agt	For				Agt	For
42. Parnell, Sir H.	Dundee Burgh	For	Agt	Agt	For		For				For			Agt	Agt	For
43. Pringle, Alex.	Selkirk County	Agt	For	For				Agt	Agt	For	Agt			Agt		
44. Rae, Sir W.	Bute County			For						For				Agt	For	Agt
45. Sharpe, General	Dumfries Burghs			Agt			For					Agt		Agt	Agt	For
46. Stuart, Lord Ja.	Ayr Burghs	For	Agt		For		For	Agt		Agt	For			Agt	Agt	For
47. Sinclair, Sir George	Caithness County	Agt	Agt	For	Agt		Agt	For	Agt	For	Agt			Agt		
48. Scott, Lord John	Roxburgh County	Agt														
49. Stewart, Sir M. S.	Renfrew County		Agt	Agt			For	For	Agt					Agt	Agt	Agt
50. Steuart, Robert	Haddington Burghs	For	Agt	Agt	For	Agt	For	Agt		Agt	For		For	Agt	Agt	For
51. Wallace, Robert	Greenock Burgh	For	Agt	Agt	For			For	For	Agt			For	For	Agt	For
52. Wemyss, Captain	Fife County	For						Agt	For	For	Agt		For	Agt	Agt	For
Number that voted for,		28	9	15	21	2	22	11	8	11	23	7	10	3	11	28
Number that voted against,		16	21	28	10	8	6	24	13	17	12	5	4	32	31	12
Total number who voted on each question,		44	30	43	31	10	28	35	21	28	35	12	14	35	42	40
Number absent,		8	22	9	21	42	24	17	31	24	17	40	38	17	10	12
Number of Scottish Members,		52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52	52

* Not a Member till after the opening of Parliament. Gave his first vote 23d February.
† Not a Member till late in the Session.

THE POST-OFFICE AND ITS ABUSES; WITH HINTS FOR IMPROVEMENT.

The management of the General Post-Office has been a subject of frequent inquiry ever since the year 1788. Parliamentary and Treasury Commissioners have succeeded each other, and have been all unanimous as to the absolute necessity of revising this department, and placing the controlling power in the hands of a Board of Commissioners, in the room of a Postmaster-General.

On the 20th of last June, a premature discussion took place in the Lords, on the subject of a recommendation to that effect, contained in the fourth Report of the present Commissioners of Inquiry—viz., "That a bill be prepared which will enable the Treasury to appoint a Board of Commissioners in the management of the Post-Office." This report bears date the 23d July 1835; but a bill founded on its recommendation was not introduced to the Commons till July 1836—consequently, the Government took ample time to consider the necessity of this highly important change, (which had been so often recommended by former as well as contemporary Commissioners of Inquiry,) before any steps were taken to carry it into effect; otherwise, the bill, which was a very short one, ought to have been brought forward in the Session of 1835; therefore, in this case, they cannot be charged with acting hastily.

The discussion alluded to was brought on by the Duke of Richmond, who, on all occasions, steps forward as the champion of the Post-Office as it is at present constituted. Why he does so, he has not yet assigned any reason.

In reviewing the proceedings in Parliament during the past session, with respect to this department, reference to the arguments used by his Grace only, is matter of necessity and not selection, he being the only speaker on that side of the question.

His Grace first remarked, with reference to the above-quoted recommendation of the Commissioners, "that, before their Lordships legislated on the subject, they really were justified in demanding some evidence on this point." Admitted. There cannot be a doubt that their Lordships are justified in having evidence of the necessity of every measure on which they are called upon to legislate; but, after the thousands of pages of evidence that have been published by Commissioners of Inquiry of various political creeds—in almost every one of which may be found a reason in favour of the proposed change—and forty of these pages, taken prior to the year 1827, being annexed to the Report that his Grace brought under their consideration—it is difficult to come to a conclusion as to the character and quantum of evidence that his Grace requires before he can make up his mind to sanction the change proposed. Men of *ordinary minds* have long seen the necessity of the alteration suggested, and that without having waded half through the pyramid of Reports, with the contents of which his Grace is so little satisfied. This being over, that he might not appear to stand alone in his opinion, his Grace pressed into his service the Finance Committee of 1817, and claimed them as supporters of his view of the case, solely because they did not, in distinct terms, recommend a "Board of Commissioners to be constituted, like the other existing revenue boards;" at the same time carefully omitting to state—but which omission was ably supplied by Lord Wallace—"that they were of opinion that it would not be advisable permanently to leave the office of Post-Master-General in the possession of a single individual;" thereby censuring the present mode of management, although they did not suggest another.

It is very true, as was observed by his Grace, "that a great machine like the Post-Office, affected every interest, manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial, and was intimately connected with the feelings and well-being of every man in the community." But, with regard to his monition to their Lordships, "to proceed with caution and deliberation" before they sanctioned any alteration in the department, it was rather ill-timed, seeing that some of them, if they have ever attended to the subject, must have on their consciences the weight of fifty or sixty years' collection of arguments in favour of the measure that he was opposing.

That the various interests enumerated by his Grace would suffer by the proposed change in the mode of management, need not be feared. The change, no doubt, would have an opposite tendency.

This assertion is borne out, not only by general observations, but by the statement of Lord Lowther, who, in his evidence before the Commissioners of Inquiry in March last, said—"I think the present system has proved that it is not at all adapted to the circumstances of the times, and I should feel disposed to remodel and reconstruct the Post-Office department altogether. I think one sees, in the present state of the Post-Office, that it remains just what it was ever since the improvement it underwent in 1797 and '1798"—(meaning, no doubt, the improvement introduced by Mr Palmer a few years prior to that date.) "There has hardly been any alteration since in its details, except *what has actually been forced upon it by the public; its duties are becoming now great, and so general, notwithstanding its inconvenient and almost prohibitory arrangements, that, however capable or industrious one man might be, I should conceive he could hardly be qualified to look into the number of details that that office would embrace in all its ramifications. I should think the better way would be to have a Board with a head and two assistants.*" This is the opinion of a noble Lord, of excellent under-

standing and business habits, well versed in the subject, and opposed in politics to the present Government.

During the discussion herein alluded to, and also at the subsequent one, when the bill intended to empower the Government to effect the proposed change was thrown out by the Lords, the Duke of Richmond reminded their Lordships, "that, in 1830, the Post-Office had been entirely revised and reorganized, and that all the recommendations of Lord Wallace's Commission had been carried into effect." His Grace appears to have forgotten his own evidence before the Select Committee for the Reduction of Salaries, in March 1831, wherein he detailed, under the title of "amendments," a great number of changes that he had made in the department during the four months that he had then been in office; and, in a letter to the Treasury, dated March 1834, he stated that "those amendments did not owe their origin to the recommendations contained in the Reports of Lord Wallace's Commission;" although, to every one who has read these reports, it would appear that the amendments that he recommended resulted from these recommendations only. These are his Grace's own words:—"Although I have been anxious to avail myself of any useful suggestions that might be contained in the Reports of the Commissioners, I did not take the schedules attached to these Reports as my guide in preparing the new establishments which have received your Lordships' approval, because it was evident that the duties could not be performed with the means they have proposed; and because of the great expense which these recommendations would have entailed upon the public." And in another letter on the same subject, dated April 1835, he repeated—"I, therefore, stated that I could not, in the discharge of my duty, adopt their recommendations for the establishments of the respective offices, both on account of the inadequacy of the numbers for the performance of the public service, and of the additional expense they would have entailed upon the revenue; and, at the same time, pointed out some instances in which it was evident that the Commissioners had proceeded upon an erroneous calculation and principle." It will be observed that, in both these passages, his Grace stated, that the number of persons recommended by Lord Wallace's Commission, were "inadequate for the performance of the public service;" yet he complained of the additional expense that would be entailed upon the public by the adoption of their scheme; and, by way of exemplification, he adds, in his letter of April 1834—"I shall confine myself to the simple remark, that, in the principal working department, the Inland Office, they had proposed an establishment of sixty-six persons only, whilst the duty actually required no less than seventy-nine, which number was, at times, found scarcely equal to its performance without great difficulty, as they had recommended the sweeping abolition of one-third of the letter-carriers in the twopenny post." How the greater number of persons employed by his Grace have been a less expense to the country than the smaller number recommended by the Commissioners of Inquiry would have been, must be left to him to explain: although it is not likely that any one will cavil with the noble Duke for having employed as many persons as the exigencies of the service required; nevertheless, the contradictions remain the same, to point out which it is noticed here, as well as to shew how irreconcilable these statements are with that so recently made by him in the Lords, "that all the recommendations of Lord Wallace's Commission had been carried into effect in 1830." But, on this, as well as on other points, his Grace is in error. Those recommendations had not been carried into effect in 1830, or why did he repudiate them in his letters laid before Parliament in March 1834 and April 1835? The fact is, that to these Commissioners of Inquiry the public are indebted for all the improvements that have taken place in this department; and many of their recommendations remain to be effected; and they can be accomplished only by a Board of Commissioners—which, to every unprejudiced person, must be a sufficient reason for changing the controlling power of the department.

On one point, the Duke of Richmond was more happy than on any other that he advanced; but which did not militate against the proposed change—a change which had been insisted on and demanded by Mr Wallace in each of the three preceding sessions of Parliament; and, if the kingdom at large is searched from the Land's-End to John O'Groat's House, it will be scarcely possible to find a single person who dissents from him. His Grace said that "the post-office ought not to be considered so much in the light of a revenue-board; but the Post-Master-General [read "Post-Office Commissioners"] ought not to be allowed to spend more money in increasing the advantages derivable from it." Authorities in favour of this position of the noble Duke's, scarcely need be quoted; as, in support of so popular a measure as the reduction of the tax on letters, and increasing the advantages of post communication, the voice of the public is with him; but, as in parallel cases, the same reasons hold good, so, on this subject, all the arguments used by Sir Henry Parnell, in the 6th cap. of his "Treatise on Finance," against high protecting duties, apply with equal force against the present system of high taxation for the conveyance of letters. On the subject of high rates of postage, Lord Ashburton took a very just and enlightened view; which makes it the more to be regretted, although quite like himself, that he should have opposed the second reading of the bill for abolishing the office of Post-Master-General.

With the solitary exception of the improved construction of mail-coaches—for which the public are indebted, not to the Duke of Richmond, or any other Post-Master-General, nor the officers of the establishment, but to Mr Wallace, the Member for Greenock, and the Commissioners

of Inquiry—this department, by Lord Lowther's account, and there is no better authority, has remained stationary, as to the arrangements for the accommodation of the public, for nearly fifty years. It is, therefore, now time that it make a few strides in advance, so as to overtake other departments, and, in its vocation, administer, in an equal degree, to the wants and wishes of the community. It is not intended here to enumerate all the improvements of which the Post-Office is susceptible; but the most prominent and indispensable are—*Morning and day mails from London, as well as evening mails; a Sunday delivery to those who may call for their letters in London, and a despatch from London; a cheap conveyance of prices current, and small packets of value, under a certain weight; an accelerated communication for the conveyance of the letters and parcels between post-towns and to the districts surrounding them*, instead of the present, in most cases, circuitous way, to which cross posts are subjected; *and a general lowering of the rate of postage*—which concession Mr Wallace has also strenuously advocated. This latter suggestion, if judiciously carried into effect, will not be the cause of a diminution of revenue, in proportion to its reduction; but, on the contrary, if aided by increased means of communication, will, with the increased ability and anxiety of all classes of the public to communicate by letter, be morally certain to add to the funds of the exchequer. This axiom is almost proved, to the extent here contemplated, by the Finance Committee, in their fourth Report, at p. 10; where, by a reference to accounts shewing the produce of duties, under the heads "Customs," "Excise," "Stamps," and "Assessed Taxes," in 1827, compared with what the produce would have been, if the reduction of taxes, which took effect after 1823, had diminished these revenues in the exact proportion which they bore to the produce of that year; they say—"It will be seen, by this abstract, that the abatement of the revenue by taxes remitted, would have been, in 1827, as compared with 1823, no less than £3,308,316; the difference of £5,874,255 being the increase of revenue from increased consumption." Therefore, it is but fair to infer that, with the increased and increasing intelligence of the community, combined with our increasing domestic and foreign commercial intercourse, the Post-Office revenue would not suffer more, or even so much as the before-named revenues, if the tax on letters was to be diminished in the same proportion that these taxes were reduced between the years 1823 and 1827.

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standing and business habits, well versed in the subject, and opposed in politics to the present Government.

During the discussion herein alluded to, and also at the subsequent one, when the bill intended to empower the Government to effect the proposed change was thrown out by the Lords, the Duke of Richmond reminded their Lordships, "that, in 1830, the Post-Office had been entirely revised and reorganized, and that all the recommendations of Lord Wallace's Commission had been carried into effect." His Grace appears to have forgotten his own evidence before the Select Committee for the Reduction of Salaries, in March 1831, wherein he detailed, under the title of "amendments," a great number of changes that he had made in the department during the four months that he had then been in office; and, in a letter to the Treasury, dated March 1834, he stated that "those amendments did not owe their origin to the recommendations contained in the Reports of Lord Wallace's Commission;" although, to every one who has read these reports, it would appear that the amendments that he recommended resulted from these recommendations only. These are his Grace's own words:—"Although I have been anxious to avail myself of any useful suggestions that might be contained in the Reports of the Commissioners, I did not take the schedules attached to these Reports as my guide in preparing the new establishments which have received your Lordships' approval, because it was evident that the duties could not be performed with the means they have proposed; and because of the great expense which these recommendations would have entailed upon the public." And in another letter on the same subject, dated April 1835, he repeated—"I, therefore, stated that I could not, in the discharge of my duty, adopt their recommendations for the establishments of the respective offices, both on account of the inadequacy of the numbers for the performance of the public service, and of the additional expense they would have entailed upon the revenue; and, at the same time, pointed out some instances in which it was evident that the Commissioners had proceeded upon an erroneous calculation and principle." It will be observed that, in both these passages, his Grace stated, that the number of persons recommended by Lord Wallace's Commission, were "inadequate for the performance of the public service;" yet he complained of the additional expense that would be entailed upon the public by the adoption of their scheme; and, by way of exemplification, he adds, in his letter of April 1834—"I shall confine myself to the simple remark, that, in the principal working department, the Inland Office, they had proposed an establishment of sixty-six persons only, whilst the duty actually required no less than seventy-nine, which number was, at times, found scarcely equal to its performance without great difficulty, as they had recommended the sweeping abolition of one-third of the letter-carriers in the twopenny post." How the greater number of persons employed by his Grace have been a less expense to the country than the smaller number recommended by the Commissioners of Inquiry would have been, must be left to him to explain: although it is not likely that any one will cavil with the noble Duke for having employed as many persons as the exigencies of the service required; nevertheless, the contradictions remain the same, to point out which it is noticed here, as well as to shew how irreconcilable these statements are with that so recently made by him in the Lords, "that all the recommendations of Lord Wallace's Commission had been carried into effect in 1830." But, on this, as well as on other points, his Grace is in error. Those recommendations had not been carried into effect in 1830, or why did he repudiate them in his letters laid before Parliament in March 1834 and April 1835? The fact is, that to these Commissioners of Inquiry the public are indebted for all the improvements that have taken place in this department; and many of their recommendations remain to be effected; and they can be accomplished only by a Board of Commissioners—which, to every unprejudiced person, must be a sufficient reason for changing the controlling power of the department.

On one point, the Duke of Richmond was more happy than on any other that he advanced; but which did not militate against the proposed change—a change which had been insisted on and demanded by Mr Wallace in each of the three preceding sessions of Parliament; and, if the kingdom at large is searched from the Land's-End to John O'Groat's House, it will be scarcely possible to find a single person who dissents from him. His Grace said that "the post-office ought not to be considered so much in the light of a revenue-board; but the Post-Master-General [read "Post-Office Commissioners"] ought not to be allowed to spend more money in increasing the advantages derivable from it." Authorities in favour of this position of the noble Duke's, scarcely need be quoted; as, in support of so popular a measure as the reduction of the tax on letters, and increasing the advantages of post communication, the voice of the public is with him; but, as in parallel cases, the same reasons hold good, so, on this subject, all the arguments used by Sir Henry Parnell, in the 6th cap. of his "Treatise on Finance," against high protecting duties, apply with equal force against the present system of high taxation for the conveyance of letters. On the subject of high rates of postage, Lord Ashburton took a very just and enlightened view; which makes it the more to be regretted, although quite like himself, that he should have opposed the second reading of the bill for abolishing the office of Post-Master-General.

With the solitary exception of the improved construction of mail-coaches—for which the public are indebted, not to the Duke of Richmond, or any other Post-Master-General, nor the officers of the establishment, but to Mr Wallace, the Member for Greenock, and the Commissioners

of Inquiry—this department, by Lord Lowther's account, and there is no better authority, has remained stationary, as to the arrangements for the accommodation of the public, for nearly fifty years. It is, therefore, now time that it make a few strides in advance, so as to overtake other departments, and, in its vocation, administer, in an equal degree, to the wants and wishes of the community. It is not intended here to enumerate all the improvements of which the Post-Office is susceptible; but the most prominent and indispensable are—*Morning and day mails from London, as well as evening mails; a Sunday delivery to those who may call for their letters in London, and a despatch from London; a cheap conveyance of prices current, and small packets of value, under a certain weight; an accelerated communication for the conveyance of the letters and parcels between post-towns and to the districts surrounding them*, instead of the present, in most cases, circuitous way, to which cross posts are subjected; *and a general lowering of the rate of postage*—which concession Mr Wallace has also strenuously advocated. This latter suggestion, if judiciously carried into effect, will not be the cause of a diminution of revenue, in proportion to its reduction; but, on the contrary, if aided by increased means of communication, will, with the increased ability and anxiety of all classes of the public to communicate by letter, be morally certain to add to the funds of the exchequer. This axiom is almost proved, to the extent here contemplated, by the Finance Committee, in their fourth Report, at p. 10; where, by a reference to accounts shewing the produce of duties, under the heads "Customs," "Excise," "Stamps," and "Assessed Taxes," in 1827, compared with what the produce would have been, if the reduction of taxes, which took effect after 1823, had diminished these revenues in the exact proportion which they bore to the produce of that year; they say—"It will be seen, by this abstract, that the abatement of the revenue by taxes remitted, would have been, in 1827, as compared with 1823, no less than £3,308,316; the difference of £5,874,255 being the increase of revenue from increased consumption." Therefore, it is but fair to infer that, with the increased and increasing intelligence of the community, combined with our increasing domestic and foreign commercial intercourse, the Post-Office revenue would not suffer more, or even so much as the before-named revenues, if the tax on letters was to be diminished in the same proportion that these taxes were reduced between the years 1823 and 1827.

What the Duke of Richmond meant by calling on the Peers "not to legislate to satisfy such gentlemen, such individuals rather," it is difficult to understand. He could not have meant his appeal to their Lordships to apply to so large a body as the members of his Majesty's Government, who brought forward the measure—to the immense majority of the Commons, who sanctioned it by their votes—to the Peers who supported it in the Upper House, and to the general voice of the community in favour of the change, pressing from without; but if he meant it to apply—as, no doubt, he must have done—to the honourable Member for Greenock, who has so meritoriously tugged at the labouring oar for several sessions of Parliament, so as to put in their proper light, with his co-legislators and the public, those officers of the establishment who are incapable of "originating, unsolicited, measures of public utility for the service"—the rebuke can fall but lightly on that honourable gentleman, seeing that he has with him a multitude that cannot be numbered, to share the weight of the noble Duke's spleen and censure for urging a change in the department. Indeed, to use Lord Lowther's words, "hardly an alteration has been made in its details since the improvements introduced by Mr Palmer, except what has actually been forced upon it by the public."

In the appointment of Colonel Maberly to the office of Secretary of this department, vacant by the death of Sir F. Freeling, the public have something like an assurance that the Government are serious in their attempts to effect the reforms that have been recommended. At the same time, they must expect to be called upon to explain how it is that a person whose mismanagement of the trusts reposed in him as Assistant-Secretary of the Post-office, and whose conduct, has been so strongly animadverted on as his has been by the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry in their twenty-second Report, as well as in Parliament—is qualified for the onerous duties of a Commissioner of Customs. Not that his negligence or incapacity, or by whatever other name should be designated his disqualifications for the performance of public duties, will at all check the current of business in a Board so efficient and well organized as that of the one to which he has been appointed; nevertheless, the Commissioners with whom he is associated, as well as the aspirants to seats at that Board, and, above all, the public, may justly complain, that, in his appointment, an undue preference has been given to a person whose "system of control" over an important branch of another public department that was intrusted to his care, is characterised, by the Commissioners of Inquiry, in their sixth Report, page nineteen, as being completely nugatory in all respects.

The bill that was to have empowered the Lords of the Treasury to appoint a Board of Commissioners to manage the Post-Office, did not comprise any other regulation affecting the department; and, although its supporters were anxious that it should have become the law of the land, still, to many of them, one of its provisions was very objectionable—viz., that the chief Commissioners should have a seat in Parliament. It is true that that provision had the high sanction of my Lord Lowther and Mr Labouchere; the former a late, and the latter a present Commissioner of Inquiry. But both of these eminent persons, after they have read the reasons contained in the twentieth Report of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry, why a Revenue Court should not sit in Parliament, will probably change

their opinion; and it is hoped that the measure, in an unobjectionable shape, will receive the sanction of both Houses of Parliament early in the ensuing session. The Commissioners, speaking of the construction of Revenue Boards in general, at page 130, say—"The main objects to be obtained in constructing a Board, are to give the Treasury, or rather the House of Commons, a complete control, and to ensure a real responsibility for the proper administration of the laws of the department. We are of opinion that both these objects would be attained, if full powers were vested in the First Commissioner, to act in all matters of direction and of appointments to office, with the sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By this plan, the First Commissioner would be subordinate to the Treasury, instead of being, as he now is, subordinate to the Board; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would necessarily become acquainted with all the details of the administration of the laws, and be able to take upon himself, as he ought to do, in Parliament, the responsibility of their being duly enforced. *The First Commissioner ought not to be a Peer, or a Member of the House of Commons; for this would take responsibility away from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who alone should be responsible, and would lead to a change in the office of First Commissioner, with every change of Ministers, and thus place the power of the department in the hands of some subordinate officer.*

"In order effectually to secure the authority of the First Commissioner, what the other Commissioners would have to do, ought to be defined. They should be subordinate to the First Commissioner, and serve as assistants to him; and, as such, they should be called 'Assistant-Commissioners.'"

Other reasons, fully as conclusive, why the commissioners of a Board should not be co-equal, and why the First Commissioner ought not to be a Peer or a Member of the House of Commons, are given in paragraphs preceding and following those above quoted. And, further, they recommend, "that one member of a Board be selected from the officers on the establishment."

In constructing a Board for the management of the Post-Office, Ministers have now an opportunity of creating a Revenue Board on those principles which, in practice, have been found to work so well at the Treasury, the Admiralty, the Ordnance, the Woods and Forests, and the India Board of Control; and there cannot be a doubt but that it will be found to work at the Post-Office with greater benefit to the public than if they were to follow the advice of the Duke of Richmond, and, on the appointment of a Post-Master General, "take a pledge from him that he would discharge the duties of his office in person," with an understanding that, "if he did not, they would do their duty, and recommend his Majesty to discharge a person who disgraced the office he held." Even under the obligation of such a pledge, subject to the penalty of the condition annexed to it, it may reasonably be doubted whether a Peer, or any other person of high pretensions, possessed of a large fortune, that would command for him the pleasures of the race-course and the sports of the field, would strictly attend to the duties of the office. And as to exacting a pledge on taking office, other than the usual oath or declaration of office, it is the first time that it has been suggested; and the merit of the suggestion, if there is merit in it, belongs to the Noble Duke. It is true that it is common to exact a pledge from children, that they will do that which is imposed on them; but with "children of a large growth," their acceptance of an appointment is deemed to be a pledge that they will discharge its duties.

The Duke of Richmond, in adverting to the Packet Establishment, referred to Return, No. I., Appendix A, in the sixth Report of the Committee of Inquiry, which shews, in that branch of the service, in four years preceding the 5th January 1836, an expenditure of £154,965 : 14 : 4½, and which, in round numbers, he stated, "gave an average of about £45,000 a-year." He next stated that, "during three years of his experience of the contract-system for conveying the mails to Hamburgh and Rotterdam, the average loss had been £19,000 per annum." He then asked these two questions—"Now, suppose they had taken all the packets by contract, what would have been the loss?" and, "Could his noble friend (Lord Duncannon) expect that his letters could be carried for nothing?" The public did not expect nor wish to have their letters carried for nothing; but they expect that the Government will see that they are carried at as little expense as possible; and it cannot be supposed that, because the three years' average for carrying the mails to Hamburgh and Rotterdam by contract, the one distant from London more than two hundred leagues, the other more than ninety, was a cost of £19,000 per annum, that it necessarily follows that each of the other packet stations would cost the same amount, when two of them—viz., Dover and Calais, and Portpatrick and Donaghadee—are not separate one-tenth of the shortest of these distances; and the vessels that navigate the passages are not a quarter of the size of those to which he alluded. His Grace then complained that no account had been taken by the Post-Office of the packet postage, as a set-off against the "loss." That, however, is not material to a correct view of the case; as the same amount, be it what it may, would stand in the account to the credit of the Post-Office, if all the mails conveyed by water were under contract. If all the mails conveyed by water were under contract, the packet postage would be the only item on the credit side of the account. But that is not the question. The matter for consideration is, which would be the least expensive system to the country—to contract for, or continue to be owners of the mail packets? £45,000, as stated by the Duke of Richmond, is not the total annual loss that the country sustains on account of the Packet Establishment; but only the loss that is sustained IN ADDITION TO A TOTAL LOSS OF CAPI-

TAL, as may be seen by a reference to the same return, at the foot of which, and immediately under "Loss, £154,956: 14: 4½," is the following memorandum:—"*Note*—The above is EXCLUSIVE OF PRIME COST AND OUTFIT; and the Accountant-General has not the means of distinguishing, in the expense at Holyhead, that portion of the stores which may have been expended in the repair of steam-packets belonging to the other stations." Or, in other words, the accounts, when accounts could be found, were so unintelligibly kept that no one could understand them. The Holyhead packet-agent stated that "there was not a book in the dock-yard for the accuracy of which he could answer." And Mr M'Knight, a naval officer of experience, conversant with dock-yard practice, sent by the Admiralty to Holyhead, to examine the accounts, stated, that "they were so complicated as to afford no check on the remains in store," and that "in many cases there were no books or accounts." Such a state of things existing at the principal depot, it cannot be a matter of astonishment that the Accountant-General could not make a detailed return of the expenditure of stores for each packet; and the country can only look upon Sir Henry Freeling, (who was the Assistant-Secretary, and "whose special duty," this Accountant-general stated, "it was to judge of the propriety of the expenditure,") and Mr Goddard, (who was the head of the Holyhead establishment,) to be equally culpable. As it is, therefore, beyond a doubt that the Post-office cannot furnish a satisfactory return of "the total annual loss that the country has sustained on account of the Packet Establishment; the following statement, to supply that defect, is compiled, by estimating for such periods as are not shewn in the Reports of the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry, or returns to Parliament:—

The Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry, in their 22d Report, at page 6, state, that "The total loss, *in nine years*, from 1821 to 5th January 1830, *exclusive of any charge for interest on the amount invested*, must be considered at about . . .	£300,000	0	0"
For the *two* years, from 5th January 1830 to 5th Jan. 1832, a return cannot be found; therefore, the loss is *estimated* at two-ninths of the above sum, viz., .	66,666	13	4
For the next *four years*, from 5th January 1832, to 5th January 1836, the amount is taken from Return No. 1, Appendix A, quoted by the Duke of Richmond, viz., .	154,956	14	4½
Making, in *fifteen years*, over and above the "prime cost and outfit," a further investment of .	£521,623	7	8½
Carry over,	£521,623	7	8½

Brought over, .	£521,623	7	8½
This amount, being the excess of expenditure *over the amount* of "receipts for passage money," &c., becomes an investment, for which the country is entitled to interest, and which is calculated, as well as the interest on the "prime cost and outfit," at the low rate of £5 per cent. per annum. Therefore, £300,000 loss in nine years, is, at the rate of £33,333 per annum, on which amount interest is claimed, commencing with 1822, for 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, and 6 years respectively, viz.,	149,940	0	0
For £66,666 loss in two years, interest is claimed on £33,333 for five and four years respectively, viz., ...	14,994	0	0
Three years' interest on £45,438, lost in 1833, (Return No. 1, Appendix A, 6th Report,) is, . .	6,813	0	0
Two years' interest on £31,645, lost in 1834, (Return No. 1, Appendix A, 6th Report,) is . .	3,164	0	0
One year's interest on £38,970, lost in 1835, (Return No. 1, Appendix A, 6th Report,) is, .	1,948	0	0
Interest on "prime cost and outfit" of each packet, calculated from the time "when taken into the service" to 5th January 1836, (as per return to House of Commons, the 20th July 1835, No. 482,) is,	152,450	0	0
Making "a total loss," in 15 years, of . .	£850,932	7	8½

Being, on an average, at a rate per annum of £56,729, instead of £45,000, as stated by the Duke of Richmond; with a certainty of increasing the loss every year, and ultimately sinking, if not all, nearly the whole amount of the "prime cost and outfit," which amounts to about £290,000 more, making a total of £1,140,942, embarked in the Packet Establishment. This defective calculation—which is lower in amount than it ought to be, and considerably below Mr Wallace's estimate as reported in the newspapers—will therefore assist in forming a judgment, Whether it will be advisable for the public to continue packet owners? It then becomes a question whether they shall remain under the Post-Office or be transferred to the Admiralty, as recommended by the Commis-

sioners of Inquiry, in their sixth Report, at page 20; and "their cost of repairs and replacement, as well as the rest of the expenditure incurred on their account, be annually submitted to Parliament in the Navy Estimates." The latter appears to be the most rational mode of controlling the establishment so long as it continues the property of the public; as it is impossible, (as is justly remarked by the "Commissioners of Excise Inquiry," page 52,) "that the expenditure of the Post-Office on steam packets could have been carried on in the negligent way in which it has been described by the Commissioners of Inquiry to have been carried on, if the expenses had been annually voted by Parliament." Nor could Sir Henry Freeling have exercised the undue preference in favour of Mr Graham of Norwich, that may be inferred from several paragraphs at and near to page 74 of the twenty-second Report of the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry, that he did exercise in his favour, by giving him the contract to build seven of these packets, at a cost of £94,566; or, at an excess, compared with the prices of other builders, varying from £3: 5s. to £10 per ton. These Commissioners say—"In building vessels of corresponding tonnage, prices differing considerably (to the amount of 7 per cent.) have been contracted for with this same builder, Mr Graham, by whom your Lordships may observe more than one-third of the vessels have been built. Your Lordships will further remark that the rates of the contract prices with this gentleman have been, (in corresponding cases as to tonnage, with one exception,) uniformly higher than those of any other private builder; and in the proportions already stated in the cases which have been compared above. These facts have suggested inquiry. Mr G. H. Freeling stated that the differences in the contract prices of Mr Graham for vessels built by himself were, in some measure at least, owing to the different modes of fitting up; but your Lordships will perceive that this explanation cannot extend to a comparison with vessels furnished by other builders, and similarly fitted up: neither does it seem to us to account for the excess of the tonnage rate under the contracts with Mr Graham, compared with other builders' prices, both in the river and at the outposts."

The only reason that could be extracted by the Commissioners from Sir Henry Freeling, why so great a preference had been given to Mr Graham over other builders, was this very unsatisfactory one, "that he is the son-in-law of one of the captains"—Captain Hamilton, one of the Dover captains.

Anything like the "hole-and-corner" system of contracting for packets, that may be inferred from the twenty-second Report of the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry, to have been practised by Sir Henry Freeling, need not be feared, now that a high-minded, honourable man like Colonel Maberly occupies the post of Secretary of the department; still, for the reasons assigned by the Commissioners of Inquiry at page 19 of their sixth Report, it would doubtless be more satisfactory to the country that, in future, until the mails are conveyed by sea under contract, the building and repairs of the packets for the Post-Office service be effected in one of the King's Yards; or, if that be found to be inconvenient, that their building and repairs be contracted for and superintended by one of the King's master builders. The Commissioners say—"We have stated that we advise your Lordships to propose to the Lords of the Admiralty to undertake the management of the steam packet establishments; we conceive that the business and expenditure of the stations, the building, outfit, and maintenance of the vessels, the care of the stores, the appointment of the commanders, and the navigation of the packets, will be much better placed under the control of a department conversant with such subjects, than under one which possesses no practical knowledge or experience in them; and we believe that such a transfer would be preferable, both with respect to efficiency and economy, to an attempt to introduce into the General Post-Office, officers acquainted with dock-yards and steam-vessels, for the purpose of superintending this particular service."

On the whole, as a general measure, the attempts that the Ministers made, during the past sessions of Parliament, to reform the abuses of this important establishment, to say the least of them, were characterised with dilatoriness, if not insincerity, and had the effect of paralysing all the efforts to that end of the Commissioners of Inquiry, and of the honourable Member for Greenock. It is to be hoped that these parties will be more fortunate with the measures they may contemplate bringing forward during the next session; from the burden of some of which it is anticipated they may be relieved by the activity of Colonel Maberly; but others, of a graver character, (such as the cause of removal of Sir Edward Lees from a patent office on the Dublin establishment, worth £1500 or £1600 per annum, the duties of which he performed for many years with great ability and advantage to the public, to one at Edinburgh with only £600 per annum, to be held during the pleasure of the Post-Master-General—of the dismissal of Mr Anstey from the post-mastership of Bath—and of several other persons from the situations which they held in the department, without assigning any reason, or making them any compensation for their length of service,) require not only a public explanation, but also, if any of the parties were removed without just cause, that they should be reinstated or compensated for the loss they have sustained. This duty Mr Wallace seems to have taken upon himself single-handed. The public will look anxiously to the result.

The great axiom of the late Secretary, Sir Francis Freeling, was, by screwing the impost upon letters to the uttermost, to make as large a Post-Office revenue as was possible, little thinking that accommodation and liberality might attain his object to a greater extent; for he had

not perception enough to discover that excessive taxation will be successfully evaded.

The Post-Office of this country is the most rigid, exclusive, and absolute monopoly that can exist anywhere; and, in return, every accommodation and dispatch, together with cheapness, in the transmission of letters, should be afforded. Very few can be found to doubt that a reduction of postage would greatly relieve the public, and would not, ultimately, diminish the revenue. This view of the matter has never been advanced by any Post-Master-General, nor by the late Secretary, whose chief object appeared to be allowed to jog on in the old way; and, with this view, he had tact enough to perceive that the Duke of Richmond, his only defender, fancied himself a man of business, and was desirous of being considered as such. It therefore became an easy matter for Sir Francis Freeling to make the Duke his stalking horse, by cajoling him on his weak point, thereby enlisting him as the strenuous defender of all the abuses going on at St Martin's le Grand, and ultimately the assertor that those were guilty of nothing less than libel who dared to impugn the management of the Post-Office, or the Secretary.

The conduct of Ministers on this question has scarcely been of a character to convince the public that they really desired the reforms pointed out; therefore, their proceedings in the approaching session will be watched with that degree of attention and jealousy which apathy or truckling ever creates.

We shall point out a few cases of the inefficiency of the present system—and every locality may furnish others. How absurd is it that a letter from Manchester to Brighton must remain for fourteen hours in the General Post-Office without being dispatched! This is but one case out of hundreds. The consequence is, that the correspondent at Manchester often encloses his letter to a friend in London, to be forwarded to Brighton by coach many hours before the Post-Office dispatches the mail. The same delay holds in returning an answer from Brighton to Manchester. It is alleged that letters are sometimes sent by circuitous routes, to increase the postage. This seems incredible; but such things are said; and no grounds should be left for such accusations against a public institution. We shall now throw out a few loose hints for practical improvements of the system. Many contend, in London and great cities, for a Sunday penny-post and regular delivery of letters. We shall not enter upon this difficult question; but others are open.

The charging letters *by weight* has, in some degree, received a sanction in the recent regulations with regard to France; it is certainly the most equitable way, as admitting of no surcharges, while double, treble, &c., are often equivocal and at the discretion of the Post-Master. And here we would observe that the ties of kindred, &c., making the interchange of letters between the poor indispensable, postage is, at its present rates, to them very onerous and grievous; and, from the awkward and cumbersome manner in which they fold their letters, they are often charged *double*, which they (from their ignorance how to proceed) seldom get rectified, or take for granted as quite correct. The French *first rate* of charge, is for all letters *under 7½ grammes*. Now, the gramme is a little more than fifteen English grains. (The difference of English and French grains is, that five English make six grains French.) The first rate, therefore, is under 112 English grains. The English avoirdupois ounce is 437½ *English grains*; our quarter of an ounce, therefore, 109 grains, (without fractions,) answers very well, and is sufficiently conformable to the French standard. Moderately, their paper will come within this regulation. For instance, the ordinary quarto sheet on which people write, weighs 106 *English grains*; but it would only admit to be wafered, and not sealed with wax—the weight, 109 grains, however, would answer very well, as there is a paper manufactured, called "bankers' post," which is very suitable. The system of *auxiliary* mails should be quite done away with, (and, we believe, there is only one now existing,) which is transferring the letters from London to a given place, at some intermediate place, from a regular mail to a heavy coach, to complete the route. We believe Great Yarmouth is the only place so served; having its London letters given up and taken up at Ipswich by the Norwich mail; and this arrangement, we see by a paragraph in *The Morning Chronicle* of 25th October last, occasions a retardment of from four to five hours in comparison with Bristol—a place equidistantly situate, having no auxiliary mail, but one continuous mail.

The hours fixed for receiving twopenny post letters in the metropolis, and, still more, the threepenny or country letters, are inconvenient and should be altered. The time taken for collecting and sorting the twopenny letters might be easily shortened from two hours to one hour. The letters may be collected from three miles, (the distance,) and deposited in the Head Post Office, at St Martin's le Grand, in twenty-five minutes, and the sorting can be done in half-an-hour. The French *petite poste* has its levées as follows:—

1st	Levée, at	7	o'clock, A.M.
2d	Levée, at	9	do.
3d	Levée, at	11	do.
4th	Levée, at	1	o'clock, P.M.
5th	Levée, at	3	do.
6th	Levée, at	5	do.
7th	Levée, at	7	do.

This last levée is distributed early the following day. This is a better distribution—being seven times a-day; while, in London, there are but six deliveries. In London, there are only two deliveries for Richmond, for instance, in the same day as the letter is dropped into the Post-office; and these are to be posted by 8 A.M. and 2 P.M. The other delivery, (which must be posted at 5 P.M.,) takes place the following morning; and, paradoxical as it would appear, a person living near Manchester Square

had, in the neighbourhood, (Vere Street,) both a general and twopenny post; at the former, he could post a letter for Bristol at 6¾ P.M., which would be delivered at Bristol at 9 A.M. the following morning; while, if he posted a letter at five minutes after 5 P.M. in the twopenny Post-office, at the corner of the very same street, for Richmond, not ten miles off, it would not be delivered till between 12 and 1 P.M. of the following day; and, if posted on a Saturday, it would not be delivered till past noon on Monday. Might it not also be arranged that a letter might be sent between such places as Richmond and Walthamstow, so as to receive an answer on the same day? At all events, letters for the country (or threepenny post) might be collected at 4 or 5 P.M., and distributed that evening. This is but one local illustration of the defects of the system; but it is conclusive of the necessity of improvement. The conduct of Ministers on this question, hitherto, has scarcely been of a kind to convince the public that they wished improvement. Their future conduct will be watched.

RHYMED RAMBLES.—PART I.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

TO MISS B——.

"WRITE me a song for Betsey," said thy sire:
Lady! it is already written—here,
On the charged brain, in tears, and gloom, and fire:
Read it when I am dust. My waning year
Is shaking down its leaves; I soon shall be
Safe, even from myself, where pain and fear
Disturb not him who sleepeth. Then, to thee
The buried dead shall speak, and thou shalt hear
A spirit's voiceless words. He shall appear
To thee, when awe is silence in thy soul;
Yea, thou with him shalt go, whithersoe'er
His feet have been. The lifeless shall control
The living, and, though worlds between ye roll,
Dwell with thee in his thoughts, or linger near.
Then, lady! gaze with me o'er Wharncliffe lone;
And stand, in thought, on Kinder's crest sublime;
And hear a prophet's voice, from Grina Stone,
Denounce thy country's tyrants in my rhyme.
Oh, that the lyre of Milton were my own,
And calm Peronnet Thompson's mental might!
Or that my verse were mountain thunders, blown
As from a trumpet in the dead of night!
Then would I do the poor of Britain right;
Then should my song, like Russia's winter, freeze
Abaddon's host, guilt-petrified in flight;
And the rous'd spirit of Demosthenes,
Strong as heaven's flame from tempests ranged for fight,
Fulmine o'er darken'd lands a storm of light.

MONUMENT AT WENTWORTH.

HITHER I came—when life itself was new,
And new this form of greatness dead and gone—
To tremble in the gloom which draws and drew
A purple veil o'er death, like life in stone.
This man a pitying look on frailty threw;
Knaves called him weak—but when was virtue weak?
And I have heard a matron, good and true,
Speak of him with a tear upon her cheek.
Oh, ye who wring the heart until it break,
And scourge pale nations with the wealth ye steal!
Here, if late pardon for your crimes ye seek,
To your cold souls the thoughts ye dread reveal—
Think of your vulture, and his gory beak!
And of mild Wentworth's deeds, with humbled malice speak.

THRYBERG.

SCENES of my thoughtless youth! here are ye all—
Dalton! and Dalton school! and Dalton Deign!
But changed ye are, or I am. Mean and small
Ye seem, and humbled. Sunk into the plain,
The hill is dwarf'd with age; its coronal
The glen hath lost, its ferny plumes, and, more
Than these, its freedom! Thryberg's verdant wall
Is here, and there the oak I knew of yore;
But who to me their grandeur can restore?
My heart hath made them bankrupt. Where they stood
Stand Wentworth's halls; but not, as heretofore,
Portalled for gods. Oh, far-known Silverwood!
Oh, caverned Ravensfield! Don, flowing o'er
A narrower bed, bathes now a tamer shore.
Thou only, Wincobank, reign'st undespoiled,
King of the valley of my youth and prime,
Through which the river, like a snake uncoiled,
Wanders—though tamed, a match for conquering time.
Behind thee mountains, solemn and sublime,
Take from the stooping skies their purply gold;
And could I in that brightness steep my rhyme,
And steal yon glow of green and crimson, rolled
Far o'er the realms of evening's western clime,
A tale of Nature's splendour should be told,
Which Byron might transcribe for Scott, and deem
That earth, like heaven, hath scenes which grow not old.
Oh, let me dip my pencil in thy beam,
Thou setting sun! ere death cut short this fevered dream.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

"NOW, for the enchanted palace of our youth!"
But what have I with palaces to do,
Taught as I am, by nature, time, and truth,
That pride can envy pomp, and hate it, too?
Yes; but the ideal of the fair and true
Lives here in marble, by creative mind
Made sacred to the glory of mankind;
And if ideal beauty cannot woo
Thy steps to enter Taste's proud temple—Go!
Yet, wherefore? Wentworth's princely halls can shew,
By Vandyke limned, the form of one who knew
How best to strike a tyrant's basest blow:
Behold him! nor to curse his crimes be slow—
Behold fell Strafford! man's and freedom's foe!

PORTRAIT AT WENTWORTH.

WAS he, then, human? Tools of tyrants! could
This face be Strafford's? Strafford's, who his hands
Wrung in Hibernia's hair, and, drunk with blood,
Called murder wisdom? Brutal as his bands,
He startled hell with crime. His savage mood
Nor pity sooth'd, nor reason's might could bow.
But Hampden dared withstand him—Pym withstood;
And men were found who laid his master low,
And sent the servant whither tyrants go.
His rugged heart, at length, strange pangs have riven:
There is a touch of feeling on his brow,
"For pledges left him by a saint in heaven."
No more than this could royal Charles allow?—
"Put not your trust in Princes!"—Why didst thou?

RETROSPECTION.

WORLD of my boyhood! art thou what thou wast?
Seen through the melancholy mist of years,
Thy woods a pale, diminish'd shadow cast

O'er thoughts grown grey, and feelings dimm'd with tears.
Our spirits, biggened by their griefs and fears,
Sadden and dwindle, with their backward view,
All they behold. Chang'd world! thy face appears
Poor as the toy that pleas'd when life was new,
And mournful as th' inscription, trite and true,
That lingers on our little sister's grave.
Roch Abbey! Canklow! Aldwark! if I crave
A boy's first rapture, from the milkworts blue,
Will your lov'd flowers assume a pensive hue?
Or smile as once they smil'd, still growing where they grew?

MEMOIR AND DISCOURSES OF THE LATE REV. JOHN BROWN PATTERSON OF FALKIRK.*

The Church of Scotland has not produced many great luminaries within the present century. Dr Chalmers, Dr Andrew Thomson, and a few other distinguished individuals in the Church, belong properly to a rather earlier date. Literature and science have, in Scotland, for a time, outstripped the pulpit, both in rapidity of movement and extent of developement and influence. This circumstance has drawn an almost overweening degree of attention to dawning indications of superior intellect among those young men who promised to fill up the dreary blank left in letters and in the Church, by the extinction of those greater lights, the Robertsons, Blairs, and Erskines. A more than common degree of interest—an almost universal sensation—was therefore experienced among churchmen, old and young, by the early and hopeful beginnings of the highly-gifted and estimable subject of the Memoir prefixed to the above-named discourses.

It is, however, very probable that Mr Patterson's name may never even have been heard of in those English and Irish circles through which this periodical is widely diffused. Yet, we believe that all those who have read with interest and improvement of Oberlin and Felix Neff, of Heber and Charles Wolff, will receive with pleasure our very brief notice of a kindred mind in Scotland, though his range of usefulness was neither so remarkable nor commanding, and though an early death closed his brilliant career before he had well entered upon his ministerial functions.

Mr Patterson first became known to the world of letters, existing beyond college walls, by an essay upon "The National Character of the Athenians," for which he was, in 1827, awarded one hundred guineas, a prize offered by the royal commissioners for visiting the Universities and Colleges of Scotland. His essay was approved over those of twenty-four youthful competitors, all upon their mettle; and this early triumph at once fixed his place in literature as one of height and mark, and cleared his way to rapid advancement in the Church. The gainer of so honourable a distinction found a ready patron in Mr Peel, (then the Home Secretary,) who, to do him justice, seemed to wish to administer the crown patronage of the Kirk as impartially as the interference of the Scottish principle of favouring "kith, kin, and allies" would permit him. From Mr Peel, to whom his chief recommendations must have been his attainments, excellent character, and qualifications for the sacred office, Mr Patterson obtained the living of Falkirk. The offices of well-wishers and friendly solicitors were probably not wanting; but we hear nothing of them; and the Home Secretary would, from the biography, seem to have spontaneously discovered the merits of the unknown candidate, and to have provided for him.

It might have been imagined, from Mr Patterson's lineage and early training, that his natural place would have been the Secession Church; but this disappointment is of the less consequence, as he fulfilled the duties of the station which he held by preference, to the admiration of all men, whether members of the Establishment or Dissenters. Mr Patterson's maternal grandfather was the Rev. John Brown of Haddington—a man "whose praise is in all the churches." His connexions must thus have been numerous among the Dissenting clergy of Scotland; and this alone must have had considerable influence upon his education and future destination. Yet he followed the natural worldly course, and pushed upwards from Dissent to Establishment.

In 1810, at the age of six years, he came, with his widowed mother, to Edinburgh, from Alnwick, the place of his birth, for the benefit of instruction in the public seminaries. He appears to have made an honourable progress in his earlier studies, and to have endeared himself, by his personal qualities, to his school companions.

Though some readers would have forgiven the biographer the specimens of Patterson's school exercises, his account of the internal economy of the Edinburgh High School will, we believe, prove generally acceptable. But, when he cites Mr Patterson's subsequent eulogium on public schools, without explanation, we fear that mere English readers may be apt to confound the system of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby with that of the High School of Edinburgh. Nothing, morally speaking, can be more opposite. At the latter seminary, the boys have all the advantages of a public school, with complete protection from its pernicious influences or positive contamination. They either live, like John Patterson, in the bosom of their own families, or in the domestic circle of relatives and friends. They inhale the salutary atmosphere of home. They are not bound and bundled together in the cold-hearted or polluting contact of the large boarding houses, attached to the English public schools. John Brown Patterson and his schoolfellows pursued their tasks under the affectionate and anxious eye of those nearest and

* Edinburgh; Oliver & Boyd. 2 volumes.

dearest to them; and, as the noble contest drew near, which disturbed the rest of the ardent and emulous boy, the whole family, young and old, often felt as much interested in the gaining of a higher place in the class, or in the fate of an exercise, as the young scholar himself. Patterson concludes an account of the discipline and system of the school in these words:—

Such is a meagre outline of the picture which yet lives in all its freshness in my mind. But how shall I transfer to paper the rainbow-hues of delight, and the active and vigorous spirit with which the original was clothed and animated, and which made the hours of school and of study—usually the most irksome of a boy's existence—those which I enjoyed most when present, and looked back upon with most complacency when past? Shall I attempt to describe the companions who made what was delightful in school and on Arthur's Seat more pleasant, and what was laborious and mortifying more tolerable?

Mr Patterson's career at college was as distinguished as in the rector's class at school. His letters written at this period, when he was only about the age of sixteen, shew a marked superiority both in thought and diction to ordinary puerile epistles, and in some instances, an almost precocious developement of intellect. We have, however, to regret that those published are only such letters as a young, aspiring student might write to his classfellow; for personal history and traits of individual character in boyhood are very scanty. Of domestic, confidential letters—those heart over-brimming letters which are the most fascinating of all—there are none embodied in the Memoir. Most of the epistles published, appear to have been addressed to one person, probably Mr Patterson's biographer; and, though perfectly free and friendly, they are in general not in any way characteristic nor remarkable, save as they bear upon the events of the writer's studies or professional life.

The few scraps we shall select as specimens of his habits and power of thought, have a reflected interest, from their reference to well-known scenes and contemporary characters, or to his early opinions upon books and studies. The writer was still under twenty.

I have resided for some weeks with Mr Pillans here, at Duddingstone, where, amidst books, and trees, and water, and the choicest society, I have been almost intoxicated with pleasure. I met with the Ettrick Shepherd lately. He is excessively uncouth in manner and conversation, but withal exhibiting ever and anon gleams of poetic inspiration when he mentions his native hills and torrents.

We demur to the "excessive uncouthness." Mr Patterson could not have been bred in the most polished circles. A judge of manners equally good, Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, says—"I have seen the Ettrick Shepherd. He is a man of rustic, but not coarse manners."

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I am glad to hear that the Glasgow students are so distinguished by dignity of moral feeling as you represent. At the same time, I do think that if Aristophanes is to be read at all, there is only a choice of evils—either to proceed dashing through everything moral or immoral as it occurs, or by stammering and hammering at circuitous expressions and *doubles entendres* to excite attention and curiosity: which is the preferable, I do not know.

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I don't know whether you have read Brown's Lectures. If not, you have one of the greatest intellectual treats yet to taste which you can enjoy. His acute analysis, his discriminating sagacity, and his fervid eloquence, distinguish him as the first philosopher, in my opinion, who has appeared since Locke, whose system he has so ably vindicated from the cavils of Dr Reid.

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"Have you read Peveril? It is no doubt a wonderful production; but I should scarcely rate it higher than in the second class of the series. It contains much of graphic delineation, but little poetic painting. The general character of the times which it describes comes on the mind with the vivid and powerful impression of reality. The tissue of the tale is marked with utter improbability. There is considerable power, but little unity of interest; many masterly sketches, but no finished portrait; much vigorous writing, but little concentration of thought, and less depth of feeling or impetus of passion.

. . . . . .

"What think you of the insolence of that unholy alliance against the liberties of nations and the birthrights of man? The despots who were lately fain to kiss the feet of the conqueror, dare to insult a nation which, in the plenitude of his power, maintained towards him a front of stern and steady opposition! An imbecile, at their suggestion, tells the heroic Spanish nation, that the rights it purchased with the blood of the brave are only to be held rightfully from its Bourbon sovereign; and, to enforce the doctrine, musters his degraded myrmidons! I have no fear for the result. Where the word of kings is, there may be power; but where the word of Freedom is, there is omnipotence.

This is that noble ardent spirit of first youth, which it is always so grateful to see unfold.

June 3.

Read Godwin's "Caleb Williams." It is a work of very great power and interest. Its style is one of naked and self-dependent strength, unaccompanied with gaudy colouring or unnatural distortion. It is severe and simple as the Torso of Hercules.

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June 4.

I read "Vathek," by Mr Beckford, late proprietor of Fonthill Abbey. It seems a work of considerable genius, displaying great boldness and copiousness of imagination, an extensive mastery of striking and beautiful diction, and a skilful arrangement of the lights and shadows of composition. The great objection to the work, is its total want of object and abiding impression. You rise from its perusal as you would have retired from his abbey—dazzled with the multitudinous sparkling of gaudy ornaments—dissipated with the multiplicity of bright and oriental luxuries—sated with voluptuous feeling—but destitute of any permanent sentiment of utility or of comfort. The moral at the end is nothing; for the details of the work have no bearing on it, nor any subordinate meaning of their own.

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June 13.

. . . The phrenologists talk much about Lord Bacon; but they seem to have forgotten that it is a principle of the inductive philosophy that nothing shall be assumed as the cause of a phenomenon which is not known to exist in nature. Now, that the different portions of the brain vary in activity, is not known to be an arrangement of nature; while, that they vary in size, is plain from experience. But the one supposition is as necessary to the system as the other.

Many pleasing extracts are given from a journal of a residence and short tour to the Highland frontier, and a visit to Lady Keith and her husband. A first tour, like a first love, makes the youth enthusiastic and eloquent, who can travel over the same ground afterwards "all aflat." He winds up a description of a general historical survey, in which he had one day been

engaged with Count Flahault, an old officer of Napoleon's staff, with this weighty sentiment:—

Finally, we attended the steps of that most terrible of conquerors, who gave that last and mightiest impulse to the social system, from the agitation of which the world has not yet recovered its equilibrium, and which has given to all its parts a freedom and energy of acting which tyrants will in vain attempt to counteract by the ancient obstacles. The whole contemplation is one of wonder and mystery.

Mr Patterson, over whom no college session passed without adding to his academic triumphs, generally spent part of the summer vacation in some pleasant part of the country with his friends. The summer of 1824 was spent at Craigflower in the western border of Fifeshire; and from thence his letters assume a more earnest character. He had now fixed his thoughts upon the Church; and his mind was deeply occupied with those things which concerned his eternal peace. The extracts, shewing the fermenting of his mind, we must nearly omit; but this rural picture though elaborate, is so engaging and sweetly-toned, that we cannot forbear pointing it out to the notice of our younger readers, with this slight introduction of graver matter.

The glorious sunsets of summer used to prove a strong and rather successful temptation to linger abroad till it was too late to sit down to one's books. This allurement is removed, and I have better improved my time. My chief study has been the Greek New Testament. It is amazing what light the study of the original text throws over the scope and meaning of the Scriptures. I am glad to find that I love the study of the simple Bible more than I used to do, and am more sensible to its force. It is a good feeling with which to enter on the study of theology, and as such I hail it.

This leads to our country Sabbath Day.

I awoke amid the sunshine and the fragrance of a lovely morning, and I felt, in the hallowed stillness in which all nature lay reposing, that it was the Sabbath Day; for nature knows the day of rest. The trees waved their verdant locks slowly and solemnly, as if adoring; the ocean murmured its sublime and reverent worship; a bleating voice of thanksgiving came from the mountains; the timid hare and the little birds came joyously forth, nor fled from the face of man; for the hare and the bird knew that on this day no spoiler will come up against them. The heart of Nature overflowed with delight; and cold must have been the heart which did not participate the joy.

But this day hath loftier pleasures for man than the mere animal delight of beautiful, and odoriferous, and exhilarating sensations. It is consecrated to mighty remembrances. It is the commemoration of the period when the birth-song of the world was sung on high by the glad morning-stars, and of that day-spring, nobler still, when the redemption of the human soul was consumated in the triumphant resurrection of the Lord.

I went abroad amid the beauty of nature, and, as I went, I read of her rising from the unapparent deep, as it is recorded, in sublime simplicity, by the Shepherd beloved of God, and inspired by the true Urania. And then, from the birth of time, I passed onwards to its fulness, when a new created star proclaimed to the Eastern sages, and a celestial choir sung to to the Hebrew shepherds, the advent of the Saviour. Oh! there is nothing in all poetry so sublime as that simple and unostentatious narrative which records the coming of the Messiah. There was humility in the birth, but no meanness. Nothing was pompous—everything was sublime. . . . . .

The Sabbath-bell now pealed from among the trees, and the rustic worshippers were seen winding down from the uplands to the house of prayer. The services were conducted by a youthful minister with much devotional ardour, occasionally warming into powerful eloquence, but generally maintaining the level of unaffected yet striking simplicity, which befitted the character of his audience. His subject was picturesque and rural—Abraham sitting in his tent-door, and, unawares, becoming the host of angels.

In the interval of the service, I walked down the shore by a neighbouring village, where I proposed to worship in the afternoon. It was a lovely day; and I could not help pausing to gaze on the Sabbath-beauty of nature. I sat upon a lofty rock that overlooked the sea. The face of ocean wreathed itself into ten thousand sparkling smiles beneath the bright kisses of the sunbeams; and, amid the solemn stillness, the sound of the grazing of the flocks came up from the pasture below, and blended with the nearer hum of the wild-bee, and the faint distant tolling of the bell. A genial shower had refreshed the fields and the groves, and they sent up their thanks to heaven in clouds of fragrant incense. I was lost in contemplation, when my attention was engaged by a low murmuring sound which issued from behind a hedge on my right. I went silently up to the spot, and I perceived that, on the other side of the hedge, there lay a little pastoral valley; and on its bank, close to the overshadowing and blossoming hawthorn, I saw a rustic group seated around an aged man, who read to them from the Word of God. It was the history of Joseph that engaged their attention; and it was beautiful to remark how, at every touch of tenderness and simple pathos with which that enchanting story is so thickly interspersed, their hearts responded in harmony, and how they dwelt upon the words, repeating them once and again, till they were satiated with their sweetness. But the quickened tones of the bell warned them and me to hasten forwards to the sanctuary. It was no temple made with hands; but a majestic minster roofed with the blue sky, erected by Nature to the glory of her Maker. A verdant bank sloped upwards from the sea-beach to the base of a giant rock, which flung forth from its summit, and from innumerable rifts in its shattered side, a grand canopy of foliage into the air. At the lower extremity stood the rustic pulpit; and, all along the bank, sat the expectant auditors. The broad sunlight rested on the scene, except where the tremulous shadow of the trees played fantastically from above. . . . . .

The evening hours I spent in meditation and perusal of God's Word. There is, in a retired corner of the grounds of Craigflower, the ruin of an ancient church, surrounding and surrounded by mouldering sepulchres. Thither I repaired in the grey twilight, and, seated on a tomb, meditated on the mortality and immortality of man. I read, in harmony with the scene, the exquisite verses which Herbert Knowles composed in a similar situation. The echo of the ruin, like a voice from the grave, answered at every solemn cadence. It was a fear and a joy to listen: I remained riveted to the melancholy spot, till the long, ghost-like shadows of the tombstones were lost in the general darkness.

Such was Mr Patterson's preparation for entering upon the study of theology, after the Church had been fixed upon as his future profession, instead of the bar or a Professor's chair, both of which had been under the consideration of himself and his friends. He did not repent of his less ambitious choice; but, on the contrary, gave himself up to the Christian ministry with entire and warm dedication. An exceedingly interesting statement is given, from his private papers, of the judicious and sober-minded manner in which he commenced his theological studies. To these, for some years, he gave up nearly his whole time. It was, however, during this period, that the brilliant prize essay was composed, which drew him into wider honourable notice.

In 1828, Mr Patterson became private tutor

to Lord Cranstoun, whom he accompanied to Oxford. What the Scottish student, reared among the Seceders, thought of this aristocratic University after he had attained the highest honours and distinctions in his own, does excite curiosity and possess interest. His pictures are also, we think, lively, and not overcharged.

There is something very imposing, I must confess, about the whole appearance of Oxford, arising not merely from the style of execution by which its edifices are distinguished, but from their affluence in respect of number, and their crowdedness in respect of space. Twenty-four colleges and seventeen parish churches, besides numerous other buildings, belonging, not to particular colleges, but to the university in general; with groves and gardens, and avenues of majestic trees and branches, and windings numberless of classic streams, shadowed with the sails, or flashing to the oars of gay decorated pleasure-boats—and all resounding with the incessant pealing of uncounted bells—give the place the appearance of being less intended for the common-place uses of humanity—for men and women being born, and living, and marrying, and dying in—than any other you can name. The same idea which the town suggests, is reflected from the appearance of the population, of which the predominant and striking feature is the multitude of academic dresses, in all their mystical varieties of purple gowns, black gowns, white gowns, silk gowns, stuff gowns, linen gowns, long sleeves, half-sleeves, velvet sleeves, no sleeves at all, velvet caps, and cloth caps, with gold tassels, hoods, tippets, bands, leading-strings, &c. &c.—paraphernalia more various and unintelligible than were contained in "Old Aaron's wardrobe, or the Flamen's vestry." The young academics bear themselves, in general, with a very lofty and self-satisfied air, as much as to say, "We are the men, and all this was made for us." One is somewhat disappointed to find so little of a studious air about the place or the people. There is hard working, no doubt, in the secret cells and cloisters; but there are no external symptoms of it. The libraries are unfrequented. The "studious walks and shades" are undisturbed, save by a city-lounger or a sight-seeing stranger. The academicians, old and young, are sleek in surface and elastic in gait, and seem to have all their time at their disposal. As for the pale, languid, Kirk White style of undergraduates, whom I expected to find gliding here and there through the embowered and cloistered gloom, the being is not to be met with, in the open air at least. . . .

I have got a very comfortable set of rooms immediately opposite Christ Church, and very comfortably furnished; my sitting-parlour being garnished, moreover, with half-length portraits of jolly old Luther, and the iron-featured Calvin, the size of life, as well as the full-sized one of a brown and white pointer dog, with a nose admirably like William Pitt's!

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I attended M——'s lecture on poetry in the schools. He is rather little, very dark, with an agreeable but not striking expression of countenance. . . . . M—— reads his poetry very agreeably—marking the separate feet of the line somewhat more distinctly than is usual, and pronouncing full all the anapæsts which occurred in place of iambi. There was a tone of subdued earnestness in his elocution exceedingly interesting—as if he felt more than, before a grave, black-gowned, velvet-capped audience, he thought it decorous to express—as if the poet, in short, was struggling to hide himself under the professor. The whole affair was to me very interesting, though in itself there was nothing great or profound.

After this glance at Mr Milman, we have, besides sundry full-length dinners in the noble hall of Christ-Church, this college festival:—

On Saturday, I forgot to mention of one of the annual *gaudies* (the contraction, I suppose, of our Scotch *gaudeamus*, with the true pronunciation of which (*gowdeawmus*) I treated some Christ-Churchmen, to their infinite merriment.) It was held in honour of Dr Fell, the dean of Christ Church, and an especial benefactor of the same—remarkable as one of the principal restorers of Episcopacy after the Rebellion, as it is here the fashion to call it—and as the servile minister of a profligate prince in the expulsion of Locke from the College and University; besides his additional fame derived from the well-known epigram of—

I do not like thee, Dr Fell.

The marks of honour paid to the day consisted in a better dinner than usual, with dessert and wine—the dean and canons dining in hall—and the dignitaries all appearing in full dress—the dean in his scarlet and black, and the noblemen in their purple and gold—together with a Latin oration delivered by the censor before dinner in praise of the ever-memorable dean—not greatly to the delight of the expectant palates of his auditors. The modern fashion of speechifying after dinner, I imagine, gives eloquence a much better chance of "great applause"—"immense cheering"—"loud laughter," and all the other symptoms of delight so dear to the trencher orator.

Let us turn for a moment to more important matters. The young Presbyterian went upon a Sunday evening to New College Chapel, in which the Cathedral service was weekly *performed*. The word, besides being customary, is apt and significant. He appears to have been naturally fond of good music, and yet——in short, there is a mighty difference between the following exhibition, and the *tent preaching* which he had witnessed on the shores of the Frith of Forth.

As a spectacle, nothing could be more magnificent: the most splendid religious edifice in this abode of splendour—as rich as sculpture and painting can render it—filled with white-robed priests and choristers—and resounding with all its echoes the melodious thunder of the finest organ in England, mingled with the full-voiced choir, in devotion and laud to the "King of Glory"—was beyond measure sublime to the eye and to the ear. Whether as a religious service it deserve approbation or not I doubt. While there were passages in the service, especially the Magnificat, and the anthem ("Lift up your heads, O ye gates," &c.,) at which devotion could scarcely remain languid—still the whole appearance and character of the thing, and especially the countenances and demeanour of the worshippers, too forcibly in general reminded you of a public exhibition. I often am tempted very much to regret the impossibility which there seems to be in the way of uniting the highest degree of physical pomp and impressiveness with the purity and simplicity of spiritual worship.

The next passage will probably give offence in some quarters; yet Mr Patterson has undoubtedly solved the riddle of Oxonian superiority in learning.

To say the truth, the Oxonian system, viewed merely as a process of instruction, abstractedly from its endowments and means of learned leisure, is—as the world is beginning to find out—most wofully deficient; and that both in respect of the matter and of the manner of education. In regard to the former point, there are absolutely not the means in Oxford of a complete and liberal education, even for those who are inclined to make use of them: the only branch of study for which there are at all adequate appliances provided being the classical department. And even in this department the celebrity of Oxford does not seem to me to depend on the mode of instruction taken by itself, but on the inducements held out, in the way of honours and rewards, to proficiency in the first instance; and then to the establishments it possesses for the support of a great number of individuals whose profession is literature, and among whom it were strange if one or two should not be found who became enthusiasts in their profession, and, having nothing else in the world to attend to, really profound and erudite scholars. This seems to me the true secret of Oxonian erudition: not that as a body the men brought up at Oxford are more learned, far less better informed, than

the men educated at Edinburgh, but that Oxford does not, like Edinburgh, let her scholars go just at the moment when they have got over the preliminaries, when they have got the command of their tools, and might, if they were not called away to active service in life, begin to explore the arcana and become initiated into the greater mysteries. Put up a hundred or two rich sinecures in Edinburgh for learned men, as such; and out of the hundred you will certainly find one or two in a generation who will turn these sinecures to their intended use—the undisturbed cultivation of the pursuits of erudition. Whether the gain be worthy of the price is another question; but that is the way, if you wish it, to turn Edinburgh into an Oxford.

The other question is incidentally answered—the great disturbing question of endowments: Establish a hundred or two rich sinecures, to gain perhaps one or two eminent scholars in a generation! The question involves its own answer.

While sojourning at Oxford, Mr Patterson received his appointment to the living of Falkirk. His gratitude to Mr Peel upon this occasion was certainly not lukewarm. The parishioners were highly satisfied with the appointment; and, in February 1830, he was formally inducted—"filled," his biographer states, "with a deep and pervading sense of ministerial responsibility."

He accordingly entered upon his pastoral office with an earnest and even enthusiastic determination to fulfil its duties to the uttermost, and "to be instant in season and out of season." Of those duties he entertained a strict, an exalted, but a liberal idea. His biographer has circumstantially detailed the various plans which this young and highly-gifted clergyman, eminent for learning, and rich in this world's refinements, adopted for the improvement of every class and age of his numerous parishioners. The account is well worthy of the serious attention of young ministers. It is the experimenting of one of the ablest and most conscientious of their body, in a field either ill-cultivated or altogether neglected—that of *parish* as distinguished from pulpit labour. In his early zeal, he seems to have attempted too much; and excessive physical exertion and mental excitement soon began to undermine an excellent original constitution. A fever caught in the course of duty was, however, the immediate cause of his death, which took place in July 1834, after he had been for about four years the faithful and diligent minister of Falkirk.

During his incumbency, Mr Patterson married. He has left a widow with one child. We regret that our limits do not admit of a more extended notice of the life and ministrations of this esteemed young clergyman. With his discourses, which form a full half of the work, it is not our province to interfere. But one passage, as a small specimen, we must quote, leaving the reader to infer the tenderness of sentiment and elegance of language which distinguish these discourses.

It cannot be doubted that it was not without a reason that Jesus so often chose the solitude of the mountain and the desert—the stillness and majestic gloom of night—for his most solemn and prolonged devotions. He had a human nature like our own, only without sin; and it is no part of our nature's sinfulness that mountains, and gardens, and solitude, and night, and the majestic or the graceful forms of Nature, have a power of their own over the thoughts and feelings, to soothe and to elevate the soul and to bring it into that tone of sedate unworldliness—that consciousness of being linked in our being and our destiny with a higher order of essences and interests than the objects and concerns of this low scene of things—which, of all the moods of natural feeling, best harmonizes with the spirit of heavenly communion. Our Lord, by his example, has consecrated to the use of all his followers such adventitious appliances and means; and he is not to be despised, therefore, as a dreamer and an idle sentimentalist, who loves to employ them so. We sometimes feel as if the impossibility of finding, in this vicinity, such natural solitude as our Saviour delighted to frequent for contemplation and prayer—of escaping easily from amidst the crowd of overflowing population, the noise and the fervour of restless occupation—of finding some Mount of Olives or Desert of Bethsaida, where, under the free and glorious firmament, surrounded by Nature with her features and her form unchanged and untricked by art, we might feel ourselves alone with her Maker and her God—were a great defect in all that rich and stately scenery which fills the landscape round about us; and when the eye glances to the distant hills which bound the brilliant panorama, and fancy fills up the outline presented to our view with details of wooded glens, and hazel-thickets, and green laps of pasture, embosomed in the solitude—the living rock, the shaded brook, and the unviolated spring—piety, and the recollection of our Lord, not less than sentiment and taste for the poetic and the picturesque, might well dictate the desire, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest"—that for one day my spirit might repose from the hurry and the hum of men, pillowed upon Nature's bosom, and communing with Nature's God, the God of our Salvation!

But while the soul, which the God of nature has endowed with a vivid sense of sublimity and beauty, and in which the God of grace has consecrated that fine faculty, and hallowed it to be the handmaid of religion, will thrill with sympathy to that holy strain of the poet, pure and meek, yet, if deprived, by the arrangements of his lot, of the opportunity of frequently enjoying such partly natural, partly spiritual luxuries, he will remember who it is that "determineth the bounds of all our habitations." We may suppose a Christian pastor, for example, who haply in the visions of his youth use to look forward to spend his years amidst the poetry of such an office—to feed the flock of Jehovah's heritage, a quiet flock among the quiet hills, with little intrusion from the busy world to interrupt the course of a serene contemplative existence, or disturb "the noiseless tenor of his way," and who has been called instead to labour amidst the hurry, and the hum, and the manifold distractions of a stirring and thick-peopled neighbourhood—who yet will be ready to allow that He who orders all things, has ordered all things well—who will see, perhaps, that that very taste for retirement and for calmness which was the native tone of his mind, is that which, if gratified, might have sunk him into indolence and apathy, and afforded him, upon the whole, far fewer opportunities, and far less urgent impulses to advancement, even in the way of personal improvement; and gladly will he submit his taste to what is not more his duty than his happiness, resigning himself to God, and saying, "Choose out for me the lot of mine inheritance." Still, however, the taste for retirement—where to indulge it is possible and dutiful—is one that well accords with the nature of Christianity, and with the character of the Christian; nor do we think that there is in our Saviour's all-perfect and harmonious character, a trait more attractive, or, in its own place, more exemplary, than the intensity with which he felt, and the eagerness with which he sought the bliss of solitude.

A friend of ours—a person of some taste, we think, and of great poetical sensibility—was once

asked what he thought of Pollok's "Course of Time"—if there was any genius, any originality or power of thought in it? "Yes," he replied—"the man has found out that there must be *solitude* to complete the happiness of heaven—wastes and loneliness, into which the intellectual being may wander to meditate and exercise his faculties without interruption. It is a happy idea."

As a minister of the establishment, by his own choice, Mr Patterson was a consistent friend to the principle of establishments, which he defended with his pen. But, intimately connected with the Dissenting body, by birth and education, he was, as well as became him, liberal in his views and conciliating in his manners.

He regarded every one who was zealously and efficiently engaged in preaching the gospel, however much he might dissent from his views in some inferior points, as a brother-in-arms and fellow-labourer in the same great cause. Writing to a dissenting friend, with the stanchness of whose principles he was well acquainted, he says—"Most gladly do I hail you as a brother in the mighty work. I will tell you what would give me one of the greatest pleasures upon earth: to see you ere long the minister of your church at Falkirk, and to go along hand in hand with you—as I hope to do with my dissenting brethren already there—in promoting the eternal interests of a people, where jealousy of the appearance and labours of any number of truly Christian pastors would be the excess of weakness and criminality."

He took, we are told, "a warm interest in the proceedings of the church courts;" but we are glad to find that he kept free of the violence and embroilings which sometimes make those necessary appendages of establishments so ensnaring to "spiritual persons;" converting ministers of the gospel into something even worse than angry polemics—into servile or fanatical political partisans or firebrands, and go-betweens of the Church and State. In matters which came directly within the true province of a minister of the Church of Scotland, Mr Patterson took the right side.

As a descendant of Old Seceders, he firmly supported both the Call and the Anti-patronage movements. His best speech in the Presbytery was on the former; his best speech in the Synod on the latter of these questions.

We are under the greatest temptation to cite a few passages from an *Essay on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, in which, without wholly agreeing, we see much to admire. Mr Patterson was a Whig, and, at least in his early manhood, a warm one—a Whig and a great deal more. He could then see good in the French Revolution, and the coming of good in the career of Napoleon. He says—

On the whole, the rise and the fall of this wonderful individual proved a severe but a salutary discipline to the spirit which had so rashly undertaken the office of a ruling power in the political world. The bloodless revolutions which followed on the Continent proved that the nations had learned wisdom from the view of the wild excesses and the severe chastisements of the untempered spirit of democracy. Let not the madness of kings render the lesson useless. Their policy hitherto has almost convinced the most temperate lovers of freedom that the revolutionists of France were in the right; and that "Overturn! Overturn! Overturn!" must, after all, be adopted as the watchword of liberty. They are deceived who suppose that it is possible to decide a strife of principle by arms. The nations are awakening to a strong and profound impression of their own rights. In opposition to this impression, monarchs have set up the doctrines of legitimacy and divine delegation. The contest between these two must evidently be decided in the minds of men; and in such a contest, decided on such an arena, Truth must as evidently be victorious at last. And when the nations have been fully impressed with the truth in reference to their own political rights, what power has tyranny to prevent their triumphant vindication? It may for a little while prevail against a people but half-conscious of the truth, and divided in their interests; patriot blood may be shed on a thousand scaffolds, and the cause of tyranny may seem to flourish on a hundred fields; but, when the time arrives, when nations fully enlightened and self-united shall reclaim to themselves their heritage of right, wo be to the power that shall refuse the demand!

It is with reluctance that we leave these interesting volumes. We are sensible that our notice is as hasty and imperfect as it is scanty; but it is something done to have indicated, in any manner, the strength and beauty which they combine; leaving the reader to make his own discoveries. We have, indeed, no doubt that the original work will be much sought after.

THE VIOLIN.*

This is a most meritorious volume. It contains a great deal of curious, amusing, and instructive matter, well arranged, and written in a lively style. Mr Dubourg is very fond of *playing* upon words. Let him think of Swift's notice of "God's revenge against punning." But we like Mr Dubourg's book, and himself, too; for he is an enthusiast in his subject, and we love to see a man heartily fond of what he writes about. We, too, are a violinist (amateur) of some few centuries—poetically speaking; but, of late years, the chief use we have made of our bow has been to administer raps to the knuckles of certain musical quacks and impudent ignoramuses.

We must permit Mr Dubourg to speak for himself, as he well does in his preface:—"That an instrument thus honoured and esteemed should not already have found, among its English votaries, any distinct recorder of its merits and triumphs, is a fact which may well excite some surprise; while, as regards the present attempt, it may also carry with it some degree of excuse for the various imperfections to be here discovered. To do indifferently a desirable thing hitherto not done at all, is, although a poor achievement, one that should, at least, meet with a milder critic than Zoilus. Perhaps, as the descendant of one who has earned some share of distinction by his performance on the instrument here treated of, I may be allowed to make further plea on behalf of this endeavour." This is sensible and modest; but, indeed, there runs through all Mr Dubourg's book, a tone of unassuming good-nature and gentlemanly feeling, sufficient to redeem many more faults than any

* The Violin. By George Dubourg. 1 vol. 12mo. Colburn, London. 1836.

body will ever be able to find in its entertaining pages.

In treating of the origin of the violin, Mr Dubourg—we think fairly enough—gives to the Italians the invention of the violin, in its present shape at least. As to the Greek Tablets, and Pherekydes and his Epigonion fiddling, all this was a mere High German hoax—and a very intolerable jest in its way. But it was not at all malevolent, like the German Hammer's hoax with his medals and cups, &c. about *Mysterium Baphometi revelatum*, and the poor, traduced Templars. Of the real monuments of antiquity that bear representations of objects having *some* resemblance to the violin, what shall we say of them but by a figurative application of a beautiful passage in Sir Thomas Browne's Essay on Urn-Burial? "But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing *old mortality*,* the ruins of forgotten times," &c.

Mr Dubourg says, p. 6, "The Welsh mark the fiddle for their own." Now, there is, in Scotland, of the most remote antiquity, a mute, mysterious fiddle, well known to some of the poorer natives of the Highlands, upon which sundry persons scratch and scrape without producing any music at all! And, wonderful to say, although perfectly true, the *very same sort of fiddle* is well known in England, and Wales, and Ireland, and France, and Germany, and Italy, &c. &c. It is a gross mistake—a mere error of ignorance—to call it *the Scotch fiddle* peculiarly; seeing that it is common to all Europe and America, &c. A few years ago, a whole regiment of French soldiers at Montpellier, played furiously upon *this* voiceless fiddle; but their surgeon, M——, stopped their fiddling by sousing them in a solution of sulphuret of potass. Consult, *passim*, writers *de morbis cutaneis*. We always rejoice in putting down a vulgar error; so that, henceforth, the Welsh must no longer "mark *the fiddle for their own!*"

The story of Anthony Wood and his companions—who, in 1654, amusing themselves by fiddling in disguise, were met "by certain soldiers, who forced them to play in the open field, and then left them without a penny of payment"—can be matched by the case of a deceased clergyman of the Church of Scotland, a keen fiddler, who, returning late one evening from a musical party, was met, on Leith Walk, by a number of tipsy sailors. They began to handle him rather roughly; but, hearing the twang of his fiddle, (which he had under his coat,) they insisted upon his playing to them, which he did, and kept them dancing for an hour. They parted from him in great good humour. This occurred many years ago. Another whimsical story of a Scottish clergyman, fond of fiddling:—A number of his parishioners considered it as quite derogatory to his calling, that he should play upon the fiddle; so a deputation of them waited upon him, and remonstrated against this *crying* enormity. He said—"Gentlemen, did you ever see my fiddle; or hear me play?"—"No!" "You shall do both," said he; and immediately brought a violoncello, on which he struck up a Psalm tune, asking if they had any objection to join him with their voices. They complied; and, when all was over, they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied of his orthodoxy. "A muckle, respectable, religious-sounding fiddle like *that*, there was nae harm in. Na, na! it was nane o' yer scandalous penny-weddin fiddles that they had heard o'!"

Mr Dubourg's second chapter treats of the Italian school of violinists. We have at present only a few addenda to make to this chapter.

1*st*. As to Veracimi. In his "Sonate Accademiche," *opera seconda*, published at London in 1744, we meet, on the page immediately preceding the music, with the first example we have noticed in *Sonate* of that time, of an explanation of marks of bowing and expression that occur in the course of the work. His marks for *crescendo-diminuendo*, and for *diminuendo*, and for *crescendo*, are of the same form as the modern ones—only black throughout. His mark for an up-bow consists of a vertical line drawn from the interior of a semicircle placed beneath it. His mark for a down-bow is the same figure reversed in position; M^r^. for *mordente*, &c. These are things worth noticing in old music. Pages 67–9, Veracini gives the Scottish air of "Tweedside" with variations; the first instance we know of Scottish music being so honoured by any old Italian violinist.

2*d*. As to Antonio Lolli, he is one of the first old masters who gives difficult passages of great compass to be executed on the *fourth string* only.

3*d*. We do not know why Mr Dubourg has passed over those very extraordinary violinists, Locatelli and Mestrino, whose compositions for the violin are full of difficulties of the most appalling kind, even to the ablest performers of our day. We are convinced, from an examination of some of their compositions, that Paganini himself has studied them seriously, and has gathered not a little from them.

A good manymonths ago, (before Mr Dubourg's book was published) we sent to Mr Tait M.S. copies of several of the compositions of Locatelli and Mestrino, which were so outrageously difficult that many persons who saw them considered them as spurious productions, intended as a *hoax*. But we have in our possession the *printed* copies, ready to shew to any one who may yet doubt of the fact. We could wager a trifle there is not a violinist in Europe who could *execute* these difficult compositions (we do not mean *murder*) without pretty hard practice: not even Paganini himself. Dragonetti, (the inimitable contra-bassist,) who is a *tolerable* judge of difficulties, has assured us that Mestrino was the most extraordinary violinist he ever heard; and he heard Paganini in London.

We may notice, *en passant*, that the *Scordatura*, (more properly *Accordatura*,) or alteration of the usual tuning of the violin, in order to suit the execution of certain passages, was not

* This remarkable expression seems to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the title of one of his best tales.

uncommon among some of the old masters of the 17th and 18th centuries. Paganini seems to have carried the alterations in the tuning of his violin to a greater extent than we find in any of the *published* works of those masters; and we think it probable that this might be suggested to him by the well-known alterations made in the pitch of horns, clarinets, &c., in order to avoid difficulties of execution otherwise impracticable. We have no room to enter into details to illustrate this; but every good musician will at once understand what we mean. The principle is easy to be followed out, and should be kept in view by all aspiring violinists.

Mr Dubourg's fourth chapter is devoted to Paganini—and well does *he* deserve a chapter to himself. When we were at Pistoja, in Italy, in the autumn of 1818, we there heard Paganini for the first time; and we were the first who wrote a Scottish criticism upon his performance. It was not *published* till January 1822, when it appeared on page 222 of the third Number of the *New Edinburgh Review*. Need we say that our criticism was full of the highest praise, and enthusiastic admiration of that unrivalled performer's talents? When he performed at Edinburgh in 1831, we wrote a more elaborate criticism, which was published in the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* newspaper—our praise, our admiration, undiminished, of course. Now, when we find our friend Mr Dubourg (we *must* call him our *friend*, through freemasonry) agree with us entirely in giving the supremacy to Paganini over all other known violinists of our day, are we not rejoiced to find ourselves so well justified in our former and our present opinion?

We hate to allude even to all the contemptible trash that has been published in Great Britain, in depreciation of Paganini's talents and acquirements; and we laugh at the ignorant comparisons that certain persons have attempted to institute between Paganini and some other violinists, who, *we know*, only feel themselves made ridiculous by such false praise. All the *better* violinists confess Paganini's superiority without the least hesitation. All the fiddlers who do not, *know* neither their fiddles nor themselves.

Let us add a few words to Mr Dubourg's account of Paganini. Paganini knew little of Beethoven's pianoforte music before 1831. At a private party in Edinburgh, Beethoven's magnificent trio in B flat for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was shewn to him. He had not his own violin, but took up an ordinary one, and ill-strung, that happened to be in the room, and requested that the sonata might be tried. He had never seen nor heard it before. He happened to be well accompanied, and played his difficult part *at sight*, with a precision, energy, and expression that astonished everybody present. He never seemed to care about the state of the violin, &c. When any part of the sonata pleased him particularly, he made it be repeated; and rapturously expressed his admiration of the whole composition.

He laughs at the modern *soi-disant* German school of composition; while he reverences the great German masters, such as Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, &c., &c. We, too, had, long before, our own opinions of the modern schools of music; and we shall here characterise some of them, hoping for better things hereafter at home and abroad:—

1. The hurly-burly school.
2. The flash school of *execution*.
3. The pickpocket school.
4. The mad, metaphysical, German school.
5. The olla podrida school.
6. The milk-and-water school.

Chapter IV. treats of the French school, chapter V. of the German school, and chapter VI. of the English school. On these, we have little to remark. We are glad to see a just tribute of praise given to our old, and kind, and warm-hearted friend, Spagnoletti, who, by the by, belonged to the Italian school by birth and education. Our old friend, (when *he* was a little boy,) Henry Gattie, is also mentioned with well-merited honour. We may state that Paolo Diana was Spagnoletti's original name. Chapter VII. is devoted to amateurs; and we sincerely hope that they will all profit by Mr Dubourg's sagacious remarks and advices.

Chapter VIII.—"Female Performers." We remember hearing *one* of these, who was so deaf that she could not tune her own fiddle. Somebody tuned it for her; but, of course, she did not play *in tune*, although with great spirit and *fair* execution. Mr Dubourg infects us with punning; but it is a fact that she played horribly out of tune whenever she *shifted*. We have heard her play a long passage, in one of her *upper shifts*, about half a note out of tune; and this she did with the greatest composure; for how could she *hear* that she was wrong? The only wonder was, that she played a single note in tune on any part of the finger-board.

Chapter IX. is "On the construction of the violin." Mr Dubourg states, on the authority of a German violin-maker, that the violin consists of fifty-eight different parts. We have seen it described, bit by bit, as consisting of seventy-one different pieces, when the back and the belly were each made of two pieces. As to M. Chanot's French violins, which were to beat all the Cremonas, &c., we heard some of them in 1822, and thought them *extremely harsh* in tone, although powerful. Their shape, too, was clumsy and inelegant. We *hear* no more of them. The fact is, that the true acoustical principles upon which these and many other musical instruments ought to be constructed, are not yet fully developed.

Chapter X. consists of miscellaneous anecdotes, &c., and makes a merry *close* upon the violin. We have no hesitation in saying that we think, for the honour of Old England, that this *unique* work on the violin by an Englishman, ought to be in the hands of every professor or amateur who *really* loves his violin for *its own sake*. We look for a second edition to salute 1837. G. F. G.

TALES OF THE CLEIKUM INN, ST RONAN'S.

No II.—THE EDINBURGH DOER'S TALE.

"I HAVE been long satisfied," said the spokesman, as soon as his audience had arranged themselves comfortably in a listening attitude, "that no individual has so many opportunities of studying human nature as a well employed attorney. The criminal judge and the medical practitioner enjoy opportunities of no ordinary kind; but they are generally called upon to observe and operate upon only the moral and physical biles that disease generates in the mind and body; and hence, see mankind under the solitary phases of demoralization and distress. Neither of the two has much to do with the *healthy*, natural, every-day evil, that, under the semblance of good, is in active operation in every corner of society; and, though industriously concealed from strangers, is yet often observed by the practitioner of the law, who, as the *instrument* fixed upon for the accomplishment of selfish purposes, or the defeat of unjust objects, procures glimpses of the human heart that are denied to all but the *particeps criminis*, or the confidential friends of the devoted victim.

"I have now practised as an attorney for a period of about forty years. My practice has been very extensive, for I have never hesitated, as you know, madam, to do all kinds of work for all kinds of people, high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, and at all grades of remuneration. The adage, *arctum annulum ne gestato*, which has been fathered on Pythagoras, but is more consonant to the principles and practice of Epicurus, I have little regarded, provided the ring was a gold one—for all my life has been passed in anxiety; yet, (though I have thus toiled night and day to amass wealth which I cannot spend and cannot carry with me to the grave, and yet cannot all at once, sirs, think of disposing of by will—unless, like other munificent misers, by mortification, where no individual envied good is conferred,) money is not all that I have extracted from my labours. I have had opportunities, and I have not allowed them to pass, of seeing farther into the heart of man, at the times when that organ is best worth the study of a philosopher—not a stoic—that is, when it is filled with the conflicting and engrossing passions that are generated by selfishness, than most individuals of my calling. I have kept assiduously two repositories of the results of my labours—a bank book and a note book; and, as I have lived to see both filled, I now bethink myself of making some use of the one, through you, sirs, for the benefit of mankind, while the other, I presume, will be useful to my heir-at-law. My notes may be relied upon as genuine—they were taken on the instant; they comprise, as Terence says, what occurred *ante pedes*, and they possess the advantage (certainly not small) of enjoying the faith of an attorney's parole.

"Lest it should be supposed that I have been a bad man, I premise that I have been what is called an 'honest attorney;' but, while I make use of that much abused term, I dissent entirely from the meaning generally applied to it, and desire to attach one of my own, at once more true, more useful, and significative. It has been generally used in two senses; first, ironically, as indicating that the thing represented has no objective existence *in rerum natura*, but, like *lac gallinaceum, corvus albus, noctuinum ovum*—begging your pardon, Mistress Dodds, for the unknown tongues—and other ideal existences, is to be found only in the brains of mortals. This use of the term, I do not hesitate to say, is as unphilosophical as it is unjust towards our profession, in which there are certainly to be found a species at least of honest men. I have the boldness to assert the fact; and, if it should be contradicted, I have the advantage of my opponents, in so much as I have a positive and they a negative to establish. It is, of course, of no consequence to the truth of the proposition, that the creature to be thus proved as enjoying an existence in nature, is *phœnice rarior*. Pliny, in the second chapter of his tenth book—I had always a turn for natural history—establishes the existence of that *rara avis*; and I demonstrate the truth of my position, that there do exist *honest attorneys*, in the signal and transcendental mode whereby Leibnitz (Kant contradic.) established the existence of a necessary nature: *Ego sum*—I myself, an honest attorney, am here present in your parlour, Mistress Dods.

"Nor is the second meaning attached to the term less objectionable; for it implies that 'honest attorney' is identical with 'honest merchant' or 'trafficker,' or, *insigniter et generaliter*, 'honest man.' The individual who framed the term—likely some successful litigant, who had received his expenses from the opposite party—must have known better than to waste his time in tautological trifling, and attempting to overturn a term, 'honest man,' which had existed since the days of Noah, ('for Noah was a *just man*, and perfect in his generations,') and of which Burns made so good an account as to construct upon it one of the grandest lines of poetry that ever flowed from an inspired pen. Othello did not call Iago his 'honest adjutant,' but simply 'honest Iago;' implying nothing more than an intensive application of the term 'honest' to an individual of the species. It is seldom that one hears the term 'honest doctor,' although Homer heaps honour on the profession of physic—Ἰητρος γαρ ἀνηρ πολλων ἀνταξιος ἀλλων. But the familiar and highly expressive term, 'honest rogue,' brings out, by its eloquent analogy, the distinction I aim at; for the greatest stickler for the honour of the sublunar worshippers of Laverna, never maintained that 'honest rogue' meant

'honest man.' The term is, in truth, figurative, though there is not among the twelve tables of figures of speech, in Lord Kaimes' 'Elements of Criticism,' any one in which it can properly be placed; a defect which the next editor of a new edition of that ingenious but fanciful work will do well to supply."

The dominie was listening with great interest, but the Nabob and Mrs Dods discovered some symptoms of impatience here. "Isna he dreigh and lang-winded wi' his Latin speech?" whispered the latter. "Cry me back when he comes to the pith o' the matter." And she went off on housewifery business.

"I have said that the phrase, honest attorney, is figurative. Is there any one who ever perused—pleasantly, at night, over a good fire and a bottle of spiced port, and laid along at his entire ease on a soft sofa—a writer's account, that will impugn the accuracy of my statement? If a figure of speech be properly defined, 'the using of a word in a sense different from what is *proper* to it,' my case is made out; for I do not opine that all the famed and much-abused casuistry of our craft (at least I should be sorry, for the sake of the honour of our profession, to see any brother's powers of argument so misapplied) would be able to gain a single proselyte to the opinion that the *proper* application of the adjective honest, is to an attorney. The conclusion I thus come to is logical; and I know that, on that account, it is liable to be suspected of unsoundness; for it may be said that I form my own premises. I admit, to a certain extent, the charge, seeing that I assume as correct, the definition of a fanciful author; but I scorn to take refuge behind the example of all good logicians, who never leave the important task of framing their premises to the unskilful hands of apprentice dialecticians, but act upon the wisdom of the old adage, 'If you wish a thing spoiled, leave the doing of it to others; if you wish it well done, do it yourself.' I renounce my logic, but I adhere, *echini asperitate*, to my conclusion. All adjectives are acted upon, by the subject forming the substantive to which they are applied—*ex. gr.*, the word bread, following the adjective sweet, decides the nature of that sweetness which is intended to be expressed—viz., that generally found in bread. The substantive 'milk,' again, occupying the place of the word, 'bread,' would indicate sweetness of a different kind; but these expressions are in some degree figurative, for they modify the adjective, whose corresponding substantive, 'sweetness,' would express a taste (that of sugar) of a very different kind. In the same way, the honesty of an attorney is not the *honestas simplex* of the moralists. He is not Cicero's '*vir sine fuco ac fallaciis*'—one without craft or subtlety—but one possessed of the smallest portion of these qualities that an individual of his calling can carry on his trade with. This distinction might be more clearly indicated by having recourse to the familiar phrase already mentioned, 'honest rogue;' but—*sus timet omne unguentum*—the hog hates ointment, because it is made of lard; and I do not choose, being myself an attorney, to elucidate the honesty of my craft by any analogical aid, drawn from the honesty of rogues, who are said *sometimes* to be found in our profession.

"The point I have been anxious to clear up is already, I hope, *in aprico*; but, were it otherwise, and were some plucked pigeon, *alias* client, inclined to dispute the point with me, and contend that there is no honesty of any kind in our craft—holding up the bare stump of his tail, *cauda nudior liberide*, in proof of his assertion—I would answer with Aristophanes, in 'The Birds,' *Abi ad corvos*'—'Go to the villains who took your feathers from you;' for I never said that our profession was perfectly, altogether, out and out—*funditus et radicitus*—free of rogues.

"In order that I may appear to all courteous people what I have always endeavoured to be, (an honest attorney, in the proper sense of that term—that is, an attorney as honest as an attorney can be—perhaps, the highest distinction to which poor human nature can aspire,) I shall proceed to state a few of those rules of conduct whereby that honesty of which I speak may be brought to the greatest ethical perfection of which it is capable, as well as rendered useful to mankind, by being submitted to the test of practical life. Were I to omit these, I would run the greatest risk of falsifying myself and my profession; a host of unsuccessful clients, who have not been honest enough to pay their accounts, would rise like a legion of ants, and endeavour to close up my mouth with my own words, after the manner of the real species in the Greek proverb, *qui inspuerit in cavernam formicarum huic intumescant labra*. They might even proceed so far as to apply to me the term, 'dishonest man,' for the distinction between a dishonest man and a dishonest attorney is utterly unknown to such wretches; and, what is worse, they are so unwilling to know it, that an extracted decree of the *Amphictyonum consessus* itself, with a horning on it, would not be sufficient to make them look upon the strong lineaments of the distinctive marks by which the two characters are generically and eternally contra-distinguished from each other. It is, therefore, as a sort of self-defence, that I thus take care, to state the rules whereby that important distinction is brought out, and the operation of special and peculiar circumstances, in modifying ordinary ethical canons shewn to be consistent with at least as much honesty as these ungrateful creatures called clients deserve at the hands of their benefactors, the attorneys.

"In the first place—As it is a fundamental principle of every well-regulated state, that every cause of complaint, on the part of the citizens, should be heard by upright judges, and decided on according to law—no attorney is entitled to refuse his professional services to an individual wishing to assume the envied character of a

litigant, merely because he, the attorney, may, in his wisdom, think the client wrong, and, in his goodness, wish to save him expense. The greatest delicacy ought, therefore, to be observed by every honest attorney, in recommending to a client *not* to enter into a law plea; because, if his advice is strongly expressed, as it may very likely be, he may thus encroach upon the natural rights of mankind. I am satisfied that many a good practitioner, acting upon this principle, has been censured as wishing to encourage litigation. Clients will thus see how careful they ought to be in attributing improper motives to upright men.

"In the second place—When the history of man is carefully studied, it will be found that, in former times, *right* was nothing but *might*, and that was generally decided by *fight*. Courts of justice (see Blackstone, *passim*) were, therefore, instituted for the purpose of allowing free egress or vent to the unruly passions of ambitious or selfish men, in the same way as the lancet was resorted to for allaying physical pyrexia, by purging the system of its superabundant blood and bad humours. Hamesucken, murder, arson, stouthrief, cattle-lifting, forcible ejection, and all the other *brevi manu* modes of *taking* justice, were accordingly very soon exchanged for the battle of lawyers' tongues, in which sheer wind (one of the non-naturals) was expended in place of blood; and the people were just as well pleased when they thus got their passions disposed of by proxy, as they formerly were when they let out their ill-nature and their blood together. Their vanity was, besides, gratified, by getting men in wigs to fight for them, and seeing a great number of judges (sometimes fifteen) sitting shaking their heads for whole days over their private concerns. Courts of law being in this way moral hospitals, ought to be *very* open to the lieges; and hence the corollary, that all honest attorneys, who are in fact merely the door-keepers, should observe a proper caution and delicacy in preventing, impeding, or standing in the way of individuals wishing to go to law, otherwise they may be the abettors of every kind of violence, and guilty of the broken heads, if not murders of their fellow-creatures.

"In the third place—Law and justice have, in enlightened nations, been separated as things having very little to do with each other. The latter is easily apprehended by the common or moral sense of mankind, and is well expressed by the golden rule, which has been so often quoted. Law, again, is more subtle and complex, and cannot be known by the mere unassisted power of the moral sense. It is defined by institutional writers, 'a compulsory rule of life for man;' but as all definitions of the subtle matter have been found to carry very little meaning with them, philosophers have rather inclined to satisfy the common people, by telling them what law is like than what it actually is. Accordingly, Plutarch, in his life of Solon, sayeth, that law is like a spider's web—'*Leges aranearum telis adsimiles sunt, propterea quod in illas si quid levius aut imbecillum incurrerit, hæret; sin majus aliquid, disscoat ac fugit.*' The reason here assigned for law being like a spider's web is, that it catches light matters, while heavy ones break through it. The advantage of this hint to attorneys is self-evident. They ought never to advise a man to give up a law plea, merely because it is thin, subtle, fine spun, doubtful, or frivolous; for that, according to the great authority I have quoted, is the very kind of case suited for the enucleation of a fine legal principle.

"In the fourth place—When attorneys are together feasting, as they often do, at the end of what they call their Sessions, they begin their potations by drinking to what they quaintly denominate 'the glorious uncertainty'—that is quite fair, because it is by that uncertainty we live and make our bread. The truth of the toast is undoubted; for it is justified by every day's experience, and sanctioned by old Phocilides—Τις αν δικην κρινοιεν—'Who shall speak with certainty of the law?' But, though this may be a very good joke to give zest to our claret, it appears a serious matter when more philosophically considered. An honest attorney, by giving an advice to a litigant not to prosecute a case he thinks unfounded, may do him irremediable injustice, in as much as he may prevent an individual from vindicating rights which the judge himself (certainly a better judge) may conceive to be well-founded.

"The glorious uncertainty ought never thus to be turned to the disadvantage of a litigant. A well-disposed man wishing law or justice—it does not signify which—ought never to be scared away by *an opinion*. A doctor would be considered cruel, who, in place of a recipe, gave his patient a diagnosis; and an attorney may expose himself to a similar charge, who prevents a man from going to law by an officious advice.

"In the fifth place—This last rule applies to advices against *urging* a plea. Whether and when an honest attorney may be justified in giving a recommendation to prosecute, will depend upon the circumstances of the case; but, generally, it may be stated that such is the strength of the *animus litigandi* in mankind, that very few (I scarcely ever saw one) require the application of any stimulus to make them go to law. It must always be kept steadily in view, that courts are not only laboratories of law, but *lotteries*, and no attorney has any right to inquire at a litigant whether he views them in the one light or in the other. All mankind are naturally gamblers, and hence the power and prevalence of the spirit of litigation. Many litigants wax more furious for the legal fight the more the attorney endeavours to repress them. These creatures are easily treated; for the attorney has only to keep them back a little from their good, and they will seek it with redoubled fire and pluck.

"In the sixth place—I think it was a pretty remark that of Lord Bacon, that a court of justice ought to be a solemn place. I would beg leave to add, that litigants, like patients placed on the operating table, ought to behave serious-

ly; yet it is painful to see with what levity clients, forgetful of their awful situation, flutter and frisk about the blind goddess, even at the very moment when the beam is trembling with such delicate irresolution that the weight of a feather may decide the fate and fortune of the one party or the other. It is, therefore, often necessary—at least I have often found it an imperative duty—to impose seriousness on light and giddy-headed clients. The best way of accomplishing this, especially where the attorney is a delicate-minded individual, is to ask for a payment of cash to account. I never saw this remedy fail.

"In the seventh place—The members of our craft are generally esteemed rogues by the individuals who employ us. They hate us, and would, if they could, cheat us; but they cannot do without us. We, no doubt, love to be pursued by such enemies as clients; but the people must not suppose that we are ignorant of the sentiments they entertain towards us, which, indeed, are forced upon us by the melancholy circumstance, that scarcely a single client will pay an attorney *after* the business is finished. They conceive they have got nothing from us when a case is lost; because we do not sell law by the pound. They take Kant's view of time, and consider it to be a phantom. We require, therefore, to look to ourselves; and I have been long satisfied that there is no better mode of correcting the people's false notions of us, and *forcing* them to respect us, than by shewing them (by asking for money) that our time is as valuable as the mensurable and ponderable commodities of the merchant. The proper occasion for this is when the client is keen for the fight. The value of his money increases as the case approaches a termination; while, in all likelihood, the value of the case itself will diminish in the same proportion. *Asinus esuriens fustem negligit*—The hungry ass does not feel the lash. All this is clearly for the benefit of the clients. It is the fevered patient that should be bled. I have heard a client, after the *furor* was off him, complain that money had not been asked from him soon enough. I think it a great pity that such complaints should be allowed to prevail, and would recommend to my brethren to do their endeavours to render them as few as possible.

"Many other excellent rules might be stated; but these will suffice, in the meantime, to shew the public how much and how often we are belied, when we act conscientiously, from motives different from those generally attributed to us.

"I shall now proceed to my tale.

"On the 17th day of December 1807, according to my memorandum-book, I was sitting in my business room in Brown Square, preparing a memorial for debate, in the case, Purves *v.* Hamilton, which was to come on next day before Lord G——. I had fallen into a train of thought which I fancied was to lead to the discovery of the legal principle by which the case would be carried—a state of mind not unlike that of the philosopher who is on the eve of deducing, from a long algebraic calculation, a law of physics. I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of my servant Thomas, who said that a person having the appearance of a countryman wished to see me.

"'What sort of man is he, Thomas?' said I.

"'A poor man, I suppose,' answered Thomas.

"'Tell him, I am engaged,' said I, 'and cannot see any person this evening.'

"The servant retired to execute my order, and I plunged again into the *mare magnum*, from which I had been so reluctantly dragged. My ambition was to astonish my client, the counsel, and the court, by the ingenuity of my reasoning; and getting heated with the subject, and forgetting the adage, *sat cito si sat bene*, my pen acknowledged the power of an attorney's inspiration. I was soon oblivious of the interruption caused by the poor countryman, and of every thing on earth, save Purves *versus* Hamilton—a case which I now, in my imagination, saw reduced to the snug form of a *res judicata*, and legal precedent. My inspiration engrossed the powers of my external perception, and the door of my room opened, without producing any other effect upon me than a momentary interruption of the current of my ideas, unaccompanied with any consciousness of the nature of the cause. On reaching forth my hand to supply my pen with ink, my eye, taking at the time a more extended range, was claimed by a person standing by my side, bowing, with a large blue bonnet in his hand—an attitude he had probably held since the opening of the door, without being able to call up the courage to engage my attention by an address.

"The peculiar mode by which the man had presented himself, did more for securing him a part of that attention I was devoting to the case I was engaged in, than a letter from the Lord High Chancellor; for, indeed, he made use of those claims that are supposed to be peculiar to these self-introduced beings, apparitions. As I looked at him with a mixture of surprise and anger, he kept bowing like a pendulum whose vibrations undergo a gradual decrease of range. He was a true Scottish cottager, or small feuar, advanced in life. He had on a sky-blue woollen coat, made in the old fashion, with the lappels and wrist-bands of prodigious size, and buttons as big as Spanish dollars. A buff vest (intended by the artist to contain the entire chylopoetic apparatus, and extending beyond the tops of his thighs, with a triangle cut out at the bottom of the long range of shining brass buttons—a trick of the old snips, not easily understood by the moderns) met, and, for a considerable way, covered a pair of buff corduroy breeches, which were bound at the knee with a pair of huge steel buckles; the rest of his stout limbs being left to the kindly embrace of a pair of dark blue ribbed hose, the under parts of which were cut so as to allow a small square piece to cover the insteps of a pair of good brogues. His blue bonnet—with its cherry, as designative of character as the cap button of a

Chinese Mandarin—in his left hand, and a rough stick in his right, completed his accoutrements.

"'Well, sir,' said I, 'are you the person who requested to see me, and whom I said I could not see this evening?'

"'The very man, your Honour,' replied he: 'David Brakenrigg, feuar of Greenshaw, on the estate of Lochcairnie. I hae had the misfortune to be decreeted by the Lords o' Session, an' decerned an' ordeened to remove frae my sma' mailin', at the instance o' Augustus Bethune o' Lochcairnie; an' that within fifteen days, on pain o' rebellion, though I'm as guid a Tory as the superior himsel'.'

"'Augustus Bethune of Lochcairnie!' exclaimed I, starting involuntarily; 'the man who, ten years ago, ruined my father at high gambling in Waterstone's hotel, taking from him five thousand pounds, which went as part of the price of this very property of Lochcairnie! Why, man, have you dared to raise, by the charmed sound of that hated name, a spectre a thousand times more hideous and accursed than the ugliest form of the Author of Evil?'

"These hard words were no sooner out of my mouth than I became conscious of the error I had committed, in acting, like a full-mouthed, ranting *histrio*, a foolish scene of involuntary passion, to the admiring gaze of a thunder-struck clown. The fact I had mentioned was indeed a melancholy truth—Augustus Bethune had ruined my father; but I had long struggled to repress the thought, and had so well succeeded, that I had latterly become nearly oblivious of my calamity. But now the chord that had been for years silent, had been struck by a rude though involuntary hand, and a paroxysm of repressed feeling shook me to the heart's core like an ague. I felt angry and ashamed, and, though an attorney, could scarcely look the poor countryman in the face. He had delicacy enough, notwithstanding his apparent roughness of manners, to feel for me—without, however, losing sight, at the same time, of his own personal interests.

"'An' what think ye,' said he, 'made me apply to your Honour to gie me your advice an' assistance in keepin' my sma' mailin' o' land, whereon I hae reared twa stalwart sons and twa bonny dochters, and whereon I expected to dee, but just that I heard o' the conduct o' Lochcairnie to your faither, wha, as they say, broke his heart, when he lost his fortune, an' dee'd, leavin' his ance braw bairns penniless, though wi' the guid heir-loom o' college lair? Your Honour, as your faither's son, will be the mair inclined to assist a puir man, whose heart is in the same hard grip that broke his whase name ye bear, an' whase virtues I hope ye winna shame.'

"'Let me see your charge, man,' said I, hurriedly, and turning away my face, to prevent him from witnessing an attorney's tear—'sit down till I examine the paper.'

"I looked at the document; but I had a swelling heart to subdue before I could read a word of it. I succeeded, however; and perused the paper. It was a charge on a decree of removing, at the instance of Augustus Bethune of Lochcairnie, against David Brakenrigg, feuar of Greenshaw. The ground of the decreet was, that the feuar had allowed more than two years' feu-duty to run into arrear, whereby what is called an irritancy in the feu had been incurred, which gave the overlord, the proprietor of Lochcairnie, a right—*ob non solutum canonem*, as we say—to take back again into his own proprietorship and power, the small piece of ground, and turn the feuar to the door."

"I see nae richt he had to ony such thing," said Meg, "as tak' a puir man's mailin."

"It is a part of the feudal law of Scotland. I, an attorney, whose livelihood depends on the intricacies and multiplicity of details and forms, whereby the simple rights of property in this country are encumbered and perplexed, am not the person called upon to point out defects from the continuance of which I am enabled to live. I may require, in other stories of mine, to mention many of these; but I must leave to others to advocate their inexpediency and abolition, or to vindicate their expediency, utility, and perpetuity. I lay my account in these times with changes. *Ipsa dies quandoque parens quandoque noverca est.*

"'Why did you not save yourself from this disaster, David,' said I, 'by purging the irritancy, as we call it—that is, by paying up the feu-duty in the Court, after you were summoned?'

"'Your Honour may weel put that question,' replied he; 'but ane o' your brethren o' the law can best answer it. I employed your neebor, Mr Peter Renton, just twa doors to the eastward, to lodge a defence against my laird's summons, which I understand he did—at least he says sae; and, some time after, I sent him, according to his ain request, the siller to lodge wi' the clerk o' Court, without which, he said, the defence wad avail me naething; but the scoundrel kept the siller, for the expense o' the defence, and then left the case to sink or swim. The consequence is, that I hae been decreeted; and if your Honour canna or winna assist us, we maun, I fear, dree a' the ills o' a bieldless winter an' cauld poverty—nane o' the twa a guid friend o' eild.'

"This statement appeared to me remarkable; for I knew that the agent mentioned by David, Peter Renton, was Lochcairnie's friend, and had long been associated with him in unjustifiable schemes.

"'How did you come to employ Peter Renton, David?' said I.

"'He came and solicited the employment from me,' answered he, simply.

"This answer confirmed my suspicions. Could it be possible, thought I, that these men had leagued themselves against a poor feuar, for the purpose of taking from him his little property, whereby they might achieve two things bearing no sort of proportion to each other: first, the adding of a spot of ground to the large estate of Lochcairnie—a mere drop in the bucket either of ruin or prosperity; and, secondly, the

depriving a father and his family of all they had to trust to on earth for support and consolation? Yes, I could believe it of either of the men. I pitied their victim, who stood before me; but I kept my suspicions to myself. An attorney soon learns to be guarded."

"'That was like yoursel',"' cried Meg. And the story-teller nodded to her, and went on.

"'But why,' continued I, 'David, did you not pay the small feu-duty in time, to Lochcairnie himself? Your dress and manners indicate precision and regularity; and I could not have expected an act of such ruinous imprudence and carelessness, from one of your appearance and good sense.'

"'There's a secret about that,' replied David, 'When the first year's feu-duty was about due, I ca'ed at Lochcairnie House, an' saw the laird. He was exceedin' courteous, an' even bowed to me as I entered the hall; an' held oot his saft hand to welcome me—a', as I thocht, because I was bringin' him siller, though, maybe, partly because my wife Marion is related to the former proprietors, the auld Dempsters o' Lochcairnie. But ye may guess my surprise when he said he did not want the siller at that time, an' bade me keep it till he asked it. I thanked him for his generosity; but I had still mair to thank him for afore we parted; for he hinted mair braidly than I wished, that I, an' Marion, an' my sons an' dochters, wad be better in the back settlements o' America, than fechtin' awa here wi' a dear feu. I didna like to contradict my over-lord, though I secretly hated Canada, an' said, simply, I had nae means to take me an' my family sae far awa, an' buy land an' farm stockin' in a new country. But my feigned excuse was o' nae avail; for, to my wonder and amazement, he offered me a hunder pounds as an outfit, besides payin' me the price o' my feu, at my ain valuation; but a' on the condition that I wad tak my departure at the next term. O'ercome wi' a generosity sae far abune my merits, shame an' gratitude prevented me frae refusin' the offer. I said I wad think on't; an' left him, to communicate the strange tidings to my wife.'

"I believed the man; for truth and honesty were marked on his forehead. His statement put my former suspicions somewhat at fault; but it yielded me no light. My difficulty was rather increased by it.

"'This story, David,' said I, 'agrees very ill with this paper I hold in my hands. Why has Lochcairnie prosecuted you to absolute ejection itself, if he entertains or entertained towards you these sentiments?'

"'That I canna tell,' replied he. 'Lochcairnie cam' often an' asked me if I had made up my mind to accept his offer. I kept the affair hangin' i' the wind as lang I could. Another year's feu-duty fell due. I offered it to him alang wi' the former. He said he didna need the siller, an' again pressed me to consult, as he said, my ain guid, by acceptin' his offer, an' emigratin' wi' my wife an' bairns. At last, when I could put him aff nae langer, I said I was obliged to him for his kind offer, but that I couldna think o' leavin' my native land, an' (my heart grew big as I spoke) especially the bonny green holms o' Lochcairnie, whar, i' my youth, I had sung wi' the blackbird an' the mavis, whase nests I harried; an', in my auld age, wad rather moan wi' the winter winds that blaw owre the pine-headed taps o' the hills that look down on my little mailin o' Greenshaw, than sing again in a new country. Lochcairnie waxed angry. I left him; he prosecuted me—an' ye ken the rest.'

"This farther communication added to my difficulty, and I thought Lochcairnie's conduct inexplicable. I dismissed the feuar, requesting him to call next day. I then proceeded to finish my memorial; but the fervour with which I began it had been cooled by the associations called up in my mind by the reference to the man who had, by unfair play, deprived my father of that money which I ought to have inherited, and which might have saved me from the necessity of devoting my time and talents to a profession which is generally deemed destructive of the moral feelings of those who are obliged to follow it for a livelihood, as it would have been of mine if I had not nobly struggled against the demoralizing influence. I trembled as the gust of passion, which had long slept in the Æolian recesses of my mind, rose and passed over me; and, in my cooler moments, I felt a longing to unravel the mystery involved in David Brakenrigg's story. Disgust had come in place of a love for the work in which I was engaged. My ingenuity in discovering the legal principle which was to carry conviction to the minds of judges who had not learned the first duty of their high craft—to distinguish metaphysically between prejudice and principle, and learn to *suspect* the presence of the former, and search for it and expel it, as the chemist does the alloy that defeats his experiment—appeared, to my changed feelings, of its true value. What was the triumph of an attorney, even if achieved, to the loss of my paternal inheritance?—a sorrow which now, by the unconscious act of David Brakenrigg, rose upon me with an increase of strength, derived, like that of cavernous exhalation, from the very time and confinement that are deemed destructive of other powers! I finished my paper in an ill-humour, and desired John Shillinglaw, my clerk, to make inquiry whether David Brakenrigg's decree had gone against him without appearance, or whether it was *in foro contradictorio*, as we say—in which latter case it was insuperable. I then resigned myself to the regrets of one who, from being a gentleman, had been forced to become an attorney; yet I could not help admitting, with a smile of satisfaction, *Æqualitas haud parit bellum*—There could be no law pleas without inequality; and what had been my misfortune, was in fact the very grub on which we attorneys feed—*Inæqualitas mater discordiarum est.*

"The account which David Brakenrigg had given of the conduct of Lochcairnie solely occupied my mind. That there was a mystery in the affair, I had no doubt. My poor client was appa-

rently honest; and he had no object to serve by indulging in an invention, where he had serious and melancholy facts to struggle with and overcome. The question rose upon me incessantly—Why did this gentleman wish so ardently to get a poor cotter and his family away to America? He had first tried to bribe him to emigrate; and, that having failed, he had next recourse to force and deception. His creature, Peter Renton, had readily wrought to his hand, and betrayed his client to serve his friend. Yet, *cui bono?* what was the object of all this elaborate subtlety directed against an obscure individual? My first conclusion was, that Lochcairnie wished merely to get hold of Greenshaw, David Brakenrigg's feu, for some special purpose, of an importance sufficient to authorize so much pains. But objections sprang up against this theory. It was not necessary to Lochcairnie's supposed object that he should, in addition to the price of the feu, offer £100 more, before he knew that David would not be contented with the price alone. Neither was it necessary for him to have recourse to the plan of emigration before he ascertained that his victim would not sell his feu for £100 more than its value. Beyond all, the little wild piece of mountain tract, called Greenshaw, could be of no importance to the great laird of Lochcairnie. The fact still remained unexplained, that Lochcairnie had had recourse to bribery, force, and fraud to get this poor man and his family away to a distant country. What supposition should I next have recourse to as a solvent of the difficulty? I tried several without success, and got tired of the subject. 'Paha!' said I, 'the story may be altogether a fiction; and even if true, there may be twenty good reasons for Lochcairnie's conduct, not one of which would be of any consequence to me though I knew it.' I was on the point of relinquishing the inquiry, when a remembrance flashed on my mind with the quickness of light. I remembered that, at the time when Augustus Bethune purchased Lochcairnie from William Dempster for £20,000, a part of the price had been allowed to lie for some time in the purchaser's hands, in order to secure him against a flaw in the title; but the sum was afterwards paid up, on caution being found that no heir to the Dempsters should appear and take advantage of the defect. At the moment this recollection rose upon me, the cognate fact, mentioned incidentally by David Brakenrigg, that his wife, Marion, was a Dempster, and a relation of the old Dempsters of Lochcairnie, started up in my mind. The two facts, though of no great importance severally, became eloquent in the conjunction they rapidly effected through the electric power of a lawyer's ingenuity. As yet I had but little certainty whereon to proceed; but just in proportion to the paucity and poverty of ascertained facts, the burden of my fancy was light; and, during the whole night, I thought and dreamed of David Brakenrigg and the Dempsters of Lochcairnie. In some of my rapt moments, I despised Archimedes, who asked for a fulcrum. My work was, in imagination, sometimes nearly finished, and I cried, with Cicero, '*Archimedes non posset melius describere.*'

"Next morning, my clerk, John Shillinglaw, came up to my room, and told me that the decreet against David Brakenrigg was one *in foro*, and, therefore, could not be got the better of.

"'Do you know, John,' said I to him, as if I cared little for his answer, 'who were the cautioners that bound themselves for the late William Dempster of Lochcairnie to Augustus Bethune, when the latter paid up the remainder of the price of that estate?'

"'Yes,' replied John, who knew almost everything, without appearing to know anything. 'They were George Aitken, merchant in Glasgow, and Richard Henderson of Hamilton, in the shire of Lanark. They are both bankrupt. The former was in the *Gazette* about two months ago.'

"'Aha!' cried I, starting up, and clapping my hands, '*a la bonne heure! a la bonne heure!*'

"'That is a true French mode,' said John, smiling drily, just as you do now, madam, 'of expressing sympathy for the misfortunes of gazetted victims.'

"David Brakenrigg, at this moment, came in, and John, obeying my nod, went out. I learned from David that old William Dempster had given him the feu of Greenshaw, and that his wife, Marion Dempster, was recognised by her relation, William, as the nearest heir of the Dempsters of Lochcairnie, though, when the property was sold to Augustus Bethune, it was generally given out that no heir was known to exist.

"'I am sorry to inform you, David,' said I, 'that you have no remeid against your decreet. I fear you must be ousted. Your only resource is an action of damages against Peter Renton, who betrayed you.'

"'A puir remeid that,' replied he. 'We lie quiet an' saft on the woo we get frae our hogs, an' it's puir huntin' after hungry goshawks. That man's worth nae mair than his tools—his pen an' ink-horn; an' they are his weapons o' offence an' defence, as weel as his implements o' trade. I maun mak' up my mind, then, to leave Greenshaw.'

"Though an honest attorney, I had here a part to play. I wished to get out of David Brakenrigg what was his wife's exact pedigree; but I was anxious, at same time, to avoid giving him any notice of my object in requiring it. My reason for this, which I hope to be able to justify by the ethical rules of our craft, may yet appear. I led him first circuitously into relationships generally; and soon found that, like other old folks who think they or theirs have some genteel blood in them, he became eloquent on that fertile subject. He soon glided naturally into his wife's relationship to the Dempsters; and I, taking advantage of my opportunity, jotted (as if I were merely amusing myself with my pen on my blad) *pater, avus, proavus*, and so

forth, till I made a flourishing genealogical tree of the Dempsters of Lochcairnie. Finding it as complete as my informant's knowledge would enable me to make it—Marion Dempster's place in it in particular being well marked, both as it stood in relation to the last Laird William, who died two years before, and to that of the previous lairds—I pretended to get wearied of a subject in which I was not in any degree interested.

"'This is of little importance to me, David,' said I, continuing still my playful strokes with my pen; 'neither has it any connexion with your case; for old William Dempster had a right to sell the estate, and that puts an end to the expectations of mere heirs.'

"'That I ken,' replied he; 'and I aften tell Marion, when she's a wee bauld wi' family pride, that bluid is no sae strong as ink; for the drap that was in William Dempster's pen when he signed the rights o' Lochcairnie, had mair pith in't than a' the bluid o' the Dempsters that ever ran in her veins.'

"'You say truly, David,' said I; 'but, returning to our subject, I am sorry I cannot enable you to keep your little mailing. Your charge is out in a fortnight, and you must lay your account with leaving it.'

"'That I winna do till I'm forced,' replied he, trying to conceal a starting tear. 'My ain legs winna carry me frae my ain property. The makers o' unjust laws maun just complete their unjust wark, and shew their injustice by forcin' the blameless breakers o' them out o' their lawfu' inheritances, amidst the greetin' an' sabbin' o' the wives an' bairns o' the righteous owners.'

"Poor David Brakenrigg went away, sad and sorrowful, while I, with light heart and bright eye, (for hope's radiant bow was in my view,) hastened to complete an investigation that promised me a result which no honest attorney could contemplate without delight. I called up John Shillinglaw, and told him to be ready to accompany me to the General Register Office to search for a flaw which I suspected to lie in the title to the lands of Lochcairnie. We hurried away together, and passed David Brakenrigg on the street; musing, no doubt, over his unhappy fate. I said nothing to John about my views or intentions, or the use I might make of the information we were in search of—and he knew that it was not his time to speak; but his keen, sharp, hawk-like look, and his active, nimble motions, shewed clearly that he knew his master was on a right track, where the scent of game would soon gladden his nostrils. Some interruptions by the way called up his impatience; and his rueful, disappointed look, on being thus kept back from the sport in which attorneys take the greatest delight, brought into my mind the saying of Plautus—'*Fames et mora bilem in nasum concinunt.*' Even in the midst of my own anxiety to get a hunt among the old records, I could scarcely help smiling at the quaint aptness of the quotation.

"We soon got among the old, musty records which, to the nose of a keen attorney, present an odour as pleasant as that which the game-covering heather gives out to the deep-mouthed hound. We searched all day, and got nothing; but our spirits were not quelled, nor our expectations diminished. During the following night, (*in nocte consilium,*) I ruminated on the subject, and gained strength from those deep recesses of the mind which Des Cartes used to say are accessible only to nocturnal investigators. In the morning we went to our work again, *exquisita diligentia et exactissima cura.* We came soon upon William Dempster's own title, and took a note of it. We saw that he had made it up simply as heir in general to his father, William, senior. We got nothing more that day. On the day following, about eleven o'clock, (I love to mention the hour,) John Shillinglaw, who had a volume of the records to examine separately, came and shewed me, with a leer in his grey eye, the title of William Dempster, senior, which was made up under a particular destination of the property made by his father, George, to a particular series of heirs. I saw in an instant the meaning of John's significant leer. William Dempster, junior's title was bungled. The hungry tiger does not espy more glegly a limp in the lame buffalo than an attorney does a *labes realis* in a progress of titles. I gazed silently on the evidence which lay plain before me of a flaw—a fatal, irremediable defect—in the title of Augustus Bethune of Lochcairnie, who had ruined my father and forced me to be an attorney. All the energies of my soul and body passed into that small orb which drank up the intoxicating draught. In vain did Herodotus say that the soul lies in the ears. He must have got tea in his travels, and become a scandal-monger among the ladies of Egypt. He was an exception from the ancients generally, who asserted its seat to be in the eyes. I *felt* the truth of the *dictum.* My delight was greater than that of him who is famed to have thrown off his old age—*magis gaudet eo qui senectam exuit* (Aristoph.)—or of one who may be supposed able to cast off his attorneyship—that is, if he cannot conduct himself honestly. So long as the first gush of surprise and joy continued to flow over my excited mind, I was incapable of perusing the document that produced it. John Shillinglaw gazed on me with the silent pride of a modest discoverer, who knew it to be his duty to yield to his master the credit of the discovery. As I calmed, I became able to see, *rationaliter,* the whole array of the glorious, undeniable truth lying open before me. All our endeavours to find out any flaw in our process of detection of the error proved abortive, and confirmed us in the opinion that the title to Lochcairnie was, on the principle of the case, Arthur *versus* Henderson, not worth an obolus.

"'It is accomplished,' I cried.

"'*Nam neque inexpertus jam divinavero, verum Egregie callens.*'

"'No judge can touch it,' said Shillinglaw; 'and William Dempster, the younger, being dead, the defect cannot be cured.'

"'It is a beautiful *chironium vulnus*, John,' said I. 'No legal leech can apply a cataplasm there. The wound is in the Achillean heel—irremediable, desperate.'

"I gave my clerk instructions to take exact copies of the documents necessary to prove the truth of our discovery, and left him to return to my chambers. As I proceeded along the street, I recollected that we had not paid attention to the *date* of the last William Dempster's title, which, if forty years old (and it could not be far from it) would be cured by the act 1617, introducing the long prescription. My calculations made it fully forty years. All my hopes were in an instant clouded. My joy was turned into sorrow. I returned languidly and hopelessly to the office, to get my fearful anticipations confirmed. At the door I met John Shillinglaw, who, having observed me from the window, came running out *(ore aperto)* to communicate to me some intelligence.

"'We have forgot the prescription,' said I.

"'Count from the 28th of February 17—,' said he, smiling.

"'Thirty-eight years and nine months!' said I—'we are safe.'

"Relieved of this incubus, I proceeded to my chambers, to examine Marion Dempster's pedigree, that I might be certain she was the person entitled to claim. I was satisfied she was.

"'David Brakenrigg, poor man!' said I, musingly, as I continued my examination of the genealogical tree, 'you are by this time home to your mailing of Greenshaw, with that charge in the pocket of your sky-blue coat, whereby you are to be forced to leave the scenes of your youth, renounce your small property, and perhaps betake yourself to the houseless forest; yet at this moment, your wife, Marion Dempster, has the legal right to the large estate of Lochcairnie, and a better title to turn out him who is now oppressing you, than he has to turn out you and yours. And I, an attorney, honestly possess that secret! How strange is the feeling produced by the knowledge of a fact which, while it is capable of overturning vested rights, reversing positions in society, producing to others joy and misery, is yet snugly confined to one's own private bosom, ready to be used to the advantage of the honest custodier, in proportion to the dexterity he displays in turning it to account!

"But the question was, To what use was I fairly entitled to turn my discovery? That my honesty may appear, my position must be understood. I was an attorney, and an honest attorney, practising for emolument. My father had lost five thousand pounds by the unfair gambling of a man who was now in my power. I was not the agent of David Brakenrigg, or of Marion Dempster, who had never consulted me on their right to the property of Lochcairnie. I had got my secret by my own ingenuity, and paid for the use of the books from whence I extracted it. These were the facts to form the substratum of my argument. It required no syllogism to prove that I could and should, in some way or another, gratify a fair and legitimate revenge; but it was equally clear that, unless that could be turned to a pecuniary account, it was of no consequence to an attorney. The next inquiry was apparently clouded and difficult. Could I get back my father's five thousand pounds, or a part of it, by any use I could make of this fatal secret, without sacrificing my honour? This depended upon the solution of these two questions:—In the first place, Was I bound to communicate my secret to David Brakenrigg, and give him the advantage of his wife's right of blood? In the second place, Supposing the first question answered in the negative, would I be justified in using my secret so as to extort from Lochcairnie—who, in consequence of the bankruptcy of his cautioners, would be in great alarm—my father's money, improperly taken from him by unfair gambling?

"As regarded the first question, it seemed clear that I had not been employed by David Brakenrigg. I had received no money from him. On the contrary, I had given him a gratis advice on a subject not in any degree connected with the secret in question. It was very true that it was he who led me to inquire for the secret; but it was equally true that he did it unconsciously. He stood merely in the position of the proprietor of waif wood, which the navigator, finding on the sea-beech, puts together in the form of a vessel, whereby he discovers new lands. Could the original proprietor of the wood complain that the genius of the ship-builder excelled his honesty, and claim the discovered lands as his property? This illustration pleased me only for a little. I soon saw its fallacy. 'Is the secret,' asked my mental casuist, 'not in the position of a jewel dropped by David Brakenrigg, which the finder would be bound to deliver up to the owner?' This (granting conditionally the analogy) I thought myself able to answer. The jewel was only David Brakenrigg's by law: it was Lochcairnie's by equity. The response was good, and I was pleased with it—not so my mental casuist. 'You constitute yourself judge between the legal and equitable owner, whereas you ought to leave the question of ownership to the constituted judicial authorities of the land.' This puzzled me; but I remembered that I had conceded merely *causa argumenti*, the analogy between the case of the jewel and the secret, and might retract that concession if it turned out that I had a bad case on it. I retracted it on the instant—principally on the ground that the secret was *res nullius*; it belonged properly to nobody. It might become the property of any one who chose to pay for the register-books, and possessed ingenuity sufficient to extract it. I had paid for the books, and exerted my ingenuity successfully. Therefore the secret was mine, and I might make any lawful use of it I chose. '*Invulnerabilis es*,' said I, '*ut Cæneus*.'

"The next question was more simple. Lochcairnie had acted unjustly, by defrauding my

father of £5000, which would have come to me by inheritance. I held in my hand the ruin of that man; and what law—what sense of justice, honour, or honesty—could prevent me from promising to avert that ruin from the head of the victim, on condition of getting an original act of injustice against me reversed and atoned for? There could be none. It was, no doubt, to a great extent, only an assumption, that Lochcairnie had used unfair means at play. 'You could not prove it to the satisfaction of a court of law,' whispered my casuist. 'True', answered I; 'but neither could Lochcairnie have proved a debt against my father to the satisfaction of a court of law.' 'Granted,' continued my casuist, 'but your father *paid* the debt.' 'True, again,' answered I; 'but a son can pursue legally a *condictio indebiti*—a repetition of a debt that was no debt—against an unjust creditor; and, though I am, in this instance, excluded by law, I have a moral right to demand repetition of a debt for which no legal right existed.' This argument I tested several times—though not, perhaps, with the *Lydius lapis* of a crucial experiment. I was satisfied with it. If there is any flaw in it, it must be imputed to a deficiency in my powers of reasoning, not to any want of honesty.

"It is, indeed, candidly, my honesty alone that compels me to lay before the public this process of reasoning, whereby I arrived at the conclusion of taking the step I am now to mention. Though justified by the opinion of Plautus, that subtlety is the very soul and marrow of self-interest, *ad suum quemque quæstum æquum est esse callidum*, I have no wish to shew any expertness in argument beyond what is necessary to support my claims to being honest. I trust in God, that no man ever found me, or ever will find me, having recourse to any loop, wail, crook, or torsel, to attain any object, just or unjust; attempting to escape by any hole, corner, cranny, crevice, nook, or angle, from the stern front of obdurate truth arrayed against me; or endeavouring, by any sleight, feint, subtlety, quip, quiddity, quodlibet, or quirk, to cheat the blind goddess into a personal favour.

"Resuming my narrative—John Shillinglaw completed his copies, and I employed another clerk, to make a handsome botanical figure of Marion Dempster's genealogical tree. I packed up these documents into my travelling portfolio, and mounted a horse for a journey. I proceeded direct to Lochcairnie, which is situated in a part of the country I was not much acquainted with. I rode all day, oblivious of everything but the revolving series of ideas suggested by and suited to the important work I had in hand. My intention was to sleep all night at a little house to which I was directed, situated about two miles from the mansion of Lochcairnie. At a late hour of the evening, I arrived at a small cottage, which I took for my destined place of rest and refeshment. I rapped at the door. To my surprise, a rough voice, which I recognised, in a moment, to be that of David Brakenrigg, asked who wanted admittance. In a feigned voice, I inquired for the house of refreshment to which I had been directed. The door now suddenly opened, and a blaze of light from a lamp in David Brakenrigg's hand exposed my face to his recognising gaze.

"'Mr ——, the great lawyer!' ejaculated the astonished man. 'Come in, come in, an' gie us that consolation ye hae brocht sae far. Heaven's mercy is slow, but sure.'

"I stepped in. I had no alternative. The night was late and dark, and I had apparently lost my way. David Brakenrigg was, in the meantime, all activity—crying to some one to attend to my horse, and to his wife, (the identical Marion Dempster, whose genealogical tree I had in my portfolio,) to prepare supper for me. I was soon seated by a blazing fire, and a warm supper was in a little time after placed before me, by the last of the Dempsters of Lochcairnie. The good couple sat by the fire as I partook of the refreshment.

"'Hoo glad am I to see you in my cottage!' said David. 'I needna ask if ye hae brocht us guid tidings—ye wadna hae travelled sae far wi' ill news. The decreet, I fancy, may be got the better o', an Marion, luve, we may yet live an dee in Greenshaw.'

"'God grant that!' said Marion Dempster, looking to me. 'If your Honour wad gie us a helpin hand, we might yet defeat the schemes o' Lochcairnie. A puir but honest cotter may surely keep his ain an' use his ain as weel as the great. It wad be an ill law that put us in the power o' Lochcairnie, an' it wadna be a guid ane that put him i' the power o' the cotters o' Greenshaw.'

"I thought of the papers in my portfolio.

"'I am sorry to say there is no remedy,' said I.

"'An' did you travel forty miles,' said David, sorrowfully, 'to tell us what ye tauld me in Edinburgh?'

"'I have been driven in here by the lateness of the night,' said I. 'I proceed farther onwards.'

"'God help us, Marion!' said David. 'I thought your Honour had come wi' some relief for us. Heaven's will be dune. We maun submit to His ways wha is greater than Lochcairnie. But I could find i' my heart to wish that, when I leave this mailin', it may be to tak up my quarters in the howff o' Lochcairnie kirk, whar my auld body may add ane mair to the green hillocks that hae sprung sae fast there sin' I used to play on their green taps.'

"'An' I wadna be lang ahint ye, David,' said Marion. 'My heart winna stand this leavin' ava. We're no tenants merely o' the place, your Honour. David was aye thocht a sma' laird, an' I hae even heard him ca'ed 'Greenshaw,' though maybe no in the same serious way that Augustus Bethune's ca'ed 'Lochcairnie.' God mend the laws! for o' a' the ills that I ever thought wad befa' us, the leavin' o' our ain property, the free gift o' William Dempster, for whilk we hae

parchment an' seal, never entered into my puir head.'

"I was silent. It did not become an attorney to say a word, where there was likely to be a *scene*. I quietly proceeded with my supper.

"'But maybe his Honour may see Lochcairnie in the mornin',' said Marion, looking bashfully to David, 'before he proceeds farther on his journey.'

"This was as direct as Marion Dempster's modesty would permit. I could scarcely get off by silence. I despise a lie, and my gallantry would not allow me to be rude to a woman. I took a large mouthful of her victuals, and thus voluntarily disqualified myself for speech; while David opportunely chided Marion for her forwardness. The poor woman now began to weep bitterly. I never could stand the tears of a woman, even though she were on the opposite side of a process—a softness of heart wherein I have the greater merit, *nam procurator non facile commovetur misericordia*. I therefore promised to call upon Lochcairnie in the morning, and endeavour to get him to pass from his decreet of removing. I was in a moment absolutely inundated with thanks, tears, prayers, and exclamations of 'kind friend,' 'good, honest man,' and other characteristic appellatives, with which I was very far from being dissatisfied, seeing they were so near the truth.

"Next morning I proceeded direct to Lochcairnie House, the original object of my journey. I was now about to play one of the most important parts I had yet attempted. I required, for the execution of my task, the union of many powers and qualities; but the honesty of my purpose, to the consciousness of which I had arrived after a fair argument, afforded me that courage which many of my brethren unfortunately want, except when they are sitting by themselves, dictating a summons of damages for battery, *pendente lite*. Arriving at the house, I rapped boldly at the door, which, after a genteel period of time, was opened by a superb lackey, shining with powder and plush. I asked if Mr Bethune was within. He answered in the affirmative, and I was shewn up stairs into a room, where I found Lochcairnie—that identical Augustus Bethune who had ruined my father, and forced his son to become an attorney; but had been unable, thank God! to prevent him from being an honest one.

"The scene now presented to me was uncommon and striking. The room in which he sat was darkened by large folds of damask window-curtains, of a bright green, drawn close, to exclude the rays of the sun, which, arrested by the superb texture, illuminated its virent tints, and spread a soft and pleasant light throughout the apartment. On a large old oaken chair, with a back of exorbitant height, elaborately carved with innumerable quaint and curious devices, sat the object of my search, enveloped in a long dressing-gown of pure white, which, covering the whole of his tall figure, brought out, in grim contrast, the yellow, phlegmatic, cadaverous aspect of the decayed rake, gambler, and man of ton. A pair of red Morocco slippers, and a chocolate-coloured, Turkish skull-cap, covered respectively the extremities of his person. His left hand, on the slender and emaciated fingers of which several diamond rings glittered in the soft, green light of the room, was spread, as if cushioned on a white cambric handkerchief that lay on the table; while his right was deposited negligently in his bosom, enveloped in the finer cambric of a shirt, which Arachne would have admired for its whiteness and texture, and chosen for the groundwork of her storied devices. A scent-bottle, curiously embossed, declared its presence on the table by its sweet odours; and a handsome hound, as slim as its master, looked up in his face, and, by its fondness and fawning, sustained his consciousness of pride and power, and gratified his love of adulation.

"'I presume I am not unknown to you, sir,' said I, as I walked forward to the table, from which he shewed no inclination to rise to meet a stranger.

"'I think, though dubiously, that I knew your father,' said he, in a drawling, affected voice; 'at least if you are Mr ———, the attorney in Brown Square.'

"'My father, sir,' said I, with peculiar emphasis, 'would not have had the same doubt in his recognition of you.'

"'Perhaps not,' said he, raising, slowly and languidly, his tall person, which I now saw was much bent with the effects of dissipation; 'and what wouldst thou convey by that remark, which thou hast thought proper to pitch in the grating key-note of a coarse and vulgar irony?'

"'Simply, sir,' responded I, with a coolness and calmness peculiar to me, 'that the pigeon is seldom in doubt about the identity of the hawk that, by guile and rapacity, took from her her fairest feathers, with perhaps some blood on the ends of the pinions.'

"'By G—!' cried he, starting in violent anger —'this is the first time that an attorney ever exerted the privilege of his craft within the walls of the house of Lochcairnie; for we have hitherto kept impudence in the highways and streets, where it can borrow the heels of cowardice, and, flying, save itself from the bloody wales of our whip-cord.'

"The fire flashed from his eyes, and he seized, with convulsive eagerness, a long whip, that lay in the corner of the room. The handsome hound flew, with a yell, to the door. I stood unmoved.

"'That weak instrument, sir,' said I, seizing his arm, 'whose cord may one day be useful to its master otherwise than as a lash, has no more power in the cure of an attorney's impudence, than your decreet of removing against David Brakenrigg can boast in being able to deprive Marion Dempster, his wife, of her character of nearest heir to the Dempsters of Lochcairnie.'

"No arrow, shot by the unerring hand of the forester, ever went more directly to the heart of the roe, than did these words, spoken with

much ironical power and determination, to the heart of Augustus Bethune. A change passed over him in an instant. He dropped the whip; the fire left his eye; his lips assumed that pallid hue supposed to be symptomatic of hepatitis; and a trembling nervousness, like the access of an ague, triumphed with a cruel domination over his convulsive efforts to maintain possession of himself. If this struggle could have been hid from my piercing eye, his pride might have rallied his powers of firmness, which, taking advantage of nature's reaction, might have been able to obey the call, and bring him timely aid in his distress; but he saw and was conscious that I marked and rejoiced in his moral paralysis—and this consciousness, I am satisfied, contributed more to the final subjugation of his proud spirit than even the harrowing fear of losing his estate, which brought on the fit. At last he struggled to speak:

"'It is not unknown,' he said, in a broken, unnatural voice—'it is not unknown, I presume, absolutely—in these adjacent parts—that this woman, Marion Dempster, is the alleged heir of William Dempster; but you are a man of the law, and must be aware that, even if there was anything to succeed to, a bastard has in her no capability of succession.'

"'If Marion Dempster, by being a bastard,' replied I, keeping my eye still fixed on his countenance, 'could not succeed to William Dempster, *senior*, there could be no reason for bribing her and her husband to go to America, or for endeavouring to force their departure, by taking out against them, secretly and surreptitiously, and by the treacherous aid of one's creature, Peter Renton, a decreet of removing from their little mailing of Greenshaw.'

"'Peace, peace, good sir!' said the subdued man, with increased agitation—'you talk in a strain unsuited to the thin walls of modern architecture. Though I do not understand—that is, though my capacity be not high enough to enable me properly to construe words of mystical import—others may have the power and the will to misconstrue them. It doth appear that we have got somehow—I fear my violent temper, which God mend! is the cause—into unseemly disagreement. Knowest thou any particular reason, good friend, that we should be enemies?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'you deprived my father, by unfair gambling, of five thousand pounds, reduced him to beggary, and his son to an attorneyship.'

"'Softly—softly,' replied he, in a low voice. 'I won the money fairly—upon my honour, I won it fairly. Your father paid the money like a gentleman, as he was; and thou art also, I am well satisfied—how could I doubt so clear a fact?—a gentleman. A debt of honour is a privileged debt.'

"'I deny it,' said I, determined to keep my victory. 'The ban of the law is against it, and no good system of morals is for it.'

"I beg your pardon, sir,' said he; 'but wherein lieth—for I see it not—the connexion between this debt of honour I won from your father, and the circumstance of the woman Marion Dempster being related to the Dempsters of Lochcairnie.'

"He eyed me intensely at this moment; but I knew my power, and did not yet wish to bring it forth. I hesitated wilfully, and paused, submitting myself calmly, freely, and invitingly, to his timid, nervous look. He rallied slightly, in proportion as I exhibited feigned irresolution—the very result I wished—for there is no mean of subjugation like alternate vindications of power and acknowledged falls. Still eyeing me, he pulled up his shrunk body, and had nearly attained his usual height. I allowed him to proceed in his process of confirmation. His voice became a little firmer, and his eye less nervous.

"'There is clearly *no* connexion between these things,' he continued, cautiously, and still eyeing me, to see if I exhibited any indications of dissent. 'Besides, though Marion Dempster were *not* a bastard, and were in fact the heir of the Dempsters of Lochcairnie, how could that affect a lawful purchaser, with a recorded infeftment? Ha! ha!'

"A wretched spasmodic cackle was wrung from his parched throat. This forced hysterical laugh, or rather scream, told me volumes. He knew the flaw, and was sounding me. I was as calm as ether—*tranquillum æthera remigavi*. He could make nothing of an honest attorney. My calmness, which he had mistaken for irresolution or doubt, again disconcerted him, and fear resumed her domination.

"'Sir,' said I, with the voice, attitude, and decision of a judge, 'deceive not yourself. I have evidence here in my hand,' (taking out the documents,) 'that the title of William Dempster, junior, from whom you bought Lochcairnie, was irregularly made up. It should have been strictly in terms of the destination in George Dempster, his grandfather's disposition. It is not worth the hundredth part of the value of the smallest of these diamonds that glitter on your finger. *All this, sir,*' (pausing,) '*you know*. Marion Dempster, or Brakenrigg, by this genealogical tree, is the lawful heir of William Dempster, senior, in whose *hereditas jacens* the fee and right of Lochcairnie still lies. She can, and will, if I say the word, take this property from you, out of the teeth of the fifteen senators of the College of Justice. Thus far have I answered you, though not in your own order. The connexion between my knowledge of these facts and the repetition of the five thousand pounds you won from my father, I leave to your own powers of perception.

"My statement put to flight the remnant of his hope and courage, and placed ruin before his eyes.

"'Doth Marion Dempster or David Brakenrigg know this?' he said, despondingly, as he have way to his weakness, and glided into his chair,

"'No,' said I—'no one knows it but you and I. It is *yet* between ourselves.'

"He revived slightly, and, stretching forth his hand, applied the scent bottle to his nose. Starting up, he exclaimed, as if from the sudden impulse of a new thought—

"'The prescription! the prescription! Thou forgettest the forty years—the act 1617, the palladium of the land rights of Scotland!'

"'The period of prescription,' answered I, calmly, 'does not expire for one year and three months. The —— day of —— 17—, is the date of William Dempster's infeftment.'

"He again fell into his chair. His fears seemed to assume the dreadful form of destitution, if not starvation. But I felt no pity for him. His face was hid in his hands, and intense agitation seemed to shake his frame. A part of his struggle, no doubt, consisted of his difficulty in knowing what to do in the exigency of the situation in which I had placed him. He could not deny the facts stated. A denial would exasperate me, his enemy, who held his fate in my hands; but an admission—a confession—a prostration of his pride, his power, and a consequent submission to the dictation of the man he had first injured and then insulted—was felt like the renunciation of life. Hence the struggle that heaved his bosom and convulsed his limbs, and the shame that covered up his face with hands that shook in their effort to conceal the feelings that agitated his frame. I stood, *durus et implacabilis*, to see my hellebore work its expected results.

"'What is it, then,' he at last cried, in something like a beseeching strain—'what is it, sir, thou wantest? What is the object of thy visit?'

"'Grant me a bond,' said I, 'for the five thousand pounds you took from my father, payable at twelve o'clock of the day after the expiry of the period of prescription, burdened with the condition that not one penny of the money shall be demandable, if the flaw in your title should in the meantime be discovered and taken advantage of.'

"'I cannot,' he cried—'I have not five thousand pounds clear after paying my debts. But—but to get entirely and for ever quit of this unpleasant business, I shall grant a bond for two thousand pounds on the terms thou mentionest. Thou forgettest I have caution between me and a challenge of my right.'

"'The cautioners are bankrupt,' said I—'your ruin is in my hands; but I have no wish to press matters to extremities—make it £3000, and I will close instantly. Here is the bond with the sum blank, ready to be signed. I will take no less. Refuse, and I go direct to David Brakenrigg, when no power on earth can save Lochcairnie.'

"He was silent. I seized a pen and filled up the sum in the blank bond at three thousand pounds.

"'Is the condition in the bond?' he inquired, with anguish.

"'No,' said I, 'it is in this back letter.'

"He rose hastily, and, taking up the pen hurriedly, signed the instrument. I handed to him the back letter, stating that, in the event of proceedings being taken against him before the day of payment, the sum should not be demandable. Two servants were called up to sign as witnesses; and the transaction being completed, I put the bond in my pocket.

"'Now, sir, discharge your decreet against David Brakenrigg,' said I.

"'That is necessary for my own safety,' said he, 'as matters now stand.'

"I wrote a letter of discharge, which he signed. I bowed and retired.

"I now rode to David Brakenrigg.

"'Bring out your bottle and quaich, Mrs. Brakenrigg,' said I; 'for I must drink joy to the feuar of Greenshaw, who is to be allowed to keep his mailing.'

"My words spread joy throughout the house of the cotter. The bottle and quaich were brought out, and I did not shame the oblation. As I emptied a full quaich, I handed over to David, Lochcairnie's discharge.

"'God bless you, guid sir!' said the old man, as the tear started to his eye—'aften hae I spoken against the scribes, as they wha sit in Moses' seat, an bind heavy burdens grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders. A malison seize me an' mine if ever I speak against your kind again!—for ye hae reversed the words o' Mathew, an' taen frae our backs a burden we couldna bear.'

"'If God grant us health,' cried the happy dame, 'something better than mere words shall shew our gratitude for this kindness. Cheeses, an' kegs o' butter, an' ankers o' whisky may prove the gratitude o' the puir, as weel as diamonds do the love o' them that live in high places. Whar does your Honour ride to noo?'

"'Home,' answered I.

"'Ah, I was thinkin' that,' rejoined Marion, looking to David. 'The guid creature cam here forty mile o' gaet, to do us this service; an' it was merely his ain fashion o' fun that made him conceal frae us his real intentions.'

"'Was there ever sic kindness witnessed on earth?' said David, holding up his hands. 'But it's no lost to ye, sir—for ye hae laid up a treasure in the heavens that fadeth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.'

"'David Brakenrigg,' said I, 'if you are pleased, I am pleased.'

"I mounted my horse and rode home. I afterwards got payment of my bond; and Augustus Bethune retained his property of Lochcairnie."

MODERN SOCIETY, OR THE MARCH OF INTELLECT; BY MISS CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

Take away a few sentences from the grave and *serious* preface to this fiction, and one or two conversations, and let Mr Colburn publish it in three volumes, (which it could very well make,) and we should have something the likest in the world to a fashionable novel—the fashionables being, however, chiefly Scottish persons, and the scene Scotland. Both the characters and town localities may, therefore, be at considerable discount in fashionable life, as it exists in the exclusive circles of the metropolis; but in Scotland they are unexceptionable.

The story affords almost no incident, or none save of the most threadbare kind; and for *originality* of character, it is vain to look in such society as is here delineated; yet the personages, if tame and commonplace, are very *real*.

Of heroines we have a pair. They are fair young cousins:—the vain, dashing, selfish, and, we should say, insolent and bad-hearted heiress, Eleanor Fitz-Patrick; and the *pattern*, Miss Matilda Howard—the one living under the evil influences of a worldly mind, and corrupted by the excess of prosperity, and the other habitually under the guidance and control of Christian feelings and principles. We do not, however, perceive that it costs Matilda any great effort to be whatever is

Wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

She is naturally a very happily-conditioned young lady, well brought-up by a pious and amiable aunt, and neither "crazed with care nor crossed in hopeless love." Her disposition is affectionate, benign, and cheerful; and we really cannot perceive that her Christian course is one of much struggle or difficulty, or that it costs her any sacrifice to take up the Cross. To be sure, she does brave the cold of the Highlands, and marches alone through the snow to church upon foot; and eschews large gold ear-rings, and too many brilliant rings and adornings; and, instead of French ringlets, wears her hair nicely arranged in rich folds; and thinks no more of her elegant attire after it is once carefully and well put on; and is kind to the cottagers, and docile to Dr Murray, the pattern parish minister; and is, in brief, a very amiable young person, not severely tried in any one shape, being far too sage to expose herself to danger.

If the object of Miss Sinclair is to shew that there is true wisdom in moderate desires and well-regulated affections, even in a selfish view, her success is complete.

Laying aside the merits of this fiction as a religious and moral instructor, we should say that it possesses considerable value as a faithful transcript, rather than description, of the manners and way of life of what is reckoned the highest society that is now permanently to be found in Scotland. The long dinners, the prosing conversations, the stale puns, and past-date jokes, and other "reciprocities of smartness," are exceedingly like the original, as it is to be found in "the best" Scottish circles, and as it graduates from these by fine divergence to the tables of the minor gentilities. We do not affirm that better and brighter society may not be found in Scotland; but that this is faithful to its original.

The party representing modern society are assembled at Barnard Castle in Inverness-shire, the seat of the heiress, Eleanor Fitz-Patrick. They consist of the cousin heroines; Miss Marabout, once the governess, now the *toady* of the heiress; Sir Richard, the father of the young lady; Tom Grant, the wit and rattle; and Sir Colin Fletcher, a regular *bore*, who has a story *similar* to everything, with which he regularly comes in, answering to his cue—on the plan of some of Madame D'Arblay's characters, and of others in plays and farces—with the one cut-and-dry speech. There is, besides, a gay fashionable widow, Lady Susan Danvers, doting upon lap-dogs, and by no means averse to a second husband; affecting girlish vivacity, and provided with a ready-made attachment to any eligible match proposed. The other personages are Colonels, Majors, Lords, and Baronets—all alike ready and willing to marry the heiress.

In her early girlhood and poverty, Tom Grant had been in love with Eleanor, and there is still a lingering, smothered *penchant* in her bosom for her rejected lover; but ambition keeps it in check, while Grant begins to get cured of love, by perceiving the many faults and unamiable traits of the heiress, contrasted with the beautiful and consistent character of her cousin. The *hero*—Sir Alfred Douglas, Bart. of Douglas Priory, a modern Grandison, and a tiresome, pragmatical, solemn coxcomb, as we take leave to think—arrives at Castle Barnard, to canvass the county, and, as the heiress believes, to gain her hand, though he is in reality devoted to her mild, sensible cousin. This gives scope to the indispensable game of cross-purposes, to be played in books, in a great house and a large party. There is also an under-story of a poor servant girl; her head turned with vanity in the first place, and with unfounded suspicions entertained of her honesty, in the next; with her, a broken-hearted mother, and a wicked and artful French Abigail. Matilda plays the guardian angel in all the trials of the inferior personages; while Eleanor, the haughty, careless, fine-lady mistress—provided that her hair is well-dressed, and all her selfish purposes answered—cares nothing whatever about the characters or happiness of her domestics.

We are rather at a loss where to commence with our specimens of "Modern Society." In heroines, the amiabilities and the frivolities, the sweetnesses and the impertinencies, have been so often seen in contrast, that from them we hope nothing. We shall therefore select a

combination of wit and wisdom—a *situation*, and a keen encounter of the wits of the crack men—the paragon Sir Alfred, namely, and the gay, dashing Tom Grant, who is evidently a favourite with Miss Sinclair, and whom we like much better than his pragmatical friend.—Sir Alfred has just arrived to commence his canvass; and Sir Richard, an old Tory alarmist, is overpowering him with prosy counsel. He solemnly replies—

"Sir Richard, what a gentleman can do I shall; he that would do more is none. Of course public business cannot go on without dinners; but my *do-er*, as you call him in Scotland, had *carte blanche* to give as many at the King's Arms as he chose. I hope, therefore, that my free and independent constituents have enjoyed abundance of the usual fare on these occasions—soiled tablecloths, steel forks, and cold lobsters. They shall hear my sentiments on all occasions, without disguise or evasion, clearly and fully stated, because there is nothing in them to conceal; but I shall not, on any account, stand up like a schoolboy before his tutors, to be catechised."

"Well, I am thankful to have got over much of my life in better times than you will ever see again," observed Sir Richard, who was a very mournful politician, though cheerful on every other subject. "The change is great; but you young men must conform to the spirit of the age. The people require to be propitiated"——

"Trust me on that score. They are like the bear, who shewed his teeth when the traveller seemed afraid; but, when a stick was held up, he began to dance. We, who are accustomed to command, ensure compliance more certainly by preserving our tone of authority than by relinquishing it."

Sir Richard became outrageous at this reply, and Matilda heard a prodigious accession of energy in her uncle's tone—"Anarchy in the country!—immediate revolution!—rally round the constitution!"——

"Keep all that for the hustings next Friday, Sir Richard; we shall want a little oratory there, and you are wasting a great deal of *good alarm* on me, which would do admirably for the mob. Depend upon it, no man loses, in the estimation of even the lowest rabble, by keeping up the dignity of that station which he is born to fill. It is scarcely worth while to be so anxious about anything in this world, as you wish me to be respecting my election; but, depend upon it, I shall do my utmost, and, moreover, get up a speech upon any pattern you choose to bespeak for the occasion—either neat and appropriate, or eloquent and impassioned."

So much for Sir Alfred's political ideas, and respect for the *mob*. Now for his refined wit and sentiment:—

"Is there any truth in that report you told me from Downing Street?"

"I never deal in mere reports," answered Sir Alfred, strolling towards the fire. "A man who circulates false news should be put to death."

"That would cause an alarming mortality here," exclaimed Mr Grant. "How could you furnish conversation, Douglas? for we must talk."

"*Je ne'en vois pas la necessite*," replied Sir Alfred.

"In fact, a false report often suits my purpose fully better than a true one," said Mr Grant; "because I have first the advantage of telling it, and then follows the pleasure of contradicting it."

"What shocking profligacy!" interrupted Eleanor. "No wonder Miss Murray stares like an astonished cassowary! I am glad the Doctor is not within earshot. We are continually hearing marriages announced which are to take place immediately, and the next day they are gone off upon settlements; but who ever guessed that they were of your counterfeit coinage!"

"Many of them are much better arranged than the matches people make for themselves! I wish no one would ever marry till they have consulted me; for I never saw a happy couple yet, without thinking that one of the parties might have done better."

"I am positively resolved against a sportsman," said Eleanor; "for it must be tiresome remaining a disconsolate widow at home all winter, except during a hard frost. Members of Parliament also shall be blackballed on my list, because they annually abscond from their families during the greater part of the year."

"I shall endeavour to lose my election," said Sir Alfred, drily.

"It would be much better if you did," replied Eleanor, laughing. "I have so often, during my long experience, been disappointed, when gentlemen who had a prodigious reputation for cleverness got into Parliament, and were expected to be great orators. I generally watch for their maiden speeches, expecting a blaze of eloquence, and seldom see more than this:—'An honourable member, whose name we could not learn—Sir Alfred Douglas, we believe—said a few words, which were inaudible under the gallery.'"

Matilda stole a look from her drawing at Sir Alfred, and a brilliant smile illuminated her countenance, while she watched to discover how he bore her cousin's raillery. It was instantly evident that he had not been previously aware she was present, and that her appearance at Barnard Castle was no less interesting than unexpected; for he started when her eye caught his, made a few hasty steps forward, and actually coloured with astonishment and pleasure. . . . . .

Matilda had not believed it was possible for any event in life to cause him so much agitation as he testified at that moment; and her own was not less. . .

She had often blamed herself for wasting time on the remembrance of one whose absence was in itself a mark of indifference; and general report had led her to believe him so entirely changed, that, with all the strength of a well-exercised and well-principled mind, Matilda had resolutely crushed out of her heart every thought that could endanger her peace. She had ceased to think of him except as an interesting acquaintance, in whose conversation there had been a degree of intellectual fire and vigour never equalled by any one since; and she now resolved not hastily to believe what her heart and her hopes suggested.

"You see Sir Alfred is very constant," whispered Eleanor to her cousin, when a noise of talking prevented the possibility of her being heard.

"How!" exclaimed Matilda, starting.

"Did you not observe, when I threatened never to marry a member of Parliament, he immediately wished to lose his election. Nothing could be more decided."

"What a salutary lesson for me, to distrust my own impressions!" thought Matilda.

Matilda's mind became calm, in proportion as she succeeded in convincing herself that Sir Alfred's had been an almost boyish fancy, when she was scarcely yet grown up, but that now he had probably seen many superior to herself, and could not long continue to feel the interest in her which, for a moment, he betrayed; and, being resolved, at least, to think on the subject no more, she again endeavoured to fix her attention on the gay absurdities of Mr Grant, who had a sort of *laisser aller* in his conversation, which rendered him infinitely diverting.

"How very handsome your poodle looks to-day, Miss Fitz-Patrick! Is it true that you have Blanco bathed every morning in Eau de Cologne? His coat is really as smooth and white as floss silk. What an acquisition he would be at those taverns in London, where a dog is made to walk round the table during dinner, that the company may all wipe their knives and forks on his back!"

"Mr Grant," replied Eleanor, in a remonstrating voice, "I generally make a point of *trying* to believe what you tell me."

"Well, so you ought! I appeal to Sir Alfred if that is not the case. Douglas, *you* have seen it done fifty times?"

"Not above twenty," replied the Baronet, ironically; "and I always contrived to have the advantage over every body else, because *I doubled up the tail!*"

Is not Sir Alfred the model of a hero? The

dialogue which follows looks very like a morning conversation, truly reported. If it possess little of the point and brilliance with which Miss Edgeworth and Sheridan have gratuitously invested their imaginary conversations of fashionables, it has far more *vraisemblance*.

"*A propos*, have no new marriages come out lately?" inquired Lady Susan Danvers; "they are few and far between at present."

"I refer you to Mr Grant for the last assortment of gossip," replied Eleanor; "he telegraphs Edinburgh for all the events that have or ought to have occurred there, and has a perpetual supply of the newest matches on hand."

"Every one *quite certain*," added he, in a tone of decision. "The only thing to be regretted is, that I am not on the list myself."

This was said with his usual careless off-hand tone, in which Matilda traced nothing but total indifference; yet Eleanor instantly coloured, giving a little conscious laugh, and a coquettish toss of her head, which would have been infinitely amusing to any one less truly interested in all her feelings than her cousin, who regretted to observe Miss Fitz-Patrick so blindly unaware of the change which had evidently arisen in her former lover.

"I am told," said Miss Charlotte Clifford, "that there are nine-and-thirty marriages on the tapis at present."

"Suppose we make the fortieth!" exclaimed Mr Grant, eagerly.

"Now, Charlotte, what do you say?" cried Eleanor, laughing; "this is rather a public declaration, certainly!"

"I generally propose to every young lady during her first season, if I am *sure* of being refused, because then she can boast with truth of having rejected somebody."

"But that happens to Charlotte every day! We know of at least a dozen last winter, and I only wonder what would be good enough—peers, officers, authors, travellers!—she must be waiting for a Lord of Session!"

Lady Susan now drew her chair forward and assumed an aspect of the deepest attention, while Mr Grant, with a degree of gravity and importance suited to the occasion, drew out from his pocket a numerous collection of old letters. "Are we quite among friends?" said he, carefully turning over several papers. "The strictest secrecy must be observed. Douglas, pray step aside, because you are such a gossip that my news will be repeated all over the country by to-morrow."

"I don't care who marries, provided nobody marries me!" replied Sir Alfred, looking *accidentally* towards Eleanor.

"I publish the banns of matrimony, then, between Miss Brown and Mr Smith—that is positive, having been declared last week!"

"Who are they?" asked Lady Susan, anxiously.

"How should I know? very excellent people, I dare say, and extremely suitable!"

"There was a Miss Brown, or White, or Grey, or some such colour, that I remember once rather admiring and bringing into fashion at Cheltenham," said Colonel Pendarvis; "but it was nearly two years ago, so she must be quite *passée* now."

"For my part, I hate *new* beauties!" observed Mr Grant, with an arch look at his cousin, Lady Susan. "I never thoroughly admire any face till I have been accustomed to it for eight or ten years."

"Pshaw, Mr Grant! now tell us of somebody whose name, at least, we know," continued she, impatiently. "What does it signify to me whether such people as these marry or not?"

"But, Lady Susan, if those in whom you are interested *will not* marry, how can I help it? Let me see—the list is only begun! A brother of the Queen of Naples, to the Grand Duke of Baden's half-sister—that is important!—we are getting into high life now! Lady Susan Dan———oh! pardon me!———hem—not yet announced———hem—splendid alliance—hem long attachment———um—magnificent settlements and jewels"——

"Ah, Mr Grant! this is not fair! you are become a fortune-teller rather than a newsmonger," interrupted Eleanor.

At length a dressing bell rung, and the whole party were dispersing to prepare for dinner, when Matilda hastily stooped down to collect some of her drawing materials, which had been scattered on the floor by Lady Susan's dogs. Supposing her to be gone, Colonel Pendarvis eagerly asked, in accents of admiration, who she was; and before Matilda could emerge from concealment, to effect an escape, Eleanor drew a sketch which evidently pointed out to her own admirers in what light she wished them to consider the original.

"A cousin of mine! quite a saint, and very blue! You have heard of my aunt, Lady Howard, who is a perfect Polyglott of languages?—speaks Latin fluently, could tell if there be a dot too many in Dr Porson's essays, and asks gentlemen whether they prefer the plays of Euripides or Sophocles. Her daughter is exactly such another—teaches Sunday schools, and is quite in the *good* line. If you ask her to dance a quadrille, she will answer with a text; and only last week I saw her *mooning* at the window so long in the evening that she is evidently trying to count whether the stars are an odd or an even number."

Colonel Pendarvis shrunk into the farthest corner of the sofa, and put up a screen, as if he were seeking protection from such a terrific being as Matilda heard herself described. Lord Alderby turned up his eyes with contempt, Major Foley shrugged his shoulders with horror, and Sir Alfred calmly fixed his penetrating eyes on the heiress's laughing, triumphant countenance.

"I deny the whole indictment, Eleanor!" said Matilda, rising when she found it impossible any longer to avoid being produced, though the necessity for coming so unexpectedly forward covered her with confusion. Her bright eyes sparkled with animation, her transparent complexion glowed with more than its usual brilliancy, and an expression of modest sensibility added a charm to her countenance which nothing could have excelled. Hastily gliding out of the room, she merely whispered to Eleanor, in a tone of gentle reproach—"Defend me from a *candid* friend! You deserve to be prosecuted for a libel!"

So completely had the heiress's suitors understood their *cue*, from what Eleanor said of her cousin, that not one in the number ventured to express the admiration which could not but be felt by them all, at her graceful appearance, except Mr Grant, who exclaimed, with his usual independence of thinking and speaking—

"Look to your laurels, Miss Fitz-Patrick! I always maintained there was no one fit to draw in a curricle with you, except Miss Howard, and I think so still."

There are, we think, revelations in this fiction which only a female writer could make. They are touched with pathos and extreme delicacy, and ought to be taken home by all young ladies as solemn warnings and gentle counsels, if they would shun those terrible evils which crush the life out of some young hearts, and harden others into worldly, selfish petrifactions, or translate Miss Adelaide Montagues into Mrs Admiral Mactartans. Many ladies, in the course of painful personal observation, could, we apprehend, tell a tale very like the following:—

Matilda had been frequently warned that it is customary, in the present day, among many gentlemen, along with the most marked attention, to make such enigmatical speeches to young ladies, as may either mean a profession of attachment, or a declaration of indifference, according as they are understood. She had sometimes even laughed at instances which were related to her of the ingenuity with which this can be done; but yet she became aware, that, in all cases of unhappy self-deception, however justified by circumstances, the lady must bear

the blame as well as the sorrow. Many of her own friends had been fatally deceived into a permanent loss of happiness, by putting the construction which seemed to be intended upon such treacherous expressions and equivocal conduct. . . . . Matilda could not but at this moment reflect upon an incident which deeply impressed her own mind two years before with a consciousness of the danger there may be in implicitly trusting to any such accidental attentions as are met with frequently in society. Walking one day along Queen Street with her friend, Miss Adelaide Montague, who was then not much older than herself, they accidentally saw Colonel Pendarvis riding past on horseback; but, immediately on observing them, he reined in his beautiful steed, and rode up. It was Adelaide's first winter, during which she had been a reigning beauty of the season, and the Colonel's assiduities were so conspicuous and incessant, that every tea-table in Edinburgh settled, without delay, exactly how much a-year he *had*, or expected to have, as well as the day on which his marriage was certainly to take place. On the morning which Matilda now remembered, Adelaide's eyes sparkled with animation at this unexpected rencontre, and the handsome Colonel spoke in a tone full of vivacity and pleasure.

"Miss Montague! quite delighted to see you! What a charming day! I am in perfect despair! Our marching orders are come for to-morrow, and I go with the first detachment. We are all breaking our hearts, I assure you. But one consolation is, that the headquarters are to be at Brighton! Anything rather than Ireland! *A propos*, you will be diverted to hear that our *spare* major is fairly caught by your friend, Miss Wentworth. I'm afraid it's a lost case. Good morning! My best regards to Lady Montague and your sister."

When Adelaide had acted over all the surprise and indifference which were suitable to the occasion, she took a smiling farewell of the lively Colonel, and hastened on. Matilda felt her companion's arm weigh more heavily upon hers as they proceeded, while the few remarks she made remained unanswered, till, at last, she stole one single glance at Adelaide's face, and saw the consuming anguish which was painted there. Miss Montague silently and rapidly pressed her hand, when they reached home, and vanished into her mother's house; but Matilda never afterwards forgot that expression of mute despondency, and when, in society, she heard the frequently repeated "wonder" how very soon Adelaide Montague's looks had "gone off," and the constantly reiterated witticism, declaring that she now only deserved the last syllable of her name, "*laide*," that scene recurred to her thoughts, and she could neither wonder nor smile; though, from that hour, it became forcibly impressed on her mind how many might have fallen the unsuspected victims of a too ready belief in the apparent preference which may now be shewn, in accordance with the usages of society; but the real fallacy of which she felt that it was well for herself to know. It had interested Matilda much that morning accidentally to witness the first meeting which took place between them afterwards—Colonel Pendarvis, (now a suitor of the heiress,) with a polite and graceful bow, expressing his fear that Miss Montague might not do him the honour to recollect that he formerly enjoyed the pleasure of knowing her, and Adelaide's equally well-bred reply, that she perfectly remembered long ago having been introduced to him; yet Matilda could not but observe also the bitter smile which followed his retreat, when he bowed himself off: and earnestly did she now desire and pray that such feelings as those of her friend were at that moment might never be her own.

The next tale is equally sad, if not much more painful; for a nobler nature is crushed and destroyed. Dr Murray, the parish priest, has, for his companion and housekeeper, an affectionate and simple-minded old maiden sister—a truly "good sort of a creature;" as those in whom

Innocence is nature's wisdom

are often contemptuously called. We like Miss Murray vastly; and admire and love her creed.

Miss Murray's creed was simple in the extreme, yet it influenced her whole conduct, and directed all she said. Though unable, like many more showy Christians, to talk fluently, she acted on all occasions with invariable consistency. She could not give a theoretical summary of religious duty, but she was a living model of its practice. She would have failed in sketching a systematic outline of doctrine, but she existed in the exercise of prayer, and of that charity which thinketh no evil, while, with the Scriptures almost constantly in her hand, she continually either studied its pages, or meditated in her own simple way on its contents. Miss Murray had, from the very first, deliberately and cheerfully made up her mind to incur the odium of remaining an *old maid*; for, though her manners, which were simple and pleasing, attracted an unusual portion of good-will in society, her appearance was unprepossessing, and she anticipated no probability of exciting a permanent interest in any one to whom her happiness could have been safely confided.

The conclusions of her own good sense had been hastened, however, by a family circumstance, so tragical in itself, that the lesson of experience and caution which it gave seemed to have been burnt into her mind with indelible characters. She had once possessed an elder sister in whom her heart delighted, and who was adorned with every attractive quality in which she felt conscious of being herself deficient. Returning home one day, after an absence of several weeks, she flew, as was her custom, to Jane's room, and entered it unnoticed. There she was startled and shocked to observe her usually gay and animated companion immovably seated in the corner of a distant sofa, with pallid cheek and quivering lip, while her eyes were fastened on a visting card in her hand, which she seemed unable to cease contemplating. It might have appeared to a mere observer as if, in that small object, there could be little to raise intense emotion, for it contained no more than the words—"Mr Andrew Falconer, P.P.C.;" yet these few solitary letters were the source of deep and heart-breaking sorrow. They spoke of years which had been passed in deceitful hope. They told of confidence misplaced; and they were a memorial of former pleasures, never more to be remembered without the anguish of blighted affection. Among many admirers Jane distinguished only one, whose incessant attentions and devoted anxiety to please seemed to her young and confiding heart a sufficient proof of sincerity, though no explicit declaration of attachment had pledged his honour. His professional emoluments were scarcely sufficient for competence, and he depended for wealth on the whim of a rich and aged aunt, whose tyranny and caprice sufficiently accounted, in Jane's estimation, for delay. Meantime, every day and every hour bore witness to Mr Falconer's assiduities—he was the companion of her walks—her escort at every party—he listened with intense interest to her conversation—turned over the leaves of music when she played, and sent her bouquets of flowers from his garden—whatever she read he read himself—and when she visited their mutual friends in the country, he followed her there with undiminished attention. Many years had thus passed away—the whole lifetime of her youth—and not a doubt ever occurred to Jane's mind of his attachment; when, on the previous week, he carelessly and accidentally mentioned to her brother that in a few days he was to be married. The card which he left that morning remained for hours in her hand.

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Jane Murray had what is called spirit. She speedily roused herself up to meet the occasion; called on Mr Falconer's mother when the wedding was over, congratulated his sisters, talked of the event with her usual vivacity in every company, and apparently smiled and laughed as she had done before; but *The Inverness Courier*, which "advertised" the "marriage in high life" of Mr Andrew Falconer, contained, not many months afterwards, an announcement which few would

have supposed to bear any connexion with so brilliant an event—the death of Jane Murray.

These we consider favourable specimens of Miss Sinclair's serious manner. Her brilliant scenes are developed with equal tact. The arrival of Lady Susan Danvers and her appendages is thus cleverly managed.

"Ah! Lady Susan Danvers is arrived!" cried Eleanor, as the carriage slowly turned round a broad sheet of gravel which expanded before the house. "There she is, as gay and fine as a perfumer's wig-block, staring out of the window. How Mr Grant made me laugh yesterday with an account of her travels abroad, when she refused to marry ever so many ex-kings, counts, and *cardinals!* Poor Lady Susan is so frequently invited to second-rate Edinburgh parties, on account of her rank being ornamental, that he means to suggest a plan for her being *let out by the job*, and turning an honest penny by it. In ordinary dress she is worth so much—in diamonds and feathers double the price—but, when she keeps her father's coroneted carriage waiting at the door, she deserves any money."

"It is said that, in Mrs Glass's Receipt-Book, or Hints on Etiquette, I forget which, you may find a prescription for assembling the most agreeable dinner-party imaginable. Get a lawyer to talk, a beauty to excite interest, a traveller to tell stories, and a peer to give it *éclat*; but, by your account, Lady Susan might serve in nearly all these capacities at once."

"So she does. For instance, Lady Montague, our opposite neighbour, gives only three dinners in a season, which take place on three days running; so, my great amusement is to watch her party arriving. The first day, a coronet is emblazoned on every pannel; the second day, gentlemen's carriages arrive with only supporters; and the third day, nothing is to be seen but hackney-coaches full of poor relations; but I was amused to observe that Lady Susan is always present at the whole of them—first, to be pleased herself at the great party, and then that she may give dignity to the inferior ones."

A perfect uproar of joy took place between Eleanor and her newly-arrived visiter when they met, and the barking of lap-dogs was scarcely louder or more vociferous than the clamour of their voices; while compliments, inquiries, reproaches, and protestations of regard were exchanged in rapid and animated succession. A slight bow of recognition was all that Lady Susan bestowed upon Miss Howard, followed by that deliberate stare of a cold examining eye, which is, above all inflictions, the most formidable in society to a person of sensitive feelings; therefore, being anxious to escape from notice which was so little conciliatory, Matilda gracefully returned the acknowledgement, and quietly seated herself by the fire.

"How *very* thin you are become, Lady Susan!" exclaimed Eleanor, with well-assumed consternation; for she knew that her friend lived in perpetual vexation, because her *embonpoint* was beyond what suited with any pretensions to young ladyism. "You must be fed up in the Highlands for the credit of our mountain air, and not leave Barnard Castle till you can scarcely get out at the door."

"*Bien obligée!* but you shall positively not make a prize-ox of me."

. . . . . .

Matilda's attention was, in the meantime, diverted from the scene before her, by a perpetual annoyance from Lady Susan's three little Blenheim spaniels, which were constantly fighting or playing under the table where she sat, causing such a vibration as occasionally threatened the total overthrow of her drawing materials, till, at length, one of them began barking so violently, that further conversation became utterly impossible.

"Excuse me, Miss Howard," said Lady Susan, affectedly; "my darling Tiny cannot bear to be looked at."

"What a modest dog!" exclaimed Matilda, unable to help laughing; "but she is certainly a great beauty."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "Tiny has quite the air of a dog of fashion, and such a friendly way of putting her paw upon my arm, as if she really could speak, and had something confidential to say."

"Dear little creatures! they are very attaching! Positively Tiny becomes so melancholy during my absence that Dantelle and I take it by turns now to remain at home from church on alternate Sundays, that she may not be dull."

A long conversation ensued between the two friends on the good qualities of their respective pets, while innumerable anecdotes were told of their sagacity and affection. Dogs, long since deceased, were remembered and deplored with melancholy regret; and the infirmities and distempers of others still living were described and lamented, with expressions of interest and pity which might have been applied to their dearest friends in similar circumstances. The medical treatment of their complaints was anxiously considered, the variety of their tastes discussed, and many unpleasant endurances they each boasted of having put up with from the canine race, which would have caused a fellow-creature to be banished with disgust from their sitting-rooms. In short, it appeared as if the two ladies had formed a conspiracy to render dogs, *at least* equal to mankind, if not superior. Before the endless subject seemed more than begun, the door suddenly opened, and a head appeared, exhibiting an expression of laughing animation, which Murillo might have vainly attempted to copy.

A dinner-party in Barnard Castle brings out all the characters in their different and contrasted parts; and is, we think, a strictly fair, as well as a clever piece of representation and dialogue. Matilda enters the drawing-room, and joins the gay assembled party, having just been consoling poor Nanny, the suspected waiting-maid, who is going distracted under the odium of the charges of purloining trinkets brought against her.

Lively groups were scattered about the room, all apparently animated by the highest spirits; and she looked around to ascertain if there was any individual with whom she felt sufficiently acquainted to place herself; but all were already engaged, or else comparative strangers, and Eleanor was so surrounded by her satellites as to be quite unapproachable; therefore, feeling very much like some person who had dropped from the clouds and belonged to nobody, Matilda quietly glided into a chair as near her cousin as possible, and began examining a volume of prints, to diminish the awkwardness of sitting alone and unnoticed. Meantime, she stole an intelligent glance around, to observe what was passing, and felt as completely *au fait* in reading the plot of all that was going on, and as far removed from taking an active part in it, as if she had been seated in a side-box at the Opera. Lady Montague and Mrs Clifford appeared to be in deep and consequential conference, probably comparing the relative prices of their milliners' bills, or else each praising her own daughter in a confidential tone to the other, and boasting of the brilliant talents and prospects of their respective sons. Sir Richard occupied the whole fire, which was large enough to have roasted an ox; but he contrived to spread himself entirely over it, holding by the button Dr Murray, to whom he was eagerly demonstrating on the subject of politics. Mr Grant had placed himself beside Miss Murray, and seemed for once to be talking gravely and in earnest, with a degree of respectful deference towards his aged companion, which, in Matilda's estimation, did him honour. Eleanor continued to be hemmed in by a cordon of beaux, each of whom seemed to rival all the others in the brilliancy of his own sallies, and in the readiness of his laughter at hers. Not far off was a contrast to this noisy coterie. Sir Alfred Douglas had retired to a distant corner of the room, externally in a state of suspended animation, though an unconscious knitting of his brow seemed to indicate that his mind at the moment was not so inactive as his body. His eyes were half closed, and overshadowed by the dark cluster of his hair; his head was thrown back; his arms folded

and his legs stretched out to their fullest extent, so that Matilda could have laughed to see how impregnably he had fortified himself against the possibility of being invaded by any one. Before long, however, she had reason to suspect that her estimate of fashionable intrepidity was too low, for Miss Charlotte Clifford evidently intended, by a daring enterprise, to carry the outworks; and she was amused to observe, when Sir Alfred first became aware of that young lady's approach, a momentary smile that glittered only in his eyes, and the sly humour with which he observed the proceedings of his unexpected assailant.

"What an enchanting day this was, Sir Alfred!" said she, dropping accidentally into a neighbouring chair.

"Indeed! I am glad it pleased you."

"Of course it did! We had a west wind and sunshine all day."

"Had we! Now, who noticed all that? You never could have observed so much yourself?"

"I am half dead, Sir Alfred, this morning, with the fatigue of riding to Gaelfield."

"I can't help it!"

"Was that a new britschka you came in this morning? What a variety of equipages, I am told, you have! Pray, tell me how many?"

"I shall have them counted some day, and let you know."

"Do you mean to hunt at Melton this year?"

"No! Do you?"

"Pshaw, Sir Alfred! what nonsense you talk!"

"Merely for the sake of contrast, that I may be as different as possible from you."

"Now that is quite polite and proper! I shall repeat what you have said to every person in the house; because civil speeches are not supposed to be your forte. How agreeable it always makes people when they go to the Continent!"

"You have never been there, I believe?"

"No! but I have a cousin-german at Paris. By the way, one's cousins-*German* should all come from Vienna or Dresden."

"Your geography is all astray, Miss Clifford! Did you never hear that Dresden is in China? I am sure you might know better, when we dine every day off Dresden China."

"So we do! How very strange that I——*Apropos*, you will be delighted to hear that Mr Grant, who can prove any two people that he pleases to be related, was shewing us this morning that you are actually a Scotch cousin of Eleanor's."

"How glad she must be! Miss Fitz-Patrick has something *now* to boast of."

"Yes! she will probably inscribe on her tombstone, 'Here lies the cousin of Sir Alfred Douglas.' Talking of that, did you admire Pere la Chaise?"

"I am not very apt to admire," answered he, turning a laughing eye towards Miss Charlotte herself; "'*all seen*,' as Lord Byron says, 'but nought admired.'"

Though the repartee of Sir Alfred often savours, as we think, more of flippant impertinence than polished wit, we allow that it is not easy to repress the attentions of the Miss Charlotte Cliffords of high life. Yet Sir Alfred's style is so bad that, were he not Miss Sinclair's favourite model of gentlemen, lovers, and M.P.'s., we should consider him an intolerable nuisance.

Now for a specimen of the table-talk and table-twaddle of the dinner party. With some blunders and difficulty, they get themselves arranged, and as much in heraldic order as possible.

Matilda found herself seated next to Sir Colin Fletcher. Opposite was Sir Alfred Douglas; but, as no attempt had been made on his part to approach her, she at once determined on encouraging the conviction of his indifference, and on preserving her own by the consciousness of his.

"No one will venture into this chair between us," observed Eleanor, who never took the head of her own table, and placed herself now within one of her cousin. "Your learned reputation has caused quite a panic among the gentlemen! only think, we have been laughing for an hour at the terror poor Colonel Pendarvis is in!"

Matilda was surprised at the audacity with which the heiress alluded to her own misrepresentations: but, though it did cost her an effort, she resolved to preserve her good-humour, and tried to change the subject immediately—

"Eleanor! if we enjoyed the privilege which ladies had formerly in France, of choosing what gentleman shall sit next to them at dinner, I wonder if we could agree whom to summon now."

"Mr Grant, of course," said that gentleman, inserting himself into the empty space. "Are not your utmost wishes anticipated?"

Both ladies smiled a gracious assent.

. . . .

"Now, Mr Grant, there is a laugh in your eye that tells me you are going to be satirical!—is it a droll remark or a dry observation?"

"Let me try the droll remark—hem!—what shall I say?—hem!—what a delightful day this was!"

"So I have been told a hundred and fifty times already. If that be meant for a sample of your powers, I shall turn to Lord Alderby on my other side. You shall be allowed five minutes to strike out something new."

"I do not require two seconds. Some people are obliged to search their minds for ideas; but mine rush out like a pack of hounds from the kennel every time my mouth opens. The only difficulty is to keep them back."

"Then pray be very original and amusing without a moment's delay."

"In your company that is not difficult."

"How! do you think me so easily pleased?"

"Quite the contrary!—my meaning is, that I need only take example from yourself."

"Now, that is the only tolerable thing you have said for a century. I perceive, Mr Grant, that your wit is a mere annual, which flourishes but once in a season. You probably live at the rate of an idea a-year. Be sure to set down that last good saying in your commonplace book for future use."

"Perhaps I never write one."

"Impossible! every human being does. Did you never hear Mrs Ramsbottom's advice, that we should all 'keep a *dairy* for the *cream* of what we see.' Why, even my maid Pauline, who has not three ideas, keeps her journal."

"What a literary gem it must be! I could form a tolerably correct guess of the subjects recorded therein—a list of her true lovers, followed by a catalogue of how many gowns Miss Fitz-Patrick ought to have left off wearing."

"Now, that is a severe hit at my old black velvet. How I detest mourning!—all my cousins and relations may depend on being regretted, if they oblige me to wear black. People should mourn in white, like the Chinese. One thing I have fully made up my mind about: if ever I am in a widow's bonnet, to wear some pink bows under it; for that is the most odious dress altogether that has ever been invented."

"So it is. How fortunate for me that I shall never live to behold my widow in full costume!"

"Not unless you are buried alive. But tell me what you think the most becoming of all dresses?"

"Black velvet."

"That is a proper *amende* to my respectable old gown. But now, seriously, Mr Grant, and upon your veracity, what *do* you think?"

"I never was half so serious upon any subject before, as in declaring that every lady might be a beauty, in my estimation, if she would wear black velvet and diamonds. I give you no credit whatever for looking well in them Lady Susan herself would be quite young and handsome

in such an equipment; but shew me the beauty who would be tolerable in a Quaker's cap?"

"I shall wear one to-morrow."

"But then, perhaps, I may give out that your cap is set at me."

"No one would believe it; however, for your comfort, Miss Murray certainly intends to do so. She has been watching us all dinner-time; what a dear old dot she is!"

"Truly excellent indeed," replied Mr Grant, with sudden gravity. "I do not know her equal in the world. Miss Murray, will you do me the honour to drink wine? How I wish we were all like her!"

"What a dull respectable world it would be!—why, the very art of laughing would be lost, and that is the only faculty we possess which animals do not."

"Philosophers have discovered now, that laughter is always at the expense of others, and, therefore, it must be a very unamiable propensity. I never have a good opinion of people who indulge in it much."

"Then take the consequences, Mr Grant; for I shall not do more than smile at your next bon mot, if it be ever so good."

"That would be exceedingly ungrateful; for I have laughed heartily at many of yours, when they were none of the best. But, Miss Fitz-Patrick, you are not properly sensible of half your obligations to me. It was only yesterday that I wore out an entire set of intellects in trying to understand some of the worst puns you perpetrated."

"Did I ever degrade myself to punning?—impossible!—your bill is protested."

"Well, then, I danced last year with two plain, elderly misses at your own ball, to make it go off well."

"Ah, that is worth mentioning!—it is a tolerable *cheval de bataille*, so let it stand. I begin to blame myself for not having sufficiently appreciated your merits."

"Besides, I spoilt a good ear for music this morning by listening to your attempts on the flageolet."

"You are running up a perfect national debt against me. How flagrantly ungrateful I have been!"

Matilda, thrown entirely out of the conversation by her brilliant cousin, is astonished to see Dr Murray also, with all his wisdom, knowledge, and eloquence, acting the part of *Dummy* in this gay society. At a certain stage of the dinner—

Eleanor, with that laudable ambition which she often testified, to raise her dogs on a level with herself, sent for a second supply of soup, which she gave to Blanco; while Lady Susan, not to be outdone, soon afterwards minced down carefully, for Tiny, a slice of Turkey which Sir Richard sent for her own consumption. The dogs being hungry, "licked the platter clean," and a footman, in haste, put Tiny's plate on the sideboard, from whence Martin, without becoming aware of any previous destination, transferred it to Lord Alderby. Matilda, being the only person who observed this oversight, made a hasty signal for the objectionable plate to be changed; but she coloured with confusion to observe the astonishment of his Lordship at her unaccountable interference, which it was impossible to explain, and she could not but think afterwards that those ladies who blame a Roman Emperor for promoting his horse above human nature, should *look at home.*

It is an equal chance, we imagine, that this lick-trencher anecdote is from the life.

The dinner proceeds with great spirit. We know not whether we are most diverted by the hospitable bustle of the rather ostentatious Scottish host, or the cross-fire of Sir Colin Fletcher, and the unhappy Miss Charlotte Clifford's indefatigable, and oft frustrated attempts to edge in her valuable meteorological observation sideways or anyways. Matilda, baffled in her endeavours to be sociable, and to contribute her mite to the conversation, was trying

To cover her defeat by a spirited attempt at engaging Sir Richard in conversation, though he was so engrossed with his public duties, as host, that her success became laughably deficient. Of all the forlorn hopes that any one can volunteer upon, none is more desperate than that of monopolizing much attention from a hospitable country gentleman presiding at his own table, of which Matilda now saw an amusing exemplification.

"This was a charming day!" said Miss Charlotte, who seemed never to tire of praising it.

"Lady Susan Danvers! will you take wine?—port or sherry? Sir Colin calls this *vin cheri*, it is so excellent! Were you speaking to me, Miss Clifford?"

"This was a"——

"Douglas! try that salmon; it was in the river three hours ago! Alderby! send Lady Montague a paté. Pardon me, Miss Clifford; I am all attention!"

"This was a char"——

"Dr Murray! as Mathews says, 'you are not a *soup-or-fishial* man,' I perceive. A disciple of Jephson's evidently. Well! it is what we must all come to, sooner or later. I would rather not live at all than live on a rule-of-three diet. De Mainbury! try that *vol-au-vent*. Made on a Leamington prescription, you may depend upon it. Were you remarking anything, Miss Clifford?"

"I merely said"——

"Fletcher! that Madeira has been forty years in bottle! Excuse me, Miss Clifford!"

"My observation was very insignificant; merely that"——

"Lady Montague! pray call for a screen! you don't stand fire well!"

Matilda's countenance had been gradually kindling with animation as she watched the fate of Miss Charlotte's valuable remark, which was destined never to struggle into existence at all. She now hastily averted her eyes, to conceal a smile which irresistibly forced itself on her countenance, and, in turning another way, she unexpectedly received a look from Sir Alfred, so full of archness and humour, that she was completely taken by surprise.

This is, we consider, sprightly and entertaining, and we are sure it is exceedingly natural—the very scene and language. We must still consider Miss Sinclair much less happy in her accomplished gentleman, the peerless Sir Alfred. Sometimes we have him as a solemn coxcomb—in what follows, he verges upon the puppy, fancying himself privileged to assume the superior airs of an *eligible* with a good rent-roll; against whom mothers and daughters are vainly plotting by night and day.

Sir Alfred placed himself near the pianoforte, where it might be imagined he was listening to the music, as no other ostensible object appeared in his sitting beside Matilda. Not a word passed upon either side, and at length Eleanor came up to him, exclaiming, in a remonstrating voice—

"Sir Alfred, you really ought to *do a little popularity* amongst us, since you are canvassing the neighbourhood. A dance now would be excellent practice for the election-ball, where every fat farmer's cherry-cheeked daughter will expect a quadrille."

"I would rather, at this moment, relinquish my seat in Parliament than my seat here."

"I wonder what your valet thinks, Sir Alfred, when you return from parties, night after night, without having worn out any shoes with dancing! He must fancy that you have been dreadfully at a loss for partners?"

"So I am! and, therefore, I never presume to ask one!"

"But did I not hear Charlotte Clifford say, some minutes ago, when Sir Colin asked her to dance, that she was very much afraid a previous engagement to you would interfere?"

"Let Miss Clifford plead any engagement she please

provided I am never asked to fulfil it. Nothing on this side of Circassia would tempt me from my quiet corner."

"I wish we had the enchanted horn which forced people to dance while it was played upon, and then you should not be allowed to sit down for a year. Charlotte would be delighted to perform also for as long a time; and you have no idea how charmingly she galopes—one might suppose she was blown along the floor by a gale of wind."

"How enchanting! If your friend is really such a superlative performer, perhaps she will favour us with a specimen now. Pray ask her to exhibit a few steps here!"

"Well, Sir Alfred, since you are inexorable to Charlotte, perhaps I might be prevailed on to dance with you myself."

"It is very plain why you propose that, Miss Fitz-Patrick, because all the world would immediately exclaim, 'There is the handsomest couple in the world!' but I cannot countenance such inordinate vanity."

"It is more a matter of curiosity, to ascertain how I should feel in dancing, for once, with an unwilling partner."

"You would be as much uplifted by the honour as Abou Hassan during his one day of being a caliph; but, *seriously*, Miss Fitz-Patrick, I have got what is called in this country a sitting-down-cold, and I was, besides, given over by the doctors yesterday with a sprained ancle. Pray let me settle here quietly—for life."

Eleanor gave a conscious look, and a blush, at these inadvertent words of Sir Alfred, to which Matilda perceived that she attributed as much meaning as they could carry, while she jestingly replied—

"Then I must make away with myself, since you give me no hope, for I am like time and tide, which wait for nobody; and once lost can never be recalled.—Going! going! gone!"

Sir Alfred looked much relieved at the departure of his lively persecutor, and re-established himself in his retreat near the piano, where Matilda observed the inward diversion with which he seemed to watch some daring manœuvres of Mrs Clifford to provide her daughters with partners for a quadrille which was about to be formed.

Where Miss Sinclair, in the conversations of Dr Murray, does introduce sacred subjects—the most sacred of all—and we are not sure that we ever care to meet with such within the same boards with clever pictures of fashionable manness, or of dissipated or heartless worldly characters—she manages to avoid everything approaching the hackneyed phraseology of that bold and presumptuous portion of the religious public whom Coleridge christens the *Slangi*. Nay, more; she checks and rebukes this audacious spirit. "I shall never," says Sir Alfred upon one occasion—

"Be slow to acknowledge opinions and principles, where it seems right to do so, for they are my highest honour; but, in proportion to my reverence for holy things, is my apprehension of hearing them hackneyed in ordinary conversation, as a subject for mawkish sentiment or idle gossip."

"I quite agree with you, Sir Alfred, in disliking a superficial interchange of unfelt truths, and all that mere jargon which people sometimes talk in society now; but yet it appears to me a matter of duty openly to acknowledge such convictions as are inwardly felt, that we may not seem ashamed of them."

* * * * * *

"It is certainly singular what a general familiarity prevails in every company with the doctrines and feelings of religion. You never encounter any one in society now who is not able and willing to discuss that subject in an interesting manner; and, though there are not many to whom it is the *first* object in life, scarcely an individual I ever converse with does not make it the *second*, to be promoted at some future time to its proper place."

"There is pain in associating with those who are entirely ignorant of religion, but still more in hearing those who know their Master's will, and evidently do it not. I have seen your cousin talk like a bishop to Dr Murray when the whim takes her, and if it were understood that the subject is one of more than common interest for me, even my friend Miss Charlotte Clifford might get up a few suitable questions and remarks."

Miss Sinclair has, moreover, shrewd notions upon various other matters of pretension and flummery. Here is a sketch of fashionable boarding-school studies—of a school where the young ladies were obliged to bring their books to table:—

"I know of several excellent boarding-schools for young ladies, where that is actually insisted on," observed Lady Montague. "My daughter, Maria, at Elysium House, was always obliged to learn her Italian exercise while she breakfasted, and her Euclid during the intervals of dinner. The girls walked out in pairs, one guiding her companion along the path, while the other read aloud from the best works on science and natural history; besides which, the French governess repeated verses to them all the time they dressed. Nothing could be more admirable than the whole system, and I only lamented being obliged to take my daughter away, on account of that long unaccountable illness she had, which has never entirely left her. It is, I must say, a great mortification to me that, with so many accomplishments, she can scarcely leave her sofa, and that, with a perfect knowledge of every language in Europe, she has hardly strength to speak even in English."

"The Manchester cotton-weavers, with their sixteen hours of labour a-day, are nothing to this," cried Mr Grant, laughing. "When I get into Parliament, my first exploit shall be to present a petition from the distressed young ladies of Great Britain, praying to be relieved from excessive taxation on their health, their spirits, their time, and their understandings."

A quiet stroke of satire closes the system of modern tuition, where we leave Miss Marabout, the treacherous toady of the discomfited heiress, with another female preceptor—

Having each obtained the most satisfactory testimonials from a variety of distinguished families, to whom references can be given. Both profess to teach all the usual branches of education, music, drawing, and languages, besides every kind of useless or useful knowledge, and also, as Miss Marabout expresses herself—

"PRINCIPLES OF COURSE."

How the heiress is checked in the career of vanity, selfishness, and worldly ambition, purified in the furnace, and restored to sober-minded happiness, and how the fair fortunes of Matilda bourgeon and blossom, while she extends to the repentant Eleanor the most tender and generous forgiveness, we shall now leave to the leisure of the reader, believing that our random specimens may stimulate his search, though they can scarcely direct it.

NEW LIGHTS THROWN, BY M. VON RAUMER, ON THE PRIVATE AND PERSONAL HISTORY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

If the above be not the exact title of M. Von Raumer's "Contributions to Modern History," it accurately describes the portion of the volume which we have felt of the highest interest, and which we, therefore, propose to introduce to our readers.

M. Von Raumer, in his careful gleanings from the State Paper Office and the collections in the British Museum, has given his readers only the cream or quintessence of his researches; and, for his judicious omissions, he renders the most satisfactory reasons. A few persons might have dug through the load of rubbish with which the rich material is overlaid; but his work, which must have consisted of many volumes, would have remained a sealed book to the multitudes of modern readers; instead of which, in its present state it is full of interest and entertainment. These curiosities of history and literature are thrown into the form of letters, which are addressed to Tieck.

What an unhappy life was that of Mary Stuart The short period which, to the superficial observer, appears the most brilliant and enviable era of her existence, is, on closer inspection, found to have been fraught with anxiety and misery. Her happiest years, after the period of thoughtless childhood—if Mary, in her conventual seclusion in France, ever tasted the careless happiness of childhood—must have been spent in prison, when, abandoning hope, resignation came, at last, in the place of despair. The main cause of all her crimes and all her wo, may have been, that, with violent passions and a bad education, her heart never once found a resting-place; that she never found one deserving her confidence, in whom she could safely trust. All princes are unfortunate in the circumstances of their early life; but she was the most unhappy of all.

We must premise that Raumer has a strong prepossession in favour of Elizabeth; because, as we think, he looks more steadily to the public consequences of actions, than to their motives and impulses originating in character and situation. The education of the rival Queens, he considers to have had an essential influence on the fortunes of their after life; and it is certain that the early prudence, masterly self-possession, and craft of Elizabeth, acquired in the severe school of adversity, outweighed the more shallow perfidy of the weak, violent, and fascinating Mary. The first notices of this unhappy Princess that are found in the volume, are those sent by Randolph, the English ambassador, to his court, upon the young Queen's arrival from France. She reached Edinburgh in August 1561. In September of that year, we find her embroiled with Knox and his adherents, whom she had vainly imagined her queenly wishes and womanly blandishments were to win over, and, if not completely to alienate from the great cause of the Reformation, at least to soften towards her religion and to the Catholics. Randolph confirms all that has been said of the wonderful energy and influence of Knox:—

"I assure you the voice of one man is able, in one hour, to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears Mr Knox spoke last Thursday to the Queen: he knocked so heartily upon her heart, that he made her weep;—for that will do as well for anger as for grief. She charged him with his book, with his severe dealing with all men that disagree with him in his opinions. She willed him to use more meekness in his sermons. Some things he spoke to her satisfaction in mitigating the rigours of his book; and in some things he pleased her very little, in special speaking against the mass. It was presented her (at a feast) a boy of six years; he came, as it were, from heaven, out of a globe, which offered her a bible, psalter, and the key of the gates. They had pageants to represent the horrible judgments of God upon idolatry; they had the burning of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; they designed to have a priest burnt at the elevation: Huntly hindered that pageant."

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"Sunday, the 8th of September, the Earl of Argyle and Lord James (Mary's half brother) so disturbed the Queen during mass, that some priests and others left their places with broken heads and bloody ears. This was a sport for some, while others shed tears for that matter. It is suspected that Lord James seeked to mind his own advancement; but as yet he has had but little from the Queen."

The influence and feelings of Mary received a still severer blow by the proclamation of Archibald Douglas, the provost, and the magistrates of Edinburgh, which commanded all monks, priests, and papists, to leave the city on pain of death. . . . . .

"It seemeth wonder that the whole state of this realm should be altered by one head or two, by one woman, and some men of whose excellent wisdom there was never yet either great opinion or fame."

The young Queen had yet been but three short weeks in Scotland, and, before three months were elapsed, it became a question "whether the Queen, being an idolatress, may be obeyed in all civil and political actions. I think marvel of the wisdom of God that gave this unruly, stout, and cumbersome people no more substance or power than they have; for then they would run wild."

Mary almost immediately placed strong hopes in Elizabeth for support against her turbulent subjects. For Elizabeth, her relation and protectress, and the powerful English Queen, she accordingly affected the warmest gratitude and regard. In the second year of her residence in her native kingdom, it was Mary's fortune to be called upon to punish her evil genius, the detestable and infamous Bothwell.

The romantic tale of Chastellet, the romantic lover of the beautiful Queen, which has so often furnished a theme to poets and a subject t

painters, is here stripped of much of its romance. The extreme freedom, if not levity of her manners, had created the most injurious suspicions of her character, and encouraged the audacity of those around her. Yet, her gaiety and love of splendour and amusement, were perfectly consistent with the innocence and purity of a young mind, chafed and disappointed in every dearer interest.

"She devotes every morning," says the French ambassador, Foys, "to the chase, and every evening to balls and masquerades, which greatly offends the Puritans."

"Since the beginning of this Queen's sorrows," writes Randolph, on the 1st of April 1563, to Cecil, "she has taken pleasure to ride up and down, a hawking and hunting daily, from place to place. She renewed unto me all her griefs and great adventures that had fallen unto her since the death of her husband, and how she was now destitute of all friendship. Wherefore I should not wonder to see her at so extreme points of sorrow, as she was, whereunto it was not possible for her to put an end."

When Randolph, however, brought her a letter from Elizabeth, at which she was greatly rejoiced and comforted, she said, "God will not leave me destitute; I have received the best letter of my good sister of England that ever I had; and I do assure you it comforted me much.

"The Queen," writes Randolph, on the 13th of June, "gave me audience in bed; she keeped her bed that day, rather for her ease than for any grief she found in her body." Perhaps, however, she needed rest after nocturnal entertainments; of one of which Randolph says—"The banquet continued with joy and mirth, marvellous sights and great show, and singular devices; nothing left undone that might either fill the bellies, feed the eyes, or content the mind." Many were offended at Mary and her ladies sometimes appearing at such entertainments in male attire; and the following report of Randolph to Elizabeth, of the 5th of February 1565, will shew better than those detatched remarks, the lights and shadows of Mary's way of life.

The Queen had gone with a few attendants to St. Andrew's, and lived very merrily in a citizen's house. Randolph delivered to her a letter from Elizabeth, to which she gave no answer, except that he should dine and sup with her every day. After this had continued for three days, and the Queen did not begin to speak of matters of business, Randolph thought it his duty to mention them. She answered, "I see now well that you are weary of this company and treatment. I wish for you to be merry, and to see how like a bourgeois wife I live with my little troop. And you will interrupt the pastimes with your great and grave matters. I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity and great embassade until the Queen come thither, for I assure you, you shall not see her here, nor I know not myself where she is become. You see neither cloth of state, nor such appearances that you may think there is a Queen here; nor I would not that you should think that I am she at St. Andrew's that I was at Edinburgh.

This was Mary's mode of life; and such were her natural tastes—which she freely indulged, without remembering that constraint and the rigid observance of etiquette, are part of the high price Princes pay for authority.

Chastellet was in the suite of the French ambassador. Randolph, whom the affair disturbed exceedingly, gives two editions of the attempt which cost this man his life. The last is, probably, the most accurate:—

"Chastellet was found under her bed with his sword beside him, and his dagger about him, (the day before Mary's departure from Edinburgh,) the Queen being ready to go into her bed. Whereof the Queen, not being made privy that night, and in the morning being advertised, she commanded him out of her presence. He, notwithstanding, followed her to Dumfermline, and either by some words or token, finding, as he thought, her wrath appeased, took new courage upon him; and at her coming unto Burnte Island, the Queen being in her chamber, no man in her company, only certain gentlewomen about her, he cometh in alone, and desired that he might purge himself of that crime that he was charged with, that he was found under her bed; but said, that, being in the Queen's chamber late at night, and finding himself heavy for want of sleep, got him into the next place that was at hand. Yet was he convicted by sufficient witnesses, that he (was) not found there, but under the bed. This being proved against him, he was committed to ward; the next day sent unto St. Andrew's, and, within five or six days after, his head cut off in the open market place. He died with repentance; he confessed privately more than he spoke openly. His purpose was, that night that he was found under her bed, to have tried her constance (?), and by force to have attempted that which by no preservation (?) he could attain unto; whereof ensued to him the worthy reward of so rash an enterprise of so unworthy a creature, even to have thought to come by that, which she herself, I believe, judgeth very few men in the world worthy of. The Queen herself had taken some grief of mind for that matter. She begins now to be merry again; I doubt not but this sorrow will pass, and the wonder thereof within few days be outblown."

We cannot see why Raumer should blame Mary for harshness and cruelty in delivering this presumptuous man to the executioner, in his text, while, immediately below, he adds, in a note, that Murray and the other counsellors insisted upon his death. Several incidental notices of Bothwell occur almost about the same time that Darnley arrived from England:—

"We hear that the Earl of Bothwell is at liberty, as it is said, upon his faith. I think it the best way to make him a very stark-naked naughty beggar. His substance is consumed for more than twenty days since, saving a Portugal piece, which he received for a token out of the north, from a gentlewoman, that, if ever she be a widow should never be my wife."

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"The Queen mislikes Bothwell's coming home without license. She has already sent a serjeant-of-arms to summon him to undergo the law, which if he refuses to do, he shall be pronounced a rebel. It is intended in this manner to drive him out of the country, and I have been requested to write to England, that he may not be received there. Bothwell is charged by Murray to have spoken divers dishonourable words against the Queen, and threatened Murray and Lethington that he would be the death of them both."

And this was the reckless profligate and bold villain who made this unhappy woman's fate.

The conduct of the popular leaders at this period must have been intolerable to the Queen, who could not, at all times, dissemble her indignation. Mary soon lost the good graces of the English ambassador, who had, at first, judged of her with indulgence. As a zealous Protestant, an English statesman, and a servant of Elizabeth, the Scottish Queen daily made herself more and more obnoxious to him; and from the time that she resolved upon a marriage so displeasing to his royal mistress, his complaints rise to denunciations. Every symptom portended violent change; but we should imagine that a part of the intelligence which Randolph sent to his court, was coloured by the medium through which it reached him.

"There is a very great lack of governing in the rulers, and great disobedience in the subjects. Contrary to the Queen's ordinance, more repair daily to mass to her chapel, than cometh to a sermon. One Muffet, feigning himself mad, entered the Queen's chapel, drew his sword, overthrew the chalices, candlesticks, and cross, sent off the priest, &c. At this the Queen is angry, and many are glad." Intrigues and parties increase at court, especially since the appearance of Darnley. "They are all sorry that such a guest is come among them, to make their ruler (to play the master.) One showed a map of Scotland to Darnley, and the possessions of Murray. He said it was too much. Of this speech the Queen willed him to excuse himself to Murray."

"All things now grow too libertine, and the Queen taketh upon her to do what she pleases. She would have a liberty for all men to go where they list. She thinks it too great a subjection, as a prince in her own country, to have her will broke. The subjects desire to live in their own fear and worship of God—offer their lives again, rather, to be sacrificed. This kindles in her a desire of revenge, and breeds in others a liberty to speak, and a will to attempt by force, what by others means they cannot get reformed."

"A schoolmaster at Haddington made a play, to exercise his scholars against the ministers, and baptized a cat. One of the Queen's chapel, a singing man, said he believed as well of Robin Hood as anything in the Bible. Her own mass, and the resorting to it, such blasphemies as these unpunished, her will to continue Popery, her wish to let all men live as they list, have offended the godly. Besides, there are many who desire alteration, all which occasions continual fear that these matters will shortly break out to some great mischief. These frequent debates and controversies between her and her nobles, must needs occasion malcontents, and, some time or other, must break out. When she marries a Papist, this will fortify her in her measures. A marriage with Leicester, who is a Protestant, may easily convert her, or at least make her more moderate.

"The Queen's affection to Darnley is at present known. They are sorry that he is come; they say of Darnley, that in wisdom he does not much differ from his father. The honourable treatment he has here makes him think no little of himself. Some persuade him that he is so loved by many of this nation, that they think him a fit match for the Queen. This may make a great impression on a young man who is still at court, and well received by those who are nearest to her. This may induce him to attempt this matter."

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"She has already so good a liking of him, that she can be content to forsake all other offers, and give up all suitors, and content herself with her own choice. She attended Darnley in an illness" (Report of 29th of April) "with marvellous great and tender care. Such talks and bruits spread abroad for her doing, that it is wonder to hear what discontent there is presently amongst her people. I speak not now of the common sort, of whom I thought least, but of those of best judgment, and the wisest in this realm; and in one word to say it, nothing in her government is liked.

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"Your lordship shall know, that greater reviving there was never in any time of mass Popery, than was this Easter at the Resurrection, and at her high mass. Organs was wont to be the common music; she wanted now neither trumpet, drum, nor fife, bagpipe, nor sakers. Upon the Monday, she and divers of her women apparelled themselves like bourgeois' wives, and went upon their feet up and down the town. Of every man they met they took a pledge or a piece of money towards the banquet; and in the same lodging where I am accustomed to lodge, there was the dinner prepared, and great cheer made, at which she was herself, with the great wonder and gaping of men, women, and children."

This masquerading of the Queen and her ladies, and taking money, is, after all, very like the humours of our decorous modern *Fancy Fairs*.

Randolph became more severe in his language as the marriage proceeded; and at last wrote that "she was now almost in utter contempt of her people;" but his heart relented and melted to her subsequent misery, arising from that ill-starred and most unhappy marriage. The character of Darnley left no room for doubt of the speedy consequences of this alliance; even before it took place, Randolph clearly foretold and bewailed her fate.

"I hear that in words he is a fool; by some deeds, also, to her, shewed what his will is, if his power be equal to his furious passions. I will only speak of this, when with his dagger he would have stricken the justice-clerk that brought him word, that the creation of his being a duke was deferred for a time."

"I know not," writes Randolph, on the same day, "in what sort to utter unto your lordship so much as I conceive of the pitiful and lamentable estate of this poor Queen, whom ever before I esteemed so worthy, so wise, so honourable in all her doing; and at this present do find so altered with affection towards Darnley, that she has brought her honour in question, her estate in hazard, her country to be torn in pieces.

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"This Queen in her love is so transported, and he in his behaviour grown to be so proud, that to all honest men he is intolerable, and almost forgetful of his duty to her already, that hath adventured so much for his sake. What shall come of her, or what life with him she shall lead, that already takes so much upon him as to control and command her, I leave it to others to think. What shall be judged of him, that for bringing of a message from the Queen, that was to his discontentment, would with his dagger have slain the messenger? So little he yielded to her desire; so bold he was at the first with one of her counsellors; yea, with him that most favoured his cause, and was the chief worker of that what passed between them. These things, my lord, do move me much to lament her case; this it is that may move any man to pity that ever saw her, that ever loved her; but most of all, I am sorry to see so good opportunity, so great likelihood to unite these two realms together, to be omitted, to the great disadvantage, to the great hurt and hindrance of Christ's true religion, and undoing a great number of godly men.

"Your lordship now sees our hard case; her poor estate, blinded, transported, carried I know not whither, or which way, to her own confusion, and destruction of her country, for the love of him that ever I judged the most unworthy to be matched to such a one, as I have known her and seen her to be."

To Leicester, who had raised his hopes to the alliance of the Queen of Scots, Randolph was yet more explicit. What a picture of a headstrong imbecile ruffian, and a passionate woman, tortured by a misplaced and degrading attachment!

"So great tokens of love pass daily between Mary and Darnley as ever did before. Within her has wrought so strange an effect, that shame is laid aside, and all regard to that what chiefly pertains to princely honour removed out of sight. Her counsellors are those whom she likes worst. The nearest of her kin, the farthest from her heart. My Lord Murray liveth where he lists. My Lord Lethington hath now both leave and time enough to pay the court unto his fair mistress. Such good favour hath he won through his long travail and late favour that he found amongst you. David [Rizzio] is he that now worketh as chief secretary to the Queen, and only governor to her good man. The bruits here are wonderful; men's talk very strange; the hate towards him and his house marvellous great; his pride intolerable; his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spares not, also, in token of his manhood,

to let some blows fly, when he knows they will be taken. Such passions, such furies, as I hear say that sometimes he will be in, is strange to believe. What cause this people have to rejoice of this their worthy prince, I leave it to the world to think. When they have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing, but that God must send him *a short end*, or themselves a miserable life, under such an estate and government as this is like to be.

"I am sorry that I have lost my good hope, but most of all that your lordship has foreslowed (missed) so good a fortune, where I am assured your life had been happy, and should have here found wherewith to have contented you, if it had been taken in time. This Queen is now so much altered from what lately she was known to be, that they who now behold her, doth not think her to be the same. Her majesty is laid aside; her wits not such as they were; her beauty other than it was; her cheer and countenance changed—I wot not into what. A woman more to be pitied than any that ever I saw—such one now as neither her own regardeth, nor she taked count of any that is virtuous or good. How loth I am thus to write, or what grief I have thus to think, your lordship may well conceive of whom so many times, and for my chief delight hath been always to set forth her worthy praise, equal to any that ever I saw; she only excepted whom I am most bound in duty to honour and serve.

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"The saying is this, that surely she is bewitched. The parties, the persons are named to be the doers, the tokens, the rings, the bracelets, are found and daily worn, that retain the sacred mysteries.

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"Darnley's behaviour is such that he is now contemned of all men, even by those who were his chief friends. What shall become of him I know not; but it is greatly *to be feared that he can have no long life among this people.* The Queen herself being of better understanding, seeks to frame and fashion him to the temper of her subjects. No persuasion can change that what custom has made natural to him. He is reckoned proud, disdainful, and suspicious; which kind of men this soil, of any other, can worse bear. Towards the Queen herself I saw never men's minds so greatly altered; you may say almost to utter contempt of her behaviour; without the fear of God, princely majesty, or care that she ought to have about her subjects and country."

Such were the days of Mary's inauspicious courtship; and it was part and parcel of her nature, as a Stuart, to be but the more resolutely determined upon following her own will, in proportion as the opposition of duty and reason became powerful. The Catholics, as well as the Protestants, now condemned her infatuated passion. Attention has been too exclusively fixed upon the revolting crimes of Mary, without taking into consideration the palliatives of her lesser offences. No shadow of palliation can be offered for guilt so deep and complicated as hers became. The marriage took place.

"All honour that may be attributed unto any man by a wife, he hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of (him) he lacketh not from herself. All dignities that she can endue him with, are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him; and (I say more) she hath given unto him her whole will to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh. She cannot as much prevail with him in anything that is against his will."

Thus early was the unhappy Queen

Spited with a fool—
Spited and angered worse.

The honeymoon, if Queens ever know honeymoons, was not over when Randolph wrote of the quarrels of the royal pair—one cause of contention being, that Darnley would have his father Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, while she was for Bothwell. Their quarrels soon became open.

The place of Randolph, whom the Queen had forbidden to appear at court, as she believed him a spy and an enemy, was now assumed by Drury, who wrote to Cecil:—

"The people say that Darnley is too much addicted to drinking. It is certainly reported there was some jar between the Queen and him, at a mert's (merchant's) house at Edinburgh, she only dissuading him from drinking, and enticing others; in both which he proceeded, and gave her such words, that she left the place with tears, which they that are known to those proceedings, say is not strange to be seen.

"These jars arise, among other things, from his seeking the matrimonial crown, which she will not yield unto. Darnley is in great mislike with the Queen; she is very weary of him, and, as some judge, will be more so ere long. As true it is, that those who depend wholly upon him are not liked of her, nor they that follow her of him, as David [Rizzio] and others."

The savage murder of Rizzio took place in the eighth month of the Queen's marriage. The new lights that M. Von Raumer has cast upon this savage butchery are drawn from the correspondence of Foy, the French ambassador; but there is no fresh fact of any importance. The letters to Queen Elizabeth dwell upon two causes for the murder:—

"The first [cause] that the King, a few days before, about an hour after midnight, knocked at the door of the Queen's chamber, but received no answer. Hereupon he called out aloud and begged Mary to open the door, but in vain. At last he threatened to break it open; and found the Queen, when she let him in, quite alone in her room; but, looking about, he found Rizzio in a closet, who had thrown a morning gown over him, having nothing else on but his shirt. This is the chief cause of the murder. The second was, that Mary positively refused to have her husband crowned as king, and declined to comply with almost every request that he made her. He took it into his head that this was all done by the advice of Rizzio; and the earls and noblemen had similar grounds of hatred, for reasons relating to themselves."

After Rizzio had been dragged from the presence of the Queen, she seems to have remained unconscious of his murder: the report to the English Privy Council states that—

"There remained a long time with the Queen, her husband and Lord Ruthven. She made, as we hear, great intercession that he should have no harm. She blamed greatly her husband that was the author of so foul an act. It is said that he did answer that David had more company of her body than he for the space of two months, and, therefore, for her honour and his own contentment, he gave his consent that he should be taken away. 'It is not,' said she, 'the woman's part to seek her husband, and therefore that the fault was his own.' He said, that when he came, she either would not see him, or made herself sick. 'Well,' said she, 'you have taken your leave of me, and your farewell!' 'That were a pity,' said Lord Ruthven; 'he is your majesty's husband, and you must yield to one another!' 'Why may not I,' said she, 'leave him as well as your wife left her husband?—others have done the like.' Ruthven said that she was lawfully divorced from her husband, and for such cause as the King found himself grieved; besides, this man was mean, base—an enemy to the nobility, a shame to her, and dishonour to her country. 'Well,' said she, 'it shall be dear blood to some of you if his be spilt.' 'God forbid,' said Lord Ruthven, 'for the more your grace show yourself offended, the world will judge the worse.' Her husband this

time speaked little, her grace continually weeped—the Lord Ruthven being ill at ease and weak, call'd for a drink, and said, 'I must do this with your majesty's pardon;' and persuaded her, in the best sort he could, that she would pacify herself; nothing that could be said could please her. In this mean time, there arose a tumult in the court, to pacify which, there went down Lord Ruthven, who went straight to the Earls Huntley, Bothwell, and Athol, to quiet them, and to assure them, from the King, that nothing was intended against them. They, notwithstanding, taking fear, when they heard Lord Murray would be there next day, and Argyle meet them; Huntley and Bothwell got out of a window, and so departed."

M. Von Raumer indulges in a strain and style of philosophical commentary upon these and some other dark passages of Scottish history, which we apprehend is anything but fitted to British tastes. Where conjecture will at all bear him out, he does not hesitate to put the worst and the foulest construction upon some things which history has left in obscurity, and which may very safely be so left. The criminality of Mary is sufficiently established without seeking to load her memory—very much at random, as we think—with mysterious, rank, and foul offences, for which there seems no tenable ground whatever. Mary was capable of great crimes; but she was not a monster.

The murder of Darnley on the 10th of February, the abduction of the Queen by Bothwell in April, their infamous marriage early in May after the fraudulent divorce, and Mary's final abasement and captivity in June, follow like the acts of some dark and sanguinary tragedy; the guilty marriage being not the least memorable scene. The English ambassador, and most of the foreign ambassadors, had left Edinburgh upon the murder of Darnley; and even the French minister Croc declined being present at the ominous nuptials of Mary and Bothwell. Shortly afterwards, Croc wrote to Queen Catherine de Medicis.

"The marriage is too unhappy, and begins already to be repented of. On Thursday the Queen sent for me, when I perceived something strange in the mutual behaviour of her and her husband. She attempted to excuse it, and said, 'If you see me melancholy, it is because I do not choose to be cheerful; because I never will be so, and wish for nothing but death.' Yesterday, when they were both in a room with the Earl of Dommelle (d'Aumale,) she called aloud for a knife to kill herself; the persons in the antechamber heard it. I believe that, if God does not support her, she will fall entirely into despair. On three occasions, when I have seen her, I have given her advice, and consoled her as well as I was able. Her husband will not be able to continue here long, for he is too much hated in the kingdom, and the people will always be convinced that the death of the King was his work."

The confederacies of the nobility against him soon grew so powerful that Croc reports: "On the following day, the 5th of June, at ten o'clock in the evening, the Queen secretly disguised herself in male attire, and took the road from Borthwick to Dunbar, where she arrived at three o'clock in the morning, having sat the whole way on an ordinary saddle, and met the Duke on the road. The danger increasing, they were soon obliged to leave that castle, and suddenly saw herself in front of the army of the nobles. At last, (continues Croc,) it was thought fit to send Baron Lamington and M. de Tresbrouin with a declaration, that the Duke, in order to prevent bloodshed, was ready to engage in single combat, for which Baron Tullibardine also offered himself. Bothwell showed much alacrity, and began to arm; but the Queen being informed of the circumstances, would by no means allow her husband to fight with one of inferior rank, who was, besides, a traitor. On this the friends and relations of Bothwell were of opinion, that, if an earl or nobleman of high rank offered to accept the combat with him, he and every one ought to ask the Queen's permission. This declaration being communicated to the enemy, Lord Lindsay resolved to undertake the combat. Hereupon he laid aside his armour, took some refreshment; then, in the presence of the whole army, fell on his knees, and prayed that God might in his mercy protect the innocent, and punish, according to his justice, the guilty murderer of the King."

The Queen, however, still refused her consent to the combat, and for this and other reasons, it did not take place. "But," says Croc, "as the enemies were very superior in number, Bothwell became greatly alarmed, and at last asked the Queen whether she would keep the promise of fidelity which she had made to him. She answered, 'Yes,' and gave him her hand upon it. He then mounted his horse, and fled with a few attendants. The Queen was conducted to Lislesburgh (Edinburgh?) where she arrived at ten o'clock in the evening. On the way she reproached Lord Lindsay in the bitterest terms for his great fury, referring to the past and to the present, to which he was not able to give a ready answer. Though the Queen had taken no nourishment for four-and-twenty hours, she refused to take any refreshment, and retired to her chamber, after she had upbraided the Earls of Athol and Morton in harsh terms. On the following morning she found that she was watched like a prisoner, so that none of her servants had access to her. In the night, she went to one of the windows of her chamber and called for help, and on the following day she did the same before all the people, till the lords were informed of it, and endeavoured to pacify her by friendly language."

In another report, Croc says, "I expected that the Queen would endeavour to appease her enemies, and to gain them by gentleness; but, on the contrary, on her arrival in Edinburgh, she spoke of nothing but of having them all hanged and crucified, and still continues in the same manner, which provokes them to the utmost; for they are afraid that the moment she obtains her liberty she will hasten to Bothwell, and begin all over again; on this account she was conveyed during the night to Lochleven Castle. I told Lethington that they might, perhaps, have more trouble in guarding the Queen than in taking her prisoner; and that I feared, if they found themselves the weaker, that they would seek assistance from England, which must induce the King of France to take the part of Mary. On this he swore to me that they had not yet formed an alliance either with Elizabeth or any other prince.

"Lethington told me, that the Queen had called him aside to represent to him how much they wronged her in desiring to separate her from her husband, with whom she thought to live and die in the greatest happiness. He answered, 'We are far from thinking that we do any thing disagreeable to you in separating you from him whom you call your husband. On the contrary, nothing can so much contribute to your tranquillity, honour, and contentment. It is a fact that Bothwell, since his marriage with you, has written repeatedly to his first wife, and still considers her as his lawful spouse, but your majesty as his concubine.' Mary affirmed that Bothwell's letters, addressed to her, proved that this was not true. But, added Lethington, we can none of us entertain any doubt that he loved his first wife better than the Queen.

What agonizing reflections must this wretched Princess have carried to her prison! With all her crimes and all her sacrifices, she had not even gained the dearest solace of a woman's bosom, the consciousness of being beloved. The letters of Elizabeth and her ministers must have pierced

her to the heart. Those of Burleigh were written with the stern dignity of reason and truth, and Elizabeth's epistles must have been felt the more cutting, from the tone of forbearance and compassion assumed by the writer.

Elizabeth was too true a daughter of Henry VIII., and too faithful to the principle of *legitimacy* and the divine right of kings, to submit quietly to the treatment which the guilty and degraded Queen of Scots now received from her discontented or rebellious subjects. Before hearing of Mary's abdication, she wrote the following instructions to Throckmorton.

"You shall again exert yourself for Mary's deliverance: I will then mediate impartially between her and her subjects. If the Lords again proceed to the deprivation of Queen Mary, their sovereign lady, of her royal estate, we are well assured of our own determination, and we have some just and probable cause to think the like of other princes of Christendom, that we will make ourselves a plain party against them to the revenge of their sovereign, for example to all posterity. And therein we doubt not but God will assist us, and confound them in their devices, considering they have no warrant nor authority, by the law of God or man, to be as superior judges or vindicators over their prince and sovereign."

This is in the true spirit of kingcraft. The remonstrances of the English were, however, treated with slight attention by the Scottish leaders. Mary's infant son was crowned amidst universal joy, and Murray accepted the Regency; upon which Throckmorton was sturdily told that he might write to Elizabeth that they never designed to touch the *life* of Mary.

That for their behaviour towards her, all princes had condemned them, as traitors, rebels, seditious, ungrateful, and cruel. They are thoughtless of all that, and will *not* justify themselves; but if Queen Elizabeth, or any foreign prince, shall, either by force or any other way, endeavour to rescue Queen Mary, they shall be compelled *to deal otherwise with her* than ever they intended to do. They would rather venture a war with England than grant the Queen's liberty, who would certainly ruin them, recal Bothwell, the former bad government should again take place. If England would invade them, France would assist them. It was the interest of Elizabeth to assist them.

To the relative and the woman in distress, Elizabeth was more than indifferent; but she could not brook such audacious conduct in subjects to their "*anointed*" Princess.

The subsequent events of Mary's life are too familiarly known to merit attention. But many original characteristic traits are found down to the close of Raumer's work, which possess interest. On Mary's escape into England, Knolleys the envoy sent by Elizabeth to confer with the fugitive, writes—

"Queen Mary possesses great courage, very engaging manners, and speaks well. She cares not what perils she be exposed to, provided she gains the victory over her enemies. It is well to be considered what is to be done with a lady of such a spirit. She told she would rather that all her party were hanged, than submit to Murray; and told, if she were not retained, she would go into Turkey, rather than not be revenged on him."

Raumer, who is throughout the advocate, where he is not the panegyrist of Elizabeth, vindicates her severity to Mary from the feelings of the English people to the Queen of Scots, as well as from the exigencies of the State, and the interest of the Protestant cause throughout Christendom. The bloodthirsty fury of fanaticism has never perhaps been more disgustingly manifested under the guise of zeal for religion, than in a letter addressed to Leicester, calling for the execution of the Queen of Scots:—

"There is here such common lamenting, such remembrance backward, such seeing forward, such ominous fear of our Queen, that for my own part I can speak with no man, and yet I speak with many, but they all hold it for a most certain respect that our princess's life is in peril, and that her own safety is with speed to execute the dangerous traitoress and pestilence of Christendom. And that if it be not speedily done, loyalty is discouraged, and true faith put out of hope, &c. It cannot be but that the Scottish Queen is appointed upon to be the means to overthrow religion and to advance all Papistry. Our good Queen's life is the only impediment; what will not Papists do to remove any impediment to that desire?"

. . . . . .

"God forbid that our Queen should so lose the honour of her gracious government, that posterity should say that she had destroyed herself—had undone her realm—had overthrown all Christianity in Christendom, if she do not duly and speedily execute the Scottish Queen. Let her Majesty be prayed to remember conscience and eternity. God forbid so grievous a thing as for her to carry out of this world, to God's judgment, the guiltiness of so much noble and innocent blood as has and shall be spilt; of so great waste, spoil, and destruction of England her charge; of so many murders, rapes, robberies, violent and barbarous slaughter of all sorts, sexes, and ages likely to happen: and what worse is, of the damnation of so many seduced souls, both here and in the whole Christendom, by advancing of Papistry and withdrawing of true religion; and all for piteous pity and miserable mercy in sparing one horrible woman, that carries God's wrath where she goeth; the sparing of whom has been told us by God's messengers to be a failing of God's service, who hath not for nothing delivered her into his minister's hands, and miraculously detected her treason, either to have his people preserved by her due execution, or to add more inexcusableness to them that preserve her to waste the church of God. Here is justice in right course, not so much to punish offence past, as to provide for universal safety to come.

"Here is true mercy to relieve so many, so great, so apparent dangers and miseries, &c. The delivering the earth from a devouring, wasting, unfeeling, destroying monster of unthankfulness, is a far more glorious act than all the labours of Hercules, or than any one victory of the noblest prince that ever served God. Will Elizabeth leave England and us all subject to an adulterous traitoress, a seeker of the life of her own saviour, one irritated tyrant (and shall I say all in one word?)—the Scottish Queen? Shall we not trust that her Majesty, our mother, will not stick to command to kill a toad, a snake, or a mad dog, whom she findeth poisoning or gnawing the throats of her infants, and presently threatening the same to her life."

That Mary—who, from the cradle to the grave, never had one true and able friend, and who, from the age of twenty-five, was a prisoner—intrigued to recover her freedom and her justly-forfeited authority, there is no doubt; yet the horrible woman upon whom this writer demands vengeance, is of the very painting of his fears and his hatred, and not Mary Stuart.

A few trifling paragraphs from the private correspondence of the unfortunate prisoner with her friends and confidential servants, throw a pleasing light upon her natural disposition. In one, she says:—

"I recommend old Curle to you—he is an old and faithful servant, and his son true and active in my service. To the former I have ordered a sum of money, to spend in the way that he knows of."

Mary's cook having desired to quit her service, she says—"I am not out of danger if my meals are not closely watched. He is the only one who knows about them; and since I have no apothecary, he also prepares my medicines."

"July 9, 1574.

"I pray you send me some pigeons, red partridges, and Barbary fowls. I mean to try to rear them in this country, or keep them in cages; it is an amusement for a prisoner, and I do so with all the little birds I can obtain."

"July 18, 1574.

"Always bear in mind that my will in all things be strictly followed, and send me, if it be possible, some one with my accounts. He must bring me patterns of dresses and samples of cloths, gold and silver stuffs and silks, the most costly and new now worn at court. Order for me at Poissy a couple of coifs with gold and silver crowns, such as they have made for me before. Remind Breton of his promise to send me from Italy the newest kind of head-dress, veils, and ribands wrought with gold and silver, and I will repay him."

"September 22, 1574.

"Deliver to my uncle, the cardinal, the two cushions of my work, which I send herewith. Should he be gone to Lyons, he will doubtless send me a couple of beautiful little dogs, and you likewise may procure a couple for me; for, except in reading and working, I take pleasure solely in all the little animals I can obtain. You must send them hither very comfortably put up in baskets."

"February 12, 1576.

"I send the King of France some poodle dogs, (barbets,) but can only answer for the beauty of the dogs, as I am not allowed either to hunt or to ride."

TO CARDINAL GUISE.

"January 31, 1579.

"I have offended the Queen of England neither in thought, nor word, nor deed. If, in spite of this, I am treated so rigorously, I throw the blame upon some of her ministers, who have always sought my destruction. It may be by exciting suspicion respecting me, or by other intrigues, the nothingness of which you can judge of better than I in my prison-house, and which deserve no credence whatever."

Raumer endeavours to clear up the hypocritical juggle between Elizabeth and her ministers about the death-warrant, upon his ordinary principle of vindicating every act done by Elizabeth.

It is not possible for Raumer to lessen the impression produced upon the reader, by the dignity, serenity, and the self-possession retained by Mary in the last scenes of her miserable life; and by her piety, and tender and considerate humanity to her attendants. The death of Elizabeth, worn out with suffering and remorse, in contrast with the last tranquil hours of Mary, tends much to equalize the circumstances of their lives. A more humiliating picture of human decay and helplessness cannot be imagined than that of the powerful and high-spirited Elizabeth in the "last scene of all." Many very interesting notices of the habits of Elizabeth and her court are given in this volume, from the correspondence of the French envoy, Bouillon. Of the Queen, he says—

"She is blamed in the country for having sequestrated 60,000 crowns which Sir Francis Drake had deposited with the Mayor of London while he was in her naval service; likewise for having retained in confinement several persons under sentence, in order to enjoy, meantime, their revenues, and those of their wives.

"Though she is sixty-three years of age, she still dresses like a girl. Those whom she has loved have perhaps had much power in the affairs of the state; but never all. She has constantly had the commendable prudence of trusting much to able statesmen, and by their influence counterbalancing such as enjoyed her personal favour.

"The Earl of Essex is, at present, the person most in favour."

Six years later, another French ambassador, Count Harlay de Beaumont, writes:—

"Elizabeth gave an entertainment to the Duke of Nevers at Richmond, and, after dinner, opened the ball with him, in a gaillarde, which she danced with admirable skill for her age. Since the Duke of Alençon was here, she has not done this honour to any foreign prince. On hearing from the ambassador that Henry IV. had suffered from gout, she said, 'This complaint is much more suitable for the Pope and the Emperor, who live in great repose and constantly shut up; but not for the King of France, who is fond of bodily exercises, the chase, and war.'"

Essex was now executed. At an interview with the ambassador, the Queen said—

I had a mind to go to Ireland in person; but my counsellors declared that my people would never consent to my leaving this kingdom, and put me in mind that during my absence King James of Scotland might attempt to put himself in my place. I disregard all grounds of personal danger on such an occasion, so dear to me are the honour and happiness of my subjects. I am, besides, weary of life, for nothing now contents my mind, or gives me pleasure.

"She accompanied these words with sighs and other expressions which indicated great sorrow respecting the past, by which she probably intended to make me understand how much she lamented Essex. She also said to me, almost with tears, 'I clearly foresaw that his impatient spirit and his ambitious conduct would entangle him, to his misfortune, in evil designs. More than two years before, I had warned him, by telling him that he would do well to content himself with making a point of displeasing me on all occasions, and of despising my person so arrogantly, but that he should beware of touching my sceptre. Thus I was compelled to punish him according to the laws of England, and not according to my own, which he had found far too mild and pleasant for him to fear that I should do anything disagreeable to him. My too affectionate and salutary exhortations could not restrain him from plunging into ruin, and thus my passion was overcome by one still stronger, though I shall look back upon it with regret as long as I live.'"

Elizabeth's death took place in the following spring. De Beaumont wrote from day to day—

The Queen has not had any sleep during this time, and eats much less than usual. Though she has no actual fears, she suffers much from incessant restlessness, and from so great a heat of the mouth and stomach, that she is obliged to cool herself every instant, in order that the burning phlegm, with which she is often oppressed, may not stifle her. Some are of opinion that her illness has been brought on by her displeasure at what has happened with Miss Arabella; others suppose that it has been caused by the Irish affairs, her council having constrained her (against her nature and inclination) to grant a pardon to the Earl of Tyrone; while others affirm that she is possessed with grief at the death of the Earl of Essex. It is certain a deep melancholy is visible in her countenance and her actions. It is, however, much more probable that the sufferings incident to her age, and the fear of death, are the chief causes of all.

. . . . . .

"On Thursday the 23d of March, the lord admiral being at the right side of her bed, the lord keeper at the left, and Cecil at the bed's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession, had at Richmond; and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, were come unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed? whereunto she thus replied:—'I told you my seat has been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me, but a king.' The lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking the one on the other, at length Mr

Secretary boldly asked her, what she meant by those words, that no rascal should succeed her? 'And who,' quoth she, 'should that be (namely, her successor) but our cousin of Scotland?' They asked her whether that was her absolute resolution? whereunto she answered, 'I pray you trouble me no more; I will have none but him;' with which answer they departed.

"Notwithstanding, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, after the Archbishop of Canterbury and other divines had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? But she not being able to speak, was asked by the Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech you, if you remain in your former resolution, and you would have the King of Scotland to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us?' Whereat, suddenly heaving herself up in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held both her hands jointly together over her head in manner of a crown, whereby they guessed she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desired the continuance of his estate."

A portrait of Queen Mary is prefixed to the volume, which cannot surely be authentic, though it comes in an authentic character. It must have been painted before Mary was sixteen; and the placid, large, and rather masculine features, are those of a woman of forty. M. Von Raumer, in his zeal for Elizabeth, would deprive her rival of what no one has ever disputed—her fleeting, perishable beauty.

Upon the whole, this is a volume which will be read with great interest. How many hints and new lights it would have afforded to Sir Walter Scott!

LITERARY REGISTER.

Adventures of Captain John Patterson of the 50th Regiment.

Yet another old soldier's book!—and they are all welcome; for few narratives are more entertaining, and none so manly and unaffected.

A soldier's own regiment—"*ours*"—like the ladye-love of a knight of chivalry, is, of course, the first under the cope of heaven. This is a proposition we never yet had the hardihood to dispute. For the time being, we deferentially bow to, and swear by "the button," whatever number it bears. Acknowledging, therefore, what, after all, is only the truth, that the Queen's Own, "*The Old Black Cuffs*," is among the best and bravest corps under the Crown, we may state, that "John Patterson, Gent., to be ensign in the 50th," was gazetted some thirty years ago; that the young candidate for glory joined the regiment at Deal, and soon afterwards embarked at Portsmouth for foreign service. His off-set is touching to those who have ever witnessed, or even imagined such scenes of sorrow and despair as the following—

Previous to our going on board, a limited number of women were allowed to accompany the regiment, and lots were cast in order to decide this very delicate affair. It was most affecting to witness the distress of those whose fate it was to remain behind; and the despair that was pictured on the countenances of the unhappy creatures, was truly pitiable. Many of them, young, helpless, and unprotected, were forced to wander back to their own country, penniless and broken-hearted, and, to all intents and purposes, left in a widowed state; for few of them were fated ever to behold their husbands again.

After touching at Gibraltar, and experiencing a good deal of tossing about, the expedition landed at Mendego Bay. Captain Patterson narrates the various occurrences of the campaign, which was terminated by the convention of Cintra, so far as they fell under his personal observation. In fact, Colonel Napier, and the other historians of the war of the Peninsula, have left little to relate save anecdotes and personal adventures. These Captain Patterson tells with easy pleasantry. He has, indeed, rather a knack of seizing and presenting the brightest attitudes of the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, and of making the brave endurance of petty evils look very like enjoyment in spite of them. From the discomforts of a filthy billet at Santarem, we find him thus cheerfully on the march towards Salamanca; and we think the picture of a soldier's gay and snatch-joy life engaging, and not overcharged.

Yet, in spite of circumstances of this kind, the life of a soldier on service, taking all things together, is the finest in the world. While he moves on, a roving adventurer, care, pain, and trouble are banished from his mind; and, though he is, at times, on short commons, and often driven to his wit's end, he but seldom repines. His sufferings give him a greater relish for the enjoyment of any good things that may be forthcoming, or any windfall that fortune may throw in his way. Once fairly on the road, it is astonishing how rapidly the hours glide away. The formalities of parade or drill-marching, are now at an end, and every one indulges in that mode of perambulation which best suits him. When the commanding officer is not one of your strict disciplinarians, the regimental juniors congregate together in groups—some in front, some in rear—while the men, though keeping their sections, travel in open ranks, filling the entire space of ground over which the route extends.

At the head of the column, is to be seen a host of seniors, or old hands, among whom the laugh and joke prevail; and there many a long-winded veteran inflicts upon the ears of his patient auditors, a narrative as endless as the road. Ever and anon, the second Major falls back, and, in order to shew his consequence and zeal, especially if a General with his staff should chance to be passing, he calls out, in a most important tone, "Gentlemen, get into your places!" "Keep on the flanks!" and other friendly admonitions. As soon as he is convinced, by the approving looks of the great man with the long feather and epaulettes, that his vigilance has been duly noticed, he gallops off to his old station, and the gentlemen betake themselves again to theirs, till another appearance of the chief, when the stray sheep are again called back to the flock. By the by, I know of nothing else that these second Majors have to do, unless it be to act the part of moveable pivots for dressing up the line, (in which they are generally very fussy,) or in whipping-in the young subalterns, whom they endeavour to keep in order.

The surgeon, who is often a very hearty fellow—with better things than boluses and pill boxes in his panniers—together with the adjutant and his brethren of the staff, attract around them, in the rear, a batch of thoroughly pleasant men, who keep up such a volley of jest and drollery, as frequently to beguile the weariness of the longest march. Thanks to their amusing powers, we have often found ourselves at the gates of the town, or on the camp ground, without being aware that we had travelled any distance.

At intervals of one or two hours each day, the troops are halted for a few minutes' rest. Then all, as if by magic wand, are quickly squatted; and haversack being called for, the whole of them, like hungry cormorants at their prey, are soon engaged in one grand scene of mastication. Some perform a solo on the shank-bone of a well-picked ham; others display their talents on the drumstick of a half-starved fowl; while the majority gnaw their way through the skinny junk of an old tough bullock. The vultures and other birds of evil omen are, meanwhile, hovering in mid air, ready to pounce upon the remnants of the feast when we are gone.

At the well-known sound of pipes or bugles, the warriors are again (to use a parliamentary phrase) on their legs, stretching them out with renewed vigour. Among the soldiers, there is likewise much of drollery and mirth; nothing makes much difference with them—it matters not whether trumps turn up or not—whether the chance be a battle or a good billet, they are still the same, and trudge along devoid of care. Give them their allowance and a little rest, and they require no more. Day after

day, I have listened to their jokes and stories, and been highly entertained by their originality and humour.

On this march, and it took place in dark November, we find a part of the secret revealed, by which military leaders gain the hearts of their soldiers, and make lambs of tigers.

The young recruits and drummers felt the hardship most; and often, upon the journey, has Major Napier given his charger to one of them, or to any poor fellow who could not well get on, while, with a musket, or sometimes a brace of them, on his shoulder, he walked before the regiment. Thus, by his considerate kindness for the men, he was securing to himself that respect and estimation in which they always held him, as well as actuating them to perform their duty in a manner worthy of one who, whether in quarters or in the field, never spared himself whenever an opportunity offered to promote their comfort.

At first landing in Portugal, the English were sadly at a loss for language, and for want of dragomen. Many an ingenious device was fallen upon to eke out the extraordinary dialect of the men, trying to make themselves understood in a jumble of Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and oaths. They succeeded better by using signs—

As varied as the movements of a posture-master or even punchinello. When pork, or any other thing pertaining to the hog was wanted, grunting, in imitation of that animal, was the means employed. The desire for eggs was signified by cackling like a hen; was a mule or jackass required, the hands were stuck up on each side above the head, to denote the length of ears, or an awful braying was put forth, enough to call the brotherhood about the performer; tobacco or snuff was demanded by a sneeze, followed, in many cases, by a tweak upon the organ in which the filthy powder was to be deposited; and milk was procured by imitating the extraction of that useful fluid from the cow. In short, for everything there was a corresponding signal, a code of which would have formed an excellent appendage to a soldier's kit.

There is an account of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, containing a wild mixture of the comic and the horrible, which alternately dilates the risible muscles and chills the blood, like those ludicrous accidents which sometimes accompany an execution. Captain Patterson's intimate friend, Ensign Moore, was severely wounded at the battle of Corunna, and died in Gosport Hospital shortly after reaching England. This brief notice is exceedingly touching.

Poor Moore, my esteemed friend and companion, had all along a presentiment of his fate; and talked of it as an event inevitably to happen in the first battle. This sad foreboding, from which I could not rally him, never for a moment preyed upon his mind, which was always cheerful and contented.

Of this battle it is quaintly said—"It was such hot work, that a man would be inclined to give himself a *shake* or two after all was over, in order to ascertain whether his head was on his shoulders."

Captain Patterson next went upon the unhappy expedition to Walcheren, where he escaped the fate of so many brave and sacrificed men, and returned again to the Peninsula. His future adventures do not, and indeed cannot differ from those of many other subalterns, yet there is originality in the mode of telling them; as, for instance, in his description of the Capuchins of Villa Bourba in the Alentejo.

Since the day that a cavalier and "foot-wobbler" were first arrayed together in order of battle, or on any kind of service, there must, we apprehend, have been jealousy between the horse and foot; and the former do certainly assume high airs, of which Captain Patterson endeavours to explain the philosophy. One night, the infantry officers had got a most comfortable billet; and, after a tiresome march, were beginning to enjoy themselves, when an event chanced which gives rise to his speculations.

I will take the opportunity of saying a few words as to certain persons who seemed to think that we had no title to such a luxury. The dragoons sometimes acted towards the infantry in rather a cavalier manner, and appeared to treat them as if they were quite an inferior order of beings. Whether it was because they had the honour of being a little more elevated from the ground, or that to their visage were appended the whisker and mustachio, and they talked their mother tongue in a lisping style, it would be difficult to determine. It is, at all events, pretty certain that many of them, recently imported from the purlieus of St James's, assumed a great variety of airs and graces, unbecoming in the field, however beautiful they might have seemed in Bond Street, and which the rough and dirty work of war and fighting failed to do away with. I can never forget the conduct of one of their noble sprigs, whose regiment happened to arrive at the town when we were halted. It was a poor place after a hard march, under bad weather and very heavy rain; but we were glad to obtain any sort of shelter in the wretched village. We had scarcely entered, when our ears were saluted with the noise of cavalry, coming down the street, and, in a short space, we had a sample of dragooning, such as it would be vain to look for even among the Cherokees.

Three or four of us were seated round the wide fireplace of a Spanish hearth, after taking off our well-drenched jackets and accoutrements, and were enjoying the benefit of a fine blazing pile of fire, the very counterpart of that I have just described, and our servants were preparing for the culinary operations, when a loud hammering was heard at the door of the hovel, accompanied by the clanking of carbines, sabres, saberdashes, and other warlike appurtenances. At the same moment, in burst a tall, raw-boned trooper, (armed cap-a-pied, with a countenance well furnished with a most abundant crop, in which the crows might have built their nests,) followed by two others, carrying sundry hampers belonging to their masters. The intruder, who proved to be the officer commanding, gazed with awful stare upon the lodgers already in the house, and, drawing himself up, as if, like Sampson, he were about to raise the building on his shoulders, called, or rather growled out, in the tone of an angry mastiff, while he curled the points of his black mustachios, "These quarters are not too good for a Col—o—nel of Dra—goons —eh!" and, suiting the action to the word, he flung his implements of war on a table close at hand, with a degree of violence that shook our frail tenement to its base. His claims to supremacy being intimated to us, we gathered up our traps, and bundled out indignantly, looking round, with no very gracious glances, at the statue in whose possession we quietly left the premises, to go in search of another billet.

There was a want of courtesy and good feeling here, not in anyway consistent with high bearing, and these, with many other traits of character, produced a jealousy between us, so that no very cordial intimacy could take place; nor was there much love wasted on either side. Engaged in one common cause, in duty on the same field together, all those ideas of superiority should have been forgotten; and those heroes with spurs of at least a half yard in length, should have packed up all their high opinions and fine notions, and sent them to the stores in England, there to be made use of at some future period. Such commodities never do for service, nor will they harmonize with camp or bivouac. They may pass current at home, where the pride of wealth, gold lace, and dress, go far to raise a man in public estimation; but lying in a wet ditch, or stretched by the side of a tree upon the ground, with a tattered cloak for covering, they are of little value. In that situation, a good blanket, and a well-filled haversack, are worth all the lace, fringe, feathers, and aiguillettes in the British army.

About this time I remember an officer joined our camp from England, with a canteen profusely stocked, as well as a good kit. He was, moreover, a well-dressed young man, apparently fresh from the hands of Dodd, of St James' Street, equipped in garments that seemed as if they were pasted on his body, besides a grey frock coat, lined throughout with silk, and adorned with frogs and tassels in abundance.

Such a set of poor unfortunate gipsies as we were must have been doubtless held in little estimation by our hero, who viewed with scorn our dingy costume, tarnished and tattered in so vile a manner, that even a Jew broker, or an Irish beggarman, would have scarcely picked them up. We had, however, each of us a good blanket, (and some had two,) that was designed a double debt to pay—

> By night a coverlet,
> A saddle-cloth by day.

Johnny Newcome, well scented, had a good stock of odours and essences for service in the field; and, instead of beef or rum, his hampers were amply stored with otto of roses, macassar oil, and other articles of sweet perfume. He glanced with horror at our ugly trim; but, when he

beheld the saddle sloth, he laughed outright, and called us "blanket merchants."

It was then cold and wintry weather, the rain occasionally came down in torrents, so that, when the night set in, we found our friendly coverlet a most timely aid. The green-horn, who was certainly one of his Majesty's hard bargains, eyed us most wistfully askance, and, shivering in his stays and broadcloath, envied the old stagers, while he tried to crouch from the rain and nipping air under any shelter he could find.

One of our fellows, an admirable wag, peeped out from beneath his fleecy counterpane, and observing the plight of Master Superfine, who lay ensconced behind the stump of an old tree, he hallooed, and bellowed out so that the whole camp might hear him, "Halloo, old boy! How do you like the blanket merchants now?" The field was in an uproar at the joke, and the unfortunate recruit having no desire for war's alarms, of which he had seen quite enough to damp his fiery spirit, took himself away soon after, and the Blanketeers never had the pleasure of seeing his pretty face again.

This is a long extract; but we do not grudge it, as the remarks contain much practical good sense, bearing on those reforms which that over-grown army with which we are carrying on the peace in its twenty-second year, urgently requires.* Will the peace now be allowed to have become major, and to be capable of managing its own affairs, without so many military guardians.

We could find no difficulty in multiplying lively extracts from this pleasant narrative, of the vicissitudes and enjoyments of a soldier's life: but it is unnecessary. One of those little episodes in war, which affect the reader more than events of far greater public importance, is thus told. The event took place at the storming of a mountain fort, when the British were pushing across the Tagus in face of the French lines.

An affecting interview took place, after the surrender of the fort, between two brothers, Laurence and Patrick Egan, who were so strongly attached that they were never content on separate duties—the eldest, Laurence, or Larry, as his comrades called him, being a batman, was consequently ordered to remain in charge of the baggage of his company, on the march of the regiment. Prompted by a noble feeling, as well as an ardent desire to be near his brother, this spirited young soldier begged so earnestly for leave to join and meet the enemy with his own companions, that he was at length permitted to do so.

The brothers behaved gallantly on the occasion, and maintained the character of Irishmen. Patrick was mortally wounded during the escalade, being one of the first to mount the ladder. Lying on the rampart in a most painful state, he lingered out for some hours. Poor Larry, in the joy of his heart on our success, ran to find out his brother, whom he soon discovered extended in the agonies of death! A more touching or affecting scene could not be witnessed, and, though it was in humble life, it was moving to the hearts of all around. Many who had long been callous to the horrors of a battle-field, and familiarized to the work of slaughter, could have wept over the deep sorrows of those truly brave and affectionate brothers. The mournful Larry never regained his spirits, and fell in one of the subsequent engagements. They were both excellent soldiers, having a good claim to this feeble record of their worth.

After peace was concluded, Captain Patterson served for some time in Jamaica, and saw many of his companions in arms, who had survived through all the hardships and risks of the Peninsular war, perish of the pestilential fever of that beautiful and fatal island. His description of military quarters and *life* in the Barracks of Up Park Camp and the other stations is picturesque and true. It is not inviting. What a blessing to the British army will the metamorphosing of old slaves into young apprentices prove, if there be any hope that in due time they will grow into journeymen and masters, and be able to manage their own affairs, without the continual superintendance of armed guards!

From all the luxuries of these sun-smitten islands, happy was Captain Patterson to find himself once again in foggy, humid England, in which, with many thanks for his pleasant adventures, we wish the veteran long life and prosperity.

Autobiography of a Country Curate. Smith, Elder, & Co. 2 vols.

The Curate is the friend of the Church, and yet feelingly alive to the miseries of *a life without a living.* With the painful events and trials of such a life, the Curate has combined recollections of a picturesque tour in Scotland, and thus made up a readable book of a rather miscellaneous character. He is extremely alive to the present dangers of the Church of England, whose enemies he states to be "*roaring* without, while her friends are *snoring* within." Those who exclusively arrogate the name are awakening, however, we imagine; and, like many persons, when suddenly scared out of a comfortable nap, in a state very much resembling delirium; as witness their new *Church of England Quarterly Review*, which is rabid and raving.

Essay on the Nature, Ends, and Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Q. De Quincey. By T. C. Kent. Smith & Elder. 1 vol. 8vo.

The translator claims in this work to give his countrymen a book of uncommon excellence, which is very much wanted. "An all-comprehensive and universal theory is now, for the first time, unfolded, as a sure guide and instructor where to find the secrets and how best to wield the spells of art in moulding its creations." This is a high claim. Though the book of the French philosophical critic should fall considerably short of this, it is well worthy of attention. Those who may not coincide in all the views of M. De Quincey, will still be gratified by his eloquent, ingenious, and sometimes subtle speculations.

The Inquisitor. Macrone. 1 vol. post 8vo.

In this neat volume, a recent tour in Spain—not military, but literary, descriptive, antiquarian, and romantic—is thrown into the form of letters. To relieve and propitiate the impatient public, responses are returned from London, dated from the Athenæum Club, which are devoted to literary and gossipping discussion. With these appliances the reader scuds along, as sailors say, at a pleasant rate, through an elegant if not an enduring book.

The Letters of Runnymede. Macrone. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is not because the author of this work is a Tory that we dislike his book; nor yet because he calls Mr O'Connell bad names and abuses the Whigs; but solely by reason that his work is flippant, shallow, and impertinent, and without one grain of information that may not be gleaned from an old file of a weekly newspaper. To our opinion of this Brummagem Junius, Sir Robert Peel, to whom these Letters are inscribed, will, we have no doubt, subscribe.

Mrs Maberly. Macrone. 3 vols.

This novel is considerably injured, if not in part completely spoiled, by the attempt to make it something fresh, original, and unlike other commonplace novels. The author, to gain his end, has taken it into his head, to throw the current manners and habitudes of English society two centuries forward, when railways and steamers have attained incredible perfection, while men and women, their frailties, follies, and fashions, flourish at his New Leamingtons, and Vitreas, his fashionable Asiatic and Australian watering-places, exact counterparts, in 2036, of those of 1837. There is, however, some humour in the improvement which shall then have taken place in musical instruments, compositions, and performers. Mr Longlegs' song is that very consummation of musical absurdity to which the age may have arrived in two hundred years, if it go on at the late rate of progression.

Life and Character of Joan D'Arc. London: Churton.

This is a very slender volume; but it contains all the interesting particulars of the strange story of the Maid of Orleans. A little more might, however, have been made of Joan when the writer was about it.

* Flogging is, we rejoice to see, abolished in the army of Denmark. Are Englishmen to be the last civilised men subjected to punishment which a good modern game-keeper no longer employs in training his dogs?

The Book of Human Character. By Mr Bucke. Knight. 1 vol.

We have here one section of an extensive commonplace book, or scrap-book, into which are gathered numerous stray thoughts, reflections, and anecdotes; together with much wisdom at second-hand, and not a little second-hand wisdom. Yet the book is a good book, and a wise; and one, moreover, upon which the writer has taken great pains, and in which he has found, we doubt not, much pleasure. It is somewhat after the manner of D'Israeli's gleanings, but more ambitious of originality and point of style. We may give a better idea of "The Book of Human Characters," by describing it as hovering between the writings of the author we have named, and the Recollections of Conversation Sharpe. Mr Bucke would fain try a hit at the provoking sex now and then; but as often he prudently draws in his horns. Mr Bucke's volume forms a part of the Library of Anecdote.

Aerial Sights and Sounds. By Charles Williams. Westley & Davis.

We have here a nice and very neat small volume, the purpose of which is to make *Natural Philosophy* familiar to young persons in a very engaging way. Mr Williams relates the popular, we may say the almost *romantic* experiments of Sir H. Davy and other philosophers, generally in their own language; and altogether has compiled a valuable volume of *Entertaining Knowledge.* The book is illustrated by many wood engravings.

The Student of Padua, a Tragedy.

A very diverting performance. If it ever reach the stage, we promise the spectators rare fun.

Life of Ali Pasha.

This Memoir forms the seventy-first volume of Murray's, now Tegg's, "Family Library." The Memoir is compiled by Mr Davenport, who has diligently gleaned from all the travellers and writers who have either visited or heard of his remarkable hero. The volume possesses so much interest that we should have been glad to give an analysis of it, had our limits permitted. It is, however, not dear.

Tints of Talent from many Pencils. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This is a book of scraps in prose and verse by many authors, though we are not sure that the writers are so numerous as the names, or that there may not be a *few aliases.* The *Tales* are of the average merit of the *Annuals.* Some of them have been probably seen before, but are still as good as MS. to the multitude.

The History of England Made Visible. By Charles Williams. London: Westley & Davis.

This History of England, which embraces a period extending from the period of the Ancient Britons to the Reign of George IV., is formed upon an ingenious plan. The principal events, and the character, manners, and customs of every successive age, are exhibited rather than illustrated by circular plates. The first plate, for example, represents in the centre, *Druid Worship;* while, in six bordering sections, we have the ruins, armour, arms, domestic utensils, dwellings, &c. &c. of the period. This, we imagine, will make a very entertaining and instructive domestic volume. The plates are really spirited and clever. Thus, in the one devoted to the Norman period, we have beautiful specimens of the Anglo-Saxon architecture, and of the costumes of warriors, civilians, ladies, and priests.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ALTHOUGH now on the eve of the opening of Parliament, nothing has transpired with regard to the measures likely to be introduced by Ministers; and no attempts have been made to secure the co-operation of Liberals of all classes, though it is obvious that, by the result of this session, the cause of Liberalism must be decided. Throughout Britain, though there is unquestionably no reaction in favour of Toryism, there is great indifference towards the Ministry; nor can we wonder that there should be, considering how much the hopes and expectations of the people, in regard to the fruits of the Reform Bill, have been disappointed. Had it been known that the four first sessions of the reformed Parliament were to prove so barren as they have done, few would have made the exertions which they did in 1832. It was expected that that Act would have annihilated Toryism and corruption —that it would have secured a speedy abolition of the Corn-Laws, and of the laws against importation of food of all kinds—that it would have swept off the Pension List—put an end to sinecures and useless places, and, by remodelling the ecclesiastical establishments of England and Ireland, have afforded a large fund to be employed in purposes of national education. Triennial Parliaments were all but promised by Lord John Russell, in his speech on 1st March 1831, when he introduced the Reform Bill; and the question of the Ballot, it was implied, was to receive a fair consideration by the Cabinet. But, except the English and Scottish Corporation Acts, hardly a single measure has been carried, for securing which, the people exerted themselves to obtain Reform in the Representation. The Boroughmonger Parliament in its last four Sessions passed as many important beneficial measures as the Reformed Parliament has done in the same time. In 1828, the Test and Corporation Act was repealed; in 1829, the Catholic Emancipation Act passed; in 1830, the Tories were driven out of office; and in 1831, the Reform Bill was carried, in a Wellington Parliament, by a majority of one. Next Session the majority was 162, and that in a Parliament elected under the old system; but now the Ministry, supported as they have been throughout by the Radicals, can barely calculate on a majority of 20, and that majority is diminishing every month. At a late dinner at Northampton, Earl Spencer stated, that, in the long course of his political life, there were four measures he had always looked to as of the greatest importance: the Repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Act, and the Abolition of Slavery. Well, only one of these was carried by the Reformed Parliament; and it might have been passed in the worst parliament that ever sat, by the same means, viz. by giving twenty millions—more than the total value of the slaves—for having the name of slavery changed into that of apprenticeship. The English Poor Law Act, on which the Whigs pride themselves, is precisely one of those which would have been gladly received in a Castlereagh Parliament, for it saves the landed proprietors at the expense of the poor; and among its most efficient supporters in both Houses, were accordingly to be found some of the leading Tories. The army and navy, which absorb nearly two-thirds of the disposable revenue of the country, have both been greatly increased by the Whig Cabinet; and by our intervention in the pitiful squabbles of the Peninsula, we are incurring the danger of involving ourselves in war, without doing anything to expedite the restoration of peace in that country. It is not remarkable, therefore, that much indifference towards the Whigs exists, and that the electors feel little inclination to expose themselves to annoyance and loss, for the support of a party which obstinately withholds the only shield which can effectually protect them in the honest and independent exercise, not of the trust, but of the right which they gained with so many struggles and so many sacrifices. The notion of the Whigs plainly is, and has all along been, that the only object of the Reform Act was to keep them in power, and enable them to divide the loaves and fishes among themselves. But if they do not bestir themselves, even

this object will be defeated. By their absurd conduct in allowing the army to remain in the hands of the Tories, and in permitting the whole counties to be ruled by Tory Lord Lieutenants and their Deputies, and Tory Justices of the Peace, by withholding from the counties an organization similar to that of the towns, their political opponents are daily increasing in power, and will, unless a change of conduct takes place, turn them out of office. In the 26 contested elections of English counties, since the dissolution of Parliament, the Reformers have been defeated in 19, and have lost 22 Members. In Scotland, the Tories have almost everywhere been creating numerous fictitious votes, and in a few years the county elections will be entirely in their hands. No effectual check to the creation of such votes seems at all likely to be given by Parliament, in which the Tory votes all but balance the Whig and Radical. Ireland alone prevents the Tories resuming office; for there seems little reason to doubt, that the King will dismiss the Whigs, whenever their Tory opponents declare themselves prepared to assume office.

This melancholy state of matters, at the opening of the fifth session of the Reformed Parliament, has rendered it imperative on the leaders of the people to chalk out a new system of Parliamentary action. Instead of merely following in the wake of the Whigs, and maintaining them in power, popular measures must be introduced, and zealously supported; for otherwise it is vain to expect again to rouse the dormant energies of the people. This line of action, while it will keep the Tories out of office, will, at the same time, force the Whigs either to move forward with the spirit of the age, or compel them to give way to honester and bolder men. We can easily anticipate which alternative they will choose; and there is not, therefore, the smallest risk of fighting the Tory game by adopting this course of proceeding. Sir William Molesworth, who has risen into public esteem more rapidly than any other man, has the merit of contriving this plan, and we have no doubt that it will be eagerly adopted by every independent and untrammelled representative. If the Radical Members, as a body, support it, and they are 170 in number, its success is certain. Frequent divisions on such questions as the Ballot, Shortening the Duration of Parliaments, the Corn-Laws, Extension of the Suffrage, Reduction of the Army, Abolition of Flogging, and the publication of these divisions, will prove more than the great majority of the Whig supporters will be able to sustain, with any chance of being again elected by their constituents. Neither will Peerage Reform be forgotten. Mr Canning always maintained that the Peers could not co-exist with a Reformed House of Commons. The event has shewn that he is perfectly correct; and unless their Lordships are rendered responsible to the people, it is in vain to go through the farce of dissolutions of Parliament and elections of representatives, when the acts of the representatives are rendered nugatory by a set of legislators, either hereditary or named on account of their services in the cause of tyranny and corruption.

The benefit to be derived from the mere discussion of salutary measures of Reform, can hardly be overrated. The great support of Toryism is ignorance. Notwithstanding all the efforts which are incessantly made to point out the abuses existing in our political system, little progress has yet been made in diffusing information throughout the masses. Immense multitudes, even of the middle classes, think they have no more to do with politics than the Cabinet Ministers have with their private affairs. They are willing to leave them to manage as they like, as if it was of no consequence whether a man paid double what he ought to do for his food and clothing—whether profits and wages were high or low—and whether his life and property were to be exposed to the judicial prostitution of a Braxfield, or the atrocious conspiracies of a Castlereagh. The great body of the people are so intent on filling their pockets, that they have neither time nor inclination to examine how they are emptied. But a debate in Parliament resounds through the breadth and length of the land. No system of publication which can be devised can at all approach it in extent and efficacy. It reaches, almost with the rapidity of thought, every individual, high and low; and the reports being mixed up with miscellaneous matter, suitable to every capacity and every taste, are more or less perused by those who would revolt from the study of any merely political writing. Many a speech which has fallen ineffectually upon the drowsy senators of St Stephens, has, in a short time, caused such a feeling throughout the country, as to ensure, in another session, the passing of the measure which it advocated. Catholic Emancipation, Abolition of Slavery, the Repeal of the House Duty, of the Stamps on Newspapers, could not have been effected without numerous debates in Parliament disseminated throughout the kingdom. All these measures, when first introduced, were rejected by so great majorities, and held up to such scorn and ridicule, that it seemed mere waste of time to persevere in again bringing them under the notice of Parliament. Mr Cobbett's motion for leave to bring in a bill to equalise the Stamp Duties, was treated as a mere chimera, and thrown out by a majority of four to one. Although that question was only once debated, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has already brought in a bill carrying into effect the spirit and almost the letter of Mr Cobbett's resolutions—and there is little doubt that that bill will become law before the termination of the present year. These remarks we intend as an answer, by anticipation, to the complaints which will soon be made of the Radicals wasting time by the introduction of measures which, it is assumed, will never be carried, because the Whigs and Tories may succeed in rejecting them by large majorties when first introduced.

The probable efficacy of the new Radical system may be judged of by the dismay it has cast over the Whig camp. There is hardly one of their supporters of the press, from the Land's-End to John o' Groat's, who has not raised his voice against it. The Tories, on the other hand, affect an air of exultation, as if the people were so easily imposed on as not to see, that, although it *may* prove injurious to Whiggery, it *must*, in the end, give the death-blow to Toryism.

ENGLAND.

The most important and interesting event of the month, was the dinner, given by the Reformers of Bath, to their representatives, General Palmer and Mr Roebuck, on the 5th of Jauuary. Nearly 500 persons were present, and the speeches were very spirited. Colonel Charles Napier advocated Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, the Vote by Ballot, and Reform of the Lords: Annual Parliaments, because short accounts made long friends, and because the representative would be brought annually before his constituents; Universal Suffrage, because representation and taxation should go together; the Ballot, because at present the poor man was put in jeopardy if he voted against the rich; and Reform of the Lords, because the existing system was rotten. General Palmer defended the Ministry, and said that Lord Melbourne would give the Ballot, &c., when Mr Roebuck and his fellow-labourers succeeded in agitating the public mind on these questions. This, he stated on a knowledge of thirty years' standing of his Lordship. This hint should not be overlooked. We believe, indeed, that the Whigs will give anything rather than resign office.—Mr Roebuck, who was enthusiastically received, defended himself for having found fault with the Ministry. He maintained that Reform was moving at a snail's pace. The Radicals did not ask the Whigs to bring forward such questions as the Ballot and Reform of the Peers, but merely to leave the members of the Cabinet to vote on them as they chose. If the Whigs refused justice, there was no other course than to turn them out, and their fall would be their own suicidal act, and not that of the Radicals. In speaking of O'Connell, he denied that the Melbourne Ministry were doing justice to Ireland. Making some good appointments was not doing justice. They had passed no new law to prevent the atrocities which were so frequent in that country when under Tory rule, from being again committed. He concluded by shewing that a dangerous

crisis had arrived, and it was now plain that the Radicals must either cease to be the representatives of the people, or compel the Whigs to do justice if they remained in office.—Sir W. Molesworth insisted that Reform measures should have fair play, and maintained that, by submitting them to Parliament and the country, the confidence and support of the people would be regained. He would be sorry to see a Tory Government in power, because his political hatred to that party was uncompromising and unquenchable; but if, in order to keep the Whigs in power, the Radicals must co-operate with them in doing nothing, must suppress their opinions, shrink from carrying out their principles, and thus produce among the people a doubt of their honesty and zeal, and a feeling that they were compromising their principles, for the sake of power and connexion with those who have good things to bestow—then the sacrifice was too great, for it was a sacrifice of principle. He firmly believed that the course the Radicals were now taking, so far from being disagreeable, was secretly approved of by the best and worthiest now in the Ministry; and he did not think that it would drive the Whigs into the Tory ranks, or into private life. He insisted on the propriety of the Radicals, on every occasion, making known their opinions, and proving to the people that they were in earnest in their attempts to carry their principles into effect, by treating as foes all who stood in their way. Sir William was vehemently cheered for some minutes at the conclusion of his speech.—Mr Leader held up the Lords as the great obstruction to the progress of civilization and improvement. He ridiculed the notion that the Lords were the protectors of the people; and pointed to the statute-book, which is peculiarly the book of the aristocracy, to confute any such notion. There are to be found the Game-Laws, the Corn-Laws, and the numerous restrictions and prohibitions which prove that the interests of the people have always been, and are sacrificed to the interests of the aristocracy. It was said the prosperity of England was mainly owing to the Lords: but he asked, What had they done for its prosperity? Did they encourage the arts and sciences, establish manufactures, foster trade, or enlarge our commerce? He strongly urged the necessity of the Ballot, and entreated that every effort should be made, and no rest from agitation allowed, until the Ballot became the law of the land. He deprecated the policy of conciliating the Tories, and appealed to the carrying of the Reform Bill in a boroughmonger Parliament, to shew that it was only through faint-heartedness or misunderstanding, that the Liberals could fail in their efforts. He scouted the notion that there was any chance of the Tories getting into power by a disunion of the Liberal party. The Radicals would co-operate with the Government, and, at the same time, endeavour to improve its measures, not for the sake of place or power, but of principle: and in order to exclude from power the most illiberal party that ever attempted to rule a great country.—Colonel W. Napier, in replying to the toast of his health and "Justice to Ireland," spoke for two hours. He believed the only way to get justice to Ireland, was to have a government which would do justice to England. He denounced the conduct of the Whigs in their treatment of Ireland, their treachery in preventing the people obtaining the fruits of the Reform Bill, their incapacity for public business, their protecting the Lords in their attempts to defraud the people of their rights. He believed the Poor Law Amendment Bill was intended by its authors, though not by its supporters, as a bill for raising rents. He recommended to Mr O'Connell, now that he had established the National Association, and that the Irish were strong enough to resist any ephemeral administration, to join the English Radicals—at all events it would be the duty of the latter not to sacrifice their principles to the double dealing of any faction. In conclusion, the Colonel recommended agitation for Peerage Reform. The Lords sprang from the people: they did not fall like manna from heaven, and care should be taken they did not become like locusts on the land. Hitherto the people had only cried out "Reform the Lords!" but, if they went on in their present course, the cry would be, "Up with the People and down with the Lords!" This dinner has created more sensation among all parties than any meeting which has taken place for the last twelve months.

Church-Rates.—The opposition to this tax has become so formidable that the Ministry will be forced to abolish it without further delay. There will be no great difficulty in accomplishing that object; for it appears, from a statement of Mr Baines, M.P., that, if the funds applicable to the repairs of churches were used for that purpose, there would only remain £30,558, to be raised by 13,614 congregations. Since 1813, 375 persons have been prosecuted for these rates; and in some instances, the costs have been forty times the sum due! Large meetings have been held at Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, at which resolutions for the abolition of Church Rates have been carried, almost without opposition.

The Ballot.—One of the arguments, if the verbiage uttered against secret voting can be called argument, is, that the elective franchise is a trust—held for behoof of the non-electors. If this were the case, the non-electors who are assumed by law not to be qualified to judge who is a proper representative, would control the choice of the electors, who are assumed to be qualified. This is as pretty a piece of absurdity as can well be imagined. If the non-electors named the electors, in the first place, there might be something said in favour of such an assertion; but, as matters stand, the elective franchise is as much a right as any other which a man possesses, though controlled in its exercise, like all other rights, by law. Who ever heard of an elector being called to account by the non-electors for his vote? What elector would answer such a call? If the law gives the non-electors such a right, why does it not enable them to enforce it? But what compulsion have they over the elector? They can neither deprive him of his vote, nor punish him in any other way. But even if it were a trust, is it a more sacred one than that exercised by a member of a court martial, or a juryman on a trial for life and death? Yet what is the law in such cases? The deliberations of a court martial are carried on in secret, and each member must swear, "*That he shall not, upon any account, at any time whatsoever, disclose or discover the vote or opinion of any particular member of the court martial, unless required to give evidence thereof as a witness, by a court of justice, in due course of law;*"—(*Tytler*, p. 231;) and this regulation is defended by all writers on courts martial, on grounds which are, with still greater force applicable to the elective franchise. Jurymen, in the same way, deliberate in secret, and it is hardly ever known how they vote, even though attempts are often made to discover the state of the vote. It is accordingly doubtful, whether, by any process in a court of law, they can be compelled to make this discovery, even where the rights of third parties are concerned, as when a person alleges that a verdict given against him in a court trial was not unanimous;—yet the practice of secret voting, which is as old as the Constitution—whatever may be the period fixed on at which we had a Constitution, for we have none now, it seems—is held up to be un-English!

Prince Polignac.—The traitor against the liberties of France has received so many invitations from the English nobility, that, for the preservation of his health, he has been obliged to decline accepting any to *large* dinner or evening parties. The court, after an interval, in which Louis Philippe's permission was, no doubt, obtained, has gone into mourning for the expelled and dethroned tyrant of France, Charles X. These facts shew what is thought in high quarters in this country of treason against the people. What would be thought of any one who would *fête* such persons as Alibaud, Fieschi, or Meunier, or put on mournings for their death?

The Revenue.—The year ending 5th January exhibits an increase of the receipts, as compared with the preceding year, of £2,570,957; but the quarter's income exceeds that of the corresponding quarter of last year by £16,231 only. The revenue for the year just ended is £44,431,000.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The bullion still continues to decrease, the monthly return to the 10th January being £254,000 less than the preceding return. There is now only £4,287,000 of bullion in the Bank.

NEW POOR-LAW.—A great outcry has been got up against the new Poor-Law, but apparently without any good ground. 173 unions of parishes have been formed, and the sum expended has, in every one of them, decreased from twenty-three to fifty per cent., the average of the whole being forty-one per cent. Crime has also generally diminished; and, as a proof that the labouring classes are acquiring more provident habits, Friendly Societies are rising up throughout England.

THE BREVET.—We are surprised that the Ministry should have consented to the brevet at this particular time. It is certain that a dissolution of Parliament will take place within a few months; the officers of the army and navy are mostly Tories, and the promotion and additional pay will stimulate them to use their utmost exertions for their party, from whom, and not from the Whigs, they have really obtained them. Nearly a hundred regiments, commands, and staff situations, will become vacant, all of which will be filled up at the Horse Guards by enemies of the Ministry. The increase to the Dead Weight is also no inconsiderable evil. We have already more officers than the total number of the army of the United States; and, in numerous instances, promotion will be given, not to the men who fought during the war, but to those who never saw a foreign enemy, and who have obtained their commissions by sycophancy and court favour. The navy is in hardly a better condition. We have 184 flag officers, 789 captains, 1105 commanders, and 2994 lieutenants. Of naval officers of all kinds, there are no fewer than 7921—a sufficient number to supply all the navies in the world.

NEW NEWSPAPERS.—It was very generally feared that, on the reduction of the newspaper duty, the country would be inundated with new and trashy newspapers, springing up in every direction. No such consequence has followed the reduction of duty. Not many new journals have yet appeared. In addition to those mentioned in our late papers on the newspaper press, we have remarked only the following:—*The Aylesbury Gazette*, a Radical paper of good promise, which already announces a circulation higher, by some 30 or 40 per cent., than the circulation of both the Tory and the Whig papers of the same town put together. *The Scarborough, Whitby, and Bridlington Chronicle*, a paper of Liberal principles—whether of Whig or Radical we cannot make out from the single number we have seen; *The Preston Observer and North Lancashire Advertiser*, a decided Radical, and strenuous supporter of Mr John Crawfurd, who is to stand for Preston at next election; *The Kidderminster Messenger*, a moderate Tory; and *The Shetland Journal*, printed in London, but conducted by natives of Shetland, and circulating in those Islands to the extent of nearly 1000—a spirited attempt, to which we wish continued success. In our papers on the newspaper press, we have fallen into one or two mistakes, which we take this opportunity of correcting. The high Tory paper of Birmingham is *The Birmingham Advertiser*, and not *The Gazette*. Monmouthshire *has* a newspaper, published at Newport, called *The Monmouthshire Merlin*, a respectable and successful print of eight years standing, and a steady supporter of Liberal principles. Not having been aware that *The Edinburgh Advertiser*, the leading Tory paper of the place, had, of late years, increased very considerably in circulation, we unintentionally, in our paper on Advertising in Scotland, underrated the value of that paper as an advertising medium. It is one of the best in Scotland. Once more we remind the friends of thoroughly independent principles, that there is now a London daily newspaper, which they would find quite congenial to their taste—*The Constitutional*, a paper entirely devoted to the cause of the people, without regard to party. *The Sunday Times*, a paper of the largest size, and written in a bold and independent style, and exceedingly popular among the citizens of London, has of late, we understand, doubled its circulation.

SCOTLAND.

Sir R. Peel dined with the Tories from all parts of Scotland, on the 13th of January. To refresh the memories of his admirers and fellow compotators, *The Glasgow Argus* very opportunely ransacked the files of the Tory journals for 1829 for the character of the hero of the feast; and the search produced an abundant harvest. *The Standard* of that year characterised him as a person "who had given up in succession everything for which he had contended, except his place"—described him as "notoriously inefficient as a leader in the House of Commons"—denounced the "Swan River job"—and held up his whole political life as "a tissue of simulation." *The Morning Journal* asserted, that, "of all apostates he was undoubtedly the most culpable"—maintained that he was "a fallen and despicable man"—and he was advised "to migrate and seek a retreat among the kangaroos and Peels of the Swan River." *The Age* depicted him as "a poor, creeping, mechanical drudge, whose political existence was sacrificed"—as "the disgraced, the characterless, the false, lying, perjured turncoat." *The Glasgow Courier* asserted he was lost for ever as a statesman. His conduct "stands undefended, indefensible. No party ever will or can trust him again." Yet this is the man the Tories of Scotland now delight to honour. Are they sure they can rely on him now? May he not turn his coat again? We should not be surprised if he did. An attempt was made to get the Town Council of Glasgow to vote the freedom of the corporation to Sir Robert Peel; but it was defeated by a majority of nineteen to twelve. The Dean of Guild had the assurance to say that Sir Robert's visit was not political! Sir Robert, in his speech at the dinner, seemed to be of the same opinion as the Dean. He flattered his audience by encomiums on the Scotch, and more particularly on the people of Glasgow, which were, of course, received with many plaudits. All that could be gathered from the speech, in regard to politics, was, that he is to stand by the Church and the House of Lords. He defended hereditary legislation, on the ground that hereditary Lords were as good as hereditary tailors—a defence which we have no inclination to controvert. He abused the American government, but took no notice of its results—freedom from debt, a revenue more than double the expenditure, and raised from the customs and sale of lands alone, and some ten millions sterling, now dividing among the different States, to stimulate internal improvements, manufactures, and commerce. Sir Robert remarked, that there were other enjoyments besides cheap newspapers; but we presume he does not include among them excise and stamp laws, a flogged army, starvation laws, and a pensioned and profligate aristocracy. Upon the whole, the Peel dinner has produced little if any effect; and it is evident that Sir Robert is not disposed to go the length which the Tories of the Cumberland and Lyndhurst school desire.

EAST LOTHIAN.—The contest in this county will be very hard; not that there is the slightest reason for apprehending any reaction, but because the Tories are making a most unscrupulous use of all the bad influences, and because they have created far more votes than the Liberals since last election. It is hardly, however, possible, to conceive that a majority of the electors of this enlightened county can prefer Lord Ramsay, of whom, as a public man, nothing good is known, to a gentleman of worth, integrity, and long and faithful service in the cause of the people, like Robert Ferguson of Raith. The electors should remember, that it was on their solicitation that Mr Ferguson resigned the Kirkaldy Burghs, which he might have represented as long as he lived without trouble or expense, to come and beard the Tories in what might be considered their own den, the county never having been represented by a Liberal before. They ought not to forget that no other man could have defeated them, and that the struggle has called for the most serious sacrifices. Whatever may be the result, however, of the next election, the canvass has already had the good effect of convincing many of the electors, formerly opposed to such measures, of the necessity of the Ballot, in order to protect the voters, and

of an extension of the franchise, to counteract the creation of fictitious qualifications so abundantly manufactured by the Tories.

FIRE INSURANCE.—We strongly recommend co-operation with the citizens of Edinburgh to obtain a repeal of this oppressive tax, which amounts, in common risks, to 200 per cent. of the premium. This tax, from which the landlords and their tenants are now totally exempt, prevents numerous insurances, particularly among the lower classes, and hence is the cause of extreme misery in the event of their property being consumed by fire. It is impossible that Parliament can refuse to repeal the tax, if the demand is made by sufficient numbers. Let every town in England and Scotland petition.

IRELAND.

☞ The Orangemen have received a severe defeat by the return of Mr White, a Liberal, for the county of Longford. This county was considered perfectly safe; the Tories, in former elections, having carried it by a majority of 300 or 400. But the insults of Lyndhurst have caused many of the electors to change sides, and hence the result. The numbers, at the close of the poll, were—White, 619; Fox, 526; majority, 93. The notion landlords entertain of their tenants' votes, was finely illustrated at this election. Mr Lovell Edgeworth, who proposed the Orange candidate, said, "He had no hesitation in stating what he himself would do as a landlord. He would say to his Catholic tenants, Vote for me—vote as I vote; and if you don't do so, I will never sign a lease for a Catholic again, or give him the power of voting." Another landlord spoke of being "*robbed*" of his tenants' votes!

The question of Poor-Laws is exciting much discussion in Ireland. It has been debated before the National Association; but, on the motion of Mr Shiel, the debate was adjourned until the conclusion of the registries of voters. It is impossible that matters can continue on their present footing, because, independently of the misery of the poor Irish, it is unjust towards this country that the wages of labour should be reduced, and a burden thrown on us which should be borne by the Irish landlords. It is quite preposterous, that subscriptions should be constantly raised in Britain for the relief of those whose great cause of misery is the exorbitant rents exacted from them.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—Three Aldermen and fifty-two Common-Councilmen of London were lately admitted members. Subscriptions to the rent continue to flow in, many of them from England.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—Another unsuccessful attempt has been made on the life of Louis Philippe. In proceeding in a close carriage from the Tuileries on the 27th December, to open the Chamber of Deputies, he was fired at, about fifty yards from the gateway which was the scene of Alibaud's attempt, by a person from behind the line of National Guards. The weapon was a small pistol. The ball broke the glass of the carriage window; and the Duke of Orleans, who, along with the Duke de Nemours and Prince de Joinville, were in the carriage with the King, was slightly wounded in the face by the splinters of the glass. The ball passed through the back of the carriage, not far from where Louis Philippe was sitting. The person who fired the pistol is Meunier, a journeyman saddler, in destitute circumstances. He made no effort to escape, and has expressed no contrition for his offence in prison. This attempt has been very opportune for Ministers, as it has taken public attention off the defeat of the French Army in Africa, and it will probably lengthen their tenure of office. Several newspapers, which maintained that the frequent attacks on Louis Philippe's life arose from his insisting on conducting the government, and not allowing the management of it to rest with his Ministers, have been seized. This is the sort of liberty which exists in France, under a prince who owes his throne to the people!

SPAIN.—The Queen's troops under Espartero, with the assistance of the British, have gained an important advantage over the Carlists. On the 24th December they attacked the Carlists engaged in the siege of Bilboa, and drove them from their camp with great loss, and next day entered the town. 6000 Portuguese have arrived at Vittoria to reinforce General Evans' troops, and his force is to be increased to 15,000 men, to enable him to attack the Carlists in the neighbourhood of St Sebastian, while Espartero presses them in another direction.

HANOVER.—"A Royal Family Law for the Kingdom of Hanover," has been published. It asserts throughout the absolute power of the King, no more notice being taken of the people than if they did not exist.

TRADE, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

In the West of England, the masters and workmen in many places have not yet come to any arrangement; and at Preston, Oldham, and other places, many thousands of persons are unemployed. In the potteries, an agreement had nearly been made, but the delegates from other places interfered and prevented it.

The demand for yarns and goods is improving, and matters are in a more satisfactory state than they were a few weeks ago, as it has been found that the mischief, arising from the stoppage of the Joint Stock Banks, is less serious than was anticipated. Our monetary system is not, however, by any means on a sound nor permanent footing, and therefore more embarrassment to our trade and manufactures may be anticipated.

The late resolution of the iron masters to blow out numerous furnaces, will, it is calculated, diminish the produce of iron one-fifth, and keep up the price which the masters have fixed. Such a monopoly as the iron trade, conducted in so barefaced a manner, calls loudly for legislative interference. The heavy duties on foreign iron ought immediately to be repealed. On cast-iron articles it is ten per cent.; on those of wrought iron, twenty per cent.; while bar and pig iron also pay a considerable duty. Bad as the landowners are, they have always encouraged the increase of the produce of the soil within Britain; they have never combined together to limit its production. We, therefore, advise our friends at Sheffield, who are consumers of iron as well as of corn, to attack the iron masters' monopoly, in order that they may obtain the raw material of their manufacture at a moderate rate.

AGRICULTURE.

The wheat crop in Scotland is turning out ill on the thrashing-floor. The wet weather in the latter part of October and in November, followed as it has been by the late snow storm, has almost put an end to agricultural operations. It has also affected severely sheep in exposed districts; and there is much reason to apprehend that the sufferings to which the ewes have been exposed will have an injurious effect at lambing season.

Markets continue high, without any prospect of a fall. The general average price of wheat for England last year, in January, was 36s. 7d.; by the last return, it is 60s. 1 Last year large quantities of meat, and sheep, and cattle, were sent to London from all parts of Scotland; this year it is so scarce, that there is greater probability of our transporting meat from London than sending any to that city. We could obtain excellent meat from Holland, Belgium, and France, at present, and sell it at a good profit in our own markets at 3d. per pound; but to permit such an importation, would endanger the Church and the aristocracy, who are perfectly convinced that the prosperity of the country is promoted by the starvation of the people.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1837.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

The Whigs may not be very willing to resign; nor are the considerate and prudent part of the Tories altogether prepared to step into place and enjoy their turn. Both parties would avoid the impending Crisis if they could; the one trusting to Ireland, the chapter of accidents, and a transient gale of popularity, caught from the proposition of one or two Liberal measures; and the other to improving the brief interval afforded, like the last two years, in extending their corrupt influence among the new constituencies, by every means, whether foul or fair. The lapse of a few more months before an election would bring their hordes of new voters into play, and enable them to muster all their mercenaries. But whatever be the secret wishes, or the hopes and fears, of the two aristocratic parties, the crisis is inevitable—and close at hand; and the Radicals will, at the last moment, have neither the praise nor discredit of overturning the Whig Government. They will not even have tacitly acquiesced in its destruction, but the reverse. In its fall it will have retained the support of the Radical representatives, so far as is consistent with their principles and their duty to the people. However it may be with the Reformers in relation to the Whig Ministry, the friends of the latter can have no reason to complain of the factious hostility of the Liberal party. The first numerical defeat that the Ministry has sustained in the session, Ministers owe to the delicate sensitiveness of one of their colleagues. Sir John C. Hobhouse is as free to frustrate a Cabinet measure by desertion, as he is bound to vote against his avowed principles as a Radical Reformer, in pretended obedience to Ministerial etiquette, which imposes such grievous burdens upon conscience. The Radical party, then, is clear of all blame in the approaching event. They have been firm and strenuous supporters of the Government, so far as they could, consistently with higher duties; and if the Whigs are doomed permanently to fall, it must be from inherent weakness, and the growing indifference of the people. The remedy for both causes of the decay of Whig power, has often been pointed out. The Whigs seem, at times, to have a perception of its efficacy; but aristocratic influences and prejudices are powerful against its application—and thus the season is lost. The country is deafened with representations of the difficulties of their position as a middle party. But are not these difficulties altogether of their own creation? The people want, in the administration, no middle party, which can only benefit their enemies; but one that shall cordially unite with the Reformers in Parliament, in obtaining those measures which they consider essential to good government, and to which the difficulties pleaded are but so many obstructions. The real difficulty is disinclination. The lion in the way of the Whigs, is not the hostility of the House of Lords, but the Ballot, Short Parliaments, and a widely-extended Suffrage, which would at once give a House of Commons that would make factious opposition to the People's wishes, wherever it arose, a very slight thing. If the matter were fairly stated, it should be described as the difficulty which the Whigs experience to maintain themselves in power, by means of the People, whose will and interest they oppose in the most pressing and important of all measures. It might easily then be understood. Their difficulties with the Radical Reformers are more formidable than with the Tories, only because with them they appear to cuncur in more and greater points. The out-lying portion of the purely Whig party are, however, beginning to feel, that, if a Whig Government be to exist much longer, it must consent to the removal of some of those self-created *difficulties*. The question of Ballot has made considerable way among such persons, since it has been divined that, however un-English it may be, and otherwise objectionable, it is necessary to the existence of the Ministry. The same conviction will force itself either into the Cabinet, or, as probably, into a Whig Opposition. And for this we may not have long to wait. The Irish Municipal Bill has become the point of honour with the Government. Lord John Russell cannot flinch here; and a collision which forces the Ministry to resign, is the unavoidable consequence. Even if the Peers, rejecting the bold counsels of their favourite Captain, should descend one step towards conciliating Ireland, and try to *Sauter la coupe*, the Ministers cannot fall into the snare. The country would not permit misconception, nor tolerate compromise. There must be the bill in its integrity or none. Nor, to do the Government justice, would it submit to disgrace upon this chosen question. By it the Whigs stand or fall. Is, then, their immediate fall, temporary as it may prove, a matter of longer dubiety? Their recovery is more

doubtful; yet, fortunate as they have been in so many fortuitous circumstances, that remains in their own power. Formerly, the Liberal Reformers rallied in their defence. They are still as willing and more able to act as their allies. On the eve of the Crisis, on the verge of ruin, the Whigs have only to avow some leading principle of government, and some important and practical object, worthy of, and demanding union among Reformers, and to adopt a common creed, and a common watch-word, to combine all orders of Reformers, to the utmost extremes of Radicalism. Will they do this until driven to it? We doubt it.

Since the opening of the present Session, the Government has not shewn less liberality than formerly. Several good measures, though of a neutral character, have been proposed; and Lord John Russell has improved the Tory respite granted him, to catch a little popularity by flashes of spirit, which are ever so delightful to the people when directed against the Tories. The Ministerial press, always complimentary, is thrown into an ecstasy of admiration by such fiery out-breaks; and an ebullition of personal feeling, into which the Minister is stung by the insolence of rivals, but comprehending no principle, and leading to nothing, is lauded as if some great and permanent measure of reform had obtained his support.

Through the medium of the Ministerial organs, and before the opening of the Session, a stupid and dishonest threat of coalition between the Whigs and the Tories, was held out to the Radical Reformers. This, like the spirit displayed upon one or two occasions, has reacted momentarily in favour of Ministers; and, at this moment, a sort of negative merit is attributed to Lord John Russell, and one or two of his colleagues, for not rushing into the embraces of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, in revenge of the discontent of the Radicals with the tardy progress of such Reforms as have been acknowledged necessary, and with the reluctance displayed by the Cabinet to confess the necessity of those which the Reformers consider the most essential of all. Whig blindness has often been lamented; but the Whigs of this day are not so stone-blind but that they have a glimmering perception that, of all forms of destruction which can overtake them, a coalition with the Tories would be the most complete and irretrievable.

If, in past and worse times of our history, such unprincipled and degrading leagues to retain power and emolument, have been considered as hateful and odious combinations against the people, what would be thought of them now? The Tories are also well aware of the contemptible nature of such alliances in the eyes of all honest men. Sir Robert Peel does not invite the adhesion of Whig subalterns; and he is in the right. Save to grace his triumphal car, of what good could they be? What has the defection of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, with the small fry they led, profited the Tory party, though such vaulting hopes were placed in their accession—what beyond their personal and family interest as landlords? They have rather embarrassed their adopted chief than aided him. Peel, save for their aristocratic connexions, and their corrupting power among electors, would not have a gift of all the talent and eloquence the Whig deserters could bring him. The odium of so infamous a defection would greatly counterbalance every other advantage. With what patience would the country endure a Ministry formed of the basest ingredients of all former Governments, coalescing on the principle of stopping all improvement—one part of which must be despised by the consistent Tories, while the whole was hated by the Reformers? A plausible, conforming Tory Ministry would ultimately be more dangerous to the interests of the People, worn out with agitation, and desiring repose, than that rope of sand, which could not hold together for a month, a Whig and Tory Coalition Ministry.

The menace of such an infliction we hold in utter scorn. There is at present no choice, save between the ancient "constitutional parties;" though it is quite as evident that the new, the Third party, has already attained the place of umpire, and is enabled to pronounce which of the other two shall enjoy power, in which they desire no active participation. This singular state of things must continue until the House of Commons be effectually purified, and become in reality what it is in name, the representative of the interests and will of the whole people. Nothing short of beginning at the foundation, can remove those obstacles which stand between the sincere and uncompromising Radicals and the doors of the Cabinet. A coalition of Radicals and mere Whigs is more improbable than the union of Conservatives and party Whigs; and, in the present state of affairs, is quite as much to be deprecated, since, without a sacrifice of principle, it is impossible. No enlightened Reformer can wish to see the public virtue of any Radical statesman submitted to the perilous ordeal of a gagged and shackled Cabinet, whose members must either extinguish their consciences or cease to draw their pay. The place of the Radical leaders is still in the House of Commons, and neither in Cabinets nor Privy Councils. It is, therefore, no soreness at the studied neglect of those gentlemen that influences us.

The Reformers ought rather to be gratified in witnessing the powerful position which the men who represent their opinions have assumed in the State, and in a Peel-Parliament. If they cannot be, or should not choose to be Ministers, they can make the thing they would not become. In England it is now King, Lords, Commons, and RADICALS; the two latter soon to be blended in one, whatever fate may await the second branch. With nothing like concert, and without much tact or experience as a mere party, the Radicals have, in the present Session, simply by a firm adherence to their principles—each man for himself—made a marked and honourable progress, and a strong impression upon the country. Is a minority of 92, in a thin house, for exclud-

ing the Bishops from Parliament—or rather for relieving them altogether from the turmoil of politics, and permitting them to give undivided attention to spiritual concerns—no triumph? A few years back, Mr Lushington and his 91 adherents would have been denounced as Infidels and Atheists. The victory on Sir William Molesworth's motion for abolishing the invidious property qualification for Members of Parliament was equally decided. Whigs and Tories combined defeat the Radicals—deserted, too, by many loose-jointed, professing Reformers—only by so narrow a majority as 29! These results exceed our expectations.

When Mr Grote's persevering test, the Ballot question, comes on, he may expect a far greater number of votes than upon former trials, when studied pains were taken to discredit and defeat his measure. It would not be very surprising if he this time should catch a stray vote from the Cabinet; or that, at the least, some of its Liberal members should be absent from the division. For the late rapid progress of the Ballot question, there are various causes. Some who would have opposed the principle of protecting dependent men, in voting "according to their inclination," begin to discover that this practice is the only means available in the county constituencies to neutralize or swamp the swarms of fictitious and compulsory Tory votes. With the Ministerial journalists, especially in the provinces, the necessity of Ballot to the Whigs, has perceptibly, within the last few months, advanced that measure. An equally favourable reception of Mr Hume's motion for the extension of the suffrage to householders is not yet to be anticipated. That act of justice must be waited for. It is not felt to be necessary to the Whig party at elections, and it might be found seriously detrimental to them, unless they shall enlarge their views. Besides, upon the question of extended suffrage, many of the class possessing ten, twenty, thirty, and fifty pound qualifications, and calling themselves Reformers, are quite as jealous and exclusive as the aristocracy, and as desirous as the Whigs to prolong the season of the People's pupilage. Yet the non-electors are neither without influence nor friends in the House of Commons. To them the Radical members for the large towns and populous counties are half indebted for their seats; and they are quite aware of this, as also that the young and spirited non-electors of 1837 must, to a considerable extent, become the actual electors of future years, although the franchise should not be extended. Thus, Mr Hume's motion, an important one in the *experimental* list of the Radical leaders, will probably command, under the wholesome fear of a dissolution, a fair array of supporters.

Whatever be the result of the Crisis, it is not easy to believe that Sir Robert Peel will have the temerity to venture upon office with the fagend of a Parliament which baffled him in its most hopeful stage, and when plastic and fresh from Tory hands. Whether, therefore, we are to have a Whig or Tory Government, an election is probable; and for that the Reformers must be prepared, with all the means they have yet gained. The smaller these may be, there is the greater necessity for both using and husbanding them as circumstances demand.

Though we scout the idea of reaction against the principles of reform, or of growing indifference to those substantial and durable improvements in government which come home to men's hearths and pockets—supineness to Whig party interests cannot be denied; and its consequences may be severely felt at the next election. If any part of the People who are controlled by their landlords and patrons in trade, are to be roused to another sacrifice, they must be distinctly shewn what they are to gain by it—not to Lord Melbourne's Government, but to their country and their posterity. Those who have already suffered so much for a chimera, must have some tangible good presented to them—something to have and to hold. If they are to strain their sinews in another strong pull, they must be assured that it is the last. What equivalent for their manifold exertions are the Whigs prepared to offer to the people of England and Scotland, or what inducement and stimulus to renew a battle which brings the People neither glory nor gain?

The mere event of Whig discomfiture will rouse many generous sympathies: the consideration the government has shewn for Ireland has given a favourable impression of their enlightened policy, and of their benevolence towards that worse than neglected country; their church-rate extinction bill—for we hope that may be its title—will, perhaps, be calculated to beget confidence and gratitude among the large and influential body of the Dissenters. But something besides all these hopes and prospective benefits is requisite to kindle the whole mass of the people to anything approaching the intense enthusiasm of the exciting days of the Reform Bill; and to fuse them, as then, into one compact and energetic body, against which aristocratic resistance was hopeless. There is hardly one measure that could be relied upon to produce this electrical effect, save returning to the same grand principle—a thorough Representative Reform, secured by the Ballot and an Extension of the Suffrage; thus making effectual that which has hitherto been counteracted or eluded by Tory art and influence, aided by Whig connivance and submission. Are the Ministers prepared for this?—for nothing short of it can give them that strength and stability in the next Parliament which alone can render them either useful to their friends or formidable to their enemies. The country requires a vigorous Administration, but one which shall be strong only in its strength, and which shall sympathize in its wishes and requirements. At former elections, the favourite candidates of the Whigs have been individuals unscrupulously devoted to the party, with a convenient laxity of principle as to the measures which might either be rejected or patronised by the Government— sort of out-

cabinet men, ready to vote, on the signal; though violent Reformers, where no particular abuse was, in earnest, proposed to be reformed. Some of them are Radicals also, except upon a very few points, which, unhappily, are all vital ones. These are the kind of persons who conceive that the Ministers, for the time being, ought to possess the initiative in every legislative measure—an abuse and usurpation now tacitly submitted to by all parties—and that the representatives of the People are in their fit place when acting as their subalterns. This species of candidates, whether enjoying office or languishing in expectancy, will no longer find acceptance with genuine Reformers. They have been but too often tolerated in former elections. The "government candidate" will now be found to have lost his vantage ground in many localities. If he possess no better claim, he is entitled to stand only a degree higher than the "Tory candidate."

In the struggle between aristocracy and democracy, which has become so animated since the Reform Bill took form and likelihood, the trifling skirmish with the Lords is but an affair of pickets—an episode in the grand epic movement. At present, the controversy with the Peers is almost forgotten in higher interests. Men feel more and more the necessity of beginning in earnest at the beginning; and of fixing among the constituencies, and in the House of Commons, that lever which shall peacefully remove all obstructions, as soon as its fair action is unimpeded. To this point should every effort of stanch Reformers be directed. It is in the House of Commons, and in the next Parliament, that, short of revolution, the cause of freedom and of social amelioration must either be rapidly advanced or retarded for an incalculable period. It is, therefore, upon every consideration, the bounden and immediate duty of electors and non-electors to bestir themselves, to secure, if not the purest imaginable, yet the best possible House of Representatives. Though the aristocratic factions may mutually dread the crisis, the Reformers have no cause for doubt or discouragement. Their invincible strength lies in their fixity of principle and earnestness of purpose. To these, if there be joined the discretion, wisdom, and forbearance necessary to every union, who shall gainsay them?

LINES FOR THE LARGE PRINT OF "NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

On his broad brow a darkness, as of night,
Falls deep; and in the horrid gloom, Despair
Scowls stern and voiceless; through the blacken'd air
The parting eagle takes her latest flight,
And her spread pinions hide the sun. Alone
He stands beneath their shadow, every limb
Fixed, rigid, as if harden'd into stone;
And the dark eye, without a motion—dim
As his who sees a spectre 'mid the gloom
Of midnight graves! Around him the loud rush
Of struggling armies, and the unceasing boom
Of the dread cannon, break not on the hush
Of his rapt spirit. In a silent place,
Willows bend o'er a tomb; he hears the flow
Of a clear fountain, that, with stealthy pace,
Winds calmly in the parching sun's fierce glow——
Hark! 'mid the panting battle's stormiest glee,
Mingles the rushing sound of the wild sea!

LETITIA.

(DIED AT ROME, 2d FEBRUARY 1836.)

(*From the German, Morgen-Blatt, 9th May* 1836.)

It lingered! Hath it come at last,
The summons of thy doom?
Thou heart, where lay so many dead,
As in a living tomb!
Strong one, whose life embraced a grief
For which a thousand years were brief!

Where was there sorrow like to thine?
Thy looks were ever bent
Upon the ship, upon the sea,
The island and its tent,
The grave o'erhung with willows hoary,
Where ignominy wedded glory.

Oh, pride! the mother's victory,
How deep, how deep it fell!
That which thy closed lips concealed,
Thy silence deigned to tell:—
The eagle lies with plumage torn—
Alas! he seemed almighty born.

Thy very name was mockery—
Of gladsome days it told:
Thou mightst have scoffed with bitter mirth,
Like Naomi of old:
"Upon my gladness misery came,
And bitterness is now my name."

Full well they named thee—Niobe!
Like fate, she had with thee:
Thou saw'st thy race of noble sons
All blooming at thy knee:
Their noblest passed away:—and then
The rest were homeless, banished men.

The deepest is the silent grief
Which never tears hath known:
So stoodst thou, motionless, unbent,
A monument of stone,
But half enlivened by a rose
Which sprang to wither among snows.

So stoodst thou, like a giant-shape
From mightier times of man,
Lone in this pigmy age which shares
With thee but this—its ban—
The doom of hovering like a ghost
O'er strength, and pride, and glory lost!

LORD WHARNCLIFFE'S LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY.*

Lord Wharncliffe, and the long-extended and widely-ramified lines of Stuarts and Wortleys, have merit in the pride which they take in the talents of their remarkable grand-dame—a lady in whose eccentric character, and acute and brilliant mind, though there might be little to love, there was much to admire and something to respect.

The house of Stafford or Sutherland claim honour from their kinsman, "ancient Gower;" the noble family of Spencer derive lustre from the alliance of the author of the "Fairy Queen:" and Lady Mary possessed genius and wit to vivify and illustrate a more obtuse mass of aristocracy than that which claims descent from one whose celebrated name is now classic in English literature, and who would have stood much higher were it possible to obliterate every personal impression and moral sentiment when judging of a favourite writer, and that writer a woman. Discarding altogether the venomous libels of Pope, and the flippant slanders of Horace Walpole—whose malicious pen, in relation to Lady Mary Wortley, was a retributive instrument, punishing her memory in the self-same sort that, in her vivacious youth, she had so often sinned—there will still remain but too much evidence of the inherent defects of a character combined of the most extraordinary elements. The fertile source of the errors and misfortunes of Lady Mary was a neglected or bad moral education, and an entire want of natural sensibility. Walpole enumerates the intrigues of Lady Mary, and her gallantries up to her sixtieth year! Those infamous calumnies generally carry their own refutation in their face; but, whether admitting or denying the lady's unparalleled depravity and profligacy from youth to old age, it is impossible to deny that Lady Mary Wortley never loved any human being in the whole course of her life, beyond the instincts of a mother for her babe in infancy; and that nature, which had so lavishly gifted her with a head, had altogether withheld that nobler part of female anatomy, a feeling heart, or a heart of any kind. Her curious letters, written in maidenhood, to Mr Wortley, her future husband, give the key to her whole character. Never was a head so shrewd and aiming to be calculating, yet missing true wisdom, set upon the shoulders of a girl of twenty. Her natural vivacity and vanity, the impetuosity of her lively mind, and the temptations of her position in society, were continually hurrying her into errors and indiscretions, while no strong or generous affection, no virtuous sensibility, acted as a check or counterpoise. Those persons who, like Lady Mary Wortley, never say foolish things and rarely do wise ones, will generally be found to possess a quick and penetrative judgment of the affairs of life, together with a deplorable want of those feelings which are the best support of duty, and of those principles which alone can steadily regulate conduct.

Lady Mary, who never made a false judgment where her passions did not interfere, says, in her old age and exile, that the great world was grown better than in her younger years. We hope she was right; for a more corrupted, ignorant, and ignoble society than that in which she moved, as it is depicted in her letters, and by the other oracles of the period—Chesterfield, Doddington, and Horace Walpole—cannot easily be imagined. Those who would paint the inherent vices and tendencies of the English aristocratical system, should not turn over the trumpery of modern fashionable novels, but at once refer to the unimpeached records of those competent witnesses. But this, happily, is not our present duty.

If time can never wholly separate the lees and feculence of Lady Mary Wortley's effusions from the wine which gladdens and the spirit which stimulates, its lapse now enables us to partake of the mingled draught without danger, and of the pure with increased enjoyment. The truth is, that, with their alloy of witty malice, inexpressible coarseness, and unpardonable levity and exaggeration, these are not only brilliant and charming volumes, as the world well knows, but they also contain a mine of solid wisdom and profound reflection, which, we apprehend, remains to be explored. This excellence is principally found in the series of letters to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, written in the last years of Lady Mary's life and of her exile, when her mind had mellowed and her wit refined, without losing one particle of original strength or brightness. If Lady Mary ever loved any creature after the ordinary manner of women, it was, in old age, her respectable daughter. Even this affection seems to have come with time and reflection, and not by force of blood or tenderness of heart. In her child's eyes she wished to appear deserving of respect; and, play the fool where she would, it was never in the knowledge of her husband or her daughter. The entire correspondence with Lady Bute is distinguished by calm good sense and considerate kindness—by more than the talent and all the graces of style of the early letters. But we must come to the author and the edition.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was born in 1690. Her father, then Earl, was afterwards Duke of Kingston. It was probably her first misfortune to lose her mother in childhood. The Earl was a gay, fashionable, dissipated man, who occasionally amused himself with his babies while they were playthings, but who neither felt serious affection for his children, nor took any interest in their education or improvement. He was wholly devoted to his own pleasures; and his daughter, who at no time was a hypocrite, in after life, returned his indifference with interest; when "Sir Charles Grandison" appeared, although Lady Mary would not allow the author to have

* Bentley. Three volumes, royal 8vo; with portraits.

any knowledge whatever of high life and high-lived manners, she said that, in Sir Thomas, the father, she recognised her father; and when that father died in the midst of a scolding-match, by his bedside, between Lady Mary and her young stepmother, while he was actually expiring, she wrote her sister, Lady Mar, who felt or pretended deeper affliction:—"I am unfeignedly sorry that I cannot send word of a good legacy. . . . . I am very sorry for your past illness and affliction; though, *au bout du compte*, I don't see why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness. So much by way of consolation." Lady Mary carried this philosophy of exact balances into every connection of life, and seldom erred upon the side of paying too much love or gratitude.

After all that has been said of her classic education, her learning, and it was not much, appears to have been scrambled up by native aptitude and cleverness. She often lamented her neglected education. Of Greek she knew nothing; and, if Voltaire's theory be true, that ladies write so much better than men because they don't understand Latin, Lady Mary's knowledge of that language was not so comprehensive as to injure her natural style. Reading, her earliest pleasure and her last, was her chief means of improvement in the dismal seclusion of her father's country seat, where her neglected sisters and herself consoled each other with the idea of how happy they should be when they were married! After her singular courtship with Mr Wortley, the Earl rejected that gentleman as his son-in-law, because he would not agree to settle his estates upon the eldest son of the marriage; Wortley pleading, against the rule of primogeniture, the commonsense argument of settling large property upon an unborn creature, who, if born, might turn out a fool or a villain. His son justified his sense and caution by turning out both; but the Earl, who did not understand such novel refinements, settled that "his grandson should not be a beggar;" and Lady Mary, without pretending to those tender sentiments which other girls call love, eloped with her lover. It does not appear in this work, but the anecdote is well-known, of Lady Mary very characteristically relating to Pope, or Congreve, or we forget whom, that, having two admirers, she balanced for a whole month between them; and was only determined by her father deciding against Mr Wortley, with whom she accordingly "scuttled off, one morning, to be married." The union, first and last, was certainly anything but happy or congenial. As a lover, Mr Wortley had not been blind. He admired this clever, volatile, and pretty young woman, so superior in understanding and knowledge to her fair contemporaries, almost in spite of his better judgment; and married with a full consciousness of the perils of the lot he had been constrained to choose by that over-ruling destiny in which Lady Mary became a believer. This was a bad beginning; but the good sense of both parties prevented anything like a disgraceful rupture; and, if Lady Mary was utterly indifferent to her husband, she at least respected his strong character, and was devoted to interests so intimately interwoven with her own. From his penurious disposition, which degenerated at last into confirmed avarice, Lady Mary could not have personally suffered; as she participated, though (notwithstanding Walpole's calumnies) probably in a much less degree, of the same temper. It was then, as now, but too much the habit of the great world and the small, to confound selfish prodigality with generosity of disposition, and to be less merciful to those whose sole pleasure is in hoarding, than to the equally despicable persons whose reckless and selfish delight is mischievous, unprincipled squandering. Walpole, who doubtless imagined *himself* far above the sordid, was, nevertheless, of a mean disposition; but he chose to hoard cracked tea-cups and enamels, instead of crowns and guineas; and was fertile and almost dishonest in small stratagems and shifts to gratify his fribble propensities at the cheapest possible rate. Our respect for Walpole's judgment of Lady Mary, even if we were satisfied of his truth, is greatly diminished by finding that, in his moral scale, every vice and foible is put upon a par. A soiled or an unfashionable dress is as iniquitous as cheating at play, or as indecency in language, impudence, avarice, and the most abandoned impurity which he attributed to her.

Lady Mary spent the first years of her married life chiefly in the country; but, as soon as Mr Wortley—a zealous supporter of the Whigs—obtained a place in the government, she came to London, and burst forth a *bel esprit* and a beauty; though for the latter quality she was, if we may judge from the portrait, mainly indebted to the kindness of her flatterers. She was soon known to Congreve and Addison, and flattered and complimented by Pope. After all that has been said about her connexion with Pope, we must confess that the evidence of the most malignant hatred between those celebrated personages is much stronger than any proof which remains of their mutual regard or respect. The vanity of the lady was gratified by the attentions and homage of a man so celebrated; and the poet, for a little time, may have had his brain excited, if not absolutely turned, by the attentions of a sprightly and pretty woman, distinguished in fashionable life, and the only *blue stocking* of her age. But this was before the proper era of blue stockings. We shall not debase the name of friendship or respectful esteem, by bestowing it upon this species of intercourse. Lady Mary, always too apt to be abrupt and insolent, if not, as Walpole asserts, *impudent*, soon despised the deformed man and low-born poet, and made no secret of her contempt; and Pope, heartily despising himself as a dupe and a fool, never, probably, forgave either himself or the lady, though his malignant revenge was taken solely of the latter. Besides being a wit and a coquette, Lady Mary was an out-and-out aristocrat. To her dying hour she spoke with the utmost contempt of the birth and station of Pope, Swift, and Richardson,

and exceedingly regretted that she had ever stooped to grace *low* people with her favour. When an old, reflecting woman, she writes this homily to her daughter :—

It has long been the endeavour of our English writers, to represent people of quality as the vilest and silliest part of the nation, being (generally) very low born themselves. I am not surprised at their propagating this doctrine; but I am much mistaken if this levelling principle does not, one day or other, break out in fatal consequences to the public, as it has already done in many private families. You will think I am influenced by living under an aristocratic government, where distinction of rank is carried to a very great height; but I can assure you my opinion is founded on reflection and experience, and I wish to God I had always thought in the same manner. Though I had ever the utmost contempt for mis-alliances, yet the silly prejudices of my education had taught me to believe that I was to treat nobody as an inferior, and that poverty was a degree of merit: this imaginary humility has made me admit many familiar acquaintances, of which I have heartily repented every one; and the greatest examples I have known of honour and integrity have been among those of the highest birth and fortunes.

Unfortunately for her readers, Lady Mary has left them few or no examples of this sort in her writings, and very many of an opposite sort.

On whatever footing her intercourse with Pope was begun, it could neither have been at any time very close nor long continued. Previous to the embassy to Constantinople, she had lived but little in London, and the coldness and quarrel ensued soon after her return to England, the *friendship* not being able to survive so near a contact as a residence at Twickenham. While abroad, Pope had addressed a few high-flown and studiedly complimentary epistles to her Ladyship; who, in return, transmitted to him one or two of her charming letters from the Levant. We should require no better proof of Pope's indifference to Lady Mary, than his *love-letters*, which were mere essays in rhetoric and composition.

Lady Mary afterwards gave the best colouring, for herself, to Pope's implacable indignation, by relating, that, when the crooked bard one day rather abruptly made violent love to her, she, in spite of her utmost endeavours to look angry and grave, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. It may have been so. Yet Pope hated her more congenial friend, Lord Hervey, quite as much as herself. He found "*they had too much wit* for him, and could do with *their* wit many things he could not do with his." He did not even spare Mr Wortley, while he studiously complimented Lady Hervey. The malignity of Pope in this instance exceeds forgiveness—he degraded himself in pursuing a mean revenge; but this does not palliate the insolence and treachery of those who betrayed him into a ridiculous position, only to overwhelm him with contempt. The intimacy of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey will not bear too severe a scrutiny. If we smile at the affected, high-flown inditings of Pope, what shall we say to the freedom and profligate tone of the letter addressed to her from Bath by her associate wit? After their quarrel, Lady Mary would no more allow talent to Pope, than he would any virtue or feminine quality to her. He became but too truly "the wicked wasp of Twickenham;" but he was also to her "the nightingale, all sound and no sense." The portraits of *Avidien* and his wife* were expiated by her retorts of the avarice of the poet. Very late in life, Lord Orrery's Life of Swift fell into Lady Mary's hands while abroad. The Dean, whom she hated as a Tory writer, but far more as the chosen friend of Pope, was certainly no admirer of her Ladyship nor her kind. She writes—

His character seems to me a parallel with that of Caligula; and had he had the same power, would have made the same use of it. That emperor erected a temple to himself, where he was his own high-priest, preferred his horse to the highest honours in the state, professed enmity to the human race, and at last lost his life by a nasty jest on one of his inferiors, which I dare swear Swift would have made in his place. There can be no worse picture made of the Doctor's morals than he has given us himself in the letters printed by Pope. We see him vain, trifling, ungrateful to the memory of his patron, that of Lord Oxford, making a servile court where he had any interested views, and meanly abusive when they were disappointed, and, as he says, (in his own phrase,) flying in the face of mankind, in company with his adorer Pope. It is pleasant to consider, that, had it not been for the good nature of these very mortals they contemn, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys. I am of opinion their friendship would have continued, though they had remained in the same kingdom: it had a very strong foundation—the love of flattery on one side, and the love of money on the other. Pope courted with the utmost assiduity all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Wycherly, Mr Congreve, Lord Harcourt, &c.; and, I do not doubt, projected to sweep the Dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to die in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up. There cannot be a stronger proof of his being capable of any action for the sake of gain, than publishing his literary correspondence, which lays open such a mixture of dulness and iniquity, that one would imagine it visible even to his most passionate admirers.

It is but fair to say that Pope denied in plain terms his libels upon Lord Hervey and Lady Mary—the *Sporus* and *Sappho* with which his works are often disfigured; and that some of Lady Mary's friends, or her early biographers, have been but too desirous to establish an identity, which, therefore, few persons now question. The lady and gentleman in conjunction took their revenge in kind for the offensive and abominable verses in Pope's translation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. The writer of the "Introductory Anecdotes" to this edition, who is either a lady, or commands at

* This is Pope's family portrait of the Wortleys:—

"Avidien and his wife, (no matter which;
For him you call a dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots.
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine;
But on some lucky day, (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drowned,)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear;
Oil, though it stinks, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart."

will many of the light, peculiar graces which hover round a lady's pen, would have suppressed them altogether. Lord Wharncliffe has, very properly, restored them. They are, the provocation considered, far from offensive; and, at any rate, it would be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, to omit these verses in a collection so rich and racy as this.

We have rather anticipated the events of Lady Mary's life. In the third or fourth year of her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Constantinople, he having been appointed Envoy to the Sublime Porte.

From a very early age, Lady Mary had been in the practice of keeping a journal; and, in this manner, she daily noted all that she heard, saw, or observed, and afterwards leisurely drew from these materials that lively and delightful narrative of her travels transmitted to her friends in England in the form of letters. This favourite portion of her writings has long been in the hands of the world, which will never part with it. It, therefore, requires neither notice nor eulogy. The writer of the Introductory Anecdotes successfully, as we think, vindicates Lady Mary's memory from the charge of wilful falsehood in the eastern letters, and particularly in her pretended admission into the royal harem, which she not only never did assert, but the direct reverse, as her letters themselves establish. The malicious story of the Sultan honouring the wife of the British ambassador with the handkerchief, she herself imputed to Pope. It was, in all probability, one of those impudent laughing jests, peculiar alike to the freedom of very *high* and very *low* life, of which sort of pleasantries Lady Mary was herself quite capable; but never meant to be seriously believed, though, if the simple were *hoaxed*, it was so much the better, and gave tenfold piquancy to the witty story.

After her return to England, Lady Mary's correspondence with her sister, the Countess of Mar, commenced. That lady was then in France with her husband, in a kind of honourable exile. Though Lady Mary's early letters shew a satirical and *hard* disposition, and something which often rather resembles straining at wit, than its easy, natural flow, they are comparatively refined, and even decorous, when the next familiar series comes in play, and when ten years had been added to her life, and her fashionable and gallant experiences. We are far from thinking the epistles to Lady Mar, Lady Mary's wittiest letters, and are dull enough not to perceive much of the brilliancy which she said would make this correspondence as much admired as Madame de Sevigné's in forty years; yet we are tempted, before selecting a few extracts, to give Walpole's opinion of those sprightly effusions of sisterly affection and confidence. He sets out by inquiring of his friend, Sir Horace Mann, the Resident at Florence—

> Did you receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover which she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me, from a niece of Lady Mary, about fifty of her letters. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writings. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly when out of her senses. Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman, and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr Wortley had discovered the intrigue and would murder him, and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line—
>
> "Who starves a sister or denies a debt."
>
> In one of her letters, she says—"We all partake of Father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel." This is character at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them the wit and style are superior to any I ever read but Madame Sevigné's. It is very remarkable how much better women write than men!

Many of the statements in the above passage are either explained or denied by the writer of the Introductory Anecdotes, and, among others, the hard treatment of Lady Mar, which is not understood, any more than the lover in the Brescian, kept by a lady then of sixty-one years! The Frenchman is a more difficult text. Lady Mary's correspondence with her sister about this troublesome person, is now first printed in the appendix; *nine*, not ten letters, as Walpole states. This Ruremonde, evidently a scoundrel and an adventurer, knew much better how to deal with coquettes and fine ladies, and to pursue a *bonne fortune*, to the advantage of his purse, than "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." Lady Mary, by imprudence, which, the worthless character of the man considered, was more than ordinarily degrading and disgraceful, placed herself in the power of this *chevalier d'industrie*, who seems to have followed her to England proclaiming violent, irresistible love. To requite so vehement and disinterested a passion, Lady Mary, who dabbled in such matters upon her own account, did something in South-Sea Stock for the benefit of her admirer, which turned out well, but tried again and lost. This loss he vowed that she should make good, at the peril of publishing their correspondence. Her admirer told everywhere that the lady had borrowed the money from him to carry on her own money-making speculations, and would not sustain the loss she had incurred, amounting to £500. Lady Mary writes in terror and agony, which is truly pitiable, on this degrading subject; but as to the money, she probably gives the true version of the affair; and Walpole's tale is another calumny. She had recourse to the intervention of Lady Stafford, a favourite friend; and, it is probable, a lettre-de-cachet would not have been at all unacceptable. Instead, however, of her compelling the admirer to leave England by threats of Mr Wortley's vengeance, he would seem to have threatened her with making his pecuniary claims known to her husband. We may cite a passage here, as an example to ladies of the comparative safety of accepting lovers, like Pope, who only

write euphuisms, rather than bold cavaliers like Ruremonde:—

I am now at Twickenham: 'tis impossible to tell you, dear sister, what agonies I suffer every post-day; my health really suffers so much from my fears, that I have reason to apprehend the worst consequences. If that monster acted on the least principles of reason, I should have nothing to fear, since 'tis certain that, after he has exposed me, he will get nothing by it. Mr Wortley can do nothing for his satisfaction I am not willing to do myself. I desire not the least indulgence of any kind. Let him put his affair into the hands of any lawyer whatever. I am willing to submit to any examination; 'tis impossible to make a fairer offer than this is: whoever he employs may come to me hither on several pretences. I desire nothing from him, but that he would send no letters or messages to my house at London, where Mr Wortley now is. I am come hither in hopes of benefit from the air, but I carry my distemper about me in an anguish of mind that visibly decays my body every day. I am too melancholy to talk of any other subject. Let me beg you (dear sister) to take some care of this affair, and think you have it in your power to do more than save the life of a sister that loves you.

I send you, dear sister, by Lady Lansdown, this letter, accompanied with the only present that was ever sent me by that monster. I beg you to return it immediately. I am told he is preparing to come to London.

We certainly hear nothing whatever of the friendly offices of Lord Stair or Lord Mar being solicited in cutting the Frenchman's throat; but, in spite of her noble descendant's generous defence, we do think her Ladyship's temper was at this time up to something very near assassination. It must be confessed that she had received no little provocation.

As soon as I hear he is in London, and if he dares to give me any further trouble, I shall take care to have him rewarded in a stronger manner than he expects; there is nothing more true than this; and I solemnly swear, that, if all the credit or money that I have in the world can do it, either for friendship or hire, I shall not fail to have him used as he deserves; and, since I know his journey can only be intended to expose me, I shall not value what noise is made. Perhaps you may prevent it; I leave you to judge of the most proper method; 'tis certain no time should be lost; fear is his predominant passion, and I believe you may fright him from coming hither, where he will certainly find a reception very disagreeable to him.

How Lady Mary finally got out of this scrape, does not appear; but her letters to Mons. Ruremonde never were printed. This person seems to have made a faction against her in Paris, among ladies who would easily have forgiven her gallantry, but not her imputed avarice and impudent dishonesty.

The disparaging praise of Walpole alone is sufficient to excite curiosity about the correspondence with Lady Mar. Among the best specimens of "the spirit, vivacity, and debauchery," which he has eulogised, are the following:—

London was never more gay than it is at present: but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough has entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited: we continue to see one another like two people who are resolved to hate with civility. Sophia is going to Aix la Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. I dare swear she'll endeavour to get acquainted with you. We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to Heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Lady Lansdown is in that sort of figure here, nobody cares to appear with her. Madame Villette has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is grown the aversion; she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious Lord Bathurst,* with whom I have been well and ill ten times within two months: we now hardly speak to one another.—I wish you would lay out part of my money in a made-up mantua and petticoat of Rat de St. Martin. It will be no trouble to you to send a thing of that nature by the first travelling lady.

. . . . . .

At this instant I am at Twickenham; Mr Wortley has purchased the small habitation where you saw me. We propose to make some small alterations. That and the education of my daughter are my chief amusements. I hope yours is well, *et ne fait que croître et embellir*. I beg you would let me hear soon from you; and particularly if the approaching coronation at Paris raises the price of diamonds. I have some to sell, and cannot dispose of them here. I am afraid you have quite forgot my plain lutestring, which I am in great want of; and I can hardly think you miss opportunities to send it. At this dead season 'tis impossible to entertain you with news; and yet more impossible (with my dulness) to entertain you without it.

. . . . . .

I see sometimes Mr Congreve, and very seldom Mr Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect.

. . . . . .

I give you ten thousand thanks for the trouble you have given yourself. I hope you will continue to take some care of my affairs,† because I do not hear they are finished, and I cannot yet get rid of my fears. You have not told me that you have received what I sent you by Lady Lansdown, as also three guineas that she took for you; one of which I beg you to lay out in the same narrow minunet which you sent Mrs Murray; and send it me by the next opportunity, for the use of my daughter, who is very much your humble servant and grows a little woman. I suppose you know our sister Gower has lain-in in the country of a son. The Duchess of Kingston is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, which wants very little of being such as I would have it. Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr Holt, which I am sorry for; to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced. But where are people matched? I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven. As in a country dance—the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion: at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

But it is time we had a specimen of what Walpole must mean, if he meant anything, by the debauchery of a lady's letters:—

The bearer of this epistle is our cousin, and a consummate puppy, as you will perceive at first sight; his shoulder-knot last birth-day made many a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made Miss Howard the happiest of her Highness's honourable virgins; besides the glory of thrusting the Earl of Deloraine from the post he held in her affections. But his relations are so ill bred as to be quite insensible of the honour arising from this conquest, and fearing that so much gallantry may conclude in captivity for life, pack him off to you, where 'tis to be hoped there is no such killing fare as Miss Howard. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble you with the

* Allen Lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety-one; having enjoyed health, genius, and prosperity, in a very singular degree.

† Probably Mons. Ruremonde.—*F. T. M.*

mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wonderous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*****ss* is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr M***, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condecension in her accepting of Lord Peterborough† for a champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph, in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a-month, which 'tis said he allows her.

In general, gallantry was never in so elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry, who call themselves *Schemers*; and meet regularly three times a-week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness. I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do honour to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the schemers within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh or women can wish. 'Tis true they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning.

There need be no end to such instances of the vivacity and point of Lady Mary's epistolary style. She is never once tedious, never once dull; but that a private letter, even to a sister, could be either gay, clever, or even amusing, without satire, exaggeration, and an overpowering zest of scandal, never seems to have entered her mind. How much finer, as well as purer, epistolary models does the world now possess in the letters of Cowper, Gray, and many others, than those which stimulated the ambition of Walpole!

The freshest news in town, is the fatal accident happened three nights ago, to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury. In a jealous pique, she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately, but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since staid by his bed-side, till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and perhaps will honour you with her residence at Paris. Adieu, dear sister! I send you, along with this letter, the Count of Caylus, who, if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you; he is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

. . . . . .

Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs Murray is still at Castle-Howard. I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. I think Mr and Madame Harvey are at Lord Bristol's. *A propos* of that family—the Countess is come out a new creature; she has left off the dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is grown young, blooming, coquette, and gallant; and, to shew she is fully sensible of the errors of her past life, and resolved to make up for time misspent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally wickedly talked of for the gentle Colonel Cotton and the superfine Mr Braddocks. Now, I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor Lady G***† is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle. She had a mind to take the air, this spring, in a new yacht, which Lord Hillsborough‡ built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain: she went in company with his Lordship, Fabrice, Mr Cook, Lady Litchfield,§ and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the buoy of the Nore; when, to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady G***, in all the concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blameable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to Lord G***;‖ concluding that Mr Cook presents his humble service to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) "*Lady Margaret was in town;*"¶ but his Lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter straight to the King's Majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet; though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for—the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his Majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him; but if he was, neither king, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation—and here is all the scandal that is uppermost in my head.

. . . . . .

Your old friend, Mrs Louther, is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads, written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of, that I never saw it. *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dearly

* Holdernesse.

† He married Mrs Anastasia Robinson in 1735, and died at Lisbon in the same year, aged seventy-ven

† Gage.—Benedicta Maria, daughter and sole heir of Benedict Hall, of High Meadow, in the county of Gloucester, Esq.

‡ Lord Hillsborough, father of the Lord Hillsborough who was Secretary of State under George the Third, and ancestor to the Marquis of Downshire, had the fame, both in England and Ireland, of being the wildest and most scandalous libertine of the age.

§ Frances, daughter of Sir John Hales, of Woodchurch, Kent.

‖ Thomas, first Lord Gage.

¶ Lady Margaret Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, was married to Thomas Coke of Norfolk, Esq., July 2, 1718.

beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when, God knows, we have neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs Harvey lies-in of a female child. Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town, (Lady J. Wharton,) appears better with her than ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a Yorkshire Mr Monkton, of £3000 per annum. It is a match of the young Duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquette beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs P——* condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr P——† has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share, I cannot tell; but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches. Poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and, you know, one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch.

It is not easy to guess how the ladies of 1837 are to read or shew in their drawing-rooms the letters of the witty gentlewomen of 1723. They will, at least, put down affectation of prudery among the higher orders; but prudery was, indeed, never their peculiar vice. Though there is much that is grossly indecent in Lady Mary's writings, there is no sweet insinuating poison; their very freedom and coarseness prevent the danger of contamination.

Here is a court birthday almost a hundred and twenty years old, and quite as fresh as if it had chanced last year.

It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr Lindsay—the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk,‡ to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of Parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young† seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man. Doddington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours, with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present.

* Poultney.

† Daniel Poultney, Esq., married to Mrs Titchbourne, sister to the Countess of Sunderland, 14th December 1717.

‡ Houghton; Mr (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime-minister. § Sir William Young.

If Horace Walpole and other individuals took all manner of freedoms with the character, manners, dress, and personal habits of Lady Mary, she set certainly the strongest example upon record that ever a woman gave of similar license. We might multiply instances without end, but a few may suffice. They are in the highest style of those letters that were admired, reprobated, and imitated by Walpole. While Lady Mary was indulging in this vein of private correspondence, she was also making lampoons and "filthy ballads" upon half her female acquaintances, and had become dreaded, hated, and calumniated, and, we have no doubt, by noble and virtuous minds, silently despised.

All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and, I believe, not likely to piece up again. Ned Thomson is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. . . . For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy though a great rat came and eat half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter, by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love, Mr Cook, has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. Noel is come out Lady Milsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquettes about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it.

. . . . . .

I wrote to you very lately, my dear sister, but ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. You may remember that I mentioned in my last some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord Bathurst, which I really never mentioned, for fifty reasons, to any one whatever; but, as there is very rarely smoke without some fire, there is never fire without some smoke. These smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics laid over them, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady [Mrs Howard, the King's mistress,] given to understand by her commanding officer, that, if she served under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon which the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing when one sees him next, and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

Lady Mary must have suffered severe mortification from the character of her son, to whom, in his infancy, she seems to have been a fond, if not a tender mother. Young Wortley Montague, afterwards so notorious, was one of nature's predestined blackguards, if we may so speak. He was tainted with every vice, and debased by every meanness. His family considered his aberrations the consequence of a weak understanding, while the world regarded him as endowed with more than ordinary abilities per-

verted to the worst purposes. Both were so far in the right. He appears to have possessed quick talents, but to have altogether wanted a moral sense, while his understanding was not sufficiently powerful to correct or regulate his conduct. Lady Mary might have seen a greatly exaggerated and distorted image of herself reflected in her unhappy son. As a schoolboy, he began to shew his innate depravity; and in her letters to Lady Mar, his mother has no sooner got over the horrors of Monsieur Ruremonde, than she begins to complain of her young, runaway rogue and rake, who soon became the torment and disgrace of his family. The various extraordinary adventures of young Wortley are very well known. He was a prodigy of profligacy. In this work we have the relation of an interview which his mother had with him in France, after her final retreat to the Continent, at the secret instigation of his father, who was anxious to give the unhappy youth a last chance of redeeming himself. The unfortunate mother's report is severe and hopeless; and Cato could not have judged with more unrelenting sternness and apparent impartiality than did Lady Mary of her son. She had steeled her heart against him, but her judgment remained unclouded. How far the extreme avarice of his father, and the want of tenderness and proper attention in both his parents might palliate the errors of the son, it is now impossible to tell. The following extract from Walpole's correspondence will explain the exact condition of young Wortley, previous to the interview with his mother:—

Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise. His parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything, yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig. You literally could not know it from hair.

The ways and means of this eccentric and thoroughly worthless person, are in part explained by the following relation from the same pen:—

It seems uncertain whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance. It is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr Taaffe have been in the latter at Fort l'Evesque and the Chatelet. All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, [the wife of the French Ambassador to England,] had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where, it is supposed, they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects—that he accused them, that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons without fire or candle for six-and-thirty hours. . . . . Their separate anecdotes are curious. Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas; and for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives.

Taaffe was an infamous character. In those days the clubs were nice. Both gentlemen were members of the House of Commons, but neither were admitted to White's.

Mr Wortley's letter respecting his son shews much more *heart* than the cool dissection of the mother. It is quite characteristic of a man of his disposition.

I hear he avoids the sharpers, and is grown a good manager of his money. . . . . He declares he sets his heart on being in England; but then he should give me such proofs as I require, that he is able to persevere in behaving like a reasonable man. These proofs may be agreed on between you and me, and I believe I shall readily agree to what you shall think right. I think you should say nothing to him but in the most calm and gentle way possible, that he may be invited to open himself to you freely. He seems, I hear, shocked at your letter, in which you complained of his not regarding the truth, though I believe you made no mistake in it. . . . . I incline to think he has been made an enthusiast in Holland, and you would do well to try thoroughly whether he is in earnest, and likely to continue so. If he is, I need not mention how much caution should be used in speaking to him. . . . . To tell you fully what I judge of him from the variety of accounts I have had, I incline to think he will for the future avoid thieves, and be no ill manager of his money. These, you will say, are great amendments. But I believe he will always appear a weak man. The single question seems to be whether he will be one of those weak men that will follow the advice of those who wish them well, or be governed by his own fancies, or companions that will make a prey of him. In Holland he seems to have followed the advice of Captain Leutsinger and other persons of good credit. I believe he has been in no company here this last time but men of good credit, and I hear he values himself upon it.

Lady Mary agreed to see, converse with, and judge of her son, who, among his other acquirements, had, in extreme youth, obtained a wife by a Fleet marriage—a woman of inferior rank, and considerably older than himself. Lady Mary says—

If you order your son to go to Valence, I desire you would give him a strict command of going by a feigned name. I do not doubt your returning me whatever money I may give him; but, as I believe, if he receives money from me, he will be making me frequent visits, it is clearly my opinion that I should give him none.

. . . . . .

You need not apprehend that I shall speak to him in passion. I do not know that I ever did in my life. I am not apt to be overheated in discourse, and am so far prepared, even for the worst on his side, that I think nothing he can say can alter the resolution I have taken of treating him with calmness. Both reason and interest, (were I inclined to follow blindly the dictates of either,) would determine me to wish him your heir rather than a stranger; but I think myself obliged both by honour and by conscience, and my regard for you, no way to deceive you; and I confess, hitherto I see nothing but falsehood and weakness through his whole conduct. It is possible his person may be altered since I saw him, but his figure then was very agreeable and his manner insinuating. I very well remember the professions he made to me, and do not doubt he is lavish of them to other people. Perhaps Lord Carteret may think him no ill match for an ugly girl that sticks on his hands. The project of breaking his marriage shews at least his devotion counterfeit, since I am sensible it cannot be done but by false witness. *His wife is not young enough to get gallants, nor rich enough to buy them.*

Lady Mary would apparently have had no objection to the marriage being set aside, even with the aid of "false witnesses." She was not devout—she had not grown an *enthusiast* in

Holland, like her son, who afterwards became, among many worse things, a Mahommedan. When the interview took place, she reports with acuteness which amounts to prescience :—

As to his enthusiasm, if he had it, I suppose he has already lost it; since I could perceive no turn of it in all his conversation. But, with his head, I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after. He has a flattering insinuating manner, which naturally prejudices strangers in his favour. He began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; that professions were of no use where actions were expected; and that the only thing could give me hopes of a good conduct was regularity and truth.

. . . . .

He began to insinuate, that if I could prevail on you to settle the estate on him, I might expect anything from his gratitude. I made him a very clear and positive answer in these words :—"I hope your father will outlive me, and if I should be so unfortunate to have it otherwise, I do not believe he will leave me in your power. But, was I sure of the contrary, no interest, nor no necessity, shall ever make me act against my honour and conscience; and, I plainly tell you, that I will never persuade your father to do anything for you till I think you deserve it." He answered by great promises of good behaviour and economy.

. . . . .

The rest of his conversation was extremely gay. The various things he has seen have given him a superficial universal knowledge. He really knows most of the modern languages, and if I could believe him, can read Arabic, and has read the Bible in Hebrew.

Young Wortley, at this time, felt, or pretended an extreme anxiety to go into the army; and, after he had been rejected by several commanding officers, he was somehow saddled upon Sir John Cope. His Roman-hearted mother writes to his father upon this occasion thus reasonably and soundly—

It is my opinion he should have no distinction, in equipage, from any other cornet; and everything of that sort will only serve to shew his vanity, and consequently heighten his folly. Your indulgence has always been greater to him than any other parent's would have been in the same circumstances. I have always said so, and thought so. If anything can alter him, it will be thinking firmly that he has no dependance but on his own conduct for a future maintenance

From Lord Wharncliffe's notes, we learn that Mr Wortley did not altogether and finally cut off his son's hopes. In the event of his having an heir *legitimately* born, the estate was to return to that heir. There was, indeed, little prospect of any such heir ever appearing. Young Wortley had early deserted his first, or lawful wife—for he had numerous wives—and, after vagabondizing in every part of the Continent, had finally settled in Egypt, freely indulging in the customs of his new religion. His wife outlived his father for many years; but, when she died at last, her husband, who had come to Venice, caused the following singular advertisement to be inserted in the English newspapers :—

"A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to —— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect."

It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons, on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafico for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme.

The Countess of Bute was, consequently, the sole heiress to the estate, as well as to the immense accumulations of her father, and the savings of her mother. Before we return to Lady Mary's correspondence, we shall close the account by borrowing Walpole's gossip respecting Mr Wortley :—

Old Wortley Montague lives in the very spot where the Dragon of Wantley did; only, I believe, the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel—lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with haratеen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money—his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. . . . . I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here, during their intimacy; but could only put that question to *Avidien* himself.

A few years later, in the beginning of 1761, Walpole wrote :—"Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million, three hundred, and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my Lady Bute. Her husband is one of fortune's prodigies." There was an immediate rumour that Lady Mary, after her long voluntary exile, was to return to England; and, in less than a year after the death of her husband, she did return—to die!

Mr Wortley's portrait gives the lie to the science of physiognomy. It is that of a young and eminently handsome man, with a noble and candid countenance—the least possible resembling that which imagination assigns to a miser.

Lady Mary Wortley's biographer, though by no means blind to the failings of *his* or *her* ancestress, labours to find personal motives for Walpole's "excessive dislike of Lady Mary," with more zeal than success, and too much after the manner of Lady Mary. That Lady Mary hated Walpole's mother, is quite clear; but this is no reason "for taking for granted," without any evidence whatever, that Lady Walpole "did not spare Lady Mary." Lady Walpole was the neglected wife of a coarse-mannered and indifferent husband, who did not even seek to disguise his vices from her. That Lady Mary had had for her dear, intimate, domestic friend, his mistress, Miss Skerret—whom he married with indecent haste immediately upon the death of his wife—may, indeed, be a reason, and it is no bad one, for the aversion Horace Walpole entertained for her Ladyship. The insinuations of Swift, who tried, laughingly, to wound the Whig Minister through the current fashionable scandals of the day, is really a slight argument against Lady Walpole; and we apprehend that it is entire misapprehension to construe Pope's plain and direct lines into concealed irony, on

the husband's laxity of principle on certain points. Pope meant what he said when he wrote that Sir Robert Walpole

> "Had never made a friend in private life,
> And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife."

Horace Walpole may not have been the son of his *legitimate* father—though he never suspected as much himself—and he may have been the son of Carr, Lord Hervey, as we learn here for the first time; but for this stale scandal there is surely very slight evidence in a mere want of personal resemblance to Sir Robert, or yet in the carelessness of a statesman and a man absorbed in politics and business to a younger son while a child. Even admitting the fact that Sir Robert left the child wholly to his mother's care, he may yet have believed him his son. Horace Walpole's tender affection for his mother is indeed the most amiable—the truly redeeming trait of his half-hearted character.

When Miss Skerret, very shortly after she had been "made an honest woman," died, Sir Robert returned Lady Mary's letters to her, sealed and *unread*. That series, Lady Mary—who had a high value for every scrap of the correspondence which, "in forty years, was to become as valuable as the letters of Madame de Sevigné"—must have destroyed; as she also did her correspondence with Lord Hervey, which was returned at his death by his son, also *unread*. She thanked the young Lord Hervey, in a letter, which he preserved, for his attention; and when she returned to England, in old age, he requested to be made acquainted with the distinguished lady, who, it must be remembered, was now the mother-in law of the all-powerful or all-prosperous Earl of Bute. But Lady Hervey, the widow, and the "dear Lepel" of Pope's muse, instead of following this example, frankly told the Countess of Bute, with whom she had previously been on terms of friendly intimacy, that she must pardon her for withdrawing from her society. She would not see her mother. Though Lady Bute felt great pride in her mother's talents, and wished only to see her fairest side, no one, we apprehend, was more aware of her indiscretions. A few days before her own death, she burnt the far greater part of her mother's diaries, for which she gave excellent reasons; though, from the clearness, and solid, yet quick judgment displayed in the few scraps and sketches preserved, one could almost wish that the conflagration had not been quite so sweeping.

Why Lady Mary went abroad, and lived in constant separation from her husband, her daughter, and her whole family, for the last twenty-two years of her life, is one of those mysteries which people choose to create for the pleasure of puzzling at a solution. It might have been old Wortley's maxim, as it is said to have been that of Sir Robert Walpole, "to go his own way, and let Madam go hers." Mr Wortley, at least, seems to have acted upon this principle, which was also probably Madam's, so far as he would pay down. At the outset, Lady Mary seems desirous to avoid the appearance of a formal separation, as is shewn by her fine-lady tittle tattle or flummery correspondence with Lady Pomfret—a new appendage to this edition. It is assumed by her biographer that she may even have expected her husband to join her, and to settle on the Continent, as she affirmed or insinuated to her friends.

> But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation; nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable; and Mr Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When, at length, convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonizing effect which it has been sometimes known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together."

This seems the whole truth. Lady Mary was, in the abstract, no admirer of the married state, at least for women of rank. She says she "looks upon her grand-daughters as lay nuns," from seeing no prospect of establishing so many of them advantageously; and she gives frequent counsel for the education necessary to prepare girls of family for that single condition which she considered as always safer, though it might not be so happy as marriage is sometimes found. She envies Richardson his project of Protestant nunneries, which had been an idea of her own in girlhood; and she says that she laid all the pains and penalties of matrimony fairly and frankly before her daughter, when Lord Bute proposed for her. Though we find no trace of the idea in this edition, we surely remember something of a scheme attributed to Lady Mary Wortley for making all marriages revocable, but also renewable at the end of every seven years—a plan which might have produced little alteration in the body of the society in which she lived, though a magical change of titles among the ladies.

Lady Mary, on her final journey, wrote occasionally to her husband of its progress, and upon matters of business, in the calm tone of one friend to another. His replies are of like character. But of sympathy, or affection, or even of the tenderness of habit, there is no trace, nor yet of that unrestrained confidence which, with hearts attuned, cannot be repressed. She takes pleasure in telling him of the attentions that were paid to her in the Italian cities which she reached, and of the consequence which surrounded her, of which she probably made the most. Except from her own letters, we learn almost nothing of Lady Mary's residence abroad; for Walpole's sketches are mere scraps, gleaned in the few months that he spent at Florence, when a youth on his travels. Without tracing his dislike to the far-fetched causes to which it is attributed by Lord Wharncliffe's coadjutor,

we think it probable that Lady Mary may have piqued the vanity of the petulant young man by some neglect, or by oblivion of his existence altogether; for his name hardly ever occurs in her letters, and only in the slightest way, though she says he paid court to her. After all, he wrote of her exactly as she did of hundreds, and from the same unjustifiable motives—the inordinate love of scandal and gossip, and the rage of being witty, totally unrestrained by any sense of propriety, and quite indifferent to truth in its essence, so that its mere form was not violated by their abominable satires and caricature daubings. Lady Mary and Lord Orford would have been equally shocked to be fancied *Mars*; yet such is the plain English name for many of their gross misrepresentations.

In the year in which Lady Mary left England, and in her own fiftieth year, it is thus, for example, she writes to Lady Mar of the wife of her friend, Lord Hervey, and of that beautiful Mrs Murray, the daughter of Scotland's Grisel Baillie, whose amiable character and unfortunate story, as the wife of a malignant madman, all the world knows:—

Mrs Murray has retrieved his Grace, and, being reconciled to the temporal, has renounced the spiritual. Her friend, Lady Hervey, by aiming too high, has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland has married an attorney. There's prudence for you!

If this was the favourite and approved style of the fashionable wits of that time, we trust it has amended. Here again is a letter written in early life, in the country, which Walpole would have admired prodigiously; and yet it is not much more honest or decorous than those he has composed upon Lady Mary, of which her descendants, with reason, complain so loudly; save, indeed, that freedoms may be taken with an unknown Mrs D——, which would be unpardonable if ventured when a Lady M—— is concerned.

I find, after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree; and, you know, she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolic saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the apostle that Mrs D—— looks to in the present alliance. Though at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished. Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air. Warm devotion is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth, that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the means supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate, indeed, is very filthy—such a red, spungy, warty nose! such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and, what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a-year—she but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and, if Mrs D——, instead of spending whole days reading Collier, Hickes, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the alehouse in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm, to entertain the club; and, as Mrs D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature. She blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long night gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

This, quite in his own worst manner, may serve to pave the way for Walpole's announcement of Lady Mary's expected arrival at Florence.

On Wednesday, we expect a third she-meteor—those luminaries the Ladies Pomfret and W—— are to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance. We have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics—all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all.

The lady arrived, and is thus announced by the chief epistolary chronicler of the fashionable world for more than forty years:—

Did I not tell you Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady W——, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open, and discovers a canvass petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side. . . . . .

But the fashionable describer of fashionables becomes too gross for our pages. He concludes by stating that the lady had covered her face with white paint, "which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse, that you could not use it to wash a chimney. In three words, I will give you her picture, as we drew it in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*—

Insanam vatem aspicies.

"I give you my honour, we did not choose it; but Gray, [the poet,] Mr Cooke, Sir Fr. Dashwood, and I, and several others drew it fairly amongst a thousand for different people." Returning afterwards to what he chose to call the Academy—the private society, namely, or coterie of English ladies established at Florence—he says—

For the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in company with it. 't Is'is all disjointed. Madam ——, who, though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalized with the other two dames, especially with Moll Worthless, [Lady Mary Wortley,] who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with Lady W——, for a certain Mr ——, whom, perhaps, you knew at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you; he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution—a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. . . . . Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her en-

tagonist, [she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times, at Princess Craons, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining; I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish. I like few of her performances.

Walpole changed his opinion of Lady Mary's works, a part of which he printed at Strawberry Hill; but his opinion of their author remained unchanged. Twenty-two years subsequently to the date of the above malicious report, when Lady Mary, after the death of her husband, returned to England, he again writes:—

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. I have seen her. I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianæ* for her. We literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies.

It would have been a stranger prophecy now even than it was then.

Such, we say it again, was the style in which the luminaries of aristocracy wrote about each other, conceiving themselves all the while models of taste, elegance, and refinement—thanking their gods that they were not as those plebeians. It strikes us that the *taste* of much of this vivacious nonsense is quite as vile as the morality is low. This species of wit has now descended, as a legitimate inheritance, deprived of little of its original venom, to the more scurrilous of those newspapers which charm the higher orders; while a small dividend has come to the smart police reporters who minister to the pleasures of the other fag-end of society. This spurious pleasantry—which bears the same relation to true wit that caricature does to humorous or comic painting—is the easy resource of those who are altogether incapable of seizing and portraying the more delicate and evanescent traits and shadowy hues of character. To this more delicate and difficult task Walpole and Lady Mary were quite equal when it so pleased them, and when the temptation did not set in the other way. To be done with this, we must again protest against the adequacy of the cause assigned for Walpole's personal dislike of the lady. He has spoken at least as much evil of twenty persons, all his own near relatives—of his uncle, and his uncle's wife, his cousins, and his sister-in-law—as of Lady Mary Wortley. Of Whitfield who could neither have offended him through his mother's feelings, nor yet through his father's fame, nor any one of his generation, he has related very scandalous, and, we doubt not, false anecdotes. In brief, he and Lady Mary, and too many of their society, fancied such matters clever and graceful, and necessary to maintain their reputation as wits. Our numerous new novels have a merit not generally contemplated, in fixing down the vivacious idle to the reading of innocent nonsense, instead of scribbling scandalous gossip.

Lady Mary Wortley's finest private letters, beyond all comparison, are, as we have said, those addressed to her daughter. The series written during her husband's embassy are more travels, or a descriptive narrative, than letters in the proper sense of the term; while her latest correspondence—that with the Countess of Bute—is exactly what friendly letters ought to be—the free and easy interchange of sentiment, and the familiar or "fond and trivial" records of a life checkered by few events. These letters possess an inexpressible charm, from the undecaying vivacity of the writer, her extensive observation on life, and experiences of its ways; and a tone of sober dignity, from a certain calm elevation of mind, the fruit of reflection and long retirement. Lady Mary Wortley, who piqued herself on free, bold, independent thinking, never outgrew some of her prejudices and bitternesses; but an increasing placidity and mellowness of disposition gradually creeps on as the passions fall asleep, and as her spirit shone out, in a purer and less troubled atmosphere than that which had vitiated her youth. To some readers—nay, we fear, to many—this series of letters may appear much less entertaining than those libelled by Walpole's praise. Some of them may even be felt tiresome. Yet we abide by our original judgment. Though it is apparent that she was quite conscious of having been unsuccessful in the great aim of life, we never find Lady Mary expressing either regret or compunction for any part of her conduct. That she was sometimes blamed where innocent, seems a sufficient justification of actual error; and, though boasting of impartiality and dispassionateness in her judgments, her ancient enmities and rivalries were never forgotten in the expression of her opinion of men and actions. She is incapable of justice, and loses the power of discrimination, whenever Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and that *faction* are concerned; and the last thing which an aristocrat can conquer, is the prejudice of birth. Lady Mary never imagined the effort any part of the duty of her new philosophy. The letters to Lady Bute contain abundance of criticism upon the novels and memoirs that appeared, which were regularly transmitted to Italy, and afforded the greatest solace to the exile, who would sit up all night reading what her daughter considered "trash and trumpery" as often as a fresh box of books arrived. Her criticism on Richardson's novels is severe, but not so wholly unjust as it has been considered; and it is no mean triumph to his genius that his power in the pathetic wrings forth such acknowledgments as the following. The author was quite unknown to her. "This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of 'Clarissa' touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison

and his lady what I have heard of my mother and seen of my father."

Fielding was her relation. She admired his writings with a true relish of their beauties; but she also saw their blemishes. Upon her copy of "Tom Jones" she wrote, "*Ne plus ultra.*" Of her kinsman she says—

H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr and Mrs Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and, I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr Booth are sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains.

After his death she wrote—

I am sorrow for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so, the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. I should think it a noble1 and less nauseous employment, to be one of the staff-officers that conduct the nocturnal weddings. His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it) made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaigne, and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret. There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage both in learning, and, in my opinion, genius; they both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends, and would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them was so formed for happiness, it is pity he was not immortal.

The following opinion of "The Rambler" would make a good standing prospectus for all the small, modern, useful wares of literature—its penny horn-books and primers—now circulated so widely among the class of *gentle* readers described:—

The "Rambler" is certainly a strong misnomer; he always plods in the beaten road of his predecessors, following the "Spectator" (with the same pace a pack horse would do a hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read anything but such productions, and cannot spare time, from doing nothing, to go through a sixpenny pamphlet. Such *gentle* readers may be improved by a moral hint, which, though repeated over and over, from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives.

Lady Mary thus gaily pleads the pardon of those lovers of entertaining reading who can digest something stronger and bulkier than its pap and milk:—

Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner, that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker, with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.

I thank God my taste still continues for the gay part of reading.* Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation.

Mr Bentley should stereotype this as an advertisement, to be prefixed to his new novels as they appear. It is a case wholly made out. A very sensible piece of moralizing upon the idle pursuit of ambition is concluded as if Lady Mary had been an enlightened Radical.

A wise and honest man lives to his own heart, without that silly splendour that makes him a prey to knaves, and which commonly ends in his becoming one of the fraternity. I am very glad to hear Lord Bute's decent economy sets him above anything of that kind. I wish it may become national. A collective body of men differs very little from a single man; and frugality is the foundation of generosity. I have often been complimented on the English heroism, who have thrown away so many millions, without any prospect of advantage to themselves, purely to succour a distressed Princess. I never could hear these praises without some impatience; they sounded to me like the panegyrics made by the dependants on the Duke of Newcastle and poor Lord Oxford, bubbled when they were commended, and laughed at when they were undone. Some late events will, I hope, open our eyes: we shall see we are an island, and endeavour to extend our commerce rather than the Quixote reputation of redressing wrongs and placing diadems on heads that should be equally indifferent to us. When time has ripened mankind into commonsense, the name of conqueror will be an odious title. I could easily prove that had the Spaniards established a trade with the Americans, they would have enriched their country more than by the addition of twenty-two kingdoms, and all the mines they now work—I do not say possess; since, though they are the proprietors, others enjoy the profit.

A little more politics:—George III.—and the custom has been continued with the more recent heirs to the throne—was educated in a manner which makes Lady Mary say—

I am sorry the Prince has an episcopal education: he cannot have a worse both for himself and the nation;

* In Spence's Anecdotes, by Singer, there is an observation of Lady Oxford in these words:—"I wonder how anybody can find pleasure in reading the books which are that lady's chief favourites." Here we have Lady Mary's confession of her liking to works of imagination, and her defence of her taste.

though the court of England is no more personally to me than the court of Pekin, yet I cannot help some concern for my native country, nor can I see any good purpose from church precepts, except they design him to take orders. I confess if I was King of Great Britain I would certainly be also Archbishop of Canterbury; but I believe that is a refinement of politics that will never enter into the heads of our managers, though there is no other way of having supreme power in church and state. I could say a great deal in favour of this idea; but as neither you nor I will ever be consulted on the subject, I will not trouble you with my speculative notions.

There is really something to make people reflect in this bold project. Lady Mary herself, though a steady and a *born* Protestant, was, from anything that appears, not troublesome to her neighbours either with her devotional feelings or practice, yet she held the legitimate opinions of her age concerning religion.

I am not surprised at Lady Orford's folly, having known her at Florence: she made great court to me. She has parts, and a very engaging manner. Her company would have amused me very much, but I durst not indulge myself in it, her character being in universal horror—I do not mean from her gallantries, which nobody trouble their heads with, but she had a collection of freethinkers that met weekly at her house to the scandal of all good Christians. She invited me to one of these honourable assemblies, which I civilly refused, not desiring to be thought of her opinion, nor thinking it right to make a jest of ordinances that are, at least, so far sacred, as they are absolutely necessary in all civilized governments.

This piece of piety and prudence was directed to Mr Wortley; and the lady was Walpole's sister-in-law, whom he represents as the intimate friend of Lady Mary.

The essays upon female education embodied in these letters, though not unexceptionable, are well worthy the serious attention of mothers in high life. Want of proper instruction was considered by Lady Mary as the source of many of the faults and consequent misfortunes of women of rank. Having given one instance of an erring woman through deficient education, she characteristically adds—"You know another, who, if she had had her natural good understanding cultivated by letters, would never have mistaken Johnny Gay for a wit, and much less have printed, that he took the liberty of calling her his Laura." She might, however, have included herself in the same list with the Duchess of Queensberry, since she had the misfortune at one time to mistake Pope for a wit, and had encouraged him to address gallant letters to her. She gives a more striking, though a very worldly instance; and her Ladyship's views seldom rose above the good things of this life to any higher rewarding sphere:—

My poor friend the Duchess of Bolton was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, by a saint-like governess: crammed with virtue and good qualities, she thought it impossible not to find gratitude, though she failed to give passion; and upon this plan threw away her estate, was despised by her husband, and laughed at by the public. Polly,* bred in an alehouse, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and found the way to be esteemed. So useful is early experience—without it half of life is dissipated in correcting the errors that we have been taught to receive as indisputable truths.

Of the misery of women of gallantry and what is named pleasure, whatever her personal conduct may have been, she had a true conception. M. Ruremonde might, indeed, have assisted her experience. Referring to Lady Vane, whose Memoirs in "Peregrine Pickle" she had just read with all the interest of an old acquaintance, and the zest of a scandal-monger of past times, she writes:—"I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through." Of one of her Florence acquaintances, Walpole's beloved sister-in-law, noticed above, she again remarks:—

I am not surprised at Lady Orford's marriage; her money was, doubtless, convenient to Mr Shirley, and I dare swear she piques herself on not being able to refuse him anything. It has been her way with all her lovers: he is the most creditable of any she ever had: his birth and sense will induce him to behave to her with decency, and it is what she has not been much used to. As it is a true saying, "*Cowards more blows than any hero bear*;" it is as certainly true, ladies of pleasure (very improperly so called) suffer more mortifications than any nun of the most austere order that ever was instituted. Lady Orford is a shining instance of that truth; the most submissive wife to the most tyrannic husband that ever was born, is not such a slave as I saw her at Florence.

Upon this head we would "take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds."

Since we have passed over the letters from the Levant, as too well-known to bear citation, we shall borrow one specimen of Lady Mary's descriptive powers, which remained unimpaired to the close of her advanced life, and became, in her latter Italian sketches, more attractive and graceful in their elegant, unstudied simplicity. After sojourning in many different towns of the Italian States, she settled for a length of years at Louvere, a watering-place near Brescia, and romantically situated upon the Lake of Isco. Here she bought a palace or castle, but it cost only one hundred pounds, with all its terraces marbles, balustrades, and grand saloons. "I have fitted up six rooms, with lodgings for five servants, which are all I ever will have in this place; and I am persuaded that I could make a profit if I would part with my purchase, having been very much favoured in the sale, which was by auction, the owner having died without children, and I believe he had never seen this mansion in his life, it having stood empty from the death of his grandfather. The governor bid for me, and nobody would bid against him. Thus I am become a citizen of Louvere, to the great joy of the inhabitants." This introduces the delightful picture of her residence and way of life:—

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy-house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farm-house a room for myself—

* Miss Fenton, the actress, and the original *Polly* of "The Beggars' Opera," whom the Duke of Bolton married.

that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basons of earthen ware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was all ready cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers, in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *bruseo*. I am now writing to you in one of these arbours, which is so thick shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Guastalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those in France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks, (commonly fruit trees,) and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it) that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and producing a variety of wines. I would send you a pipe, if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needle-women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silk-worms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books. I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon;) but we have a large trout so like it, that I who have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life: you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I, in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation: but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age.

. . . . . .

I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as I can cram in; and in the squares designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onions, garlick. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls; all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . . . .

I have had this morning as much delight in a walk in the sun as ever I felt formerly in the crowded mall, even when I imagined I had my share of the admiration of the place, which was generally soured before I slept, by the informations of my female friends, who seldom failed to tell me, it was observed that I had shewed an inch above my shoe-heels, or some other criticism of equal weight, which was construed affectation, and utterly destroyed all the satisfaction *my* vanity had given me. I have now no other but in my little housewifery, which is easily gratified in this country, where, by the help of my receipt book, I make a very shining figure among my neighbours, by the introduction of custards, cheesecakes, and minced pies, which were entirely unknown to these parts, and are received with universal applause, and I have reason to believe will preserve my memory even to future ages, particularly by the art of butter-making, in which I have so improved them, that they now make as good as in any part of England.

These, with reading, were the tranquil pleasures which consoled Lady Mary Wortley for absence from her native land, her daughter, and all her early connexions. Another of her amusements was composing memoirs of her own time, which she alleges she burned as fast as they were composed. Some of these writings came, however into the hands of the Countess of Bute, and a few fragments are published in this edition, which fully equal anything that might have been expected from her lively and unscrupulous pen. Of George I. she says, tersely—

The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that, if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind

enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his own temper, that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years, (for she came hither at threescore,) without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business.

This is enough. Radical as we are, we consider it highly probable that the court was not quite so profligate as Lady Mary has described it. If there were two editions of any scandalous tale, there is, we fear, little doubt about the one she would have adopted. Lady Mary might not invent; but she was, at all times, rather prone to embellish than extenuate. Her story of her early companion, Dolly Walpole, the sister of Sir Robert, should have been consigned to oblivion with the other obnoxious parts of her diary. The part which she assigns to the wife of Sir Robert Walpole, is abundantly infamous; and the Duchess of Wharton's is not only improbable, but a libel upon woman's nature. Dolly's history, which the good-natured Lady Mary seems to have sat down to compose, as soon as the poor girl (her friend) had made a good and a high marriage, is made the worst of. In the Introductory Anecdotes, it is said, from Lady Mary's Diaries, that Lord Townsend, "falling in love, *at once* proposed and was accepted;" and, in Lady Mary's history of the Court of England, that Sir Robert "Walpole had *art enough* to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match, than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands." In short, Lady Mary's stories of her female acquaintances, like her descriptions of them, are to be received as those of a professed wit.

It would be unpardonable to omit one noble achievement of Lady Mary Wortley's life. We allude to her introduction of inoculation for small-pox into England. At Constantinople she became acquainted with this mode of treating a disease which was then the pest of Europe; and, apprehending all the advantages of the remedy, with judgment and courage which few women could have displayed, she subjected her only son to chances which she saw so favourable—and with the happiest results. Upon her return to England, Lady Mary did much to introduce this beneficial practice; and she appears to have incurred no little professional jealousy, opposition, and obloquy at the period, though the historians of the medical profession now represent this important discovery as having been received at once. The case is not singular. It is never easy to vanquish professional prejudices; nor yet, afterwards, to extort from the learned of any faculty, a candid confession of their obstinacy or repugnance to reform or improvement. It is said that no physician above forty, could ever be made to put trust in Hervey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

But it is more than time we were drawing to a close with this attractive, and, as we believe, classic and enduring work. To the letters on Turkey, every English reader has been indebted for no mean part of his purest literary enjoyment; and the few specimens which we have selected from the three large volumes before us, shew that Lady Mary excelled in different styles. Her brilliant works are indeed unique in English literature. Upon her poetry and translations, we have not touched, as we deem them very inferior to her descriptive narratives and her familiar letters; although the "Town Eclogues," and some other pieces, have been generally admired, and the former praised by her detractor, Walpole, even to extravagance. The public we consider indebted to Lord Wharncliffe for this edition. It is, at least, an authentic one, though there is not much new correspondence of nearly equal value to that which we formerly possessed. The Introductory Anecdotes communicate many curious traits of out-worn manners and customs among the nobility; and as it regards Lady Mary personally, this part of the work is, on the whole, wonderfully impartial. That she was satirical, fully as free as became her privileged age, and spared nobody in her dashing strictures, is admitted. That she was not utterly infamous in depravity, the vilest of the vile, as has been asserted and assumed, is denied and disproved. If any one before put faith in Walpole's slanders and Pope's libels, that can no longer be done; yet we can hardly suppose that there are many reflecting persons acquainted with the history of that age, who now require to be convinced that, though far from being a pattern of discretion, or feminine amiability or excellence, this woman, so remarkable for the splendour of her talents, was never the utterly abandoned and foully degraded creature which malice or indifference to truth has represented.

A CHAPTER ON POLITICAL AGITATION; OR, MEMOIRS OF DR TROPE.

Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus,
Mens *agitat* molem, et magno se corpore miscet.—Æn.
Agita labris.—Hor.
"Agitate—agitate—agitate!"—Marquis of Anglesey's Letter.

The Duke of Wellington—in that stormy interval which immediately preceded the formation of Lord Grey's administration, when the voice of a nation, demanding reform of its time-worn institutions, rose from hollow and distant murmurs into tempestuous clamour—committed a signal and irretrievable blunder. His error was the more fatal, because it was based on the grossest ignorance. His Grace not only avowed his opposition to all reform, but scoffed at the numerous assemblies of the people, which had recently sent forth peremptory demands—miscalled "petitions"—for its concession; and declared, in his place in the House of Lords, that he considered "county meetings as no better than *farces*." The farces, however, turned out to be "physic" to his Grace; and the clumsy pantomime in which the ex-hero was then enacting the part of the "lean and slippered Pantaloon," was forthwith hustled by their agency from the political stage. Abundant proof has been since that period afforded of the efficacy of these comitial assemblies, in significantly demonstrating the direction of the popular wishes. When held simultaneously for a common object, they represent public opinion with an accuracy of portraiture which is nowhere else to be found. They reflect, *veluti in speculo*, the nation's will; and have often afforded an unerring index to legislative enactments. Forcibly did Earl Grey describe this effect, when he used the phrase of "pressure from without." Popular meetings, when followed up by vigorous resolutions and well-digested petitions, constitute a most ingenious mode of conveying a "friendly hint" to the statesman, or squeezing a reluctant will into compliance. Lord Grey's metaphor, no doubt, was borrowed from that elbowing and shouldering process, which, at county meetings themselves, is so frequently witnessed. The crowd at the door press upon those immediately before them, with a view to obtain a hearing; those who are outside the door press still more energetically with the same object: thus the whole moving mass is impelled forward—no matter what may be their individual wishes—until those in the inner circle itself are made to advance. Such is the onward impulse of the "pressure from without."

We will venture to affirm that his Grace of Wellington's creed has been enlarged since the passing of the Reform Act, by the introduction of the article, "*I believe in county meetings.*" More than once has he of late declined to act with his party in opposing certain political measures which indices like these informed him could not be withheld. But, though his Grace's political rule of faith may have undergone a change, we will not vouch for any modification in his political tendencies.

His Grace declared once against all reform; and never since did he make one graceful concession. His Grace would still lacerate with scorpion whips the backs of British subjects.

A county meeting for political purposes is never a simultaneous movement. It is always originated by a very limited number of individuals. Sometimes a solitary one constitutes its nucleus. It is in the principal towns that these "originators" usually reside; for the means of acquiring political knowledge, and the stimulants to political energy, exist there in greater abundance. There is a *vis inertiæ* in the body politic, into which the vitalities proper that exist in the more active members must have time to diffuse themselves before symptoms of general activity will begin to be exhibited. Like beasts of burthen, the major part of mankind must be goaded before they will stir themselves to any purpose. This incipient stimulus is applied by the few "public-spirited individuals" (so they are phrased) of the district. The example of other districts is also, with those who are laggard in the political race, a frequent spur to action. Such is the anomalous constitution of human nature: inert and apathetic where its dearest interests are at stake—active to ill, and sleepless in the pursuit of gain—tardy in entering the lists, where the contest is for popular rights and free institutions—breathless with anxiety, when the prize is at length within their grasp—boastful of intellectual capacity, yet slavishly imitative and dependent as children on the operations of a few active minds for the direction of those efforts which are as indispensable for the preservation as they were essential to the acquisition of freedom. The energetic few are denominated, by the perpetuators of abuse, agitators. Be it so. Society, without their aid, would stagnate. Agitation is but another name for activity. These are the minds that contrive and originate. The rest find no difficulty in executing the work when it is once cut out. Until that point has been attained, they will not budge from their state of fixed apathy. The common herd are as sheep which would continue for ever browsing within the same limits, without dreaming of a better pasture, until the leader of the flock bestirs himself. He bounds across the style, and the rest follow his example, overleaping the obstacle with the utmost agility. Point out the way—the course is easily taken—and the *finis laborum* may be neither remote nor difficult of attainment; but the guide—the finger-post of flesh and blood—is indispensable. Before the glorious days of Bacon and his con

temporaries, who would have dreamt of undervaluing the Aristotelian philosophy?—and yet what was so easy as, after that period, to demonstrate its errors? The herd followed without difficulty. Every fool could make the egg stand when Columbus had shewn the way. These were the human finger-posts—the agitators and innovators of the world of science. The scientific world is, however, greatly obliged to them; and the social world is quite as much indebted to those whom the shallow or the corrupt are wont to designate as officious agitators.

Had there been no O'Connell, it is not improbable that the Catholics would still have remained unemancipated. They undoubtedly would not have shaken off their degrading disabilities so soon. That great man's agitation raised up, almost created a public spirit in Ireland. Meetings for the purpose of petitioning were held in Dublin; and county after county caught up the flame in rapid succession, and kindled the torch of liberty. The force of example did much; that of local agitation, in pursuance of O'Connell's advice, did more. Men are seldom so obtuse as not to be able to appreciate the distinction between political rights and political grievances; but their estimate is, in most cases, too weakly formed, and their minds are too sluggish, to assume the posture of active remonstrance until a way has been prepared and facilities afforded. The path to the temple of liberty must be cleared of all obstructions by the pioneers of agitation, before the generality of men will make a step in their progress towards it.

Let not the aristocratic Liberal, then, despise the political agitator—albeit of plebeian descent and vulgar occupation. He may be fond of rubbing his skirts rather closely to the great men of his party; he may be intrusive, although out at elbows; and, from a conception, real or groundless, that he has been slighted, he may indulge, while haranguing the populace who dote upon his homespun oratory, and for whose welfare he is sincerely interested, in intemperate language, or even in virulent invective; he may sometimes urge his views too far, for he is almost necessarily of a sanguine temperament; he may be a cobbler, or a tailor, or a dealer in the smallest wares;—but in his capacity of agitator, he should ever be respected by the genuine lover of liberty. If his political views are ultra, they will be rendered innoxious by the good sense of society; if he use strong language, he will not be the less efficacious in instructing the people; if he has "a devil of a tongue," it may be beneficial for keeping high-bred and high-blooded gentlemen in order; if his coat be torn, he will not be hearkened to with less confidence by the people; if he be a cobbler, or a dresser of polls, he will not be a whit the worse handcraftsman for being a politician—the one may mend laws as well as broken leather, and the wit of the other may be as keen as his razor; while both may do the state some service, by reading and expounding the newspapers to those who frequent their shops. The agitator's uses, like those of adversity, are beneficial; and the village politician, though he may be "ugly and venomous" as the toad,

"Still wears a precious jewel in his head."

He thinks for the thoughtless, and acts for the social sluggard. He is the Coryphæus and Chorægus of public life. What storms are to the atmosphere—what tempests to the ocean—the agitator is to the political world. He sets its particles in motion, and produces a salubrious excitement. Agitation is no more to be proscribed, because individuals have sometimes abused the power which it confers, to the infliction of injury, than the admirable order established throughout the universe is to be sneered at, because whole forests are sometimes desolated by the whirlwind, and fleets engulfed in the ocean. Perfection is not an attribute of humanity or of human laws, any more than undisturbed tranquillity is of the physical world.

Agitators, like poets, are an irritable race; and a not unusual blemish in their character, is an overweening sensitiveness, pushed to a considerable distance beyond the bounds of mere self-respect. The desire to be specially courted, and the dread of being twitted, even in all friendliness, for peculiarities of language and manner, are strongly developed in their character and bearing. They are conscious of having attained to no small degree of social importance, and are apt to magnify in their own minds the political influence which they undeniably possess. They are frequently unfortunate in suggesting their own views to Members of Parliament and other leading men; for which elaborate painstaking, they are sometimes wished to the Devil. If the wish, at the moment it is conceived, be not carefully withheld from their observation, they are converted at once into implacable enemies; and the chances are ten to one that they will, at some future period, find an opportunity of retaliating the incivility, by detecting and exposing to the offender's constituents a flaw in his Parliamentary conduct. Pride is obviously at the root of this evil; and as long as men enjoy the privilege *monstrari digito*—a species of notoriety which necessarily attaches itself to successful orators, in whatever sphere they move—it is in vain to attempt to preach down personal vanity, or endeavour to persuade men accustomed to the music of their own "sweet voices," that what Ben Jonson terms,

"The liberal voice of Fame,"

is a deceitful trumpeter, or that the incense of popular praise emits an odour which wisdom should despise. Those who entertain a good opinion of their own powers, are too frequently led to confine a large portion of their affections within the limited circle of which "self" is a centre; and, adopting the Berkleian theory of immaterialism, to "dispense with the whole world beside." This is, however, a fault which is by no means confined to a particular class. Immaterialism, in this sense, is diffused over a very large proportion of English society. When the

political agitator is attacked, his great error is the bitterness of his defence—when slighted, of his revenge.

Dick Trope was a fortunate man—fortunate in natural gifts, and in the conjunction of various propitious circumstances. Good-looking, without regular features; acute, without much depth; an imposing smatterer, without much learning—he was persuasive, although not remarkably eloquent; keen, though not subtle; caustic in sarcasm and bitter in invective, though incapable of grasping the arguments of an antagonist possessed of uncommon skill, and inadequate to the task of analyzing deeply a question of more than ordinary magnitude. Had Dick's mind been cast in a mould of much smaller dimensions, Dick would have passed through life as little better than a clod. But Dick was no clod; for, though not one particle too much did he possess of any one quality for general effect, Dick sailed manfully down the tide of life, and earned for himself no small portion of local glorification. Dick had a high opinion of his own mental excellence, and was gifted by nature with unlimited powers of talking; he was further possessed of

"Matchless intrepidity of face"—

and therefore Dick was an orator. He could not pretend to the possession of much originality, except in his manner, which was most energetically *pounding*. At a vestry meeting, Dick once flattened the curate's hat, by this species of rhetoric, into the shape of a pancake. So electrical was the effect produced upon his auditors by this "*coup du jambe du mouton*," that the item of five pounds for sacramental cakes, against which Dick was then inveighing, was forthwith reduced to one-twentieth the amount. This was one of the smallest of the miracles of oratory that Dick performed in his time. We have said that Dick did not possess much originality. He had, however, an excellent memory, and exhibited great skill in treasuring up the good sayings of others, and reproducing them afterwards to his delighted auditors, upon whom they came with the effect of gold just hewed from the mine. Dick read the newspapers with avidity: their editorial dicta were seldom lost, either to him or to his audience. He was also something of a petty-larceny man among the poets; and from those of their works which came within his reach, had stored his mind with an abundance of imagery, which he introduced, and of select passages, which he quoted, in his speeches—applicably or inapplicably, as the case might be, but most frequently with appropriate effect. Indeed his flights of fancy were sometimes ludicrously lofty, and his imagery as entangled as the mazes of the Cretan labyrinth. "The judicious grieved;" but Richard recked not of their smiles. He succeeded in effecting his twofold object; which was, firstly, to render the serious and sober part of his discourse effective, by the adventitious aids derived from his reading; and, secondly, to glorify himself in his own proper person—

"While still the wonder grew
How ONE small head could carry all he knew."

Another "part of his system" was the occasional introduction of *sesquipedalia verba*, commonly called "jaw-breakers," which completed his triumph. To be sure, he sometimes mispronounced them, and not unfrequently misconceived their meaning. Upon one occasion, the classical schoolmaster of the district took him severely to task for calling the Peel administration a "con-*cotton*-ation of arrant humbugs."

"It is perfectly perspicuous, sir," quoth Dr Floggem, "that you have not applied yourself to deduce your principles of orthoepy from the *well* of English undefiled."

"Haven't I?" rejoined Dick. "Surely a man may drink at the well *without swallowing the bucket!*"

This metaphor has been commonly attributed to one of Kean's apologists; but with our friend Dick rests the honour of its invention. Although, when Dick was "i' th' vein," his rhetorical powers were scarcely inferior to those of the doughty knight who

"Scarce could ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope,"

yet Dick's oratory was by no means of that school which administers its reasoning and verbiage in the proportion of a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff. No, no! Dick might sometimes talk rhetoric by the rood; but he could talk sound sense, too, by the yard. His finer yarns were, as before stated, only occasional and illustrative; his exordiums, narrations, and perorations were all of sounder stuff, and homespun texture—appealing directly to the plainest understandings, and treating, in a downright matter-of-fact style, the subject, whatever it might be, of the day's discussion. Although Dick himself was of opinion that his brilliant flights of fancy were the groundwork of his popularity, it is very much to be doubted whether the homely truths which he uttered in a homely and forcible manner, did not constitute, after all, the secret of his success.

"Convince your audience that you are in earnest," says a great writer, "if you wish to speak effectively." So convinced of this truth was the celebrated Dr Young, that, upon one occasion, when he was preaching to an apathetic audience, in order to convince them that he was in earnest, he stopped short, and burst into tears, at what he termed "so sad a spectacle of unmoved indifference." Whether this was "clap-trap" or not, we do not mean to determine; but with our beloved Richard it certainly was perfectly natural. The veins of his forehead would swell, until they seemed on the point of cracking, when he had occasion to paint a deed of deep political turpitude. His eyes would sparkle with an almost supernatural fire, and become marvellously distended. His whole face would be suffused with a glow of fervent animation, as if every feature were converted into a "luminous escape of thought;" and all his motions and gestures were of the same striking character, like the symptoms of a brief epilepsy. Dick was undoubtedly an

extraordinary man, although not of extraordinary intellect; and possessed a rare combination of those qualities which confer oratorical weight and influence.

It was in a Foundling Hospital that Dick first became conscious of existence. The moment he was ushered into this world, he was deposited in a basket—the fate of more than one great man in embryo—

"Without even a relic of drapery round him."

It was only the exceeding mildness of a sweet night in June, that prevented him from being made one of the victims of infanticide. The tender solicitude of a charitable elderly female, had him conveyed, the next morning, to the Foundling Hospital. Of course it was not from Richard's fault that he was thus made one of the "strays and waifs" of nature; but one of the bitterest pangs of his after life, was the facility which the knowledge of this circumstance gave to his enemies to sneer and jibe, when his back was turned. Few were bold enough to allude to his unrecorded birth in his presence—few were deterred by delicacy of sentiment. The meanness of human nature makes enemies for every man who has achieved even a temporary renown. Substance and shadow, reputation and envy, are equally close companions. But the withering force of Dick's well-known powers of retort protected him effectually from insult.

When Dick grew up into a sturdy youth, his shrewdness of observation and pleasing exterior attracted the notice of an eminent surgeon, who forthwith transplanted him to his establishment, to which Dick's activity and tact soon made him an extremely useful appendage. He did not "pick" his way to the secrets of science, but gathered up knowledge in handfuls, and, in the course of a few years, became almost as skilful a practitioner as his master. But he was also, at this period, making great progress in another art—"the art of love." The surgeon had a daughter—an only child—dear to him as the apple of his eye. She had also become dear to Dick; and the same qualities which had recommended him to the father, had found no small share of favour in the sight of Emily Potts. No wonder Dick's heart got the mastery over his head, for Emily was a sweet girl—fair as a lily, with "lustrous black eyes," finely pencilled brows, and raven locks floating in glossy ringlets over shoulders white as snow, and curved with exquisite grace—

"Her form was pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree in vernal flower,
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
That drop from it in summer's hour."

Old Potts one day caught the youthful pair in close conference in his garden. Dick's right arm was, by some strange accident, encircling Emily's waist, and his left was drawing her cheek closer to his, while his bold request—"Won't we get privately married, love?" was positively responded to in the affirmative—when smack came the old gentleman's stick across Dick's shoulders. The stick was shattered into pieces by the force of the blow. Astonishment, dismay—an attempt at explanation, and a refusal to listen to it—a beautiful girl in tears, an inexorable father—the word "bastard" pronounced in a tone into which Belial or Beelzebub could not have thrown more bitterness of contempt—and Dick made a retreat as precipitate as mingled rage and consternation could elicit from a pair of singularly active legs.

Dick had one sincere friend in the same town where his now indignant master resided; and to his house he forthwith repaired. His tale was briefly recited, and heartily, but in all kindness, laughed at. This ill-timed merriment he upbraided at first; but, being of an elastic temperament, soon laughed in his turn. He had one consolation left, of which all old Potts' venom could not deprive him: Emily would never prove false! Three quarters of an hour had just elapsed after the melo-dramatic *denouément* before narrated, when a note was placed in his hands. It bore his Emily's tiny superscription, and was sealed without the slightest appearance of perturbation or hurry. Admirable fortitude, which woman alone can summon to her aid in the hour of trial! Unshaken truth and wondrous fidelity! Such were our friend Dick's reflections as he tore open the seal, and exclaimed with Othello, (for Dick, as an amateur, had obtained some celebrity,)

——"Excellent wench!
Perdition catch my soul but I do love ye!"

Horror of horrors! he faints—he falls! and but for the ready arm of his friend Nixon, he would have measured his length on the floor. The next instant he was blaspheming away at a frightful rate, and coupling the name of his whilom beloved Emily with epithets which it would neither serve our purpose nor be wholesome to our readers to repeat. "D—n her! d—n her! d—n her!" he exclaimed, catching Nixon by the arm—"look what the —— has written."

Nixon read the note, which was as follows:—

"Sir,—After the extraordinary and unexpected disclosure which was made this morning it is impossible that I can ever see you more.

"I cannot but feel shocked at the gross and practised duplicity which, in trifling with my heart, could withhold from me all knowledge of the disgraceful cloud which overhangs your origin.

"In consideration of your present distress, I am directed by my father to enclose you ten sovereigns.

"Ignominy shall never be associated with the name of "Emily Potts.

"P.S.—The servant carries you your *things*."

Dick roared after the servant, who was by this time half way down the street, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote as follows—almost transcribing Miss Potts' epistle.

"Miss Emily Potts,—After the extraordinary and unexpected disclosure of your selfish heartlessness which was made this morning, it is impossible that I can love you more.

"I cannot but feel shocked at the gross and practised duplicity which could indite such an

epistle, without staining it with a single tear, or misplacing the wax even the hundredth part of an inch.

"In consideration of your and your father's niggardly meanness, I re-enclose you your ten sovereigns.

"The paltry *Pottses* shall never be associated with the name of "RICHARD TROPE."

Though the guardian angel of Dick's good fortune deserted him here, he was far from being totally shipwrecked. His voyage in life only received a new direction. The sale of some surgical preparations, the fruit of his leisure hours, together with a sum of money which his disinterested friend Nixon advanced, enabled him to purchase the "good-will" of a small surgery, from the widow of the deceased occupant, in a provincial town at some distance. Here Dick, although without a diploma, contrived—by the aid of the experience which he had acquired at the establishment of the false Emily's father, united to an infinite degree of not unamiable assurance—effectually to cure some, and to wheedle all into the belief of his extraordinary powers. His natural volubility, aided by a bold assumption of learning, a plentiful sprinkling of *Ollapodisms*, and a grave seriousness of demeanour which would not have disgraced Boerhaave, pleased the men; and, by dint of talking, joking, and flattering, he insinuated himself effectually into the good graces of the women. Dr Trope soon became a very general favourite among the middle and lower classes. Upon one occasion, he moreover dosed out of a fit of galloping consumption the Dowager Lady Starchall's lap-dog; and was on the point of securing a good share of aristocratic patronage, when the fact of his not having been regularly bred to the profession coming to the lady's ears, he was discarded without mercy, and obliged to fall back upon the support of the humbler classes. Here, however, his "noontide of fame" never suffered an eclipse; and his ability was not for a moment disputed. Collegiate attestation they did not inquire after; and the knowledge of its absence did not detract from his merit, in the opinion of those who had sagacity enough to perceive that the half-dozen diplomas enjoyed by the "Grandee Doctor" of the town did not make him one whit less of a dunce.

As the sphere of Dick's practice extended, his social importance increased in proportion. From the period of his first arrival in ——, he had frequently nibbled at the character of a politician. Political meetings were not unfrequent at ——, which was a county town. Dick's early speeches were brief, and moderately well received. With the increase of the confidence which the people reposed in him, his speeches grew in length, and himself in popularity, until at length he became immovably established in this new character, by the successful opposition which he gave to a bare-faced grand jury job, by which the county court-house, although an exceedingly commodious one, was to have been pulled down and re-erected, for the purpose of enriching some dependants of an aristocratic junto. Dick summoned a meeting of the inhabitants, anatomized the pettifogging scheme in a speech in which he was more than usually felicitous, and passed a series of vigorous condemnatory resolutions. From this period, Dick became the victim of all the malevolence of all the aristocratic branches and dependencies throughout the neighbourhood. The people clung to him more tenaciously than ever. The very persecutions which were perpetually drizzling upon him like sleet, from the higher regions of society, tended to confirm into tenfold strength his character of assertor of the poor man's rights, and chivalrous champion of the weak against the "proud man's contumely" and injustice. The aristocrats of the neighbourhood soon became cautious and circumspect in their movements. The dread of Dick's tongue was ever uppermost in their minds. That tongue was a perfect blood-sucker—as tenacious as one of his own leeches, when an opportunity was afforded for its exercise. Many and many an act of meditated injustice, was crushed in the shell unhatched; because to escape, in its perpetration, from Dick's searching surveillance, was clearly impracticable. Dick's was a twofold sphere of usefulness—the application of moral and physical remedies to *constitutional* ills of either description. The health of the body as well as of the body corporate—the *salus individua*, and the *salus reipublicæ*, were equally the objects of his care.

Dick had been but for a short time resident in ——, when the blooming daughter of a wealthy farmer attracted his attention. His "*petits soins*" were eminently successful; and the moment he had achieved a lasting popularity by his successful resistance to the grand jury job of which we have already made mention, (a resistance which at once established him as a political leader,) he wooed and won the lovely Kate, and with her an accession of funds so handsome as to enable him to take and furnish an excellent house, in which the "compounding department" was in no wise neglected, either in point of space or of splendour. A strong-built, yet not clumsy horse, and a four wheeled vehicle, of which it would be difficult to ascertain the *genus*, were purchased concurrently with the new house; and Mr and Mrs Doctor Trope were now able to "ruffle it with the best of them," whether on Sunday or week day. As the stately carriage of my Lady Starchall would roll past Dick's shandrydan, a liberal use of her eye-glass, and a very visible sneer, often informed Dick of the state of her Ladyship's feelings; and, upon those occasions, he would sometimes mentally ejaculate, "D—n her! ungrateful old tabby—*why didn't I kill the cur!*" Constantly, as the vehicles of her Ladyship and "the Doctor" met, the petted cur, with hair as white and soft as her Ladyship's boa, would stretch its head out of the carriage window, and bark—positively bark at the man whose divine art had rescued it from the fangs of death! "Ungrateful as its mistress!" would

be Dick's reflection; and then the cold sweat would literally bedew his forehead, as the thought would pass across his mind, that the cur had been taught to bark at him, and at him exclusively! Your geniuses are always particularly sensitive.

No increase of reputation, or accession of fortune, ever abated one jot of Dick's ardent desire to be identified with the mass of the people. An excellent house and a four-wheeled vehicle would have turned the heads of many men, and tempted most to cringe to the aristocracy. But Dick's was a sturdy virtue and an honest pride. He set infinitely more value on the confidence which the people (as distinguished from those born with silver ladles in their mouths) universally reposed in him, than in the certainty which a prostitution of principle would have afforded him of sitting, in due gradation, at the tables of the great. Persecuted—scoffed at for his honesty—sneered at by the clique of which Lady Starchall was a prominent member—barked at by her Ladyship's dog—not only was Dick kept aloof from aristocratic intercourse by a feeling of indomitable pride, but a keen acerbity of feeling was engendered in his mind, having, for its object, all who were even remotely connected with his persecutors.

One of Dick's most prominent faults, was the too frequent indulgence in sallies, characterised as often by severity as humour, against "the Starchall clique," in whom the desire to extinguish his influence was at length engendered. A plot was secretly hatched for that purpose, in her Ladyship's drawing-room—ay, in her drawing-room. Her nephew, the Hon. Augustus Starchall—a moderately clever, but much over-rated young man, who had just concluded his studies at Cambridge, and had an eye to the representation of the burgh—was selected as the instrument for carrying it into effect.

A county meeting was, at this period, convened, to be held in ———, for the purpose of passing a vote of confidence in a newly-chosen ministry. Their politics being more popular than those of their predecessors, the people at large concurred in the object of the meeting, with a large segment of the aristocracy, embracing the genuine liberals, the time-servers, and the expectants on Providence. The Hon. Mr Starchall, being of the latter class, had signified his intention of moving the principal resolution, and occupied the entire interval of a fortnight, previous to the meeting, in preparing a speech, which was to set up his oratorical reputation for life. The "Institutes of Quintilian," "Longinus on the Sublime," "Cicero de Oratore," Pope's "Essay on Taste," and Lord Kaimes' "Elements of Criticism," were all consulted in turn; and his Lordship's reading in each revised for the great occasion; while a posture-master and a tenth-rate tragedian from London, were specially engaged for the purpose of investing the honourable *debutant* with their several adventitious aids. Everything, in short, that money could procure, was made tributary to the one grand object of enabling the future legislator in aspiration, to deliver his maiden speech with "due emphasis and discretion." Our friend Dick had heard of all these preparations, (for from him nothing was concealed,) and, bearing a keenly sensitive remembrance of the puppyism displayed by young Starchall upon some half-dozen occasions, when, his aunt having smiled at Dick's passing equipage, he laughed himself outright, Dick was determined that the young honourable should, on this occasion, receive some token of his indignant resentment. More Christian-like would it have been in Dick to afford facilities to the youthful display even of one by whom he had been bitterly insulted. Dick was, however, human-like in all, and felt that condescension might be rewarded with contempt. But into the composition of his pride, which might have been excessive, not one particle of narrow selfishness entered.

The High Sheriff of the county was a Starchall; but his politics were of the most ultra class. A violent supporter of the administration which had been just dismissed from power, he was a consistently vehement opponent of the newly-chosen ministry. A very numerously signed requisition, for convening a meeting of his bailiwick, was presented to him in the present instance; but not only did he refuse to comply with this proposal, but stigmatized the contemplated meeting in the most unmeasured terms, and expressed his individual opinion that he would be a traitor to his king and country, if, by any overt act, he was even indirectly to concur in any expression of confidence in the acts of men whose accession to office he looked upon as a national insult as well as injury. In Ireland, such language as this coming from a high sheriff, would, after the last twelvemonth's experience, excite but little surprise. It was not so, however, in England, at the period to which we allude. The most unmitigated astonishment at the Sheriff's audacity pervaded all classes of the community. The meeting was held in the county court-house, in despite of the Sheriff's interdict, and an exceedingly large and influential assembly it was. In the preparatory meeting, for the arrangement of the resolutions, our hero, departing from his conduct upon all former occasions, took no part whatever. But the moment the requisitionists appeared upon the platform, Dick presented himself to the meeting, and the cheers and cries of "Hear the Doctor!" were such as palpably to exhibit the extent of his popularity. "What can the fellow mean?" was buzzed about among the exclusive circles; but Dick, although hearing them distinctly, proceeded with his *rôle*, and, with a multitude of elaborate compliments, proposed, in all due form, as the most fit and proper person to fill the chair, THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS STARCHALL! The most ludicrous confusion upon the platform followed this announcement; but the crowd applauded so lustily that to interfere with the nomination was next to impossible. To preclude the possibility of an amendment being moved, Dick resumed the subject,

and having spoken at some length upon the amiable diffidence—ever allied to talent—which the honourable young gentleman had exhibited, he achieved his point with the utmost success, and installed the young man, *nolens volens*, into a chair which he occupied with as much reluctance as if he had been forced into Procrustes' bed. The efforts which young Starchall made to deliver an opening address, suitable to his new and unexpected situation, were truly pitiable. With much difficulty he succeeded in boggling through a few disjointed sentences of thanks, and having miserably failed in the attempt to lug in some portions of the prepared speech, he sat down in the midst of a tempest of half-friendly, half-ironical "hear, hears," coughing, and applause, with which some very audible laughing was intermingled. The maiden effort at oratory of the Honourable Augustus Starchall was "a dead failure," and his situation of chairman precluded the possibility of redeeming his bedeviled character by firing off his prepared pocket-piece. It was a mischievous revenge to which Dick had resorted, and Dick himself was almost sorry for what had happened. There sat the young man, the visible picture of mortification, biting his lips with unnatural energy. His whole face, from forehead to chin, from ear to ear, was clothed in a flaming suit of what Corporal Bunting, in the novel of "Eugene Aram" calls, "Love's *scarlet* regimentals." But if his disappointment had been ten times as great, he had earned it all by the scandalous indelicacy of his systematic sneering at our friend Dick's just pretensions to decency of exterior and comfort.

The routine business of the meeting having been transacted, Dick submitted a resolution of censure upon the High Sheriff's conduct and language, which he successfully exposed in a speech which surpassed all his former efforts. At every step of his progress he was heartily cheered. His resolution was duly seconded; but the chairman, a first cousin of the High Sheriff, refused to propose it. Loud cries to have the resolution put from the chair, came from every quarter of the meeting. The chairman consulted with his immediate friends, and remained obstinate. Two of these advisers made themselves particularly conspicuous in their opposition to Dick's resolution, and one of them uttered (loudly enough to be heard by the whole meeting) the phrase, "*Quack Doctor!*" The other, with equal emphasis, called him "*a bastard!!*"—epithets which the chairman, forgetful of his station, loudly and scornfully repeated. Tremendous was the uproar which instantaneously ensued. Dick, who was remarkably well-built and active, commenced a course of corporeal infliction upon the three scions of the aristocracy who had thus dishonoured him. A scuffle ensued; and, as Dick's adherents far outnumbered those of his antagonists, in a very few minutes the aristocratic party were made to disappear. The most cowardly of the *clique* were the chairman and the two others, who had made themselves most prominent in inflicting gratuitous insult.

Dick was unanimously voted into the chair; upon taking which, he made a most feeling and judicious speech. In alluding, however, to the epithets with which his name had been coupled, he became personally abusive, as most men under similar circumstances would have done:—"The cowardly rascals!" he exclaimed. "You saw how they made good their words! They were prodigal of odious epithets, but not one of them was man enough to withstand the object of their venom. You saw how they fled—one of them like a cur, with his tail between his legs; the other like a rat, with his tail in a trap; and the third like a monkey, that never had so much as a tail to boast of!"

This ludicrous passage was, of course, cheered to the echo; and the resolution condemnatory of the Sheriff's conduct having been unanimously carried, and a memorial to Government upon the subject agreed to, the meeting separated, after giving three hearty cheers for Ministers, and three for Dr Trope.

Ever after this event, Dick was the first political man in the district—elevated in the popular estimation far beyond the reach of his enemies. We do not hold Dick excused for spoiling young Starchall's speech; but we would have every man of aristocratic pretensions and haughty demeanour to be warned by the fate of that hairbrained young aspirant and his injudicious friends.

THE RIGHT OF PRIMOGENITURE—MR EWART'S MOTION.*

THERE is no question of greater importance than that which forms the subject of the pamphlet now under our consideration. It affects us not only in the most private relations of domestic life—in the arrangement and disposition of our property, the choice of a profession, and the means to be placed within our reach when we embark in life—but it has great political consequences, which concern the welfare, more or less, of every class of the community—the peer and the peasant, the lordly bishop and the humble curate. It is singular that a question of such deep import to the community—one, moreover, which is more or less brought home to the bosom of nearly every member of that numerous and intelligent class who subsist by professional labour—should have so long passed almost wholly without notice, and that the common law course of descent should have been considered by many as part of the course of nature, and sanctioned by revelation. It is peculiar to the jurisprudence of England, to permit the existence of

* The Right of Primogeniture examined, in a Letter to a Friend, occasioned by the Debate in the House of Commons, April 12, 1836. By a Younger Brother. London: James Ridgway & Sons, Picadilly. 1837.

evils and abuses which have nothing to make them respectable but their antiquity, to remain in a kind of hopeless and helpless inactivity; and, sooner than call upon the legislature to remove them, to elude them by what is termed by Mr Bentham the art of judicial lying, and even in some cases by actual and direct perjury. The fiction of fines and recoveries, and the disgusting absurdity of benefit of clergy, have indeed passed away; but the laws respecting idiocy and deodands are still in full force and vigour, and their hard and unjust consequences are only avoided by the good-natured and immoral laxity of jurors, who prefer perjury to injustice, and save the property of their neighbours at the expense of their own consciences. In England, such has been the dread of calling first principles in question, that even apparent absurdities have been assumed as such. We have thought whatever has been, has been right, and have treated with veneration and respect even those sources from which almost unmixed evils have for ages flowed down upon the country. Among other false gods that we have thus set up and worshipped, is this monstrous Juggernaut of injustice, to which but too many among those reputed most liberal still bow the knee and offer human victims. Of late, however, attention has been more closely directed to the subject; and, as Mr Ewart has given notice that he shall repeat his motion of last session, we need not doubt that the renewed discussion will so expose the impolicy and monstrous injustice of primogeniture in all its ramifications and bearings, that the public will at last pass sentence upon the practice, though the law itself, with many other grievances, must be patiently endured until some change take place in the House of Lords. Besides their natural antipathy to improvement, the Lords look upon primogeniture as the mainstay and very foundation of their order.

Mr Ewart's motion did not embrace the entire question. It was limited to the operation of the law of descent, which never works but to work an injustice; and is wholly inoperative, except in those cases where it is absolutely mischievous. Mr Ewart proposed that, where a person seised of real estate died intestate, the inheritance should be divided among his children equally, instead of falling wholly to the share of the eldest. This proposal, so consonant to justice and humanity—to the moral duties of parents towards their children—was opposed not only by the members of the Opposition—not only by the dead-weight and leaden ballast of the House of Commons—not only by the dense resisting medium of our political system—but by the leaders of the Liberal party; and not only by their votes, but by their voices. To the arguments—if such, indeed, they can be called—of Lord John Russell and the Attorney and Solicitor-General on this occasion, the first ten pages of this pamphlet are dedicated—a labour which the well-meaning writer might have wholly spared himself, as the reasoning which he refutes contains an absurdity so apparent that he who runs may read, and carries with it its own complete and entire refutation. The sum and substance of the opposition to Mr Ewart's motion was, that the question raised by him was an abstract point; and that, were his proposition to be carried, it would be wholly or nearly inefficacious, as intestacy is of rare occurrence, and consequently little evil is caused by the law as it stands. The first objection is entirely untrue. The great and abstract question of primogeniture—if, indeed, a practical question of that magnitude, can, with propriety, be called abstract—was not raised by Mr Ewart. The second objection is wholly and palpably absurd. Be the cases few or many in which intestacy occurs, they are the only cases in which the *law* of primogeniture operates. The evil in those cases is admitted. If they are few, the change must be too small to do harm. If many, they are then of sufficient consequence to set the legislature in motion to prevent them. But, admitting, for the sake of argument, the rarity of cases of intestacy, and the consequent minuteness of the evil occasioned by it, yet no argument can be drawn from the rarity in this case. Mr Ewart, calls upon the legislature not to enact a law for the prevention of an accidental and casual evil, but to change an unjust law, which, of itself, occasions the evil; and to remove an anomaly in our code which compels a man, when living, to support his infant offspring, but may cause him, against his wishes, his intention, and his duty, to throw him on the parish at his decease. Well, indeed, may our author style the speeches made on this occasion, "a beggarly account of empty boxes;" and well, indeed, may he express his astonishment that men of acknowledged ability should have uttered them.

But was the opposition really made to Mr Ewart's motion? Just, reasonable, and necessary, that measure was too limited in its extent and operation to incur an opposition so decided for its own sake. If we consider it as a resistance *in limine* to a change in the *practice* of primogeniture, we may then better understand the nature and causes of this opposition, and may account, in some degree at least, for the inconsistencies into which Mr Ewart's opponents have been betrayed. We can conceive that Lord John Russell, though he has successively vanquished many of the prejudices incident to his birth, and has earned for himself a brighter lustre than descent could confer upon him, may still cling with veneration to what he believes necessary to the subsistence of an hereditary aristocracy, which the house of Russell has long so adorned; and may scruple to break ground, even at a remote distance, against the venerable fortress of hereditary rank. We can imagine, too, how the Attorney-General, who, like Banquo, shall get "Lords," though he be none, may hesitate to endanger the order in which his posterity will be numbered. With considerations like these, they view the subject in a false position, and have committed the error of defending with too great pertinacity the most untenable

outwork of a position not tenable itself; and have thus given the advantage to their opponents in this attack upon what, though itself absurd and mischievous, is not so palpably bad as that which Mr Ewart seeks to remedy.

Our author then proceeds to demonstrate that cases of intestacy are by no means so rare as is commonly supposed, and to shew that, however suited to the wealthy, the present law is productive of frequent misery among the poorer classes.

He then examines an assertion contained in the speech of Lord John Russell, that—"If the House agreed with the honourable Member for London, in declaring the existing law of descent of property to the eldest son an injustice, *it would be obliged, as a consequence, to do that which the French people had compelled the French Chamber of Deputies to do—namely, to pass a law taking away the power of committing such injustice; or, in other words, to determine that, where a man had a certain number of children and a certain amount of property, he should not give a larger portion to one than another, but distribute equally, according to the laws of justice*"—(P. 17.) Our author points out how entirely illogical is the noble Lord's deduction, and shews, by the examples of other countries, that perfect freedom of disposition by the parent, and even the existence of entails, is compatible with equal partibility in cases of intestacy. Indeed, it is unnecessary to look abroad for instances. The common law of Kent, where all sons inherit, to the exclusion, however, of females, and numerous copyhold manors throughout England, where gavelkind prevails, are practical refutations of the noble Lord's assertion, no less cogent and powerful than the settlements which are daily made of personal estate, giving the same undue and unnatural preference to the eldest son which the law has given in the descent of freeholds.

Lord John Russell, indeed, slightly hints at the bearing of the motion on the question of primogeniture in general; but it is by Mr Tooke, an attorney, that the broad ground is stated.

"This," said that learned gentleman, "was a question involving one of the fundamental bulwarks of the constitution and stability of the country, extending to the total destruction of that fair and reasonable influence which the property and aristocracy of the country was allowed to possess. He called upon the House, therefore, to interpose against the very initiatory step of such a measure as the present, and not allow it to be brought even to a second reading!"—Pp. 24, 25.

Here is the general question of the expediency of primogeniture opened, and the broad ground upon which Lord John Russell and the Attorney-General might, without inconsistency, have made their stand, stated openly and fairly. With this broad question our author does not venture to grapple, but confines himself to the effects of Mr Ewart's proposal. He considers, it is true, at some length the propriety of sacrificing the immediate object of a law to some supposed remote political object to be attained by it; the propriety, in short, of prescribing, as a remedy for a particular disorder, that by which it may be aggravated instead of relieved; and pleading as an apology, that, though the cough or fever for which the physician was called in, may be rendered incurable, the general system of the patient may be improved. We apprehend that the shorter and more satisfactory course would have been, to have at once taken the "bull by the horns," and to have denied the supposed advantages of primogeniture, the supposed beneficial effects of Mr Tooke's nostrum. Our author does indeed point out the evils produced by it in private families, and shews on this ground strong and cogent reasons against it, sufficient to convince any unprejudiced persons. We regret that he has not thought it within the scope of his design, to point out the strong political objections which exist to primogeniture, and the absolute falsehood of its supposed benefits. When we read the title of the work, we hoped that we should have seen the weak and absurd arguments of Paley held up to ridicule and contempt, and the monstrous fallacies of Burke on the artificial accumulation of real property examined and exposed; that we should have been presented with a succinct history of the causes of the prevalence of primogeniture throughout great part of Europe; that we should have seen it traced upwards to the feudal system, and the times of military tenures and rural slavery; and that, when the veneration with which the practice has so long been regarded was removed, by an explanation of the causes which had given birth to it, its effects on our political system would have been sketched out; and that most false of all false positions, that an aristocracy is the cheap defence of nations, treated as it deserves. There is, indeed, hardly one of the supposed benefits of primogeniture, which may not be proved to be an evil. How true is the saying, that idleness is the mother of mischief! Human nature is alike in all ranks. The labourer will hardly work without the excitement of necessity; and we must not expect great exertions from those whose circumstances place them at once in affluence; nor that those on whom distinction has been conferred by the mere accident of birth, will labour to deserve it. The maintenance of one class in idleness is almost synonymous with their maintenance in vice. The existence of this in one class gives opportunities and temptations to its practice in others: gambling and horse-racing, the pastimes of the peerage, have their charms too for the groom 'prentice boy. The keeping up of great families, which we have been taught to regard as one of the main ends of primogeniture, is, in fact, but a minor instance of the hereditary castes and offices which exist in India. By this, the supply of our army and navy is restricted to a few favoured families, to whom the church also is devoted; and we are thus not only saddled with the maintenance—by silly, unmeaning places at court, pensions, sinecures, and commissions—of the scions of noble and illustrious houses, but we are forbidden to dig

into that unexplored mine of latent treasure to be found among the masses of our population, and deprived of the services of thousands who, but for the artificial difficulties thus placed in their path, would constantly rise to consideration and eminence. The unnatural maintenance of a small remnant in the highest rank and places of greatest consideration in society, renders it the interest of those of whom it is composed to deny to those beneath them the means of attaining the same eminence, and to maintain them as far as possible in a state of servitude, ignorance, and brutality. To this we may ascribe the apathy or reluctance shewn to the introduction of a comprehensive system of national education—that ladder by which the foolish cannot climb, that strainer which would sweep down the scum to the dregs of the political vessel, and permit the truly refined and deserving alone to rise up to the surface. The tendency of primogeniture, like injustice of all kinds, is to check the wholesome and natural competition of individuals for pre-eminence and station, and to convert society, from a clear stream of running water, to a stagnant pool, with weeds floating on the surface, into which, if a few clear bubbles spring up from beneath, they are speedily assimilated to the superficial scum into which they force their way.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and have now only to express our regret that our author has confined his attention to that portion of the question which least required his assistance, and has neglected the consideration of the indirect but most important consequences of primogeniture.

POLITICS AND POETRY.

A WORD *FROM* GOETHE AND A WORD *TO* GOETHE.

To have made Goethe a great man, as he undoubtedly was a great poet, there was only wanting one circumstance: that he should have been born a Briton, and not a German—that he should have lived in London, and not in Weimar. If it be true, as Schiller has it, that—

"*Es wächst der Mensch mit seinem grösserem Kreise,*"

then the converse of the maxim is also true, that—

> "Narrow the sphere of action, and the man
> Is narrowed with it."

Thus, taking men as men are constituted, it might have been most certainly predicated, *a priori*, that the young, robust Goethe of Frankfort, transplanted into the delicate glass-house of a petty German court, at the age of five-and-twenty, and there nursed and nurtured by the smooth hands of princes and princesses, during the quiet uniformity of an octogenarian life—must have necessarily degenerated into the dreaming *philosophe*, and the curious *artist*, who shrinks back with an instinctive dread from the rough conflicts and collisions of life. We do not mean here to say anything against the private or public character of the Duke Charles Augustus, or the Duchess Louisa of Weimar. Their worth is universally acknowledged, and none but a malicious person would dare to spit a spot of black venom upon their pure vestments; but, with all their excellences, they belonged to the order of princes; and it has always been our opinion that a prince is not the highest style of man, and that a court is not the most fitting atmosphere for a poet. So long as we hold this opinion, we cannot but lament deeply that Goethe ever went to Weimar; and, after long and patient study, we are convinced that his residence there acted most unfavourably, not only upon his poetical activity, but upon what is, in our eyes, of more importance—his character as a man. It is in vain, indeed, that some critics, more subtle than sound, set themselves to make a nice distinction between the character of the poet and the character of the man. If poetry be, as it has been well designated, the blossom of humanity, it is impossible that it can be independent of that root and stem of human character from which it springs. A reckless and vicious man may, indeed, shoot forth wild arabesques of fancy, and make the black atmosphere of his moral deformity resplendent with the meteors of his wit; but the health, the dignity, the purity of feeling that pervades the soul of the true poet, as from the presence of an indwelling god, will be sought for in vain. To write a heroic poem, the first great essential, as Milton says, is, that yourself be a hero; and the best preparation for writing truth, is to act it—ποιειν την αληθειαν, as the evangelist expresses it.

No person can read Goethe's later works without being convinced that these remarks apply with very great force to him. We do not, indeed, say, that, living in any part of *Germany*, born, as he was, in the middle of the last century, it was to have been expected that he should ever turn out a hero in the world of action. But there was something sound and healthy, and essentially *human*, in his "Götz von Berlichingen," and others of his early works, which gave promise of better things than the "West-Eastern Divan," and the second part of "Faust." We say *better things*, with a special reference to the common sympathies and feelings of healthy humanity; for, so far as mere luxuriance of a rich and playful fancy is concerned, nothing could be better than the second part of "Faust," while the "West-Eastern Divan" is a perfect harem of poetical voluptuousness, such as an Eastern sultan might rejoice to have recourse to when satiated with his real one. But in these works we seek in vain for anything strong—anything energetic—anything by which the whole active man may be steeled against the rude insults,

and strengthened to work himself through the hard duties of life. Compare the "Prometheus Vinctus" of Aeschylus with the second, or, if you please, with the first part of "Faust," and you will understand what we mean. Look at the Titan! With what unbending force of moral energy he stands alone against the whole host of despot gods, nursing a hate of tyranny too deep to be spoken! See with what calm disdain he rejects the repeated supplications of Ocean and Ocean's daughters! and with what an air of conscious superiority he turns a deaf ear to the overtures of Herald Mercury, subservient minion of the usurped dynasty of Olympus! Look now at Faust! Here you have neither clear intellect nor decided will. You see a creature of groping speculation and dreaming mysticism, suddenly metamorphosed into a base and degraded sensualist, as irresolute in active life as he was confused and sceptical in theoretical. This creature sells his soul to the Devil, as it would seem, for no other purpose than that he may make use of the daring hand of a supernatural power to attain the enjoyment of base, sensual pleasures—fruits which his own milky villany had no courage to pluck. In the outset of his career, however, he does at times indicate the existence of feelings in his bosom such as a noble and generous mind can sympathise with. The prison scene with Margaret is true to nature and satisfactory to our moral sense. This forms a worthy conclusion to the first part of the poem. But follow the sensualist in his ripened career, and see in what garb he appears. He is now the mere football of whim and fancy—a thing not only destitute of all energy of character, but without any character at all; a trifling plaything in the hand of a trifler; a soap bubble, blown into existence by one who has the name of a devil and the nature of a buffoon. The metaphysical dreamer is now changed—very naturally perhaps—into a child, and, like a child, amused with vulgar harlequinading shows and empty juggleries of fire and water. The loves of the sensualist are now become as unsubstantial as himself—the phantom *εἴδωλον* of an ancient adulteress must submit to the embraces of a modern libertine; and, to crown all, this most *recherché* of all sensualists is serenaded into Heaven by the liltings of a few boys, for no other reason that we can see than because he has neither strength, nor stuff, nor spirit enough to be a proper inmate of Hell.

It is not our intention to follow out these remarks—as might easily be done—by an examination of the whole series of Goethe's works. Let this one instance suffice to shew, that whoever wishes to train his mind to manly energy and independence of character, must seek it in some Avatar of "the divine" very different from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In a work, for instance, of Goethian memorabilia which has lately appeared,* we find the following specimen of very flimsy critical sophistry, to prove that the ideas of "fatherland" and "patriotism" are no parts of a poet's universal heritage, and that the true "*artist*" must necessarily freeze up his human feelings against all sympathy with the great political regenerations of his species:—

"It is affectation in us moderns," said Goethe, speaking of the celebrated destiny-tragedians, "to bring the old Greek idea of Fate upon the stage. We would do better to say, with Napoleon—Politics is fate. But let us beware how we say, with our most recent literary men, that politics is poetry, or that politics is, in any respect, a proper subject for poetry. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on 'The Seasons,' but a very bad poem on 'Liberty;' and this not from any want of poetry in the poet, but from a want of poetry in his subject.

"As soon as a poet becomes a politician, he must necessarily throw himself into the arms of a party; and as soon as he does this, he is lost for ever as a poet; he must forego for ever his fine bird's eye view of human affairs, and draw over head and ears the cap of narrowness and of blind party hate.

"A poet will, as a man and a citizen, love his fatherland; but the proper fatherland of his poetical activity is the good, the noble, and the beautiful that is confined to no geographical province, but waits everywhere throughout the wide universe for the poet's appropriation. Herein the son of the muse is like the eagle, who hovers with free glance over many lands, and to whom it is a matter of indifference whether this hare that he is about to make his prey, runs over Prussian or Saxon ground.

"And, after all, what is the meaning of these fine-sounding phrases—Love your country—Be an active patriot—and so forth? If a poet has been earnestly occupied during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, clearing up misty views, purifying the taste and ennobling the intellect of his people, in what way better than this can he shew himself a true and a zealous patriot? To demand anything more of a poet would be almost as reasonable as to demand of the head of a regiment that he should busy himself with modern revolutions, and, in the heat of his political zeal, become indifferent to the condition and discipline of his corps. *But the fatherland of a true officer of the army is his regiment*, and the only legitimate way in which he can shew his love for that fatherland, is by attending to the state of his battalions, and keeping them in active readiness for the service of their country whenever it shall stand in need of their services.

"I hate all bungling interference in foreign matters as I hate sin, and most of all do I hate all bungling interference with matters of state, whereby thousands and millions of a people have been ruined.

"It is not my fashion to concern myself much about what other people say about me; but I have ears, and I know very well what a certain set of young literateurs have been lately philippising against me. Though I have worked like a slave all my life long, and done everything in

* "Gespräche mit Goethe, in den letzun Jahren seines Lebens von Johann Peter Eckermann. Leipzig. 1836.

my power, within my own proper province of art, to benefit my country, yet these gentlemen count all my exertions as worse than nothing, and vanity, because I have always considered it beneath me to identify myself with a political party. To please such critics, I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and preached blood and murder! But I will not speak another word on this miserable theme, lest I should myself lose my reason in attempting to inoculate reason into that which is essentially unreasonable."

Now, this whole passage which we have extracted at length, is a specimen of as glaring *one-sidedness* as we, who are no believers in the *many-sided* universality of the Weimarian bard could have happily stumbled upon. It contains two propositions equally false and equally emasculate. The first proposition here openly expressed is, that a poet should not only seclude himself from all share in the active business of life, but also keep his mind from any fellow-feeling or warm brotherly sympathy with political changes. The second proposition, which is covertly implied in this passage, is, that a poet, if he allows his mind to think upon political subjects at all, must necessarily espouse the weak and milky tenets of Toryism. Perhaps these two propositions, though different in the form of words, are not substantially distinct; for no man who has looked with an eye of common discernment into the character of the individuals of whom political parties are composed, can have failed to observe, that, wherever a man is weak, timid, irresolute, and, as it were a cipher in political sentiment, that man will be found, in the hour of trial, skulking in the defeated rear of Toryism. To say that a man has no politics, is, accordingly, practically equivalent to saying that he is a Conservative. And, in perfect accordance with this remark, we find that Goethe, though he constantly gave himself out as a man of no political party, was, nevertheless, at soul and bottom, a Conservative; and we find him upon all occasions preaching Tory doctrines, and looking with a jealous eye upon the noble band of patriot poets whom he saw rising up in Swabia:—"Mark me," said he to Eckermann*—"Uhland is ruined for ever. The politician will swallow up the poet; for to live in daily conflict and ferment is altogether inconsistent with the TENDER NATURE OF A POET." This speech is worth remembering. With Goethe the poet is nothing but *an eye*, lined with a most exquisitely sensitive retina, upon which the multifarious pictures of nature and art play their most whimsical and planless dance. The "artist" may look, but he may not strike. No matter what scenes of injustice and oppression may be enacted before him—he is not supposed to have human blood or human feelings; and where a vulgar man would raise his sword and smite a tyrant, he pulls out his pencil and sketches a few traits in the character of an Oriental despot.

* Vol ii. p. 359, immediately after our former quotation.

But he is not even allowed this privilege. His "nature" is too "tender" to stand the rubs and collisions of common life; he must creep into his study, and peruse Greek cameos and Chinese romances. If Goethe himself is to be held up as the beau-ideal of the poetical character, then in the true poet we must always find "a most sensitive shrinking from all intense impressions, which, by every means, and under every circumstance of his life, he seeks to ward off from himself."* The learned Goethian memorialist from whom we have quoted these last words, deduces this laudable peculiarity of character from Goethe's mother; and Mrs Austin labours to shew, in a note, that the most distinguished men in this country, as in Germany, have derived their most distinguished qualities from their mothers. This may be in some cases; but the instance of Goethe is peculiarly unfortunate—for that quality of mind which he is said to have derived from his mother, is a weakness rather than an excellence, and precisely such a weakness as, in nervous and sensitive woman, is most common. We are inclined, indeed, to go a certain length with that stout anti-Goethian Wolfgang Menzel, and to say that there is something weak and effeminate about Goethe's whole genius. At all events, it is somewhat remarkable, that he should have whipped up his voluptuous Faust into a heaven principally composed of women, and that he should have chosen to conclude his last and greatest work with a hymn in praise of the "eternally female."†

The arguments by which Goethe has chosen to defend his political indifference, or, what is the same thing, his indolent Conservatism, are not worth serious refutation. If a soldier, like a lawyer, is too often a mere machine, this can be no reason why a poet should be so. Poetry, indeed, is no separate profession, like law, theology, medicine, or soldiership. Its voice is neither the voice of the bar, nor the voice of the pulpit, nor the voice of the cannon; but it is emphatically the voice of man. If, indeed, it were the sole province of the artist to decorate the palaces of the great with the playful sports of a trifling fancy—if it were the sole province of the poet to be the rhyming herald of courtly feasts and masquerades—in this case, poetry might be looked upon as a separate profession, living apart from the serious interests, from the stirring hopes and fears of human life. But, is it not plain that the bard divine is thus sunk into something little more dignified than a court buffoon, and the "maker," the creator of shapes and thoughts Heaven-pointing, becomes a mere carver and gilder to an earthly majesty? Such unworthy thoughts of poets and poetry, we cannot entertain. The true artist is a patriot, not merely by turning his verses and mixing his colours, but by feeling, and acting, and writing, as a patriot

* Falk on Goethe. Mrs Austin. Vol. i. p. 1.

† "Das unbeschreibliche
Hier wird's gethan,
Das ewig weibliche
Zieht uns hinan!"—*Second Part of Faust.*

ought to feel, and to write, and to act. He may not, on all occasions, be a soldier, while he is a singer—though Korner was so, and so was Dante; but he will always cherish, in his heart, a warm, glowing sympathy with the political and religious condition of his fatherland. The only subject of his theme is humanity, pure and noble humanity; and it is impossible that he can ever remain indifferent to the advancement and amelioration of his race. He is not allowed to be "the impartial spectator," much less is he allowed to be the indifferent sceptic. If man, and man's life, be nothing else to him than the hubbub of a fair, and the juggling of a mountebank, he deserves no longer the sacred name of a bard. The limbs and outward flourishes may remain; but the soul, the vital principle, is gone. The sermon is ingenious and eloquent, but it hath no unction from above—Israel is still Israel, but the glory is departed from the midst of it.

We have said that Goethe was a Tory. It is not merely in literary matters that he throws off the mask of pretended political indifference, and shews the old German aristocrat in all his narrowness and in all his coldness. We have also his recorded opinions on the important subjects of the Slave-Trade, Catholic Emancipation, &c.; and on these subjects his mind, which has been so often compared to a mirror of universal nature, becomes, without effort, the mirror of vulgarest English Toryism. In his "Walpurgis Night's Dream," he could afford to laugh at Nicolai's Jesuitical apprehensions; and he spared not his wit upon the "inquisitive traveller," who walked with "stiff and measured paces" through the motley hubbub of the Brocken; but, in his latter years, the cry of "No Popery!" seems to have been potent in working even upon his sceptical ears; and, on the 3d April 1829, when the Emancipation question was agitated in England, we find him lecturing honest Eckermann as follows:—

"With the Catholics, all precautions are in vain. The Papal chair has interests to advance, of which we have no conception, and means, moreover, to work its own ends in quiet, of which we Protestants cannot even dream. Were I at this moment in the British Parliament, I certainly would not oppose Catholic Emancipation; but I would desire my words to be protocolled, that note might be taken of them when the head of the first Protestant should fall by the voice of a Catholic."

On the 7th of April, of the same year, we find him returning to the same theme:—"We learn much," said he, "from this business of Catholic Emancipation; but the matter is far too complicated for a foreigner altogether to see through. So much, however, seems plain, that Ireland labours under evils that no emancipation can cure. It was formerly bad enough that Ireland suffered so much by itself; but the evil is now worse when England is drawn into the net along with it. This is the serious point in the matter. *For it is altogether impossible to put any trust in the Catholics.* We see what an evil case the wretched two millions of Protestants have been in, in contest with the five millions of Catholics; and the poor Protestant farmers who have the misfortune to be surrounded by Catholic neighbours, have been oppressed, and tormented, and persecuted in every possible way. The Catholics never agree among themselves; but they are willing to forget their most bitter feuds when a crusade is to be made against Protestantism. They are like a rabble of dogs, whose sport it is to bite one another; but, as soon as a stag appears, they join heartily in a common pursuit, and exult in the ruin of a common prey."

More lamentable derangement of judgment than these extracts exhibit—and that too in a man who has been justly celebrated for the clearness and comprehensiveness of his intellectual vision—it has seldom been our lot to encounter. So far as our observation has hitherto gone, it is only in Britain that Catholic Emancipation has ever been made a question; the "impartial spectator" abroad, whether Whig or Tory, has generally seen, without any difficulty, through the flimsy webs of political reasonings, whose substance is sophistry, and whose mother is sheerest selfishness. But through these webs, Goethe—the universal, the many-sided, the prophetic, Goethe—could not see. The mist of Court-Toryism was before his eyes, and there was no Minerva at hand to remove it. Let other thinkers look and learn. Let them not make their abode in palaces, neither put their trust in princes.

We have expressed, in language sufficiently strong, our own views with regard to that state of contemplative quietism and passionless scepticism, in which, according to Goethe's doctrine, "the tender nature of a poet" ought to be nursed. But we cannot dismiss this subject without adding to our humble opinion the weight and authority of such a name as John Gottfried Herder. This man was of a nature more tender and more sensitive than either Goethe himself, or the beau-ideal of poetical sensibility that we have seen him set up; but this extreme irritability of his constitution he did not nourish, and fondle, and fold in a blanket, like a sick child; but he sent forth its sympathetic feelers into every path and recess of human existence. Let us hear how this truly great man estimated Goethe's boasted "equipoise of the soul," and what he thought of the import and significance of that mystic syllable ART—the sacred OM of Germanic Brahmism, which Goethe was continually repeating:—

"All that is very well," said Herder;* "but whether man here below *ought* to ascend into that region where fictitious and real life become one to his perception—where he loses the character of man, though not that of artist—where the light shines, but does not warm or quicken; and whether the adoption of these maxims would not lead to a general want of character—is another question.

"We must not contest with the gods their

* Mrs Austin, vol. II., p. 31.

seats of eternal tranquillity. They may regard all that passes on this earth as a game foreordered by them. But man, subject to all human necessities and frailties, ought not to be amused by any painted drop-scene. He ought to retain *that holy earnestness without which art degenerates at last into mere juggling and buffoonery.* Play—for ever play. Sophocles did not play—Æschylus still less. These are all inventions of modern times, which are little or nothing worth. David sang hymns of bolder flight than even Pindar, and governed a kingdom to boot. What do you govern? It is good and praiseworthy that you should examine (or, as you are pleased to call it, make yourselves masters of) all, from the hyssop that groweth upon the wall to the cedar of Lebanon—every phenomenon and variety of nature; only, you ought not, meanwhile, to lose sight of man, the crown of all phenomena in his moral, inborn greatness.

"When I think of Nero, how he set Rome on fire, and touched the lyre while he gazed on the conflagration—ay, he too *played!*—it is a splendid picture! What does it signify to Nero's architect, that women and children shed tears of desolation over their burning city? That is an old story. He, for his part, draws the plan for the rebuilding of Rome; and, if his drawing looks well on paper, and does not get rubbed out, that is all he cares about. All will be executed 'in an improved taste,' and people ought to be grateful to the world's master for bringing about such a reform. Here, then, we have a pictured and a real Rome. The difference is not so great. We are artists, gods, Neroes; and be we how we may, or what we may, we are always right:—

"'Denn Recht hat jeder eigene Charakter
Es gibt kein Unrecht als den Widerspruch.'"*

The manly sarcasm of this passage must have had some effect on Goethe, if anything could; but Nature, as Horace says, cannot be driven out by a pitchfork; and Goethe remained to the end of his life the same trifling, indifferent *artist*, that Herder had known him when a student at Strasburg, "Goethe," says he, in a letter written about that period, "is really a good man; but he is too easy and too trifling, and on this point I never give him any rest." How thoroughly Herder here saw through Goethe's character, is manifest from almost every page of the poet's future works. The want of that "holy earnestness without which art degenerates at last into mere juggling and buffoonery," offends us in many parts even of his more serious works, (as in the first part of "Faust,") but is particularly felt in such of his later works as have a more direct reference to the living world and its living history. None of the mighty movements of time that propel the vessel of humanity towards its destined haven, can move him to send forth one horn from the shell of artistical self-satisfaction in which he reposes: the roar of patriotic cannon, and the shout of a nation's triumph, are equally unheard; and to every prophet of Church or State, whose voice proclaims the advent of a new era in the great history of human advancement, he says, with the rude soldier in his own puppet play:—

"And yet, with all your ghostly schemes
And high evangelising themes,
Each man lives on from day to day,
Nor worse nor better, as best he may."†

The sentiment conveyed in these lines is neither more nor less than that hopeless scepticism in human nature, which is the essence of philosophical, as distinguished from merely traditionary and consuetudinary Toryism. It is that want of *faith in man*, without which—however our theologians may at times overlook it—any real, profitable, edifying *faith in God* is impossible. It is the "live and let live" principle with which the grandsons of Luther had still bent the knee before a Pope, and the free men of Gaul still worshipped the gilded Dagon of the old noblesse. Goethe, indeed, was a most faithful worshipper of that Dagon, as his Campaign in 1792, and other of his works, bear witness; and as to Martin Luther and the glorious Reformation, notwithstanding the specimens of anti-Catholicism which we have above given from Eckermann's conversations, the poet of Faust had truly much less sympathy with the energy of Protestantism than with the repose of Catholicism; and we have no cause to be surprised when Falk informs us that "Such characters as Luther and Coriolanus excited in him a kind of uncomfortable feeling, which could be satisfactorily explained only on the hypothesis, that their natures stood in a *mysterious* sort of opposition with his?"* With all deference, we see nothing mysterious in the matter. Energy, enthusiasm, and, above all, moral earnestness, were elements in which Luther's character wonderfully excelled, and Goethe's was as wonderfully defective. Hence the aversion to Luther; and hence that offensive trifling and playing with serious subjects, from which none, even of Goethe's greatest admirers, have been able successfully to vindicate him. It is of no use here to mystify our clear English senses with some foreign prate about *objectivity, subjectivity, aesthetics*, &c., wherewith pedantic Teutonists have been lately endeavouring to corrupt the simple phrase of English criticism. Human feelings are human feelings; and so long as they remain what they are, the colloquial levity of the celebrated prologue to "Faust," and the inane buffoonery of the second part, can never be made consistent either with the reverence that is inspired by religion, or the dignity that is suitable to poetry. As little can a healthy mind sympathize with the broad farce into which the "*Bürger-general*" metamorphoses the fearful realities of the French Revolution. Of that great event, sound-minded men can have only two

* All things that live consistent with themselves,
Are right; and nature knows one only wrong—
A jarring soul that contradicts itself.

* Vater Brey. Works, vol. xiii. p. 72.
† Vol. ii. p. 38, of Mrs Austin.

opinions: they must look upon it either as a deadly poison, tainting, or as a fevered paroxysm, regenerating the body politic. But in whichever light they view it, it can assuredly never become a matter of jest; and it is one of the most appalling symptoms of the moral disease that weakened Goethe's mind, that he had the audacity to bring this most serious scene in the great epos of modern history, upon the Weimar stage in the form of a farce. But the words of Herder were prophetic, and that "ART" of which Goethe made an idol, being without "holy earnestness," at last degenerated into "mere jugglery and buffoonery."

We have thrown off these remarks on the weak points of Goethe's character, not from any perverse, critical desire to detract from his real merits as a calm observer, a beautiful painter, and a profound speculator on man and nature. Neither are we of the number of those unreasonable critics who demand of Mother Nature, without a blush, that she should unite, for their admiration, the souls of a Plato and an O'Connell in one individual. Even the universal Shakspeare was universal only in his own province of poetry. Had he been tried by his contemporaries by the same unreasonable standard that Börne, and those that echo his babble, have tried Goethe, he might have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But our object, on the present occasion, has been to shake ourselves free, in some measure, from the choking atmosphere of Toryism that pervades the works of Germany's greatest poet, and to warn our philo-Teutonic youth against that cold indifference to the progress of human society, and that nerveless apathy to the great stirring interests of the day, which too long a sojourn in the region of Goetheism is apt to engender. It has, at the same time, and most especially, been our object to enter our decided protest against that spirit of blind, indiscriminating admiration with which the prevalent party in Germany regard the genius of Goethe. The manner in which German minds allow themselves to be blindly lorded over by a succession of literary absolutists, appears to us, unequivocally, as one of the most unfavourable traits in the national character. The despotic sway which Lutheran polemics long exercised over their Church, is well known; after the exhaustion of the thirty years' war, they submitted to be tame imitators of the French; and, so late as the middle of the last century, we find them submitting to the dictation of such a critic of straw as John Christopher Gottsched. Then followed the Pindarico-patriotic mania, excited by Klopstock. Lessing never was a universal favourite—for he is too severe; but, after the short, convulsive explosion of tears and gunpowder excited by Werther, Wieland was, for a series of years, the pet of this weak-minded public. Wieland, however, was too French, too frivolous, for the serious spirit that the French Revolution was awakening in the minds of men; and the dictators of the romantic school arose, with the two Schlegels at their head, calling up the Barbarossas and the Bonifaces of a lost age, to revive the sunken spirit of German patriotism. These men reigned for a time. But they committed one strange mistake: they crowned Goethe as the Charlemagne of this holy Roman empire of poetry; and, in so doing, they acted like Æsop's boor, who was stung to death by the frozen viper whom his foolish benevolence had warmed to life within his bosom. Goethe was neither a romanticist nor a patriot; and sympathised as little with the Virgin Mary as with Hermann and Velleda. But he sat down quietly upon the throne which the heads of the romantic school placed before him; and there he sits quietly to the present day, holding undisputed sway over the whole north of Germany, and disturbed only by the distant missiles sent from the fettered hands of a few honest Liberals in Swabia, and a few desperate Republicans in Paris. Nor is Goethe a king only in the eyes of many—he is also a god. More highly favoured than the ancient heroes, he received divine honours even during his lifetime; he was spared the cumbersome ceremony of canonization, and mounted up to Heaven as instinctively as some cloud that merely has reposed on without having ever been fettered to this vulgar earth. The worship that was paid to him during life continues uninterrupted after death; and the centre of that worship is and was Berlin. Fit conjunction that political and poetical absolutism should mingle in friendly mystification together!

But the reign of this poetical superstition cannot last for ever. Already the dawn of a new day is seen; the voice of "Young Germany" has issued from the honest breast of Swabia—and that voice must be heard. We do not mean by this designation, "Young Germany," to express an approval of all the mad pranks that certain mad youths have lately been exhibiting before their modest countrymen under that self-imposed title. But there is a "Young Germany" altogether independent of the Heines and the Börnes, the Gutzkows and the Wienbargs, whose extravagances and excesses have connected an unworthy association with a name in which every true German should rejoice. There is an "Old Germany" and there is a "Young Germany," to one of which great national divisions every German now alive necessarily belongs. "Old Germany" is now very old. His senile weakness was first shewn in the battle of Jena; and, in the rising of 1813, the shout of a nation rang his death warning; but, like many old dotards, he did not understand it. It is indeed quite natural and quite proper that he should be unwilling to die, and that he should resort to every mean shift and base subterfuge to prolong his waning life for a season. Let him gag the mouth of nature, let him set up the image of Goethe and call it God, let him change the free institutions of youthful education into the mere manufactures of submissive thought, and drill a whole people into the discipline of one vast military school:—it is all in vain. The day of his doom is at

hand. Time will not stop his march for him; and will trample upon kings and aristocrats as recklessly as he did upon the slaves and serfs of a former age. Time has declared for Young Germany, for Liberal Germany; and Old Germany, Aristocratic Germany, must yield. May God grant him a speedy dissolution, and we shall not refuse him the prayer—*mollitir ossa quies. cant!*

THE SPANISH BARD.

"The harp! the harp!" Don Roderick cried,
In Spain's high regal hall of pride—
While round flashed many a haughty eye
Of Spain's unconquered chivalry;
And darted many a glowing glance
From dark rich eyes in mazy dance;
And blushed the blood of Tayo's vine
In goblets gold and crystalline;
And gleamed the pomp of Roderick's reign
From all the tower-clad hills of Spain.

Up rose the bard—his harp he strung,
And courtly magic round him flung.

"Fill high, fill high the flowing cup—
I love to see it gleaming;
Fill every rose-crowned goblet up—
The joy of life is beaming.
Quaff gaily now the crimson tide
That gushes from Morena's side.

"I see! I see!—Don Roderick's star
Of conquest fiercely flashes,
From Calpe's rock to climes where far
The Indian billow dashes;
It lightens Zaara's herbless breast,
It brightens Atlas' snowy crest.

"I see the Moorman's turbaned lord
Beside his banner sleeping,
And bright with blood the Christian sword
Death's harvest vega reaping!
Dark is the doom his seers foretell,
The monarch of the infidel!

"The Arab maid awaits the meed
Her bridegroom pledged in vaunting—
She starts, and sees his Arab steed
All riderless and panting;
She seeks the battle field to weep—
Her Osman lies where thousands sleep.

"Fill high the cup! Let Leon's plume
Wave prouder still and prouder—
Let stern Vandalia's battle-boom
Wax louder still and louder—
Till o'er the Crescent's broken arch
The legions of the Cross shall march!

"Let music and the wine-cup flow
By forest, mount, and river—
By Blanca's peaks of clouded snow
And sunny Guadalquiver;
And lovers woo the light of eyes
Beneath the night of southern skies."

The music ceased. A sudden change—
An aspect thrilling, wild, and strange—
Burst on the gaze: the minstrel's eye
In frenzy fixed on vacancy;
Mute horror quivered on his brow,
And heavy icedrops, oozing slow,
Fell chillingly adown his frame;
Gone from his eye its prophet flame—
He stood, a monument of Life
With conquering Death in latest strife.

The courtiers felt that moment's dread—
Mirth, song, and revelry had fled;
They deemed he saw some vision scrawl
A mystic writing on the wall.

The trance had ceased. His harp he caught—
Trembled the strings with new-born thought;
Around he flung some tones of thunder,
Then tore the quivering strings asunder.

"Begone, false enchanter! for never again
Shalt thou charm from my bosom that vision of pain.
I have read a red line from the judgments of Heaven:
O'er the waste and the waters our legions are driven;
And, as autumn-hued leaves o'er the wilderness pour,
Come, countless and blackening, the hosts of the Moor.

"From the cloud-crested summits that leaguer the north
I beheld a dark shadow come rushingly forth;
Over vale and sierra I followed its sweep,
Till it hovered in blackness o'er Abyle's steep—
Like a column of smoke with a crescent of flame
The turbans and banners of Heathendom came."

G. P.

DEUCALION'S SONG TO PYRRHA.

Cling to me, girl! The chill night-breeze is sighing;
Around our feet the dark-brown waters sweep,
Beneath whose whelming wave, all lowly lying,
The blue-eyed maids and hoary fathers sleep!

Has not this shallop, long our habitation,
Above the lofty mountain-tops been curled?
And are we not alone, 'mid desolation—
The only remnants of a ruined world—

Without companion? Save the spear-like lightning,
The new moon glimmering through her cloudy screen,
And daylight in the horizon feebly brightening—
Above, beneath, around us, nought is seen.

Cling to me, girl! and let thy voice delight me—
Its tones inspire my heart and soul with pride;
Nor even this wreck of all things can affright me,
While thou art with me, ever by my side.

Nay, do not weep, love Pyrrha!—though our home is
Cheerless and rayless on the watery waste,
Soon wilt thou see the mild, bright bow of promise
Gleaming in splendour on the cloud's dark breast.

Soon shall the world, from night and waters breaking,
With verdure wave, and fruits and flower-buds fair;
Soon woodland songs of gladness shall awaken
Low winds to fan thy hyacinthine hair.

TWEED REVISITED.

Oh, welcome, welcome, once again, my own, my native river!
The same calm, bright blue wanderer, unchangeable as ever,
As when of yore on thy sweet banks, I thought the mighty sea
For wondrous width and soundless depth could hardly rival thee!

Thou singest still as when I heard, with hopes and feelings young,
First on thy bonny primrose braes, the water anthem sung,
And dreamed—a fond believing boy—it told of other years,
When maidens gazed from castle keep on glittering Border spears.

For with my infant lullaby was blent the mighty charm
Of song that told of Flodden Field and Randolph's potent arm;
Of English blood, from Douglas' brand washed in thy azure tide;
And all that Border minstrelsy has warbled on Tweedside.

The same wild song thou'rt singing now, the same wild witch-notes, burst
From memory's fount of melody, pure as they gushed at first,
When, innocent as thou, with brain, unscorched by passion's fire,
To bound above thy sunlit waves was all my heart's desire.

I love thee, Tweed, with deepest love—though with no headlong shock
Thou fling'st thy flashing might of waves from foamy rock to rock—
Though thou hast not sweet Teviot's charm of haugh and heathery fell,
Nor Tay's far Highland solitudes, nor Clutha's foaming hell.

I love thee, for thou wanderest through a land of song and beauty,
Where Loveliness is wooed by Truth, and Valour dwells with Duty—
A land of grey old castle walls and legendary lore—
A land of happy hearths and homes, where lances gleamed of yore.

I love thee, Tweed, for dear thou wert to Border minstrels' eyes
That often gazed with dreamy joy on thy sweet mirrored skies;
Now dim the eye and cold the brow that wore the laurel meed,
And mighty Scott and Wilson sleep as erst they sung on Tweed.

I love thee, for thou art the same thou wert in days gone by—
The cloudlets of long years ago seem floating in thy sky!
And ne'er, my native stream, may change on thy loved borders be,
Till death shall darken from my eyes this beauteous world and thee!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

LITERARY CONNEXIONS OR ACQUAINTANCES.

(Continued from last Number.)

Sir Humphry Davy, of all those whom I have just mentioned—nay, of all the eminent persons whom I have ever seen even by a casual glimpse—was the most agreeable to know on the terms of a slight acquaintance. What he might have proved upon a closer intimacy, I cannot say; not having had the honour of any such connexion with him. My acquaintance had never gone far enough to pass the barrier of *stranger-ship*, and the protection which lies in that consciousness, reciprocally felt; for, if friendship and confidential intimacy have the power to confer privileges, there are other privileges which they take away; and many times it is better to be privileged as the "stranger" of a family than as its friend. Some I have known who, therefore, only called a man their friend, that they might have a license for taking liberties with him. Sir Humphry, I have no reason to believe, would have altered for the worse on a closer connexion. But for myself I knew him only within ceremonious bounds; and I must say that nowhere before or since have I seen a man who had so felicitously caught the fascinating tone of high-bred urbanity which distinguishes the best part of the British nobility. The first time of my seeing him was at the *Courier* office, in a drawing-room then occupied by Mr Coleridge, and as a guest of that gentleman: this must have been either in 1808 or 1809. Sir Humphry (I forget whether then a baronet, but I think not) had promised to drink tea with Mr Coleridge, on his road to a meeting of the Royal Society; before which learned body he was on that evening to read some paper or other of his own composition. I had the honour to be invited as sole "respondent" to the learned philosopher—sole supporter of the antistrophe in our choral performance. It sounded rather appalling to be engaged in a glee for three voices, with two performers such as these; and I trepidated a little as I went up stairs, having previously understood that the great man was already come. The door was thrown open by the servant who

announced me; and I saw at once, in full proportions before me, the full length figure of the young *savant*, not perhaps above ten years older than myself, whose name already filled all the post-horns of Europe, and levied homage from Napoleon. He was a little below the middle height; agreeable in his person, and amiable in the expression of his countenance. His dress was elaborately accurate and fashionable—no traces of soot or furnace *there*; it might be said, also, that it was youthful and almost gay in its character. But what chiefly distinguished him from other men, was the captivating—one might call it the *radiant*—courtesy of his manner. It was at once animated, and chastised by good-breeding; graceful, and, at the same time, gracious. From a person so eminent it would not have been a sufficient encouragement that his manner should be, in a *passive* sense, courteous. This would have expressed only a consciousness of what was due to himself. But Sir Humphry's manner was conciliatory and intentionally winning. To a person as obscure as myself, it held out the flattering expressions of a wish to recommend himself, an assurance of interest in your person, and a desire both to know and to be known. In such expressions of feeling, when they are borne upon the very surface of the manners, and scattered like sunbeams indiscriminately upon all who fall within their range, doubtless there must be something of artifice and a polished hypocrisy. And nobody can more readily acknowledge than myself the integrity which lies at the bottom of our insular reserve and moroseness. Two sound qualities are at the root of these unpleasant phenomena—modesty or unpresumingness in the first place, and sincerity in the second. To be impudent was so much of the essence of profligacy in the ideas of the ancients, that the one became the most ordinary expression* for the other; and sincerity, again, or directness of purpose, is so much of the essence of conscientiousness, that we take *obliquity* or *crookedness* for one way of expounding dishonesty, or depravity of the moral sense—and, according to their natural tendencies, no doubt this is true. But such things admit of many modifications. Without absolute dissimulation, it is allowable and even laudable to reject, by a second or amended impulse, what the first involuntary impulse would have prompted; and to practise so much disguise as may withdraw from too open notice the natural play of human feelings. By what right does a man display to another, in his very look of alienation and repulsion at his first introduction, that he dislikes him, or that he is doubtful whether he shall like him? Yet this is the too general movement of British sincerity. The play of the feelings, the very flux and reflux of contending emotions, passes too nakedly, in the very act and process of introduction, under the eyes of the party interested. Frankness is good, honesty is good; but not a frankness, not an honesty which counteracts the very purposes of social meetings—for, unless he comes with the purpose of being pleased, why does a man come at all into meetings, not of business or necessity, but of relaxation and social pleasure?

From Sir H. Davy's conversation, which he carefully turned aside from his professional knowledge, nothing of importance was to be collected: he did not mean that there should. He meant to be a French talker—light, glancing, sparkling; and he was so. Upon this first occasion of my seeing him, I remember that he supported the peculiarly shallow hypothesis, that climate was the great operating cause in determining national differences of all kinds—in the arts as well as in civil institutions. Apparently he did this with *malice prepense*, as a means of exciting Mr Coleridge to talk, by the provocation of shallowness. But he fought *imparibus armis* against Coleridge: the great boa constrictor could not be roused into unfolding his coils; the monster was lethargic on this evening, as if he had recently swallowed a herd of goats and their horns. The fact was, as I afterwards found, that Coleridge did not like the brilliant manipulator and lecturer. Coleridge thought him effeminate, and (like many others at that time) ridiculed his lecturing "in white kid gloves," and adapting his experiments—that is, his public experiments at the Royal Institution—to the shallow and trivial taste of mere amateurs, who happened to be in powerful stations. Still more, he complained of what he considered Davy's sycophancy and subservience to women of fashion and high rank. Coleridge assured me that Davy was much admired by various women of quality; and so enthusiastically by some, that they would exclaim audibly at the public lecture-room—"Oh, those eyes! those brilliant eyes!" and that the philosopher was weak enough to be pleased with this homage. Worse even than this, in Coleridge's eyes, was Davy's behaviour at fashionable dinner-tables, especially at Lord Darnley's, where the *élite* of the London *savans* and literati at that time congregated. Davy was charged, by many others as well as Coleridge, with too much forgetting the dignity of science in such society, and too openly laying himself out to win favour or applause. "I could read in Lady Darnley's eyes," said Coleridge

* Viz., in the word *improbus*. But so defective are all dictionaries, that there is some difficulty in convincing scholars that the leading idea of *improbus*, its sole original idea, is—impudence, boldness, or audacity. Great is the incoherency and absurdity of learned men in questions of philology. Thus, Heyne, in a vain attempt to make out (*consistently* to make out) the well-known words, "labor improbus omnia vincit," says, that *improbus* means *pertinax*. How so? *Improbus* originally always has the meaning of *audacious*. Thus Pliny, speaking of the first catalogue of stars made by Hipparchus, calls it—"labor itiam Deo improbus"—an enterprise audacious even for a superhuman being. Here is the very same word *labor* again qualified by the same epithet. And 500 other cases might be adduced in which the sense of audacity, and that only, will unlock all, as by a master key. Salmasius fancied (see his *De Pallio* of Tertullian) that the true idea was the *excessive* or *enormous*—whatever violated the common standards in any mode of disproportion.

one day, when reporting an instance of Davy's suppleness in accommodating himself to a very great man's theory of *aeroliths*—"I could read plainly in Lady Darnley's eyes the very words—'I despise this man; this man is degrading himself wilfully.'" However, it must be remembered that Sir H. Davy had a much larger and readier introduction into fashionable society than Coleridge. To profess any one intelligible art or accomplishment, and in this one to have attained an acknowledged or reputed pre-eminence, is a far better passport into privileged society than to have the largest intellectual pretensions of a less determinate class. The very narrowness of a man's claims, by making them definite and appreciable, is an advantage. Not merely a leader in a branch of art which presupposes a high sense of beauty, a cultivated taste, and other gifts properly intellectual, but even in some art presuming little beyond manual dexterity, is sure of his election into the exclusive circles. Not merely a painter, therefore, but a fiddler, provided only he be the first of his order—nay, I doubt not, a "chin-chopper" or Jews'-harp player, if only he happen to exceed all other chin-choppers or Jew-harpists—will find himself a privileged man in comparison with the philosopher, or the very largest and amplest intellect that ever nature endowed or education expanded. The advantage lies in doing a thing which has a name, an assignable name; and the narrower is the art, the more appreciable are the degrees of merit in that art. Now, it is the distinction, the being foremost, the place of *protagonist*, or Coryphœus in an art, which forms the ground of eligibility to that society which is *par excellence distingué*. An actor, therefore, beyond almost any other artist, except only the portrait painter, whose very craft is exercised in the society of its patrons, and cannot (unless partially) be otherwise exercised—an actor, I say, more easily than others, is admitted to graduate in such society, because his rank as an artist is more precisely ascertained by public reputation daily put to the test. Humiliating to any intellectual man thinking haughtily of those pretensions, and standing upon no other title himself, is the collision which sometimes will befall him in aristocratic houses with actors even of a low order; for in behalf of such actors, supposing them to have comic talents for drollery, is sometimes suspended the general rule which demands first-rate excellence; fourth or fifth-rate excellence on the stage being very compatible with superiority in convivial talents. Never shall I forget the wrath with which a London wit, who had indisputable powers of conversation, repeated the circumstances of a professional call, which he made, by appointment, (for he was a lawyer,) upon Y—ng the tragic actor, who, in the absence of higher powers, then presided on the metropolitan stage:—"Sir," said he, "in the room where I was left to cool my heels until the great man should find himself disengaged for a person so inconsiderable as myself, there were strewed upon a table, for scenic effect, cards of invitation to dinner parties of grandee lords by the dozen, and to the balls, routes, soirées, and heaven knows what all, of countesses, ambassadresses, and duchesses by the score—ay, and all falling within a few days; more than ever I shall have in my whole life." Yet this man, who thus complained, was rather a brilliant "diner-out," as it is called. Coleridge, as is notorious, whenever he happened to be in force or even in artificial spirits, was even more than brilliant; to use a word too often abused and prostituted, he was even magnificent beyond all human standards; and a felicitous conversational specimen from him was sometimes the most memorable chapter in a man's whole intellectual experience through life. Yet this Coleridge was not in request, was not sought after in the aristocratic circles of London—to their shame be it said! He had just such introductions—such and so many—as would, if turned to account by a pushing, worldly man, have slipped him on sufferance into many more houses of the same distinction. An invitation more or less costs little to a woman of fashion; and he might have kept his ground, as many admitted *bores* do, upon toleration, in some two or three hundred great privileged mansions. Coleridge, however, had dignity of character sufficient to court no such distinctions; nor would his spirits have been equal to the expense of labour requisite in so enormous a capital for a duty so widely dispersed. Neither do I overlook the fact that Mr Coleridge's peculiar powers were not adapted to parties beyond the scale of a small dinner party. Yet, still, I contend, that, for the honour of literature, and for the sake of expressing a public homage to the most majestic forms in which the intellect of the age expresses itself, and by way of conciliating the grace and sanction of Scholarship and authentic Philosophy to the circles of rank and wealth, upon the same principle which leads those same circles to court the inferior sanction and grace of Art even in its lowest walks—for all these reasons, Coleridge should have been courted and wooed into such society. I am not apt to praise the continent at the expense of my own country; but here is an instance in which (generally speaking) the continental taste is better than ours. No great meeting is complete in Germany, in France, in Italy, unless the intellect of the land—its scholarship, its philosophy, its literature—be there by deputation: "the table is not full," unless these great leading interests are there represented. We inaugurate our wine cups by remembering the King's health; we inaugurate (let it not be thought profane to make such an allusion) our great civil transactions by prayer and remembrance of our highest relations: in reason, then, and by all analogy, we should inaugurate and legitimate, as it were, our meetings of festal pleasure, by the presence of intellectual power and intellectual grace, as the ultimate sources upon which we should all be glad to have it thought that our pleasures depend. Aristocracy of Britain! be not careless of the philosophy and intellect of the age, lest it be

thought that your pursuits and taste exist in alienation from both. Dr Johnson had talked himself into being so much talked of, that he—had he lived for another generation—would have become indispensable to fashionable parties. Coleridge, who, most assuredly, was far superior in creative power and fertility of new intuitions to Dr Johnson, and immeasurably superior in the philosophic understanding, (for, in direct philosophic speculation, Dr Johnson never even attempted anything, except in one little pamphlet against Soame Jenyns,) was scarcely beginning to be heard of amongst the higher circles of England when he died. The reason for comparing him with Dr Johnson is on account of their common gifts of colloquial power.*

Did I not once hear a friend objecting to me such cases as those of Gibbon?—and, again, "Wordsworth," said he—"him I met at the Marchioness of Salisbury's party, at Canning's, at the English Ambassador's in Paris, and so forth." True; but Gibbon was a Member of Parliament, and in that capacity, not as a literary man, he had made his connexions. Wordsworth, again, was introduced to the great world by Sir George Beaumont, a powerful friend; for he had a large fortune, having no children, and stood midway as a connecting link between the world of art and the world of fashion. Most cases are liable to some personal or casual explanation of this sort, where they seem to be exceptions to the general rule, that commanding intellect is not peculiarly welcome in the most aristocratic circles; or, at least, not in anything like that proportion in which art, nay, the lowest branches of the lowest arts, are welcome; for *these* are absolutely courted. Actors, for seventy or eighty years back at the least, have formed a constituent part of the British aristocratic circles.

Yet it is amusing on this subject to recall the contradictory complaints of different parties according to their different positions. Coleridge told me that Sir Humphry protested that a man had no chance for making himself a very distinguished person in the eyes of London society, unless he were a good House of Commons debater, (and that had a look of truth about it;) or, secondly, unless he had written a treatise on Greek lyric metres. "Ah, if I could say something now that was pretty and showy on Choriambic metre, or on the *Versus Dochmiaci!*" This was his sneering form of expression. On the other hand, at that very time, Dr Parr, who could have written ably on some parts of philology, and Middleton, a friend of Coleridge's, and soon after Bishop of Calcutta, who *could* have written Greek lyric metre itself, as well as *on* Greek metre—both were apt to complain of the undue usurpation of chemistry and the kindred researches, over the consecrated studies of our universities. The plain truth was, that great distinction in either way led to all sorts of public honour in England. Mathematics is the sole unprotected and unprivileged branch of knowledge—except what goes under the name of metaphysics, that being absolutely proscribed—not so much without privilege or reward, as without toleration.

Davy was not a favourite with Coleridge; and yet Coleridge, who grasped the whole philosophy of chemistry perhaps better than any man except Schelling, admired him, and praised him much; and often he went so far as to say that he might have been a great poet, which perhaps few people will be disposed to think, from the specimens he has left in the Bristol Anthology, (edited in 2 vols., about the year 1799–1800, by Mr Southey.) But, however much he might admire this far-famed man, Coleridge did not at that time seem greatly to respect him. Once or twice he complained a little that Davy had been deficient in proper attentions to himself. In one of the cases alluded to, I suggested, which I believe really to have been the case, that Davy waited for Mr Coleridge to make the first advances. But this Coleridge would not hear of. No, no, he said—Davy was the superior in social consideration—of *that* there could be no doubt—and to the superior belonged the initiatory act in any steps for proposing the relations on which they were to stand. I do not mean, however, that Coleridge had much, or perhaps any soreness on this point; for he was very forgiving in such cases. But he certainly looked with a disapproving eye on what he viewed at that time as suppleness and want of self-respect in Davy; and he also charged him with sensuality in eating. I know not whence Coleridge had his information; but he sometimes commented with asperity on Davy's luxuriousness in this particular; and he repeated, as if he knew it on some better authority than that of rumour—what rumour, however, plentifully buzzed about at that time—that Davy would sometimes sit down in solitary epicureanism to dishes which cost him half-a-guinea each or more. Even if it were so, many epicureans there are, who would cry out, Is *that* all? And whatever faults might be found in Davy at that time, I have reason to believe that time and philosophy did much to raise and strengthen his character in after years; for as to foibles of physical temperament, a man must settle that account with his own conscience. For others, it is really impertinent to complain. And perhaps the great temperance which Mr Coleridge, as well as myself, practised through life, may have been due to advantages of organic structure or inirritability of palate, as much as to philosophic self-command. At least for myself, I can say that, though very few men indeed have maintained so simple and almost

* Three persons, in all, may be mentioned, from the ranks of intellectual people, who have had a footing in privileged society—I mean, not merely had an admission there, but a known and extensive acceptation. These three were—Lord Byron, Dr Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott. Now, it is observable that the first was, in some sense, a denizen of such society in right of birth and rank; and, of both the others, it is remarkable that their passes were first countersigned by kings—Dr Johnson's by George III., Sir Walter's by George IV.

Hindooish a diet, I do not take much merit to myself for my forbearance; and I extend the largest indulgence of charitable construction to all men—except young ones, whose gamut of pleasures is wider—for seeking that irritation from a moderate sensuality, which the flagging pulses of life no longer supply through other modes of excitement. Davy was then supposed to be making a fortune by some manufactory of gunpowder, from which he drew a large share of profit, not for capital contributed, or not for that originally, but for chemical secrets communicated. Soon afterwards, he married a widow with a very large income, (as much as £4000 a-year by common report;) was made a baronet; was crowned with the laureateship of science, viz. the President's chair in the London Royal Society; withdrew in consequence from further lecturing in kid gloves of any colour; drank moderately, as a man of elegant tastes, of the cup of human enjoyment; throve into a prosperous leader of a circle; sickened; travelled for health, unavailingly for himself, not altogether for others; died; and left a name which, from the necessity of things, must grow fainter in its impression under each revolving sun, but which, at one time, was by much the most resounding name—the most splendid in the estimate of the *laity*, if not of the *clerus* in science—which has arisen since the days of Newton.

Mr Godwin, of whom the reader will perhaps wish to hear more than of Sir H. Davy, was one of those eminent persons whom, unfortunately, I saw less of than perhaps any other lion of the times. He was in person a little man, with manners peculiarly tranquil, philosophic, and dignified—so at least I thought. I was greatly interested in all that related to this gentleman; not so much, not at all indeed, for his novels—which I do not profess to admire: and I am of opinion that, if Mr Godwin himself had been asked the question searchingly, he would have acknowledged that I had seen a little into his constitution of mind, when I pronounce that of all men who can ever have lived, he, by preference, must have found the labour most irksome of creating incidents, and making the narrative continue to move. Cocytus is not so stagnant or so sluggish in motion as the "Caleb Williams" in parts, and a later novel, whose name I forget, (but turning upon the case of kidnapping an heir to an English estate, and carrying him to the Continent;) and I would have consented to abide by an appeal to Mr Godwin himself, whether, to the last extremity of a soil parched up and arid, he had not felt the condition of his own mind when summoned to produce incidents. Is there anything disgraceful in this dearth of incident—this palsy of the fable-creating* faculty? Far from it; *so* far from it, that the powerful minds I have happened to know were certainly those who had least of it. The most powerful mind I have ever known had none of it—positively none. Shakspeare, whom few men would disagree in making FIRST of human intellects, though double difficulties would arise as to who should be SECOND, and threefold difficulties as to who should be THIRD, and fourfold as to who should be FOURTH: —well, Shakspeare had, perhaps, as little of this power as most men, who have had (like him) something of universal minds. Not, therefore, by any possibility, can it be supposed that I mean to disparage Mr Godwin, in charging him with this defect. And yet, in a newspaper, some months ago, I saw the novel of "Caleb Williams" called "*magnificent*"—a word which, as I have remarked elsewhere, is more than any other abused, from the hotbed excitement of the age; and, previously by some years, I saw a paper which, in other circumstances, might have moved laughter—a paper which compared and equalised Mr Godwin, as a novelist, with Sir Walter Scott; but which, because I fancied that I saw in it the filial hand of a gifted writer, whom the whole world, from the east to the west, admires, was fitted, by its very extravagance, to draw tears on account of its piety. Involuntarily I thought of a paper which a German wife had written about her ugly husband, (Herder,) whom all others had admired, but whom she only thought proper to find handsome. But enough of what Mr Godwin was *not*. I felt the nearest interest in this famous man on three separate accounts: *first*, as the husband of Mrs Wolstonecraft.—What a woman! the sole rival in this country of the noblest of her sex—Madame Roland—the rival, I mean, in constitution of mind:—would that she had glorified her life and end by the same self-sacrifices, which, under favouring circumstances, she was equally able to have done!—Next, I felt a profound interest in Mr Godwin, as the great *mormo* set up to terrify all England, some forty years ago, by two separate classes of enemies—by the "*panic-of-property* men," as Coleridge christened the party who arose in England under the terrors of the French "war against the palace—peace to the cottage;" and, secondly, by the antagonists of what was then called *French Philosophy*, or *Modern Philosophy;* or the philosophy of the *Illuminati*. In two works, of great circulation at that time, "Pilgrim Good Intent," and Miss Hamilton's novel, "Modern Philosophers," the two great moving agents are Dr Priestley and Mr Godwin. His connexion with Mrs Wolstonecraft had completed what the first or 4to edition of his "Political Justice" had begun: the first edition, I say; for, in the second, the hypothesis which alarmed the "men of property," (as Mr Hood has it,) had been emasculated. Such was the awe inspired at that time by these shocks to public opinion, that most people felt of Mr Godwin with the same alienation and horror as of a goul, or a bloodless vampire, or the monster created by

* But I here take an opportunity of observing, that, to produce a fable, (*i. e.*, the outline or frame-work of *nexus* of incidents,) is not very difficult; the true difficulty is in making the fable move—in calling up the secondary incidents, through which and by which this fable is to revolve.

Frankenstein. It may be supposed that I had not shared in these thoughtless impressions; and yet, from the audacity of his speculations, I looked to see a loud, clamorous, and, perhaps, self-sufficient dogmatist; whereas the qualities most apparent on the surface of his manners were a gentle dignity of self-restraint and a tranquil benignity. I saw him, however, always under a cloud—that is, under the dust and confusion, to the intellect, of a large party, composed of what (by analogy to its slang use) might be termed a mob of literary *swells*. Once only, I saw him in a smaller party at the *Courier* Office—present Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, Mr Stewart a proprietor of the *Courier*, and some four or five others. But, on this occasion, it happened, which, perhaps, had not often happened before, that neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth talked; Coleridge being more than usually out of spirits; Wordsworth fatigued by attending a dull debate in the House of Commons; Southey naturally indisposed to the exertions connected with colloquial duties; myself and others repressed by youth and reverence for our company. Thus it fell by accident to Charles Lamb to entertain the company, which he did in his happiest style, as a Diogenes with the heart of a Saint John; but nothing, as it happened, arose to call out the powers of Mr Godwin. Though balked, therefore, of all fair occasion for measuring his colloquial calibre, I was not sorry to have gone off with an amended impression of the demeanour and general bearing to be naturally expected from revolutionary minds, and a personal redress given to the common partisan portrait circulated of one who had filled the mouth of declaimers for many a year, and become a by-word or a commonplace of rhetoric for the schools.

In 1808, going up to London from Oxford, about May or June, in order to attend the marriage of a college friend, I met a lady of great conversational spirit—a Scottish lady, who, with her daughter, were the lions for that particular season in the higher circles of London; the mother for her wit, the daughter for her beauty. This was Mrs Grant, of Laggan—a valley or parish in the Scottish Highlands. The interest about her had been evoked for this particular winter of London by the quality of her introductions, and stimulated by the beauty of the daughter. But the permanent ground of it lay in her books; which, however, were thought below her conversation. Her visit was chiefly to the Bishop of London, whose palace she had just left at the time I met her, in order to fulfil some engagement to a city friend—the wife of a rich stockbroker; and there it was I had the honour of being presented to her. Her kindness to me was particularly flattering; and, to this day, I retain the impression of the benignity which she—an established wit, and just then receiving incense from all quarters—shewed in her manners to me—a person utterly unknown. Once, however, she gave a rough assault to my deepest sensibilities. Either from myself or from somebody else, she had learned my profound veneration for the poetry of Wordsworth. Upon this, she suddenly put a question to me upon the lines of Wordsworth, on seeing a robin red-breast pursuing a butterfly. The particular passage which she selected, was to this effect:—

> "If Father Adam could open his eyes,
> And see but this sight beneath the skies,
> He would wish to close them again."

"Now," said Mrs Grant, "what possible relation can Father Adam have to this case of the bird and the butterfly?" It must be mentioned here, that the poem was not in the "Lyrical Ballads," by which originally Wordsworth had become known, but in a second collection which had but just issued from the press. The volumes had been in the public hands, if they could be said to have reached the public at all in those years, for about a fortnight; but in mine, who had only recently arrived in London, not above two days. Consequently, I had not seen the poem; and, being quite taken aback by such a question, in a dinner party made up of people who had either not heard of Wordsworth or heard of him only as an extravagant and feeble innovator, I believe that I made some absurd answer about Adam being possibly taken as a representative man, or representing the general sensibilities of human nature. Anything passes in company for a reason or an explanation, when people have not the demoniac passion for disputation; and Mrs Grant accordly bowed, in sign of acquiescence. I easily judged, however, that she could not have been satisfied; and in going home, with a strong feeling of self-reproach for having but ill sustained a poetic reputation for which I was so intensely jealous, I set myself to consider what *could* be the meaning for this connexion of Father Adam with the case; and, without having read the poem, by the light of so much as Mrs Grant had quoted, instantly it flashed upon me that the secret reference must be to that passage in the "Paradise Lost," where Adam is represented—on the very next morning after his fatal transgression, and whilst yet in suspense as to the shape in which the dread consequences would begin to reveal themselves, and how soon begin—as lifting up his eyes, and seeing the first sad proof that all flesh was tainted, and that corruption had already travelled, by mysterious sympathy, through universal nature. The passage is most memorable, and can never be forgotten by one who has thoughtfully read it:—

> "The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy flight,
> Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
> Down from the hills, the beast that reigns in woods—
> First hunter then—pursued a gentle brace,
> Goodliest of all the forest—hart and hind.
> *Adam observed*"——

Here, then, we find that, in Milton's representation of the Fall, the very earliest—not the second or third, but positively the very first—outward signs by which Adam was made aware of a secret but awful revolution, which had gone like a whisper through all nature, was this very phenomenon of two animals pursuing in wrath others of more innocent and beautiful appear-

ance. Reasonably, therefore, we may imagine, for the purposes of a poet, that, if Adam were permitted to open his eyes again upon this earthly scene of things, it would send a peculiar anguish through his thoughts to see renewed before him that very same image and manifestation of ruin by which his eyes had been met and his suspense had been resolved on the very first morning succeeding to his fall. The only question which could arise after this upon the propriety of Mr Wordsworth's allusion, was, Had he a right to presume in his readers such a knowledge of Milton? The answer to which is—that Milton is as much a presumable or presupposable book in the reference of a poet as nature herself and the common phenomena of nature. These a poet postulates, or presupposes in his reader, and is entitled to do so. However, I mentioned the case afterwards to Mr Wordsworth; and, in consequence of what I then said, he added the note of reference to Milton, which will be found in the subsequent editions. Another, and hardly, perhaps, so excusable a mistake, had been made upon the very same poem by *The Edinburgh Review*. Mr Wordsworth had noticed the household character of the red-breast and his consecration to the feelings of men, in all Christian countries; and this he had expressed by calling it

"The bird whom, by some name or other,
All men who know thee *call their brother*"—

which passage the Reviewer had so little understood as to direct attention to it by Italics. Yet the explanation was found in what immediately followed:—

"Their Thomas in Finland
And Russia far inland;
The Peter of Norway boors."

The bird is Robin with us in Britain, Thomas in another land, Peter in another, and so on. This was the explanation of what the Reviewer thought so absurd or inexplicable. To call a bird by a Christian name *is*, in effect, when expressed by a poet, to "call him a brother" of man. And with equal ease might all the passages be explained which have hitherto been stumblingblocks to critics, where at least the objection has arisen out of misconstruction of the sense.

Some years after this, I saw Mrs Grant again in Edinburgh; but grief was then heavy upon her: the fair-haired young lady, the "Scottish Beauty" of the London circles in 1808, had gone to an early grave; and others of her family were expected to follow. Her "Letters from the Mountains" made a considerable impression at the time of its first appearance. But the work which interested me the most was that in which she painted her own early years as passed among the Anglo-Dutch of the New England States. It was a condition of society which had thus much of a paradisiacal condition—that none was "afore or after the other;" no jealous precedencies; no suspicions; no spectacles of grinding poverty. Aristocracy, there was none; pauperism, there was none; and every member of the community saw a friend and a wellwisher in every other. Happy, happy state, in which were to be found

"No fears to beat away, no strife to heal!"

a state which, with the expansion of civilisation as it travels through American forests, may, for a century to come, be continually renewed in those lands, but elsewhere I fear never more in this world.

I have been anticipating a little, and looking forward into years which I have not yet regularly reached. It may surprise a reader who has gone through the slight records of my life, to find me originally, as a boy, moving amongst the circles of the nobility, and now courting only those of intellectual people. The final resolution which led me into renouncing my connexions with ranks above my own, arose upon the following occasion. On leaving school clandestinely, which I did some weeks before my seventeenth birthday, I went into Wales; where I continued for months to walk about. As long as I kept up any negociation with my guardians, I received a regular allowance of a guinea a-week. But, upon this sum, not, however, (as may be supposed,) without great difficulty, I continued to obtain a bed, and some apology for supper, in the shape of coffee or tea, at the inns scattered about the Welsh valleys for the sake of the tourist. The old village inns had, till lately, charged the most primitive prices—sixpence, for example, had been the usual rate for a dinner, and so on; but all this had very nearly disappeared under the great revolution of the times. War prices had arisen in the great markets; a great influx of tourists and artists had begun to set in to the Welsh valleys; elegant hotels arose on every side; and the prices were pretty much as on the Bath road. Finding, therefore, that my three shillings a-day did but little at these showy inns, more than the better half being at once exhausted upon a bed and the perquisites to "waiter," "chambermaid," and "boots," I came to the resolution of carrying a tent with me and sleeping out of doors. This tent, as may be imagined, was miserably small; both to make it more portable, and also on account of the tent-pole, which, to avoid notice and trouble, was no more than a common walking cane. I pitched my tent always on the lee side of a hill; and, in a land so solitary, and free from "high-viced" towns, I apprehended but little from any enemies, except the wild mountain cattle: these sometimes used to take umbrage at my intrusion, and advance upon my encampment in the darkness—with what intentions I could not discover, nor perhaps did they know; but I lay in constant anxiety that some lumbering cow or other should break into my preserve, and poach her heavy foot into my face. This, however, was not the worst evil. I soon found the truth of Napoleon's criticism at St Helena, on a proposal made for improving the art of war, by portable tents, treble-barrelled guns, &c.—that the practice of *bivouacking*, which offended so deeply the humanity of some philanthropic people, was in fact most favourable to the health of troops; and that at most, a screen hung up to windward was the utmost protection from open air, (or properly from the

weather, rather than the air,) which is consistent with health. The loftier tents of the officers may be an exception; but mine, which resembled more the humbler and crowded tents of the privates, confirmed strikingly the medical objection of Napoleon. I soon found it necessary to resign it in that form; using it rather as a screen against wind, or, on a calm night, as a pillow. Selecting the ground well on such occasions, I found the advantage of this *sub dio* sleeping, in improved health; but summer air and dry ground disappearing, I was at length obliged to seek other modes of lodging. One morning, however, during the season when I practised it, I was sitting as yet undecided upon my day's movements, when a sound of wheels, as if rapidly approaching my own station, became audible. I rose and went forwards in the direction of the sound, with as much surprise as if "Gabriel's hounds" had been really approaching; for my idea was, that I had taken up my sleeping quarters on a wild moor remote from roads. A little ascent, and the turning of a knoll, shewed me that in part I was right: a wild moor it was, but one which was traversed by the high road between Kerniogge and Llanrwst. A travelling carriage was advancing, and swept past me at the very moment when I touched the high road. The carriage seemed known to me; and on the pannels I observed the coronet of a marquis; and, immediately after, I saw a head put out of the window, and looking at me until the downhill track and abrupt turns of the road hid me from sight. It was a natural conclusion enough, this being the high road to Holyhead, that the carriage I had just seen might be that of my Irish friend, who had been created a marquis soon after I left Ireland; and the face of the person who surveyed me so keenly, doubtless one of his household, knowing me better than I knew her. Great was my joy at this probability; and, without delay, I struck my tent and walked to Llanrwst. The distance proved to be six miles; and on my arrival the bird was flown. I went into the stable-yard, and inquired earnestly of a group just fresh from attending to the horses recently come in—"Who was the last traveller?" All remembered that it was a lord, and that it was a marquis. "Was it the Marquis of S———?" "Yes: that was the very title," several voices answered; "and he would stop for dinner at Conway." Thither I resolved to pursue; and, for that purpose, went into the house. Luckily, the landlord was able to inform me that the noble marquis was not my friend, but Lord Bath. And, by this timely information, I was saved from the very awkward embarrassment of finding myself at Conway with a chaise and four to pay and no money at my command. The momentary evil was past. But the sort of danger I had escaped, of finding myself viewed by the inn at Conway as a fraudulent tourist, threw me powerfully on considering what had been my motive for pursuing the party, supposing even that it *had* been Lord S———. What would have come of it? He would naturally have been pleased to see me, as everybody is pleased to see old friends after a long interval; he would have asked me to dine with him; and, supposing a vacant seat in his carriage, he would have asked me to go along with him to Holyhead or Dublin. But even so, he would not have particularly admired my call on his purse for a chaise and four. Next I went on to ask myself—What if all this were conceded, and it should happen that he really *was* pleased, and wishing for my company to Dublin—upon what principles or views did I mean to cultivate a connexion of this sort? Boyish years stood upon other grounds; but, on coming to an accountable age, I knew that everywhere sprung up an impertinent question as to a young man's future destination. Up to sixteen or fifteen, a boy is ranked upon the footing of his father's rank. After that time, his rank is deduced *proleptically* from the probable stations which he will hold in future times. Now, if my object was to make myself a trading Member of Parliament, certainly the connexions which I had with ministerial noblemen would be of use. Through them, a borough might be had; and, that obtained, all was done for a man which he could owe to fortune—the rest depended upon himself. But, supposing that *personally* there should be no objections, still I had seen enough of borough-disposers to know that they were not willing to give, without a consideration something more than that of support to a particular line of politics. Lord S—— in particular, who in those days had some borough interest, looked upon it as "bespoke" for family connexions. And so of others. But the most signal bar to all this was, my own grievous disinclination to any mode of public, or noisy, or contentious life. Peace, liberty to think, solitude—these were the cravings of my heart. And unless I went among the nobility in the character of a demanding, insolent claimant, I knew that I had better not go at all. Inevitably the question arises—Upon what footing is this man here? Is it his natural station? No: then at least he is an interloper; and the chances are, that he is a toad-eater and sycophant. Suppose he is *not*—yet the known presumption that he is (a presumption of which he cannot be unaware) loads him with almost the worst reproaches of the reality. He is no sycophant; yet he is willing to stand the presumption that he is, and the consequent contempt——For what? Every way, I saw that my own dignity—which, above all things, a man should scrupulously maintain—required that I should no longer go into any circles where I did not stand on my own native footing—*proprio jure*. Many a time had I wondered at the false conceptions of dignity which could lead Addison to think himself elevated by marriage with Lady Warwick—a husband to seek protection, as it were, from a wife! What had been abundantly right for me as a boy, ceased to be right for me when I ceased to be a boy.

(*To be continued.*)

ANNALS OF HORSEMONGER LANE.

If any etymologist or antiquary should be in want of employment, we would recommend him to set about sifting the names of various localities in London. Some of these appear to us of so graphic a character, as to denote their origin with much greater fidelity than one-half of the china-pattern tea-cups of modern manufacture. We select a few by way of illustration. "Charing Cross" is evidently significant of the petulant altercations arising from a confluence of rival sedan-men at such an eligible place of rendezvous. "St George in the Fields," refers to the juvenile sports of that illustrious warrior, when he dreamt more of capturing birds' nests than of rescuing captive damsels, and was more ambitious of getting up a kite than of laying low a *dragon*. "Leicester Square," it is currently reported, was conferred, by a lady of high rank, to commemorate the final adjustment of a favourite friend's pecuniary embarrassments. There is good reason to believe that "Little Turnstile" was a kind of Beau Brummel, whose capricious fancy used to regulate the habits and habiliments of the *élite* circle who sought illumination from the sun of his fascinating presence. The legend of St Mary le Bonne and St Martin le Grand, runs simply thus:—A gay and pompous French marquis (ultimately he became penitent, bequeathed a thousand crowns to the pope, and was justly canonized) at one time made his declarations to an amiable young maiden, whom he endeavoured to incite to an elopement; but, with a virtuous inflexibility, for which it would perhaps be difficult now to find a parallel, she turned her eyes away from his dazzling plans—(they were executed by a first-rate surveyor)—St Mary prudently resolving to remain in her present situation, and look after the "*Poultry*."

Every body will remark that we have been guilty of a most culpable omission in the preceding disquisition. The most eminent example in support of our theory has found no place there—Horsemonger Lane. Now, we candidly acknowledge that, notwithstanding our intimate acquaintance with all the most important districts of town—their origin, history, and character; despite of having set ourselves up in opposition to Garter King at Arms, qualified to adjudicate upon all titles in longitude not exceeding the diameter of Bloomsbury Square, and any genealogy not rising higher than a third story—notwithstanding all this, in compiling our learned and elaborate work upon Street Peerage, we never caught a glimpse of his most excellent Majesty Horsemonger Lane. Think of Lodge, Burke, or Debrett introducing the House of Hanover in a note at the end of their last chapter! Our unpardonable inadvertence was first pointed out to us by a morning newspaper some six weeks ago. It announced the demise of Mr John Richardson, at his residence in Horsemonger Lane. A flash of lightning seemed to strike upon our mental optics, revealing the truth in all its glaring colours. In the agony of our shame, we screwed up a countenance like a boy's who has swallowed a frightfully hot apple dumpling. What an illiterate world we live in! The immortal Richardson—he whose itinerant exertions have sounded the praise of Shakspeare in regions so outlandish and tumultuous that the sixpenny trumpet of Fame could only have been heard there as a mere squeak—*he* had transformed the notorious site of an asylum for delinquents into classic soil; and yet nobody of education could afford us the slightest information respecting Horsemonger Lane.—We felt chagrined exceedingly, and, donning our chapeau, resolved to prosecute a journey thither on foot instanter.

"It is understood that Mr Richardson has left the *handsome cottage* and furniture in Horsemonger Lane"—and so on ran the paragraph which communicated his departure in spirit. Alas! poor Yorick!—we had known his velveteen smalls for years, and made a memorandum of every successive symptom of decay in their complexion and texture; for, somehow or other, we flattered ourselves that honest John had got the measure of our personal identity in his eye, and had set down the indescribables to our account in his *last* last will. Even now we are in daily expectation of hearing from the executors; and we take this opportunity of saying that the bequest shall have the first post of honour assigned to them in our long-expectant wardrobe.—"A HANDSOME COTTAGE IN HORSEMONGER LANE." Had a report obtained circulation that fine plump salmon had been detected in Fleet Ditch, we might have swallowed it, because *they* are slippery fish, and can whisk their tails along with their noddles up the fall of a loch with an agility emulating the Bedouin Arabs; but how a *handsome cottage* and furniture could find their way into Horsemonger Lane is an entangled skein of mystery, which, lost to all confidence in our own powers, we willingly leave to Dr Buckland, of Bridgewater-treatise celebrity, to unravel.

On arriving at the Stone's End in the Borough, we felt a presentiment that the goal of our curiosity lay not far distant. We accordingly turned down a road, leading to a high-walled, dark, repulsive building, at sight of which we blessed our stars for being personally unknown to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. Presently a small tailor's shop attracted our notice. There was no superstructure to bring it within the designation of a dwelling-house. It resembled a moderate-sized out-fitting case, sufficiently large to contain the entire body of the biggest alderman, when he had once been let in—by any other channel than the door-way. A little garrulous-looking old piece of buckram, in stocking-sleeves and spectacles, was seated on his

board, busily employed in various branches of fortification—both repairing the breaches of mishap, and neutralizing the inroads of time. In a confined back room, rose a tall, perpendicular, reserved young woman, whose features had determined to lay themselves under no obligation to the famous Jenner, as they presented the appearance of having been fired at by a volley of duck-shot from a child's pea-gun, violent enough to imprint, without danger of penetration.

"Know Horsemonger Lane!" replied Buckram, looking up with an air of complacent contempt for our ignorance of topography—"should think I ought, when my grandfather kept a cabbage and bacon shop there up'ards of five and forty year."

"Perhaps, then, it is not too much to presume that you are in possession of a few particulars respecting its early history. Some persons have a whim for those kind of things."

"Love o' knowledge very nat'ral," rejoined Shears, waxing his thread with growing importance. "My grandfather, who carried on a pretty considerable business for five and forty year, used to tell some queer tales of old Horsemonger Lane."

"Old?—you mean before the prison was erected?"

"Goose!" muttered the uninoculated young woman, clapping down that ponderous instrument within an inch and a fraction of her lord and master's unprepared fingers. Buckram looked in the interesting countenance of his young spouse, while his own exhibited an expression of surprise blended with anger, and both allied to reluctant tongue-denial. Then, heaving a barely audible groan, he continued:—

"Before the pris'n was 'rected!—I should rather say, before the individuals as 'rected it was born, or ever expected they should be. My grandfather, who carried on a wery extensive business in the cabbage and bacon line for five and forty year"——

We will not inflict upon our readers a *verbatim* report of old Buckram's narrative, however much his pride, like that of more patriotic orators, may be wounded by the abridgement. The sum and substance of his communication, when improved by the lopping of sundry superfluous "you knows," &c., will read very nearly as follows. It is "my grandfather's" account of the aborigines of Horsemonger Lane.

At the period to which our veritable history refers, the world seemed to have been first attacked by paralysis in its lower extremities. Legs then began to betray their weaknesses; else, why did they take to horse-riding? To supply the wants of a sinking population, a body of men, remarkable alike for their philanthropic aims and their unblushing impudence, imported a stud of Barbary mares into Horsemonger Lane. Judging from the peculiar conformation of these Barbary mares, we should say that the adjective was employed rather as a quaint figure of speech by the facetious owners, than to throw any light upon their peculiar breed. Every one allowed that the treatment of these mares was most barbarous; and who will wonder at it when he considers the cranial organization of their uneducated masters? A more incorrigible pack of scoundrels never put on spurs. To use an epigrammatic paradox employed by many humane spectators—"They never were easy but when they were running the horses about." But the brutal propensities of the majority dwindle into gentleness or nothingness, when compared with the ferocious habits of their leader—one being, in proportion to the other, like the nervous titillation of a schoolmaster's whisk, to the sanguinary flagellation of a military cat-o'-nine-tails. Could his dumb slaves have expressed their sentiments upon this worthy, they would have pronounced him the Nero of Horsemonger Lane.

A gigantic, black-whiskered, broad-brimmed monster—the fellow's muscular capabilities were Herculean. He seemed to have been turned out by nature, in a moment of vindictiveness, on purpose to spite the brute creation. His legitimate name (as "my grandfather" conscientiously believed) was Dick Thunderheels; but, amongst his compeers, he generally went by the cognomen of the "Out-and-outer."

Thunderheels rode a trickish, tight-winded, tile-coloured young Galloway, in shape, case, and disposition, forming a striking contrast to all its fellows in the market. They were long-limbed and raw-boned animals; their heads almost as long as their legs; their teeth very little shorter than their tails; and their demeanour was prim and old-maiden like. But Dick's mare was a frisky, intelligent little creature, that seemed to feel proud of the passionate temper of its rider; the more Dick spurred, the more delight his Moggy displayed, and a flogging appeared only to strengthen the affection which she evinced for Dick Thunderheels, the hero of Horsemonger Lane.

When whipping and spurring, our hero was in his element. Had Dick ever been taught to write, we had never presented the world with these delineations of his character; for he would have *cut up* our article as though it had been an unfortunate stray nag that should happen to come in the way of a general Review. Brutality, ferocity, and monstrosity, when applied to Dick Thunderheels' treatment of his animals, are mere breaths of wind. He lashed, and punched, and lashed again, till an uninitiated looker-on would have expected to see the poor jades' sides streaked with red and blue, like the silk of a modern balloon; but they never were; for, as "my grandfather" shrewdly insinuated, it would be difficult to get blood out of a stone, nor less so to extract it from the counterfeit hides which enclosed the ossified remains of animals who were warranted, not only to be engaging articles to look at, but remarkably fine ones to go.

Ingenuity never was exercised with more extraordinary effect than by the artists in Horsemonger Lane. The dentist volunteered his aid

to rejuvenate a whole stud. Eyes, that had long grown dim with infirmity and age, sparkled again with more than their native playfulness and energy, when a couple of vitreous auxiliaries were set before them. Tails, equal to new, (for they had never been worn,) were distributed in unbounded profusion. To put the machinery in motion, a small quantity of that irritating substance, the hairy phaseolus, or cow-itch, used to be introduced between the artificial surcoat and the natural one, so that the friction of the saddle, operating upon an established raw, stimulated the animals' spirits as if they had been influenced by a powerful voltaic battery. In short, had a person, out of curiosity, divided one of these eccentric bits of workmanship into ten parts, "my grandfather" declared that he would have found nine to be the work of man, and only one the production of nature. The national credit was beginning to tremble. Our horses, universally, were getting a bad name abroad; while none but very courageous equestrians could dare to mount one at home. Gentlemen were absolutely afraid to sit on the saddle, for fear the whole structure beneath them should break down with a crash, or even to lead a horse along, save with very great timidity and care, lest the elaborate piece of machinery should drop all to pieces. But a crisis was approaching to sweep away the iniquities of Horsemonger Lane.

A suit which had been pending in Chancery for some considerable time, was, during the life of the great-grandson of the original claimant, brought to a final and successful issue; when he (the rightful claimant's great-grandson) found himself obliged to dispose of the estate, in order to defray the legal expenses, which ought, in equity, to have been borne by the opposing party; but *he* had been dead upwards of eighty years, and his representatives had been declared bankrupt. About five acres adjoining Horsemonger Lane were purchased by the city, with an intention of building upon it; and the city, accordingly, went to take possession; but they found, to their ineffable surprise, that the city had been anticipated, for a length of time, by Dick Thunderheels and other periodical visiters, by whom the ground had been converted into a cattle market; and it was as much as the city could do, to maintain a footing of two minutes together upon their territorial acquisition.

Complaints had been made, loudly and frequently, but in vain, by persons who had occasion to pass down Horsemonger Lane, of the danger they incurred by the racing of, and experimentalizing upon, horses, mules, and other quadrupeds thereabouts. Gouty old men had, more than once, been nearly knocked down, trampled upon, bruised, and maimed, if not disabled for life; while ladies, both old and young, had been dreadfully frightened in crossing the road; but whether this alarm was excited by the daring of the riders, or the phantom-like appearance of their steeds, "my grandfather, who kept a cabbage and bacon shop in Horsemonger Lane for five-and-forty year," never could determine.

The nuisance, however, since the late visit of the city authorities, had grown to such an enormous extent, that they felt themselves imperatively called upon to interfere. Accordingly, Alderman Doublepay, Mr Deputy Scroggs, and their little clerk, Yocker, were commissioned to wait upon the trespassers, expostulate with them concerning their unlawful proceedings, and insist upon an immediate resignation of the territory.

It was a beautiful sight, "my grandfather" used to say, to behold the mild, benevolent form of Alderman Doublepay—supported on one side by the erect and aristocratic Scroggs, and, on the other side, by the stunted, neckless, and crabbed old clerk, Yocker—holding a free conference with the uncivilized denizens of Horsemonger Lane. We rather think it must have been the prototype of West's celebrated picture of Penn's confabulation with the natives.

Three specific grounds of complaint were preferred against the horsemongers. The first, that of wanton cruelty; secondly, the annoyance to pedestrians; and, thirdly, the wrong inflicted upon the city by occupying their possessions in Horsemonger Lane.

Dick Thunderheels was elected spokesman on behalf of the respondents; and, with his arms planted in an independent akimbo position, he conducted their defence.

"Do you suppose, my friend, that horses have no feeling?" said Alderman Doublepay, in bringing forward the first count in the indictment.

"Not arter they gets to a certain age," replied Dick, coolly; "bless you, if their hearts had been as full o' feeling as their bellies is of corn, we should a' cut it all out of 'em afore this."

"Persons can't go down the Lane without being in danger of getting knocked down by some unmannerly ruffian," said Deputy Scroggs, pinching his starched cravat.

"Indeed," replied Thunderheels—"then, I advise you never to attempt it, unless you thinks your neck is stronger than my Moggy's hind-leg."

Here Dick's admirers laughed outright, with their faces turned up, as though they saw something very ludicrous in the disposition of the clouds.

"We want to build upon the ground," said tart old Yocker; "and, therefore, you must remove somewhere else."

"Build! We don't prevent you building—do we?" returned Thunderheels, looking at the little clerk, as though he had it in contemplation to put a saddle upon his back.

"But, my good man," said Alderman Doublepay, extending his mediatorial hand, "the bricklayers could not pursue their employment while your horses were racing about; their lives would be in danger every moment."

"Lord love you," replied Dick, with a satanic smile, which made the Alderman feel very much

indisposed, "we wouldn't hinger a 'air o' their heads, if they vas only sharp enough to get out of our way."

To parry this fallacious thrust would have been an unprofitable expenditure of civic energy. Horsemonger Lane enjoyed its temporary triumph. But, notwithstanding their apparent defeat, the Common Council quietly determined to afford their opponents tangible demonstration that the Court did not, in general, advance arguments which they were unable effectually to substantiate. On the motion of Mr Deputy Scroggs, it was unanimously agreed to erect a jail, whose applicable terrors, every one naturally anticipated, would scare away the incorrigibles from the spot to which they had shewn such a long and resolute attachment. In accordance with this design, mattocks and spades, trowels and hods of mortar, were put in requisition; and one eventful 29th of February, saw a sturdy, frowning structure, with a fantastic death's-head and a pair of fetters sculptured over the gateway, securely settled upon the debatable ground in Horsemonger Lane.

A brave but unfortunate garrison turned out of a besieged citadel, without military honours—a municipal corporation, expelled by some relentless statute from their Common Hall, and casting many a long and lingering look at the savoury commons left behind them—are both very affecting spectacles. But neither is worthy of comparison with the exodus of the Horsemongers, which "my grandfather" never alluded to but with tears dripping warm from the urn of his susceptible heart. But destiny had signed the decree, and a cataract of tears could not have blotted out her immutable sign-manual.

Dick Thunderheels and his co-mates had assembled (as indeed they had done, in spite of all remonstrances, since the foundation stone was laid) in the quadrangle of the new building, and were pursuing their vocation with as much brutality, rascality, and jocularity as ever—when, lo! a body of marshalmen, in their buck-skin inferiors and their scarlet-breasted coats—constables and extra constables, with Alderman Doublepay, Deputy Scroggs, and little Yocker at their head—marched into the fortress; and silence having been called for, Alderman Doublepay and his quizzing-glass read a proclamation, supposed to be the model of the more recent "Riot Act." Within five minutes, every living body, whether pertaining to man or beast, (if there was any distinction, further than that the latter, perhaps, had none to carry away,) was peremptorily commanded to retire. Every eye turned to Dick Thunderheels; while Dick laughed himself hoarse, and whipped his little Moggy round and round, till his arm was tired, and then he carelessly whipped his boot. Meanwhile, Doublepay, Scroggs, the constables, marshalmen, and supernumerary constables, shewed, by the fixedness of every feature in their varied physogs, that they considered the insult offered to civic dignitaries to be no laughable matter. The signal was given to advance. Then it certainly *was* a grand thing ("my grandfather" used to expatiate upon it for a couple of hours without pausing) to see the portly functionaries, with "good capon lined," concentrated into one determined phalanx, each individual presenting his small gold-headed emblem of authority. Inch by inch they marched up to the rebels, making good their ground at every step. Nothing could resist the severity of their dignity. Thunderheels, mounted upon his frisky little mare, heading his motley and odd-apparelled band, looked like the leader of some Asiatic adventurers departing from a caravansera. Dick, whose large dark eyes seemed to black-ball every candidate for their approbation, affected to look with sarcastic indifference upon his opponents. But the captain and his ragged regiment had managed to get as far as the archway contiguous to the open gates, and Alderman Doublepay and his subalterns were close upon them, when, at a flourish of the whip from Thunderheels, all the donkeys uttered a terrific lamentation, and the chargers, venting their indignation in their peculiar strains, both species simultaneously set fifty pair of hind-hoofs into active operation, and sent an explosion of slush and mud at the very heads of the common council—then Dick Thunderheels and his accomplices dashed off in a body, making the air ring again in high exultation at their triumphant revenge.

Some two or three years had rolled over, down the bumpy Hill of Time, when, one morning, a man in a white nightcap stood upon the summit of the gaol in Horsemonger Lane. True, his arms were uncomfortably cramped, and a hempen collar was round his neck; therefore, although poor Dick Thunderheels had raised himself in the estimation of society, he did not consider himself placed in better circumstances, in any sense of these words. Dick was going to drop all his animosities, and depart in charity with all mankind; for how could he be otherwise than blind to the errors of his brethren, when he had got an ugly beam in his own eye? Just before Dick could cry, Play! a trickish, tight-winded, tile-coloured young Galloway, carrying an elderly personage, suddenly halted at the place of execution, and looked up with an air of intelligent curiosity; then, stretching out her neck, as though she recognised some familiar object, Moggy, profoundly absorbed in the contemplation of her old master, made way into the crowd, with a slow, mechanical pace, the attendant ladies falling back on either side, wondering what business such a strange animal as that could have there. Thunderheels knew his little Moggy in an instant; and, leaping from the scaffold, Dick threw himself upon the mare's back, burst through the astonished multitude, and dashed off like a whirlwind. The concluding part of this performance, we regret to say, poor Dick only went through in his imagination; and, seeing the impracticability of its being done in any other way, he flung his bird's-eye weeper as a token of affection towards his little Moggy, which, being taken for his cue by the scene

shifter below, he dropped the curtain upon this high tragedy. Moggy was led off very reluctantly to livery stables near at hand; but when they attempted to tie her up, she resolutely drew back to the full length of her tether, apparently afraid of meeting with the same treatment as that so recently inflicted upon poor Dick Thunderheels. So, to cure the little creature of her whimsical peculiarities, the scraggy-haired ostler secured Moggy's halter to the cross-bar of the hay-rack. On returning with some water, the scraggy-haired ostler discovered Moggy with the rope twisted round her neck, in a depending attitude. She had evidently been making the experiment which she had seen tried upon her old master, and, like many other experimentalists, had paid dearly for her temerity. *The horse was dead as a herring.*

Here little Buckram finished his "Tales of my Grandfather." And it was fortunate that he had done so; for, during the latter part of his discourse, the frizzling of sausages, which the perpendicular young woman, his spouse, had been cooking for dinner, made such a confounded noise that we could hardly understand a word he uttered.

"Dinner!" muttered the marked young woman; and, without waiting for her little husband, she sat herself down to table. Buckram quickly screwed himself round, and sprang from his board with the same alacrity that a British tar would leap upon the deck of an enemy, fearful of not having a hand in the glorious work of destruction. We had been so long detained by little Buckram's story, that we found it inconvenient to pay our promised visit to the scene upon which it was founded; but, should any of our readers feel inclined to perform a pilgrimage to that Mecca of the Drama, and the handsome cottage in Horsemonger Lane, we would warn them not to stray (as we fear some gentlemen who have been missing from their friends have done) into the neighbouring intricacies of *Banco Regis*, better known by its less classical appellation of the King's Bench.

VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF MOUNT MELLERAY, IRELAND, OCCUPIED BY THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

As I considered it incumbent on me to be acquainted with those objects which nature or art have rendered remarkable in my own country before seeking those in another—applying the same rule to such places worth visiting as Pope does to language—

> "Leave ev'ry foreign tongue alone
> Till you can read and spell your own"—

I mounted the driving seat of my vehicle, one fine morning in December, and, accompanied but by my servant, set out to visit the newly erected abbey.

The brethren now located amongst us are of the Trappist Order, of which there are no less than seventeen houses in France; but, during the disturbances which continually pervade that distracted country, some of the members of Melleray Abbey (which was the name of their convent in France) were suspected of hostility to the tyranny of their Government; and with the facts before their eyes that this peculiar class of men have no connexion with the affairs of this world, (perpetual silence being one of their most inviolate rules,) forced them, without trial or inquiry, by the ruthless means of armed soldiery, to leave the peaceful monastery, where they were worshipping God after their own ways; as they fondly hoped, "forgetting the world and by the world forgot;" and seek in another land that refuge they were denied in their own.

Upon this, without home or means of acquiring one, being stripped of all save the habits they wore, and trusting to the charity of the Irish, many of whose pious sons were among their number, and, above all, upheld by the hope that the Being whom they served would not forsake them in their distresses, they came to this country. Sir R. Keane of the county Waterford generously allotted them a portion of ground at a nominal value; and on this the brethren, in the short space of three years, raised a splendid temple to God—a monument of perseverance to men.

Possessed with an anxious desire to be a personal observer of what had taken such a powerful hold of my imagination—the gloomy solitude, the desert situation, the rugged abode, chosen by this singular fraternity for their abbey—I was impelled to seek them; and then, when I called to mind their rigid separation from the intercourse of human society, the inviolable taciturnity imposed on themselves by their rules, and their severe penances, including total abstinence from animal food, it seemed more like the visionary fabrics of fancy, revelling in the exuberant ideas of an Arabian tale, or dream of bygone ages, than actual reality, seen, heard, and discovered by the senses of those who would take the trouble of putting them to the test by an actual survey in the present day.

The road from Fermoy led by the picturesque banks of the river Blackwater; and, about twelve miles from that town, we beheld, in all the pride of feudal, ducal greatness, the romantic castle of Lismore, crowning the summit of a precipitous rock. Its proprietor, the Duke of Devonshire, has seldom visited it; royalty has occupied it for a short time. As you approach the castle, the tall trees of the stately avenue give its massive front a deep and solemn shade. We wound through a gloomy, arched passage, over the portal of which is read—

> "God's providence
> Is my inheritance."

After emerging from this archway, we found ourselves in a court-yard, where ranges of offices belonging to the Castle, with the main buildings, enclose a square. Strong towers flank the angles. In all the aristocratic pride of feudal greatness, the splendid pile frowns from its elevated height. Imagination cannot paint a more romantic scene. The river, broad and undisturbed, runs at the base of the lofty walls; and to a fearful height arise the rocks, bearing the embattled towers. James II. dined in the great hall, and, going to view the country, on approaching the window, drew back in terror at its precipitate elevation above the river. The contrast between the dark hue of the rocks, and the green moss and ivy with which they are in many places covered, is pleasing and agreeable. The banks are richly wooded. The Cathedral of Lismore is an imposing and venerable building, built in the Gothic style. The interior possesses the tomb of Milo Magrath, first bishop after the Reformation; it is an antiquated and curious piece of sculpture, the date 1567. Few who behold Lismore at the present day, would ever believe that it once was the chief seat of western lore, and gave education, it is said, to no less a personage than Alfred the Great. An ancient writer thus describes it:—"Lismor is a famous and holy city, full of cells and monasteries, in which religious men in great numbers abide; and the holy men flock thither from all parts of Ireland, and not alone from Ireland, but also from England and Britain, being desirous to remove from thence to Christ, and the city is built on the banks of the river Avon-mor" (Blackwater.) After three miles' driving from Lismore, we reached Cappoquin. The road between these two small towns runs along the left bank of the river. The scenery on either side is beautiful. Rich plantations clothe the winding hills in robes of varied hue, and neat mansions peep from out the vistas of the trees. Sloping down to the water's edge are green lawns, or fine tillage-land. Fat, contented cattle, were grazing on the well-watered meads, or the industrious ploughman urged his yoked steeds to draw the coulter through the loamy furrow. At the entrance to Cappoquin, there is a very handsome wooden bridge. This is washed by the tide from the Atlantic, which comes up about a dozen miles from Youghall. The town is small, but contains some good houses; at the upper end, it dwindles into a row of mud cabins. After leaving the town, we continued by the main road for a quarter of mile, when we diverged into a mountain track, wide enough to admit a gig, striking to the left. Soon the native wildness of the district became apparent; cultivation grew "small by degrees, and beautifully less;" until we lost all trace of its existence altogether, and nothing save the clear sky and savage hills were to be seen. The road now led us along the side of a steep dell, majestically wooded—and the effect was sublime. On one hand, the trees rose above us, the oaks casting their brawny arms over our path, and on the other continuing to wave their topmast branches until lost in the depth of the abyss. Then there ran at the woods' base, a clear, murmuring rivulet, that hummed its wild way like a bee among flowers, singing vespers to the stars which now appeared in the evening sky; and, right up from the brink of the tiny stream, rose the broad, steep bosom of a Titanic mountain, thickly strewn with a noble forest, looking, in the haze of coming night, like a vast sea, undisturbed by the breath of winds—all was so smooth and tranquil. Piercing through the gorge of the mountain, the eye surveyed a vast tract of bog and moorland, stretching away to a horizon of lofty hills; and, nearly at the base of the central hill, rises the elevated spire of Melleray Abbey.

Descending the hill, the full view of the convent strikes you, and has a singular effect. Alone in a wilderness, no habitation near it, the vastness of its size, its origin and appropriation—all combine to render it an object of interest; and, as its majestic proportions are disclosed by a nearer approach, and compared with its unexpected appearance in the isolated region in which it is built, we are reminded of the genii-built palaces said to be seen in the Arabian deserts by a few favoured mortals. At the foot of the eminence on which the Abbey is built, and where the land of the monks commences, I observed a small house, in which I was afterwards informed by the Abbot, two of the fraternity reside. Here they have established a nursery for rearing young trees, which, when of sufficient growth, and inured to the soil, are transplanted to the higher and more exposed plantations. As I ascended, I could perceive everywhere the marks of order and cultivation—good fences, heaps of manure, and growing crops, corn, turnips, &c. They have here 570 acres, which, when presented, were mere bog. They set about their task of reclaiming, with the resolve of men determined to conquer every difficulty: burnt lime, quarried stones, picked them off the land; and the first year had a fine abundant crop of potatoes! There were 300 acres reclaimed in three years, and the remainder is in a fair way! There is a neat lodge at the entrance, two stories high, where, I understand, the guests must dine—flesh meat being prohibited from use within the precincts of the monastery. The brethren live entirely on bread and vegetable diet; they are spare, sinewy men, equal to much labour.

I directed my servant to drive round to the guest-house; and, on the porter making his appearance, was ushered into the small reception-room. I handed him my card for the Abbot; and, on his going to seek him, had full leisure to survey the apartment. It is a square room, rather low. Over the chimney-piece are several religious prints, and an exquisite crayon Madonna. The porter returned, and introduced his superior—Doctor Ryan—who is a mitred abbot, with jurisdiction of bishop within his abbey. (The Prior of St Bernard has similar authority.) I found the Abbot a most gentlemanly, good-humoured clergyman; and, as he is permitted to communicate with

visiters, we had a good deal of conversation. On his invitation to see the buildings, I accompanied him; and, certainly, the vastness of design and skill of execution are almost miraculous. It would be endless—and, indeed, from my limited stay, impossible—for me to describe minutely every portion of this stupendous place. I was in one room which is finished—it is intended for the dormitory—one hundred and seventy feet in length! The spire is of about equal height—all the work of the monks themselves. They are excellent workmen. The chapel is of amazing extent. I may quote the account of it by Mr Inglis:—"The building vies in size with any moderate cathedral, and might hold within it a dozen of the Irish Protestant churches." The monks are about fifty in number. Others of their persecuted brethren, who are also in Ireland, purpose joining them when their work is finished—at present they have not accommodation for more. To enable them to procure materials for their extensive buildings, many of the gentry contributed to supply the necessary funds. The Duke of Devonshire munificently gave them £100; and many others, Protestant and Catholic, assisted, by their horses and servants, to aid their useful undertaking.

The brethren are chiefly young men—slight, and hardy-looking. There are a good number Irish—the rest English and French. In a handsome square formed by the church and other buildings, is the cemetery. It is not yet laid out properly; but one brother sleeps there already.

As the night was drawing near, I left the superior to return to Cappoquin. The reflections produced by a survey of God's power, here manifested by the successful undertaking of his servants, were naturally pleasing—pleasing, in as much as the facility of improving the vast extent of useless land in Ireland, was here proved; and such has been the success of the persevering monks' experiments, and so great an effect had it on the minds of the neighbouring farmers, that those who had quitted their lands in despair some few years ago—not being able to turn them to any account—are now glad to retake and improve them. The brethren have done, and will do much good, by directing public attention to this national object, and prevent national power being lessened by the system of expatriation so extensively pursued, and the chief reason for which the example of the brothers of La Trappe may speedily put an end to.

RHYMED RAMBLES.—PART II.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WALKLEY BANK.

SARAH and William Adams! here we stood,
Roof'd by the cloud which cast his frown between
Wardsend and Loxley's mountains. From the wood
Of one-starr'd Greno, like a sea unseen,
The wind swept o'er us, seeming, in his might,
To move the steadfast rocks; while, rushing keen
Beyond the edge of darkness, stormy light,
As from a league-wide trumpet, on the scene
A cataract of glory pour'd; and, bright
In gloom, the hill-tops islanded the night
Of billowy shade around us. Vale and hill,
Forest and cloud, were restless as a fight—
They seemed as they would never more be still;
While, anchor'd over all, the high-pois'd kite
Saw the foam'd rivers dash their blue with white.

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

Slow Time seems swift. Since Charles stood here with me,
Three years have pass'd o'er Wharncliffe's wood and stream;
And Charles is busy still, where'er he be—
Willing to labour, if he may but dream.
Poor Pemberton! the forest speaks of thee;
The eagles—no, they dwell with other things;
But he who caged them here, though chained, is free,
And might do better for us, with his wings,
Than flap his mental bonds to flatter kings.
When will he fly away and be at rest?
Can he roll back the ocean to its springs?
Ye chained in soul! what must be shall be best:
To space and time their food improvement brings.
"We dwell with God in both," Obstruction's poet sings.

A CLOUD ON WHARNCLIFFE.

Don whispers audibly! but Wharncliffe dread
Like speechless adoration, hymns the Lord;
While, smiting his broad lyre, with thunder stor'd,
He makes the clouds his harp-strings. Gloom is spread
O'er Midhope, gloom o'er Tankersley, with red
Streak'd; and noon's midnight stillness doth afford
Deep meanings, like the preaching of the Word
To dying men. Then, let thy heart be fed
With honest thoughts, and be it made a lyre,
That God may wake its soul of living fire,
And listen to the music. Oh, do thou,
Serene of mind, to useful aims aspire,
And, scorning idle men and low desire,
Look on our Father's face with meek, submitted brow!

CLOUDLESS STANAGE.

Why, shower-loved Derwent! have the rainbows left thee?
Mam-Tor! Win-Hill! a single falcon sails
Between ye; but no airy music wails.
Who, mountains! of your soft hues hath bereft ye,
And stol'n the dewy freshness of your dales?
Dove-Stone, thy cold, drip-drinking fountain fails;
Sun-darken'd shadows, motionless, are on ye;
Silence, to his embrace of fire, hath won ye;
And Light, as with a shroud of glory, veils
The Peak and all his marvels. Slowly trails
One streak of silver o'er the deep, dark blue,
Its feathery stillness—while of whisper'd tales
The ash, where late his quivering shade he threw,
Dreams, o'er the thoughtful plant that hoards its drop of dew.

NOON ON GREAT KINDER.

WHEN last I looked on thee, thy brow was black
With trouble, and beneath it flames flashed out;
While on thine awful face the heavens flung back
The red glare of thy lightnings, Kinderscout!
And all thy brethren answered, with a shout,
Their monarch's voice, that spake from sea to sea,
O'er all their cataracts. But now the trout
Sleeps in thy voiceless runlets. Now the bee
Alone is restless here: he sings to thee
An ode of praise, where, reddening like the rose,

Amid the hoof-marks of the thunder, glows
The cloud-fed berry; and the clouds, to me,
While brightens wide around the purple flower,
Seem mute, in horror of thy noontide hour!

THE VALE OF DON.

Mountains! ye awe and tire me. Fare ye well!
And let the tempest love ye. But below,
The happy homed-and-hearthed affections dwell
Amid their floral sea, where daisies blow
And children cull them. There the village bell
Saith that the young are married; while the old
Talk of glad yesterdays, or fondly tell
Of buried loves. For joy is grief foretold!
And there young widows' hearts grow deadly cold,
And the poor orphan's smile is faint and brief,
When marriage chimes are heard o'er grange and wold.
Yet comfort there I seek, and joy in grief!
For man, by feelings strong as death controlled,
Gives heart for heart, and knows that hearts are never sold.

ROCH ABBEY.

Pale ruin! no—they come no more, the days
When thought was like a bee within a rose,
Happier and busier than the beam that plays
On this thy stream. The stream sings, as it flows,
A song of valleys, where the hawthorn blows;
And wanderings through a world of flowery ways,
Even as of old; but never will it bring
Back to my heart its guileless love of praise—
The blossomy hours of life's all-beauteous spring,
When joy and hope were ever on the wing,
Chasing the redstart for its flamy glare,
The corn-craik for its secret. Who can wring
A healing balsam from the dregs of care,
And turn to auburn curls the soul's grey hair?

Yet, Abbey! pleased, I greet thee once again;
Shake hands, old friend, for I, in soul, am old!
But storms assault thy golden front in vain;
Unchanged thou seem'st, though times are changed and cold;
While to thy side I bring a man of pain,
With youthful cheeks, in furrows deep and wide,
Ploughed up by fortune's volleyed hail and rain;
To truth a martyr, hated and belied;
Of freedom's cause a champion true and tried.
Oh, take him to thy heart! for Pemberton
Loves thee and thine, *because* your might hath died—
Because thy friends are dead, thy glories gone—
Because, like him, thy battered walls abide
A thousand wrongs, and smile at power and pride.

Oh, bid him welcome, then! and let his eyes
Look on thy beauty, until blissful tears
Flood the deep channels, worn by agonies
Which leave a wreck more sad than that of years.
Yes; let him see the evening-purpled skies,
Above thy glowing lake, bend down to thee;
And the love-listening vesper-star arise,
Slowly, o'er silent earth's tranquillity;
And all thy ruins weeping silently:
Then, be his weakness pitied and forgiven,
If, when the moon illumes her deep blue sea,
His soul could wish to dream of thee in heaven,
And, with a friend his bosomed mate to be,
Wander through endless years, by silvered arch and tree.

COMMONSENSE AND GENIUS.—A RHAPSODY.

Commonsense, one night—
Though not used to gambols—
Went out, by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.

I HAVE a quarrel with Mr Moore. What means he in this poetical apologue of Commonsense and Genius? Surely it is high treason against the very Muses he was courting, when he wrote it. Fie, Mr Moore! If the fate of Genius were to lie shivering on the bank of a cold river, many a time would you have invoked the aid of the Humane Society. And, after all, who would not rather wander with Genius, idly gazing "on each night-cloud o'er him," than plod wearily along with Commonsense, never raising his eyes from the path?

Would Mr Moore choose this dull companion, the twin brother of Commonplace, to listen with him, by the old grey oak, to the midnight prayer of Christabel? Would he have Commonsense by his side, when conversing with the little maid who "would have her way, and answered, We are seven?" Would he wish, with him, to visit the icy abode of Leila and her snow-formed attendants? Or to explore the mysteries of the castle of St John?—Nay, would he like his readers to follow his own Peri, with such an intruder in their company? Mr Moore is ungrateful.

Fancy Commonsense with Gulliver, exhibiting a Lilliputian dance on his handkerchief, or displaying his own antics on a Brobdignagdian dinner-table! Fancy him watching the Knight of La Mancha whirled round by the windmill, or his trusty squire engaged in disenchanting Dulcinea del Toboso! Fancy him—Oh, the profanation!—listening to my uncle Toby, when busy with the siege of Namur!

Who that has read, remembers not the exquisite garden scene in "Faust"—when, just as poor Margaret has confessed her affection—just as the lips of the lovers have met for the first time—Mephistopheles interrupts them with his execrable summons? Even such an interloper is Commonsense.

What said the fiend when he first saw Niagara? His thoughts were of water-power. What would he meditate among the glaciers of Switzerland? Surely ice-creams. Place him upon the Andes—and he would be boring for gold; on the shores of the dark Nile—he would investigate the soil. Go with him to St Peter's—he will exclaim, "Waste of room;" to the Pyramids—and he will speculate on the granite. Shew him the Goddess that "loves in stone"—he will tell you of some danseuse. In art or nature there is nothing beautiful, nothing sublime, which loses not its charm in his company. He

> "Strips the distance of its phantasies,
> Making the cold reality too real."

Were I in the most inhospitable of regions—crossing the deserts of Asia, or the ice of the North Sea—Genius should be my companion. I

should prefer chasing the mirage or watching the aurora with him, to smoking away the hours on the camel of Commonsense, or plodding carefully along in his snow-shoes.

Well do I remember the print which illustrated the song. There was Commonsense, a robust young man, with a shawl round his nose, and a cloak about his shoulders, holding a staff in his hand, and tramping steadily forwards, with eyes fixed on the track. And there went Genius, lightly clad, tripping airily along, upright and gay, looking at the stars. The print decided the question.

Might not Genius take the arm of Commonsense? 'Twould be the far-seeing led by the blind.

Why, even the philosophers have discarded Commonsense—and shall the poets protect him? The Muses forbid! Leave him in quiet possession of his air-pumps and water-pumps, and let him go to the Devil his own way.

W. *

SLAVERY IN BRITISH INDIA.

It is not generally known in this country that slavery prevails to a very great extent in the British possessions in India. The exact number of slaves has never been ascertained, except in a few districts under the Madras presidency, where it was found, in 1819, that, in five collectorates only, there were 210,000 slaves, and that slavery prevailed in a less degree in five other collectorates. There are slaves also in the Bombay provinces; but it is in the extensive territories under Bengal, that probably the greatest number of slaves will be found to exist. In the lower provinces of Bengal, agricultural slavery is little known, except in the Dacca districts, and in Silhet, where the slaves have been estimated at one-sixth of the population; but in the upper provinces, slaves are commonly employed in the labours of agriculture, by the petty landholders, and in some districts (particularly Ramghur) Mr Richardson, a judge and magistrate, declared, in 1808, that to his own knowledge the greatest part of the cultivators and labourers were slaves. Add to this that domestic slavery exists in every part of India, and we may estimate the total number of slaves in British India as more probably exceeding than falling short of 800,000, the number of slaves in all the British colonies who are now approaching the term of their emancipation. The slaves in India are of two kinds—first, agricultural slaves, who are found only in particular districts, where certain castes or races of men have been held in slavery from time immemorial; and, secondly, domestic slaves, who are common to every part of India. Agricultural slaves are sometimes considered as slaves of the soil, and are usually sold or transferred only with the land; yet the owners claim the right, and sometimes exercise it, of selling their slaves separately, although they ought not to be removed to a distance from the place of their nativity. Besides those who are born slaves, many become slaves of their own free will, to discharge a debt which they are otherwise unable to pay, or to obtain wherewith to perform their marriage ceremonies; and free born children are frequently sold into slavery, by their parents and guardians. The condition of the agricultural slaves varies in some degree in different parts of India; they are most wretched and most numerous in Malabar, where they are estimated at 100,000 souls. Dr F. Buchanan Hamilton, who was deputed by Government to travel through India, and report on the state of the provinces, speaks of the slaves of Malabar thus—"whose huts are little better than mere baskets, and whose diminutive stature and squalid appearance evidently shew a want of adequate nourishment;" and Mr Walter Hamilton says—"These slaves are very severely treated, &c.; there can be no comparison of their condition with that of the slaves in the West Indies, except that in Malabar there are a sufficient number of females, who are allowed to marry any person of the same caste with themselves." The slaves of Malabar are attached to the soil, and are generally sold with it; but they may also be sold without it, which is frequently done; and they may be mortgaged or lent out on hire. They have been slaves from time immemorial, and are divided into different castes, some of whom will not intermarry with others. There is a fixed allowance of food given to them daily, while they work for their masters; but when their masters have no work for them, the allowance is only one half, or they are required to find work and subsistence elsewhere; but the masters can at any time call back their slaves to resume their labour, which is generally in the rice cultivation. The masters may punish their slaves by flogging or confinement in the stocks; formerly they were accustomed to punish the slaves by amputating their noses; and although they are prohibited from doing so at present, instances have been known in which this barbarous punishment has been inflicted. On a trial for the murder of a slave in 1823, it was proved that one man had cut off the noses of three of his slaves; and when one of the slaves was asked why he had not complained to the magistrate, he replied, "that he would be only worse treated if he did." In some districts the right of corporal punishment does not exist, or is never exercised by the masters; but this is not generally the case. The usual price of a good male slave in Malabar, is from £3 to £5, which is about a third more than it was in former times; women and children being of less value, the average price of all does not perhaps exceed £2 a-head. In Tinnivelly the highest price of a male slave is £3, and of a female slave £1; and in some other districts the prices are still

lower. When the slaves of different masters intermarry, and their homes are at a distance, it is usual for the woman to go and live with her husband; whose master indemnifies the owner of the female, by a small annual payment in rice; and in some districts the children of such slaves, when arrived at maturity, are divided between the two masters. Though the condition of the slaves in India differs, in several respects, from that of the colonial slaves, it may be questioned if it is not on the whole quite as deplorable as that of the latter. The agricultural slaves of India are generally the slaves of poor men, and their appearance indicates the misery and privation they habitually suffer; they are farther removed from the observation of the magistrate, and have less hope of obtaining redress for any undue severity, than the West India slave; and the general apathy of the Hindoo with regard to the sufferings of others, is in Malabar greatly aggravated by religious prejudice; the slaves there being considered as so degraded in caste, that they are not allowed to approach a free man within sixty-four paces.

Domestic slavery, it has already been observed, is common in every part of India; almost every wealthy Mahommedan, and many of the Hindoos, have female slaves to attend the women s apartments, and from amongst whom they take their concubines; and they have male slaves to act as domestic servants. The companies of dancing women who attend the Hindoo temples, or travel through the country, purchase female children and train them up to their own profession, which includes prostitution, as well as their more ostensible vocation; and many abandoned women purchase or kidnap young females for the sole purpose of offering them for public prostitution. It is a custom which appears common in all parts of India, for parents to sell their children in times of scarcity or famine, though the price under these circumstances, is seldom more than five or six shillings for a child, or about twenty shillings for a well grown lad. This was carried to so great an extent in 1785, that Sir William Jones, in his charge to the grand jury of Calcutta, observed—"Hardly a man or woman exists, in a corner of this populous town, who has not at least one slave child, either purchased at a trifling price, or saved perhaps from a death that might have been fortunate, for a life that seldom fails of being miserable. Many of you, I presume, have seen large boats, filled with such children, coming down the river, for open sale at Calcutta; nor can you be ignorant that most of them were stolen from their parents, or bought, perhaps for a measure of rice, in a time of scarcity." The traffic in slaves was so actively pursued at this time, that not only were all the large towns in Bengal plentifully supplied with them, but great numbers were also exported by sea to other parts of India, and particularly to the French islands of Mauritius and Bourbon. For several years, the French continued to export slaves from their own and the Dutch settlements in various parts of India, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the British Government, from whose teritories the slaves were either purchased or stolen; nor was the practice discontinued till the war between the two countries shut out French vessels from the ports of India. In 1791, it was discovered that many free persons, natives of India, who had left that country as domestic servants, had been sold as slaves by their masters at St Helena, where they had remained in bondage for several years; in consequence of which, measures were adopted by the Bengal Government to prevent the recurrence of this scandalous offence, by requiring security, previous to embarkation, for the return of every native servant.

The situation of domestic slaves, in the family of a respectable Mahommedan, is often one of comparative comfort; they are generally purchased young, brought up in the Mahommedan faith, and treated as attached and faithful servants of the family. This, however, is the most favourable view of the case; for where so much is in the power of the master, much must depend on his personal character. By the Mahommedan law, (sanctioned and established by the British Government,) a master may employ his slaves to the extent of their ability; he may inflict corporal punishment on them; he may not only cohabit with his female slaves, but also have with them "licentious intercourse, at the mention of which modesty recedes with blushes, and humanity shrinks with horror." If a master should have intercourse with his female slave before she has arrived at the years of maturity, and if the slave should, in consequence, be seriously injured, or should die, the ruling power may punish him by stripes! When we consider the general ignorance of the slaves, their entire dependence on their masters, the exclusion of those in the harem from intercourse with the world, and the distance they would have to travel (in some cases fifty or a hundred miles) before they could lay their complaints before a magistrate, it will not appear incredible that the legal authority of the master, enlarged as it is, may sometimes be passed with impunity. But admitting that the master confines himself within the bounds of his legal authority, it may yet be asked if such horrors should be allowed to be perpetrated under the sanction of the British Government? It was not till 1799 that the murder of a slave was made a capital offence, and since that period no further modification of the Mohommedan law regarding slaves has been passed. That the slaves in India are frequently treated with great cruelty, is evident from what transpires in the courts. Yet, from the seclusion in which both Mahommedans and Hindoos live in their houses, it may be doubted if one case in a hundred is ever brought to light, unless it involves the crime of murder.

One of the most baneful effects of slavery in India, is the encouragement it gives to the practice of stealing and kidnapping children, which prevails both in town and country wherever there is a ready market near for the sale of them.

Although the subject of slavery has been inquired into, at various times, by the Indian Government, with a view to its mitigation or gradual extinction, little has, in reality, been effected beyond the prohibition to export and import slaves. As early as 1774—the first year that the English undertook the judicial administration of Bengal—Warren Hastings passed a regulation, providing that every person holding or purchasing a slave should have a written deed passed before the lawyers, describing the right by which the slave was held, and that no person should buy or sell a slave who was not such by former legal purchase. These rules went to suppress the practice of kidnapping, which had greatly increased since the establishment of the English Government, and to declare the children of slaves to be free. This regulation, however, soon became a dead letter, as will appear from Sir William Jones' account in 1785, and from the number of slaves exported, to put a stop to which latter practice Lord Cornwallis issued a proclamation in 1789, prohibiting the exportation under the severest penalties which the law could inflict. About the same time, Lord Cornwallis informed the Court of Directors that he had a plan under consideration for the abolition of slavery, under certain limitations, and for establishing some rules and regulations to alleviate, as much as might be possible, the misery of these unfortunate people during the time that they might be retained in that wretched situation; and which he hoped to be able to execute without doing much injury to the private interests, or offering great violence to the feelings of the natives. This plan afterwards received the sanction of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a copy of it was transmitted to Mahomed Reza Cawn for his opinion. This is the last which has been heard about it. In 1799, the murder of a slave was made a capital offence; and in 1811, the importation of slaves from foreign states was prohibited; but, a few months afterwards, this regulation was rendered nugatory by the Judges of the Company's Court, who declared it to extend only to slaves imported for the purpose of being sold. The importation of slaves by sea was, however, prohibited by the act of Parliament of 1811, for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade; and, although the act extended to the importation of slaves by land into the British territories in India, this part of it was not strictly enforced. In 1812, Mr C. T. Metcalfe, the resident at Delhi, issued a proclamation, prohibiting entirely the sale of slaves, as well as their importation, within that province. The Bengal Government objected to this measure, and desired Mr Metcalfe to permit the sale of slaves already within the territory. Mr Metcalfe replied, that it was amongst the worst orders of the community—the professed dealers in human flesh, whose abominable livelihood is affected by the abolition, and amongst that detestable class of wretches who bring up slave girls from the earliest age for public prostitution—that the prohibition would occasion most dissatisfaction; and that the respectable classes, although they might experience some inconvenience from the privation, acknowledged the humanity and propriety of the measure. For these and other reasons, the Government at last acquiesced in it; and there is no complaint of any dissatisfaction with this act, although the sale of slaves was, and still is, permitted in all the other provinces. In 1816, the Governor General in Council desired the Judges of the Company's Court to prepare the draft of a regulation, prohibiting the sale of free born persons, but allowing such to sell themselves or their children for a limited period; and for the emancipation of slaves on proof of ill-treatment; and for the correction of other abuses of slavery. Nothing, however, was done. In 1818, the Madras Government instituted inquiries in all the districts under that presidency where slavery prevails, as to the condition of the slaves, and their peculiar usages; and, in the following year, a considerable body of information was collected on these points, which was sent home to the Court of Directors, with the following remarks of the Board of Revenue:—"Because no immediate measures are urgently called for, it does not follow that the most useful, the most laborious, and one of the most numerous classes of our subjects in these territories, should, from generation to generation, continue the hereditary bondsmen of their masters, incapable of inheriting property of their own, deprived of that stimulus to industry which possession of property ever inspires; and because they are fed and clothed, and reconciled to their present condition, it does not follow that the Government should confirm institutions which doom those who have thus fallen into this condition, incapable of ever again recovering their liberty, or of rising to a level with their fellow-men." The Board proceed to say, that they had under consideration certain propositions for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves in Malabar, and their gradual emancipation; but whatever might be the future decision on this point, they thought that a regulation ought to be published, declaring the children of slaves to be free, and prohibiting the future sale of free persons, except for a specified term of years; depriving the masters of the power of inflicting corporal punishment; obliging them to provide proper food, &c.; with other provisions for the protection of the slaves. To this communication the Court of Directors replied—"We desire that you will be extremely cautious in making any regulation for defining the relations of master and slave. It is our wish to improve the condition of the latter to the utmost extent; and we fear, that, in defining the power of masters, acts of compulsion might be legalized, which, by custom, are not now tolerated, and the slaves might be placed in a worse condition than before." This is a most extraordinary reason for not depriving the masters of the power of inflicting corporal punishment; and it is remarkable that, throughout the whole period from 1772 to 1824, this is the only instance in which the Court of Directors have instructed the governments in

India how to act in regard to slavery. At a later period, the Court of Directors succeeded in getting struck out of the act of parliament by which their charter was prolonged, a clause which provided, that slavery in India should cease by a specified time. The understanding, no doubt, was, that preparatory measures should be adopted, so that slavery should be eventually abolished, without creating alarm in the minds of the natives. We believe that no such measures have been attempted, and that slavery is exactly in the same state now as it was then, with the exception of the newly acquired district of Assam, containing about 17,000 slaves and bondmen. The chief provisions of the regulation relating to Assam (which, however, had not actually passed into a law at the date of our last advices) were—That all slaves should be registered; that those only should be held as slaves who could be proved to have been such prior to 1817; that all who had become slaves since 1817, should be held as redeemable bondmen; that the offspring of all slaves or bondmen, born after the present time, and all children sold by their parents, are to be free on attaining the age of eighteen years; that any slave who is ill treated by his master, shall be restored to liberty; that no engagement for service shall extend beyond the term of seven years, &c. &c. We shall only add, that it has been the opinion of all those gentlemen in the Company's service who at various periods have devoted their attention to the subject, that slavery in India might be either gradually abolished or mitigated, and its principal evils eradicated, without the slightest degree of risk or inconvenience.

THE RECORD COMMISSION*—ITS COST AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

Partial as we are to economy in every department of the national expenditure, we would not grudge a considerable sum for the preservation of our historical and legal records, and the adoption of a system by which the public may have access to them. The result of the present Report is, that those who have had concern in the matter have been of the same opinion as to the propriety of liberal expenditure, but have adopted a different view of the application of it. "The Secretary states," says the Report, "that the Commissioners, previous to the present, nowhere recorded their receipts and payments," and that "£360,000, and more, passed through their hands, and there is no trace of it whatever."

The present Commission appears to have received Parliamentary grants to the amount of £48,500. The Secretary of the Commission, 'prior to 1831, could have obtained money to any amount from the King's printers; and, from 1807 to 1830, a sum of £49,750 : 3 : 2 was advanced by them. The present Secretary appears to have possessed a power of borrowing, to the amount of £10,000, from the bankers, of which he has availed himself, on the acquiescence, but without the direct authority of the Commission; leaving doubts in his own mind whether money so borrowed was on his individual responsibility or that of the Board." The annual grant was always absorbed before it was received. Within the last four years, it appears that debt has been incurred to the amount of about £24,000. A sum of £1,576 : 13 : 3 was expended on a neat library kept in the Secretary's chambers; while the Commissioners had to purchase books, required in the performance of their duties, copies of which were in this library. Nor have officials shewn less alacrity in collecting, through the petty streams of individual exaction. Enormous fees are charged on individuals having occasion to use the records; and, "lest this charge should be evaded by the personal diligence of the inquirer, or should not amount to so much as may satisfy the expectations of the keepers, in most of the Record Offices no person is allowed to make the copy for himself; and at the Rolls, not even a memorandum, nor a copy of only such portion of a Record as may be useful to him, is allowed. In all cases he must pay the officer for making the copy, and almost always for copying more than he needs."

The amount of service stands in bold contrast with the remuneration. The state of preservation of the Records is, in general, wretched.

"Your committee have seen the public Records deposited at the Tower over a gunpowder magazine, and contiguous to a steam engine in daily operation; at the Rolls, in a chapel where divine service is performed; in vaults, two stories underground in Somerset House; in dark and humid cellars at Westminster Hall; in the stables of the late Carleton Ride; in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey; in offices surrounded by and subject to all the accidents of private dwellings, as the Augmentation Office and First Fruits Office." A quantity of the records of the Court of Exchequer were kept migrating at an expense which "would have sufficed to erect an excellent General Record Office." Their state at one time is thus graphically described:—"Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together, that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and, besides furnishing a charnel house for the dead, during the first re-

* Report, Resolutions, and Proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the Management and Affairs of the Record Commission, and the Present State of the Records of the United Kingdom; with Illustrative Notes, selected from the Evidence taken before the Select Committee, and Documents printed by the Select Committee. London: Ridgway. 1837.

moval of these national records, a dog was employed in hunting the live rats which were thus disturbed from their nests." Again, "It is said that the labourers and soldiers, to whose custody the records, during their migration into the shed in Westminster Hall, seem for a while to have been transferred, in place of that of the Barons of Exchequer, disposed of them to the glue-makers; and, as they had full power of doing so, and must have supposed that matters so intrusted to them could be of no value to anybody else, it may easily be believed that they did so." The Report gives us the satisfactory information, that the state of the Records in Scotland is a pleasing contrast to this state of matters.

A POOR-LAW FOR IRELAND.

No question of social amelioration ever made so impetuous a progress as the necessity of introducing Poor-Laws into Ireland. In comparison with this most important object, every other national measure, affecting either this country or Ireland, or involving the dearest interests of universal humanity, has moved at a snail's pace. The abolition of Negro Slavery, with all the appliances and means of religious feeling and zeal; the Emancipation of the Catholics; the Reform of the Representation—required to be each discussed, cherished, and gradually ripened, during nearly a half century before the happy consummation. A Poor-Law for Ireland is a thing of yesterday; and already it is carried throughout the three kingdoms by acclamation, and all but unanimously. If the people of this country might ever justly have been accused of indifference to the condition of their fellow-subjects while artfully divided from them in interest and affection, and kept in ignorance of the injustice and oppression under which they groaned, light was no sooner let in, than their hearts were melted and their minds roused to a sense of the sufferings, physical and political, of Ireland. There may, however, and indeed must be, a diversity of opinion upon the political claims and rights of the Irish; but, upon the one absorbing question—relief of the existing misery, and permanent security against its recurrence, given in the provisions of a well-matured and thoroughly efficient Poor-Law—we exult to say that there is identity of sentiment, and a generous obliteration of ordinary party hostility. Laying aside a portion, and, we fear, not an inconsiderable one, of the Irish landlords, and a fraction of the landed aristocracy of Britain, Whig as well as Tory, who may be presumed to sympathize in aristocratic hostility, the three kingdoms are as one man, so far as the preliminary step of recognising the necessity of immediate relief and an enduring remedy. The astounding facts brought to light by the Parliamentary Commissioners upon the last and upon previous inquiries into what was called the agricultural distress of Ireland, pleaded with trumpet-tongues for the mitigation, at all hazards, of the unimagined misery of millions who were seen to be always pinched, always upon the verge of famine, and frequently enduring its pangs.

The Catholic clergy—who, as a body, are much better acquainted with the wretched state of the Irish labouring population than any other class of men whatever, and who are deeply interested in its amelioration—are of one mind upon this question, which is not one of either Catholic or Protestant, of Whig or of Tory, but of our common humanity. With a few exceptions, the resident Protestant clergy hold similar opinions. The middle classes, as may be gathered from the voluminous Report, were almost universally favourable to the introduction of Poor-Laws; and from the proceedings of the Dublin Association, and the recent meetings held in various parts of Ireland, we learn the sentiments of many of the resident gentry, and those the purest patriots of which Ireland can boast. It is painful for us to refer to the recent ill-advised and inconsistent opposition of Mr O'Connell. His conduct in this matter "has been worse than a crime—it is a blunder;" and he ought to retrieve it, by now supporting in Parliament that measure upon which every man sees that the future peace and prosperity of the land so dear to O'Connell must be based. It is a measure which even his great influence and his concentrated power has not been able to damage out of doors; and another such attempt would not only destroy his popularity in England, but vastly diminish his influence where it is of more consequence that it should be maintained. What, to the starving, unemployed millions of Mr O'Connell's countrymen, is the tardy, mutilated abatement of the church nuisance, which, if worth gaining at all, in this half-and-half way, must be struggled for session after session?—what the far more important measure of Municipal Reform?—when weighed against Mr Sheil's contemned "theoretical abstraction"—a law, namely, to enable the poor Irishman to live by the sweat of his brow in the land of his birth. Mr Sheil may remember the blunt greeting which his eloquent periods met with from a sturdy yeoman on Penenden Heath, when he posted over from Dublin to address the vast assembly met there, and to demand, in name of his Catholic countrymen, the righteous boon of Emancipation. "Will it fill their bellies?" was the troublesome question of the Tory chaw-bacon; and if it has yet been answered at all, it is not in the most satisfactory way. Emancipation, which first opened the doors of the House of Commons to the friends of the Irish poor, must soon bring forth its expected fruits; and though the mass of the people have certainly not obtained the lion's share of any of the measures of redress granted to Ireland, their turn will come at last.

Poverty, unequalled in any other part of the

civilized world, and physical degradation, unimagined until the late appalling disclosures, though no secret to those who chose to inquire, is the eating sore, the bitter root of the worst evils of Ireland. The causes of that unimaginable misery have made themselves well understood. The contagion of the evil, and its inevitable consequences to the whole empire, are dreaded more and more every day; and England and Ireland, with one accord, demand a remedy and preventive, not in visionary theories, not in wire-drawn abstractions, but from that sheet-anchor which enabled Britain to weather every storm, because the mass of her people had bread and security—that grand experiment, which has already stood the test of centuries—the Poor-Law of the 43d of Elizabeth, which found the English labourer in a condition as destitute and deplorable as is that of the Irish peasant at this moment, and which made him what we see him;—which builded his neat, cleanly cottage, clothed him in decency, and spread his bed and board in homely comfort. Even when his birth-right was tampered with by selfish and short-sighted men, converting into a curse what had been his security, a remnant of the original blessing was spared to him, which we trust to see restored and renovated under a better administration and discipline.

The question of whether or not there shall be any sort of Poor-Law given to Ireland, we therefore assume as carried in the affirmative. No man dare longer openly raise his voice against this imperative act of justice, without attempting to disguise his motives. Hypocrisy is here the homage which selfishness is compelled to pay to humanity. The matter is thus narrowed to the nature of the intended measure; and we confess the force of the taunt already employed by the Tories, of Irish patriots claiming identity with England in such measures as Municipal Reform, but moulding a Poor-Law to suit prevailing humours and interests, and with as little as possible of the complexion of the original English Poor-Law.

The exact nature of the Ministerial measure has not yet transpired; but we are sorry to find sinister rumours are abroad, as if the Whig Government, instead of manfully grappling the depth and length of the acknowledged evil, were about to dabble and nibble in a matter which admits of no tampering, but which demands both a bold and dexterous hand, with entire freedom from Irish party trammels. We shall not, in the dark, prejudge the expected measure. Let us hope for the best. No English statesmen were ever before presented with so glorious an opportunity of effecting a moral and social regeneration, of which endless generations shall reap the fruits. Wisdom and sound policy alike demand the change. The united voice of the united kingdoms urge it; and on this one point, however it may be in inferior questions, Ministers ought not to forget that the Tories are equally well inclined with themselves, more unfettered, and (if they invite the country to go along with them in a noble act of justice) more powerful. The country desires to receive an efficient Poor-law for Ireland, as another valuable Whig measure; but, far above any party consideration, it cries aloud to see it carried by whatever Ministry.

An energetic and courageous policy upon this subject, would better serve the Government than that which they are sometimes accused of employing. They are surrounded, but surely not overawed, by the sinister influences of powerful party adherents, who may be led, by mere selfish instincts, to imagine that their personal interests are threatened in so sweeping an act of justice to the Irish poor. Disinclination may lurk within the Cabinet itself. The position of Mr Spring Rice, for example, is liable to suspicion in relation to this question; so is that of Lord Palmerston; and, if the same principle was carried into Cabinets which determines the courses of justice in ordinary cases, perhaps neither the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Duncannon, nor the two gentlemen named above, would take any part in the affair, unless they could at once go the whole length of the most decided friend of an effectual measure of relief. But this is intruding into high and sacred state mysteries. Whatever the Ministerial scheme of relief shall turn out, let us not be annoyed with that puling and helpless argument for declining to meet the exigency, that the evil is too enormous to admit at once of the full application of a remedy. Its extent and aggravation are the most cogent of all reasons for manfully facing it, and performing instantly, as well as effectually, a duty which every revolving year will render more difficult, and which, at all events, if neglected, will glide from the hands of the Whigs. There might be a left-handed satisfaction in believing that the condition of Ireland was already so bad that nothing could make it worse. But have we any assurance of this, wretched as the consolation would be? or will the misery which we shrink from meeting to-day, and which proceeds at an accelerated ratio, appear in a more remediable form to-morrow?

Although we do not know, with any exactness, the nature of the Ministerial remedy, we may conclude that, whatever it be, it will obtain the strenuous support of Mr O'Connell and a few more Irish Members; and we are, at all events, free to say what we think ought to be its main features. To be satisfactory to England, or permanently beneficial to Ireland, the Poor-Law should be no half-and-half, no sham, no trimming measure. We hear of the preliminary experiment being tried of *How far Ireland will bear a Poor-Law* similar to that of England. Bear a Poor-Law! Is it then feared that the starving, unemployed labourer, the widow, the orphan, the destitute, the blind, the maimed, will reject food, shelter, and clothing, to which their legal right shall be recognised if there is to be a Poor-Law granted at all? Or does the recusant party, whose capacities of bearing are to be delicately experimented upon, consist of that numerous and struggling body of the population, the cottiers, and small farmers, and shopkeepers, upon whom

the burden of maintaining the vagrant destitute, by what is called spontaneous charity and alms, rests at present? Oh, no! If an experiment is to be tried at all, it must be solely for the comfort of the landowners and gentry—of that class on whom, in almost every other Christian country, and in every well-regulated kingdom, the duty of maintaining the poor mainly devolves, but who, in Ireland, have never voluntarily shewn either justice or mercy. Nothing short of a compulsory law, a rate, will ever stretch the landowners' powers of endurance, if by any means they can shift the burden to other shoulders. We speak of them as a body, for there are many noble exceptions. This is the true obstacle—the lively apprehensions of the great landlords, and their subalterns, trembling for their rack-rents, as well as for a direct drain upon their purses. A Poor-Law, of which one of the best immediate consequences must be some advance upon the pauper-pittance of 2s. or 2s. 6d., which at present forms the average of the labourer's weekly remuneration, would, by checking the competition for land, diminish their nominal rents, while a justly-apportioned rate would be a complete turning of the tables upon them. These selfish interests will, we apprehend, be found the principal, though not the ostensible obstacle.

The chief bugbear brought in sight—and we confess it is at first an appalling one—is the immense number of able-bodied men, amounting to 585,000, with their 1,800,000 wives and children, requiring aid for thirty weeks of every year. To provide for these multitudinous paupers would, it is said, eat up the whole rental of Ireland! Now this round estimate of numbers, which is, perhaps, somewhat rashly adopted by the Commissioners, has been sifted by intelligent individuals, thoroughly acquainted with the state of Ireland, and very much diminished; and, though wages are quite as low as is stated in the reports, the weeks of employment must be very considerably under-rated, in an agricultural country, where almost everything is performed by manual labour—by the peasant, with no power or implement, save his spade and his hoe. But if the report of the Commissioners be correct to a fraction, in the name of Justice and Mercy how have these miserable people been hitherto supported? They do not live altogether upon thin air; they are already half-covered with some tissue of rags; they do not at once spring up, on Irish soil, crying, to the wealthy, "You must maintain us." Very large sums—by the estimate of the Commissioners, between one and two millions in money, or rather in money's worth, in meal and potatoes—are, at present, annually given to those destitute people, in alms, at the door of farm-houses and cabins. Here is an amount of revenue—call it but a million and a half, taking the estimate of the Commissioners moderately—which would go a far way, under judicious and economical distribution, in relieving the existing distress. A Poor-Law, however, which does not relieve the respectable poor, who are, at present, the *voluntary* supporters of the vagrant poor, would fall far short of the mark. To them, any legal rate would be inconceivably lighter than the voluntary alms which they now give, from pity, from religious feeling, superstitious fear, or as *black mail* to sturdy vagabonds. The cheap rate at which Irish paupers can be maintained, compared with those accustomed to the superior diet and accommodations indispensable, and, we fervently hope, ever to be held indispensable to English labourers, helps to overcome the formidable obstacle of the immense and, as we believe, exaggerated numbers that may at once demand aid. The maintenance of two millions of Irish paupers, were so monstrous a number credible, would cost less than half that number of English labourers and their families requiring relief; and, apart from confinement to work-houses, enjoying a much higher degree of comfort, and a fuller and richer diet, than the small farmers of Ireland. The chief difference that we can perceive between the present system, so fertile in crime, and so fraught with demoralization and misery—is, that, at worst, the destitute poor, instead of being thrown, in idleness and vagrancy, upon the country, would be left to find relief in their parishes or districts, administered with economy and discrimination, until those who felt the pressure of a rate found employment for them, and until good order and security attracted British capital to a cheap-labour market, and a land abounding in natural capabilities.

Since we were last upon the subject of a Poor-Law, which has ever lain near our hearts, as the Alpha and Omega of Irish renovation, Mr Revans' valuable pamphlet has appeared, and many other arguments and pleadings have come forth. Among these we would notice, with especial commendation, an able, calm-toned, and judicious paper in the *Dublin Review*, evidently written by one who knows Ireland well, and who cherishes true patriotic feeling. In the article referred to, one pernicious fallacy of the Commissioners is exposed, which has paralysed many of the friends of Ireland in Great Britain. The Report represents that, in relation to production, labour in Ireland already draws as much from the common fund as in England: how, then, is more to be afforded? The wages of the English labourer vary from 8s. to 10s. a-week; those of the Irish peasant from 2s. to 2s. 6d. But then five Irishmen are employed, or are seeking employment, to do the work performed by two Englishmen. The five produce no more than the two; and, therefore, though each has so small a pittance, as much of the produce is divided among them. The improved modes of husbandry, the horse power, the manure, the thrashing-mill, and every other mechanical contrivance employed in aid of labour in England in the cultivation of land, is laid quite out of sight. Yet all this is as real a charge upon the total produce as the ploughman's hire; and all this the Irish peasant performs with no power save that of his sinews, and no implement save his hoe and his spade. It is a wretched backward system altogether; but the penalty must fall exclusively upon the

peasant, who is reckoned as well recompensed in proportion, as if he received the same share of the scanty produce which the English labourer does of the abundant crops raised by all the appliances and means of the most improved system of husbandry. The writer in the *Dublin Review* is also entitled to place the many weeks of every year which the Irish peasant is employed in procuring the necessary supply of fuel to the account of agricultural labour, as fuel is found for the English labourer at comparatively small cost and with no trouble. The authors of the Report, he remarks, would be surprised to hear that a hand-loom weaver was entitled to no higher wages for the yards of cloth he produces, than if the same quantity had been woven by the power-loom. Were the Commissioners' principle of division to be strictly applied, and all the expense of maintaining steam-engines and power-looms laid out of sight, the gains of the hand-loom operative would disappear altogether. The Commissioners state "that the English labourer raises four times as much produce as the Irish, and, therefore, that the remuneration is at present in just proportion and cannot be altered without involving the whole community in destruction;" forgetting altogether the expenses of that more perfect system of husbandry which enables the English labourer to attain this advantage.

Emigration is looked to by some as the salvation of Ireland. But the best informed and most intelligent advocates of a Poor-Law have the least faith in emigration at the public cost, save as an auxiliary aid while the country is in a state of transition. Emigration upon a small scale is a drop in the bucket; and upon the gigantic scale contemplated by a few well-meaning and sanguine persons, "a physical and moral impossibility." The Commissioners themselves, looking to every quarter for help, exhausting every imaginable resource, consider emigration only as a help—as a subsidiary measure. Less than the expense of enabling the poor to emigrate would exceed that which might open up sources of employment, and relieve them at home. A fund, proposed to be raised by the sale of colonial lands, is, after all, only a round-about illusory mode of taxation, or of confiscation of a part of the national property, to relieve Irish landlords, and make jobs for colonial land-brokers. We take for granted, that *coercive* emigration is not contemplated. Every feeling of humanity and justice forbids this; yet how are so many hundreds of thousands as might take off the glut in the labour market—hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, devoted to their native land with enthusiastic and romantic attachment—to be induced to sing, *Erin go Bragh*, and take their rejoicing departure? The wild savannahs and slumbering primeval forests of Canada are neither more near nor dear to Britain than the waste mountains and reclaimable bogs of Ireland, which equally demand capital and labour, and which are better fitted to make a quick and fair return. Mr Story, the humane and intelligent Protestant rector of the pattern Irish parish of Burrishoole, the statistics* of which demonstrate at once the depths of the country's misery, and the extent of its productive capability, when requested by the Commissioners to state his opinion as to the utility of emigration, made a reply which we consider conclusive for two-thirds of Connaught and much of the remaining provinces. "It would be much better," said Mr Story, "to enable them to emigrate to the distance of a few hundred yards, to the reclaimable mountain land of which this parish principally consists." Mr Story is an oracle. But how are the labourers to make their way these few hundred yards? The solution of this problem is not so difficult as at first sight it appears. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that Burrishoole is included in a district having a work-house, or a place of refuge under some name, where the destitute poor of all descriptions were entitled to demand support, and that such asylum was maintained by a compulsory local assessment, fairly levied upon the landowners—the proprietors of the waste lands, as well as those reclaimed, and the occupiers of the ill-cultivated farms of the district—legislative wisdom might set itself at ease, leaving to the powerful principle of individual interest and to Irish ingenuity to adjust the matter, or, in other words, to the rate-payers to get work for their money, since pay it they must.

Public Works, like limited emigration, might also be found a useful auxiliary in the commencement of the operation of a Poor-Law; but in no country, and least of all in Ireland, can such unprofitable undertakings be depended upon as a permanent field of employment. Nor would they be required, so soon as a Poor-Law put an end to agrarian disturbance and its attendant crimes, and when tranquillity and good order opened a secure field to British and also to Irish capital. It is a memorable and melancholy fact, that a large amount of Irish accumulation is at present annually invested in British securities at a low rate of interest, instead of being *risked* at home either in agriculture or trade.

Before the measure proposed, whatever its nature may be, can pass into law, we shall have another opportunity of examining its provisions and tendency; and we sincerely hope that both may be such as shall deserve the confidence and approbation of the country. The Peers, wayward as they are, and backward to every liberal measure, can hardly reject any feasible bill for the relief of the Irish poor. Policy, humanity—nay, that senseless but prevailing motive, spite to Mr O'Connell—will act as so many inducements with them; and, in the House of Commons, if a measure of any promise and breadth of basis be brought forward, opposition is either vanquished or gagged.

In closing these observations, there is great pleasure in being able to state, that the most intelligent advocates of a real and substantial, a modified *Elizabethan* Poor-Law, are also the

* Tait's Magazine for April 1830, page 238.

most sanguine of its efficacy, if it be properly put in operation. They are, we think, uniformly in favour of work-houses upon the large scale. This, however, is the only feature of the system in which we should like to try the effect of experiment, were it practicable. One thing should be kept in view in relation to work-houses—they are unknown in Scotland, save in the larger towns, and there they are upon a very small scale. But domiciliary aid for the aged and destitute, also upon a most frugal scale, is a general practice, and is found more economical than work-houses, as the poor are contented to accept of very niggardly assistance, if they may live and shift at home, and among their children and friends. The habits of the people assimilate the poor of Ireland more to Scotland than to England; and it might, perhaps, be matter of fair experiment, whether work-houses for the poor might not be dispensed with in the case of widows with young children, and destitute aged persons, and of such of the blind or maimed as could remain amidst the comforts and endearments of home, with the help of pensions, smaller than the meanest English work-house allowance. In Scotland, such allowances vary from so low a rate as one shilling a month (and we have heard of less) to four and five, according to the number in family. We do not recommend this niggardly provision; but, where voluntarily accepted, it is worth consideration, as an alternative with the work-house; and, there is little doubt, it would be preferred by many of the Irish poor. For the able-bodied, the confinement of a work-house is, we fear, indispensable; but, before the great expense of work-houses for the whole pauper population is incurred, the Scottish system of out-door aid to the aged, the infirm, and widows with children, might be a fit subject of experiment.

Upon the supposed tendency of work-houses there are very different opinions. Some allege the Irish will never submit to be confined in them. Hunger is, however, a powerful tamer. Others state—and Mr O'Connell among the number, who should know the temper of his countrymen intimately—that, if asylums are provided for the able-bodied, all voluntary labour will be at an end! They will rush to the work-houses, and luxuriate in idleness and captivity at the public expense. This is an imputation upon the national character which Mr O'Connell would not have patiently heard from a Sassenach. Truth, as in most cases, lies between those extreme opinions. The Irish, when driven by necessity, will, like the English, avail themselves of the work-house; and, when a prospect of employment opens, they will joyfully abandon its irksome restraints and its cold comforts for freedom and their own cabin-hearths.

We wait anxiously but hopefully for the developement of the Ministerial plan of giving first peace, and next prosperity to Ireland.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Adventures in the Moon and other Worlds.
London: Longman & Co.

We had fancied this antiquated style of writing almost exploded, and that philosophy no longer sought the aid of allegory or preternatural fiction and invention, or dialogues between spirits and organized beings representing abstract qualities. Here we have a complete revival of this once favourite style of composition. Philosophical discussion and speculation, reflection, criticism, and satire, are couched or embodied in allegory and vision. The book displays considerable inventive power, and much justness of thought and sarcastic point; but the idea in the main piece, the Adventures in the Moon, is so long-drawn out, and turned so often to all sides, that it becomes worn, if not tiresome, at last. What would have furnished material for a dozen neat essays in the *Spectator*, becomes heavy when strung into one.

It is no new idea that everything lost on earth is to be found in the moon. Good advice, lost complexions and animal spirits, hopes, wishes, desires, and ambitions, are all stored up in well-stopped bottles, where their original earthly proprietors may find them.—The following is ingenious and pointed, and a fair specimen of the style of the book.

A confused noise came towards me, which at first I could by no means interpret; for a solemn declamatory tone, and a shrill railing voice, seemed to be united in it. As the sound approached me, I heard what I should have thought a sermon, had not some angry and profane expressions been inserted in it. As it went slowly along, I accompanied it, and by a little attention was able to understand this singular combination; for in the solemn part of the clamour I remembered the voice of a celebrated preacher, whom I had often listened to. It appeared that one of his sermons, not being the cause of much virtue on the earth, and accordingly discharged, had taken refuge in the moon, where, while it was floating about in the air, and preaching with great solemnity, it had unfortunately been entangled in the invective of a fish-woman, which, no doubt, had been lost by the fortitude of her antagonist. Thus these two pieces of eloquence, having by some means been involved in each other, continued with equal vehemence, and without the least chance of one being silenced by the other. I was scandalized to hear the solemn words interrupted by such abominable phrases, and waved my hat about the place in hope of separating the two harangues; but they were so confused together, that, though I drove them about by disturbing the air, my efforts to disengage them were vain, and I was obliged to leave a fine moral discourse loaded with these vile execrations.

The divine and his associate, the fish-woman, were no sooner out of hearing than I walked into a long story, which was telling itself with great pomp and emphasis. I listened, and heard some passages, where I was sure that an explanatory finger had been stretched out. I could not, however, discover the purport of the narrative, which seemed to be wholly destitute of all the three particulars required by Aristotle—a beginning, a middle, and an end; but it had this excellence, that it might have been undertaken at any period of it without disadvantage. I afterwards found that the tellers of long stories provide the moon with a great abundance of sound. I now heard other attempts at conversation, and amongst them many of the small enterprises which are called puns.

But now, from a different quarter, a sudden wind sprung up, which was encumbered with a great variety of sounds, and I was quite overwhelmed with the clamour. First, it blew sermons for a short time, and doctrines of every sect flew past me. This hurricane of divinity was succeeded by speeches in parliament: I was entertained by a declamatory breeze on the grievances of Ireland; then came a zealous wind in defence of the Church of England; and, afterwards, a prolix gale on free trade. I was at first

amused by the novelty of all this piety, anger, learning, and eloquence in the air; but when it was no longer new, I found the clamour intolerable; and it is certainly a discouragement to those who would visit the moon, that any breeze which rises may preach and declaim so immoderately.

I may here mention that all sounds from the earth are at first allotted to separate districts in the moon. There is the region of puns, that of speeches, of sermons, and of every other fruitless noise. To each kind of noise a valley is assigned; the surface of the moon being very much varied, and the valleys very deep. Each sound, upon its first arrival, repairs, of its own accord, to the valley which is its proper habitation; but when the wind is violent, and happens to blow through one of these valleys, it sweeps away many of the sounds, and scatters them over the moon. Thus the most unsuitable alliances are formed of the different sounds, and the precepts of religion are often enforced by oaths; for a violent gale having passed through the residence of sermons, and carried many discourses away with it, may blow them through the valley where the Billingsgate rhetoric is preserved, by which means an unusual energy is added to those pious compositions; and many other sounds equally averse to each other are in this manner united.

Here we have another description of lunar adventurer:—

I now saw a young woman running towards me in pursuit of something which rolled along in the wind. As she approached, I perceived that it bore the figure of a heart; and the lady I knew to be one who had lately been very much dejected on account of a hopeless passion. She had come to the moon to recover her lost heart, and was just about to possess herself of it when the wind had snatched it away, and she pursued it with all the speed she could exert.

Another young lady, who had once sung extremely well was come in search of her voice, which she had lost by an illness. She had heard it at a distance singing an Italian song with great taste, and hastened to the spot in hope that she might inhale it; but a wind springing up had swept it along singing as it flew, and in despair she heard her own sweet notes dying away in the distance.

I now saw a well-known English statesman, who had come here in search of his integrity, which he had lost in the service of his country. Without it he had found himself quite disabled in the pursuit of his designs, being no longer eloquent in parliament or dexterous in council.

Books, among other things, fly in great numbers to the English province of the moon; whether bouncing quartos of travels and biography or fluttering duodecimos of poetry and fiction. The curiosity of the adventurer was—

Excited by a thin book, which, having just flown in, hovered about unable to find a resting place, and seemed to be in great distress. It had first approached the district of religious writings, and, finding room, was just preparing to light, when the surly volumes closed themselves together with one accord, and refused to admit the new comer amongst them. It attempted several different openings in these shelves, but still found the same want of hospitality; and, wherever it appeared, the divines shut up their ranks. It then flew round the room in great trouble; and I observed that, as it passed the political pamphlets, they opened of their own accord, and offered it an asylum; but it turned away in disdain, and again made trial of the clergy: these inexorable octavos still refused, and it fluttered about, appearing to be almost exhausted. I endeavoured to catch it; but it was too active to be entrapped. I then took aim at it with another book, and was so dexterous as to bring it down, stunned and crippled by the blow. I found it to be a bishop's "Charge," which, instead of enforcing the topics that belong to that sort of exhortation, was almost entirely a political treatise. The religious writings, therefore, had not acknowledged it as divinity; but the pamphlets had supposed it to be one of themselves. I thought that this "Charge" was justly excluded from the religious shelves, and that it had no right to look with contempt upon the political writings, the language of which it had thought proper to assume. I, therefore, pushed it in amongst the pamphlets, though it flapped violently and made great efforts to escape.

As I left the library, I observed two men, who were likewise quitting it, each of them having a roll of parchment in his hand, about which they were engaged in a violent controversy. I found that they had come up to the moon in search of the British Constitution, which they agreed had long ago been lost. Each fancied that he had found it, and vehemently asserted that what he carried was the real constitution, and the parchment of the other a fiction.

The adventures of the traveller are brought to an end in this striking manner.

While I was engaged in these thoughts, I first heard the striking of my own lost hours, which impressed upon me a horror that I cannot describe. I knew each particular hour as I heard it, and remembered the abused opportunities which I had long before ceased to lament. I stood in the persuasion and despair of having lived in vain, and no more thought of inquiring into the grounds of this trouble and conviction, than we do in an anxious dream. Suddenly I was seized with a desire of recovering what I had thrown away: I reproached myself with wandering for amusement in the moon, and resolved to return without delay, in order to use my remaining hours with rigorous frugality.

"A Letter from Posterity to the present Age," and the "Answer," contains many felicitous hits and quiet strokes of satire.—If any volume constructed upon this classic but past-date scheme will now succeed, this certainly has many saving qualities; yet in a direct matter-of-fact, hop-skip-and-jump age, we fear, with all its talent and scope of thought, it may be felt tedious.

The Gambler's Dream. London: Bull. 3 vols.

We have here a clever, non-commonplace, and, in many respects, a masterly performance, in a series of *historiettes* of different countries; yet one that is miserably vitiated. The plan of the work has the rare merit of at once arresting attention. A desperate, ruined gambler, rushes from a London hell at midnight, and finds food for meditation as he passes Crockford's and sundry club-houses, where deep play is practised. He falls asleep in his lodgings, over the embers of a smouldering fire, while cogitating the design of reform, and dreams that he is in Crockford's well-stored cellars, where, upon this particular night, a conclave of demons, seven in number, have met, in an Unholy Alliance, the members of which preside over all the *diablerie* of Europe, Turkey, and the West Indian division of the African population. There is some fertility of invention in the outline; and the story related by each of these Influences, displays no mean knowledge of the genius and condition of the nations over which each presides. Yet how withering, painful, and revolting are the records of the demon-prompted deeds conducted by human agency! Is it not a culpable abuse of talent and power, thus to overwhelm us with baseness, fraud, treachery, disgusting crimes, and demoniac horrors, and uniformly to present human nature in so degraded or loathsome an aspect? The demons themselves could hardly justify the uniformity of these torturing inflictions, or the maddening and loathsome images presented in the powerful story related by Hans—Victor Hugo's veritable monster—Hans of Iceland—the evil and brutal Influence which presides over the Cossack, the Russ, and the Pole. The Influence of Turkey is a female spirit, of rather gentler mould than the rest. The writer has, we think, very felicitously pourtrayed national characteristics in several of his tales, and especially in that of *Mouvement*, the genius who guides the destinies of France. Our British demon is the familiar Old Nick; yet not the vulgar Nick of the nursery and servants' hall—with hoof and tail—but a gentlemanly, and, what the ladies call, an interesting young man, fashionably dressed in black, and with the pale face, ebon whiskers, and insinuating, Byronic air—

"Framed to make women false."

Nicolas ought to have selected a higher specimen of his *influence* than a tale of gipsies, poachers, female adventurers, and low cheats and ruffians. All the world knew already that these were subjects of the Lower Empire.

At the conclusion of their sitting, these potent Influences congratulate themselves upon the perfect security of their several empires, and the absence of danger or innovation. Sophia has no apprehension of a breach in her kingdom of Turkey from the spirit of European improvement. *Mouvement*, *Mephisto*, and *Hans*, have abundant work before them, and the most flattering prospects

of a widening dominion and a long reign. Obi alone, since the abolition of negro slavery, and the introduction of education among the blacks, trembles lest the spirit of knowledge and truth may, through these means, penetrate one day into Africa and overthrow his central throne. From what we have said, it may be guessed that the "Gambler's Dream" is not likely to become a favourite or generally popular book. Talent we freely concede to the writer; but his production is often painful and disagreeable and of very questionable tendency. Human nature is not quite so depraved and sunk as we find it here, and the devils themselves might have been constrained to bear testimony to its excellencies, were it only for contrast and relief.

Lane's Account of the Modern Egyptians. Knight. 2 vols.

No work that we have ever perused, places us at once so fairly in the midst of the Egyptians, and familiarizes their manners, customs, and national characteristics so completely as this. Mr Lane, in the first place, acquired an accurate knowledge of Arabic, by studying that difficult language at the fountain-head. He afterwards returned a second time to Egypt, resided long in the country, and became as like a Turk as Gutzlaff was to a Chinese. He made admirable use of his rare opportunities, and has produced the fullest and best account of Modern Egypt that has appeared either in England or France. We can confidently recommend this work as one full of entertainment and solid information of an abiding character; which, with deference, is more than we could say for all the works published like this, under the superintendance of the Society for Useful Knowledge. The two volumes are profusely illustrated with characteristic wood engravings, and are very handsomely done up. If the work has a fault, it is the minuteness and microscopic quality of much of its information. We could have desired more of what we may call the *table-talk* of the people; which, from Mr Lane's domestic familiarity with many respectable families and individuals in Cairo, he must have had opportunity of affording. Nothing more truly represents the genius of a people, than their unbending, familiar conversation.

No book that we have seen of late, can make thoughtful readers more humbly and earnestly thankful to Heaven for their country, their Christian faith, and social institutions, than this turning inside out of Egypt. There are a few very well-meaning persons among us who, we believe, consider the laws of marriage in this country as severe and cruel, and tending to unhappiness and immorality. Let them look to the consequences of the facility of divorce—for we do not bid them look to polygamy—among the people with whom Mr Lane lived so long.

The Life of Alcuin,

Has been translated from the German, by a lady. This eminent person, who was, at one time, the friend, instructor, and spiritual director of Charlemagne and his family, was born and educated at York, in which city there then flourished a celebrated Anglo-Saxon seminary. Schools were first established in France by Alcuin, under the patronage of the King. After leaving the Court of Charlemagne, he became Abbot of Tours, which office he held until his death. Alcuin was continually engaged in religious controversy; but he loved and cultivated science and learning—he encouraged the establishment of schools and libraries, and the multiplication of books; and, protected by Charlemagne, attempted the reformation of the ecclesiastical order, who were then wholly devoted to secular pursuits and worldly pleasures and amusements. The clergy were only to be permitted to kill as many deer in the chase as would furnish leather for binding their books! The more books, therefore, the more field-sports. Alcuin composed many works in different styles—history, philosophy, theology, and poetry; and, among others, a Life of Charlemagne, which has been lost. The King became too zealous a church reformer at last to suit the temper of so thorough a priest. He became embroiled with his royal patron, from the zeal with which he maintained the privileges of his order; and his death was probably hastened by grief and chagrin. He died in the odour of sanctity—miracles attending his last moments. Alcuin was a very remarkable man for his age; one in whom the prejudices of a churchman were counterbalanced by the desire of diffusing such knowledge, and by such instruments, as he chose to think right. The book is curious, and will greatly interest a certain limited class of readers.

The Romance of Nature. By Miss Twamley. London: Tilt.

The whole face of nature, together with all the floral creation, chanced to be buried deep under ice and snow when Miss Twamley's amaranthine wreaths reached us.

In her splendid and tasteful volume, the most charming things in nature, poetry and flowers, reflect lustre upon each other. Both are the offspring of her genius; the fruit of her imagination and her pencil. Groups of favourite flowers, the "culled darlings" of English fields and gardens, glow on every other page, and furnish the fairest and most engaging themes for fanciful verse, or for prose description quite as poetical. Miss Twamley is quite an enthusiast in her fondness for flowers. She has interwoven numerous garlands to adorn her favourites from the greatest of our elder poets, who loved them almost as well. We are glad to see that this elegant and lady-like work is already in a second edition. The good taste of the public has therefore forestalled criticism, which must, in this case, have been unmixed eulogium upon this beautiful addition to an English lady's literary and pictorial treasures.

Beauties of the Country. By the Author of "A Day in the Woods."

This is a book of a class which, we believe, is peculiar to the country-loving English. We have a regular succession of such works under many names, and they are all popular. They hold in books, the place of the bough-pot, or box of mignionette. They give a far-off glimpse, almost a smell of the country. A book descriptive of rural scenes, and old customs and feelings, cannot fail to be popular if the writer has any relish for what he writes about, or a true feeling of poetry in his nature. Mr Miller, our author—sometimes, we believe, designated "the basket-maker"—has both requisites in no stinted measure. This new volume, which is illustrated with many pretty and sweet vignettes, we consider an advance upon "the Day in the Woods," and a very meritorious work of an exceedingly pleasing kind. It is divided into months—a sort of rural calendar; and is studded and greatly enriched by the author's free borrowings from all that is the most charming in the poets and descriptive writers who have been worshippers of nature as she is seen in rural England.

Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers. By Charles Macfarlane, Esq. Family Library, No. LXII.

Is the delight which almost every reader, but especially young lads, take in narratives of peril, enterprise, fearless daring, and undaunted courage, significant of the corruption or of the nobility of human nature? We consider it to betoken both qualities. But, apart from this discussion altogether, the fact is undeniable. The taste exists in every human being whose intellect is at all awakened; and in the young it is an inordinate appetite. Our author has, on this occasion, ministered to popular curiosity with considerable address. He places before us a quite new set of actors. Instead of our hackneyed Turpins, and customary rogues and Rapparees, he has introduced us to the various brigands of the Italian States—those of Sicily, Naples, Calabria; and the Hungarian robbers; with such heroes as Schinder-Hannes, the Rob Roy of the Rhine—the priest robber, Don Ciro—and the Spanish Banditti, of which the world has heard so much. Exhausting the Old World, he has gone to the New; and to the Buccaneers of America, joined the robber clans spread over India. These ample materials furnish forth a varied feast to curiosity, and throw strange lights upon human nature.

Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. Effingham Wilson.

In form, and a good deal in character, this little book resembles the poetical sketches of Charlotte Smith and Mrs Howitt.

Many of the little poems are simple and elegant, and all are pretty. Several of the fables are from the Italian. We had marked as specimens, *The Lilies of Jerusalem*, *The Birth of Spring*, *The Country Dog in Town*, and *The Music Shell*, which are all elegant and pretty. But we must be contented with simpler things—like, for example, these few stanzas from the farewell of emigrant Highland girls to the fountain of their native valley :—

Dear fountain of our native glen!
From hence we're doomed to go;
And soon for other urns than ours
Thy crystal streams will flow.

Thy snowy lilies still will bloom
On this delightful spot,
Dear fountain of our native glen!
Though we behold them not.

And thou wilt, from thy sparkling cell,
Still softly murmur on,
When those that lov'd thy voice to hear
To other lands are gone.

Dear fountain of our native glen,
Which we no more must view!
With breaking hearts thy children pour
Their long, their last adieu.

Sweet Lavender!—a London cry—is the theme of the following lines :—

Sweet Lavender! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the noon and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage maid's parterre thou'rt seen
In simple, touching grace;
And in the garden of the Queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.

. . . . . .

Thou art the emblem of the friend,
Who, whatso'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And, true and constant to the end,
May die but alter not.

The Cribbage-Player's Text-Book, By S. Walker,

Is a smart and handy small affair, and may be the best possible treatise for aught we know. One good addition is, the whole of Anthony Pasquin's treatise, embodied in this new one. Besides, Mr Walker is, we believe, the approved public instructor in all games—the modern Philidor and Hoyle in one, or, at least, their popular exponent.

Webster on the Structure of the Ear. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

We do not pretend to understand the subject treated of in this book; but it strikes us that the author's observations, and the description of his instrument, are worthy the consideration of the deaf, or of those whose hearing is deficient, or beginning to be impaired. Upon this account alone we mention the appearance of the book, that those better qualified to judge may become aware of its existence, and examine into its merits or demerits. Its object is an important one.

Two Thousand Five Hundred Practical Receipts in Family Cookery. By James Jennings. London: Sherwood & Piper.

We have no doubt whatever that this is a very good cookery book—indeed, we never saw a bad one. The compiler is the author of the "Family Encyclopædia," to which this volume may be considered as a companion or supplement, as constant reference is made to that work. The most novel feature of the work is what is now generally called useful or *entertaining* knowledge. Thus we are informed what opium is, and how it grows and is prepared; and also about olive oil, and apricots, and peaches, &c. &c., which sort of varied information the writer may have stored during his previous labours. A mass of miscellaneous amusing facts is, by this means, collected, besides the proper business of the book as one of useful receipts in cookery.

Goethe's Novel.

Mr Moxon has published the translation of a fragment, or a thing of fragmentary length, which is, however, in some sort complete, entitled *Goethe's Novel*. When the translator shewed the work to an intelligent friend, he was asked the question, "What is the moral of it?" More stupid still, we fear, we must have asked, "What is the *meaning* of it?" It was written in the author's seventy-eighth year; and for thirty years he had cherished the idea of the story. The worshippers of Goethe will be stirred by this information; for ourselves, we humbly confess that the idea fairly baffles and transcends us. When we take to the story we are perplexed by the allegory; and if we cling to the latter, the matters of fact throw us out again.

Several indifferent poems and good pamphlets have appeared. Among the latter we may notice Mr Joplin's EXAMINATION OF THE JOINT-STOCK BANKS COMMITTEE and THE CONSERVATIVE PEERS AND REFORM MINISTRY, which last, if Whiggish enough, is written with spirit, and a wider range of illustration than is usual in pamphlets.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

From Mrs Howitt we have obtained a nice little volume of short anecdotes, scraps, tales, and dialogues, illustrated by pretty engravings. None are of a length that can possibly fatigue the most juvenile or lazy reader; and though one or two are of a more romantic cast than Miss Edgeworth might altogether approve, and accomplish a happy denouement, by the leap, or the short and golden cut, we are not sure that we like them a bit the worse for that.

The Use of Talents, by Mrs Cameron,

Is another good little volume, very judicious in its moral lessons, and clear and direct in enforcing them.

The Parent's Guide,

Is yet another sensible little book. It is mainly devoted to the health of children in infancy and early childhood. To form the minds of children, the author, in another section, lays before parents many good extracts from the most popular of the philosophic writers upon education.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Several books of more than temporary interest have appeared, which we purpose afterwards to notice at a length corresponding to their importance; and, consequently, exceeding our limits in the current month. Among these we may announce *Prior's Life of Goldsmith*; *Grund's Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations*; and a new edition, published by Pickering, and edited by Simon Walker, Esq., of one of the most curious books in our language, namely, *The Works, Life, and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Browne.* This edition was undertaken twelve years ago, and is brought to a happy conclusion now. Here is promise to those who must wait, and an ample banquet to such as are more enviably circumstanced.

FINE ARTS.

In this department there are few novelties. The serial publications move steadily on. In the late numbers of HEATH'S SHAKSPEARE GALLERY we have a majestically beautiful and gorgeous *Cleopatra*; a sweet and gentle *Desdemona*; a placid *Queen Margaret*; a grief-clouded *Imogen*; a *Jessica*, with the pretty demure air of one who could trick a fond old father, and think small harm of it; a saint-like *Anna Bullen*; a stately *Olivia*, somewhat inanimate, perhaps, for that lively dame; besides an exquisite *Titania*, asleep in her bower. The designs are by different popular artists, the engravings generally good, and the whole one of those tasteful and refined works which it is so pleasing to see

becoming, next to books, almost a necessary of life in every sphere of cultivated society. We are assuredly not of those who limit the term *cultivated* to the higher, nor yet to the wealthier classes.

FINDEN'S PORTS AND HARBOURS OF GREAT BRITAIN is another of those works which minister at once to cultivated taste and patriotic feeling. The views are spirited and truthful. In the late numbers we have been particularly struck with the wild, free life of the view of *Flamborough Head*; and the integrity, so to speak, and boldness of the first view of Sunderland. Equally fine is *Dunstanborough Castle*, and the castle of *Holy Island*. The quieter subjects are treated in the same artist-like manner. This work is accompanied by copious explanatory and descriptive letterpress.

The forty-eighth number of the MEMORIALS OF OXFORD is before us. The subject is exhaustless. The print of the *Divinity School*, and that of the *Quadrangle of the Schools*, and the views of *Albon Hall*, are as choice as any that have graced this long series.

The Messrs FISHER having happily finished one volume of the VIEWS IN SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND, have commenced another set of Parts, which, they announce, will excel its forerunner. Part first contains a view of *Djouri*, the residence or eyry of the celebrated Lady Hester Stanhope, one of the most picturesque spots ever inhabited by an English lady, and apparently quite as difficult of access as it has been described by La Martine. Another is the *Convent of St Antonio* in Lebanon. It hangs on the mountain side, overtopped by splintered crags, as wild and forlorn as the monastery of La Trappe. A very interesting story, told of a youthful martyr to a purer form of Christianity than that taught among the fathers, is related here. The young man had imbibed heretical doctrines while teaching the Syriac language to an American missionary, whom he attempted to convert to his Maronite faith, but who ended by convincing him. He avowed Protestantism at every hazard, and was about to translate part of the gospels into the common language of the people, the vulgar Arabic, for their benefit. He was entrapped, confined in a cell in St Antonio, and, after resisting all attempts to make him renounce his new belief, he suffered so severe an imprisonment by orders of the Patriarch, that, in a few months, he died of confinement and privation, the missionaries being unable to afford him any aid.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.—We regret to find that our anticipations in last Register are likely to be realized, and that, as far as the Ministry are concerned, this is likely to prove an abortive session. There are to be no open questions; the Members of the Government are to be dragged through the mud by the hand of power, and compelled either to vote against their avowed opinions, on liberal measures, or to absent themselves from the divisions, leaving them to settle their pledges with their constituents in the best way they may. The Ministry having thus taken their stand on one side, it becomes the constituencies to take their ground on the other, and to reject all candidates holding office under them; for such persons are not free agents, and are, therefore, unfit to represent any constituency. By such a course of proceeding, no doubt, some very excellent men would be excluded from Parliament; but the injury which would arise from their exclusion is incomparably less than that which must necessarily arise from allowing the Minister of the day openly to dictate how the representatives of any constituency shall vote. We advise those who defend the Ministry, to consider this state of things, and to explain on what grounds it is defensible. We have always been of opinion that the very notion of representation implies that the representative is to carry into effect the wishes and to enforce the opinions of his constituents, where those wishes and opinions are generally and firmly entertained by a large majority of his constituents—in short, that the result ought to be the same as if the constituency voted in Parliament according to the opinion of the majority. But, whatever may be thought of this notion of representation, surely no one will defend a system which compels the representative to vote, not only contrary to the opinions of his electors, but contrary to his own. Such a system completely nullifies the representation. For example, will Dundee be represented by Sir Henry Parnell, when Mr Grote brings in his Bill for the Ballot? And, if not, why should the inhabitants of that enterprising town submit to a representation which, however effective in matters of mere routine, fails them in questions of importance? In such questions, they are *not* represented; and they, and all other constituencies in the same predicament, ought to ask their representatives, either to give up their connection with Government, or to resign their seats. Without open questions, no man can do his duty both to Ministers and his constituents; and we think it is discreditable to any constituency to submit to such a defective representation as the present policy of Ministers necessarily creates. Two or three rejections of representatives or demands for resignations, will soon teach Ministers the conduct they ought to follow; and the sooner that lesson is taught it will be the better for the country.

The Session was opened by commission. We wonder it is ever opened in any other way. No one, however humble, could be made the mouth-piece for the delivery of the verbiage called a King's Speech, without a feeling of degradation. The object of such a document is to tell nothing that every man in the country has not known for months, and to conceal the Ministerial measures of the Session. On the present occasion, it consists in a great measure, of the words "His Majesty," which occur twenty times in all, and four times in one sentence. If we contrast a King's Speech with a message of the President of the United States to Congress, we will be mortified by the contrast. The King is used as a mere puppet by the aristocracy, and is not permitted to express, even to the representatives of the people in Parliament, his own sentiments; but is compelled to utter whatever the ruling oligarchy of the day, Whig, Tory, or a combination of both, in turns, puts into his mouth. His constitutional right of rejecting bills passed by both Houses of Parliament, has been wrested from him. The only attempt since the Revolution, was that made by King William, to oppose the repeal of the Act for Septennial Parliaments; but, although no one can doubt that he was right, and that it was a gross usurpation of power for a body of men elected for three years to sit for seven, he was ultimately compelled to yield. The Revolution of 1688 was the victory of the aristocracy, and has enabled them to trample alike on the prerogatives of the crown and the liberties of the people. From this source has arisen the subserviency of the Commons to the aristocracy; increased stringency of the Corn Laws; bounties on the export of food—that is, on the starvation of the people; the property qualification of Members of Parliament, the object of which is to exclude the representation of any other interest than that of the landowners; the national debt, an enormous increase of taxation, and of a standing army to enforce its collection; the pillage of the people by an artificial scarcity of food; the increase of colonies to afford places for the pauper branches of the ruling few; the bloated establishments of the English and Irish Churches, kept up for the same purpose; sinecures, the pension list, the irresponsibility of the Lords; and numerous other enormities, for the enumeration of which space fails us.

The debate on the address led to no division in either House; but Lord Melbourne took the opportunity, somewhat gratuitously, of expressing his dislike of the National Association of Ireland, without which he would ere now, have ceased to be Premier. Lord John Russell

took care not to be entrapped into a similar blunder. The only speech the first night, worthy of notice, was that of Mr Roebuck, who, in the course of one hour, told more downright, honest truth than has for many a session been uttered in Parliament. He neither spared Whigs, Tories, nor Radicals. It was heard with marked attention, but with little cheering; for the truths were too disagreeable, the invective too severe, and the whole speech too straight-forward and uncompromising to excite any feelings of a pleasing kind among those to whom it was addressed. Many of the Radical Members of the House do not seem prepared to coincide with Mr Roebuck in his views; and we fear that it will be long before this able and truly independent Member will find much support, either in the House or even among those classes to whom the elective franchise is at present confined. We are strongly inclined to think, indeed, that the majority of the people of this country are yet far from comprehending the benefits of a really good government. They are eager enough about some of the objects to be obtained by it; but they do not seem to understand that a proper representation of the people in Parliament is the only means by which these ends can be effectually secured.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Members of Parliament are exerting themselves in the most effectual manner to rouse the people to exert themselves in defence of their rights, by diffusing sound political information throughout the kingdom, by means of debates in Parliament. Bills for the Ballot, for amending the laws relative to the qualification required for Members of Parliament, to regulate the expense of elections, for Household Suffrage, to abolish the rate-paying clauses, to repeal the Septennial Act, to abolish the law of Primogeniture, to establish a system of National Education, to abolish Penny Stamps on Newspapers, to establish Local Courts, to amend the Law of Libel, for the disposal of Colonial Waste Lands in order to provide a fund for emigration, and many other important measures—are about to be introduced. The subjects of Reform of the Lords, Vote by Proxy, the state of the English Universities, Military Punishments, the late Brevet, the Corn-Laws, and the repeal of the duty on Cotton, Soaps, and Marine Insurances, will also be shortly brought under the notice of Parliament.

THE IRISH CORPORATION BILL.—The rock on which the present Ministry is to be wrecked, and which may possibly annihilate the Whigs as a political party, was introduced by Lord John Russell in an able speech on the state of Ireland. His Lordship shewed, conclusively, that Ireland enjoyed greater tranquility at present than she has done for many years. This was proved by returns of criminal convictions at different periods, which the Orangemen in the House did not venture to impugn. The debate which ensued related to everything except the subject under discussion; and the Irish Members on both sides distinguished themselves by the personal abuse by which their speeches were filled, or rather of which they consisted. The Tories on this, as on other occasions, have reserved their strength till a later period of the session.

THE CREATION OF FICTITIOUS VOTES IN THE SCOTTISH COUNTIES received a severe blow from the speech of Mr Horsman, in moving for a Select Committee on the subject. He addressed himself with such energy, and exposed the abuse so effectually, that all attempts directly to oppose his motion were abandoned; and petty artifices to obtain delay, and to overwhelm the Committee, by extending the inquiry to England and Ireland, were unsuccessfully resorted to. We believe we were among the first to expose this nefarious system; and, as we anticipated two years ago, the abuse has been proceeding with continually accelerated rapidity. Perhaps, however, it is rather a matter of exultation than of regret; for nothing could more effectually promote the Extension of the Suffrage and the Ballot. In the meantime, the palliatives, though not alluded to in Parliament, are sufficiently apparent. The first is, to enforce residence, which, in Scotland, at least, is according to the wisdom of our ancestors. The next is, to limit the poll to a few hours, instead of two days, as at present; and to make all the elections in the kingdom take place on the same day. Then it is essential to exclude liferenters and joint-owners; for by liferents and joint ownerships the abuse is principally committed. This exclusion would undoubtedly have the bad effect of depriving parochial schoolmasters of their votes—a most meritorious class of individuals, and generally of independent character, though kept in a disgraceful state of poverty by the niggardliness of the land-owners; but the mischief would be amply compensated by relieving from their political duties the Established clergy—the toadies of the squirearchy, and an unleavened mass of the worst description of Toryism, because their stipends being regulated by the fiars, they think that their interest coincides with that of the landowners in the starvation of their parishioners.

Some of the details of Mr Horsman's speech are well deserving of record, from their shewing how rapidly the Tories are defeating the Reform Act. It appears that there is in Edinburgh a *squadrone volante*, of the dregs of the Tory party, forty or fifty in number, consisting principally of advocates, writers, and their clerks, who, as the Swiss of the party, and looking forward in due time to the loaves and fishes, are to be relied on for the unscrupulous performance of the dirtiest and most discreditable work which can be assigned them. We know the names of most of them, and shall perhaps take a future opportunity of publishing them. This contemptible squad has been presented with votes in the counties in the neighbourhood of the capital; and, favoured by the Whig provision of two days' poll, can, in a case of emergency, vote in four or five counties at one general election. The following table shews the progress of corruption in the short space of four years:—

County.	Constituency in 1832.	Constituency in 1836.	Liferenters in 1832.	Liferenters in 1836.	Non-Resident in 1832.	Non-Resident in 1836.
Edinburgh,	1126	1682	42	146	61	141
Haddington,	513	719	29	75	27	151
Linlithgow,	532	725	23	66*	112	202
Roxburgh,	1188	1932	33	89†	166	444
Peebles,	301	690	8	160‡	15	218
Selkirkshire,	180	561	12	112‖	None	288§

POOR LAWS FOR IRELAND.—This appears to be the only measure of importance which is likely to pass both Houses this Session. The following are the principal features of the plan, as introduced by Lord John Russell:—The management is to be confided to the Poor-Law Commissioners of England, one of whom is to be constantly resident in Dublin; Boards of Guardians are to be appointed throughout the country, to be elected by the rate-payers; and from which clergymen of all denominations—in order to avoid quarrels—are to be excluded. The country is to be divided into districts of twenty miles square, in each of which a workhouse is to be erected, capable of containing, on an average, 800 individuals. No relief is to be afforded except in these workhouses; and destitution alone, without impotency, is to be a sufficient cause for the relief of any applicant. The poor are to be supported by rates levied on the landlords and occupiers in the district, in equal proportions. Five or ten workhouses are to be erected immediately in the most destitute districts, and there are to be no laws of settlement, vagrancy, bastardy, or apprenticeship. It is calculated that 100 unions, with as many workhouses, each capable of containing 800 paupers, will be sufficient for all Ireland. We doubt exceedingly this calculation. It only allows one pauper to 100 of the population; while in Scotland the proportion, some years ago, was one in 48, and, at the same period, in England, one in eight! A system of emigration is also to be connected with the Irish Poor-Laws. Emigration agents are to be stationed in different sea-ports in Ireland; and, whenever

* 63 of these are non-resident.
† 87 non-resident.
‡ 132 non-resident. 137 Liferenters enrolled last year.
‖ 107 non-resident.¶
§ All enrolled in 1836.

persons connected with the Poor-Laws certify that a certain number of persons fit for emigration are ready and willing to be sent out, vessels are to be furnished to convey them to different parts, at the expense of Government. The proceeds of the sales of land in the Colonies, it is calculated, will afford a fund to defray a part of this expense; for, last year, £100,000 was realised by the sale of lands in New South Wales. The plan was favourably received, and without the exhibition of party feeling on any side of the House. Sir Robert Peel objected to allowing able-bodied men, in a state of destitution, relief; as if there were any difference between the case of a man who is starving, because, though able and willing to work, he cannot get employment, and of him who is starving from inability to work. If a man be refused relief because he is able to labour, two days' starvation will soon put him in the predicament Sir R. Peel desires, and entitle him to relief on the ground of impotency; for in that short space will his physical energies be impaired to the proper degree qualifying for relief.

QUALIFICATION FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—The wisdom of our ancestors is constantly appealed to by those who think that the human race is not progressive, and that the long-continued existence of an abuse is a sufficient reason for its continuance. The Radicals, who have a better opinion of mankind, may join issue with their antagonists on the wisdom of their ancestors—for in very many matters connected with government and trade we have been proceeding in a retrograde course for nearly two centuries. Before that period, we find no corn-laws, no restrictions on trade, no standing army—the country being defended by that feudal militia the maintaining of which is the tenure by which the landowners hold their estates. Then we find no pensioners, no civil lists, the sovereign defraying the expenses of the throne from his own private revenues and the demesne lands of the Crown. Excise, stamps, national debt—the only thing national we possess—were then all alike unknown. The qualification for Members of Parliament—that is, the necessity for possessing £600 a-year in land—is little more than a century old, the statutes which imposed it being the 9th Anne, c. 5, and 33 Geo. II. c. 20. In practice, these statutes are evaded something in the same style in which fictitious votes are made in Scotland; and Sir W. Molesworth's motion for their repeal was lost by a majority of only twenty-nine, the numbers being 104 and 133. Lord J. Russell admitted the absurdity of excluding merchants, however wealthy they might be in movable property, but opposed the abolition of qualifications. Lord Ebrington voted for the motion. The subject is in itself of little practical importance, as we do not believe that half a dozen of persons have been excluded from Parliament by the law; but we presume it is intended as a forerunner to the introduction of a measure which is essential to all proper representation—the payment of Members of Parliament for their attendance, joined with the right of a majority of the constituency to dismiss their representative whenever they may think fit. Until the electors and the elected stand on the well-known footing of principal and agent, the interest of the former will never be properly attended to, but will always be liable to be sacrificed to the whim, caprice, or love of aggrandizement of the representative.

ENGLAND.

The question of church-rates may now be considered as finally set at rest. A meeting of 400 delegates from Dissenting Societies and Anti-Church-Rate Associations, was held, in London, on the 1st February; and next day a public meeting took place, at which a petition to Parliament, for the abolition of Church-Rates, was agreed to. The delegates afterwards walked, in double file, to Downing Street, where they had an interview with Lord Melbourne, who assured them that the Government measure on church-rates would be satisfactory to them. These proceedings have excited great interest throughout the kingdom.

THE PEERS.—It may be useful for those who have a veneration for the peerage, on account of its antiquity, to look into any account of the peerage, or even almanack, and they will find that no fewer than 274, out of 394, have been created since 1760; and they may also observe that nearly all the Peers of old families are Liberals.

GAMBLING.—Lord de Roos, the Premier Baron of England, has been convicted of cheating at cards; the person who accused him, and whom he prosecuted for libel, having, on the clearest evidence, been acquitted by the jury. Whether his Lordship, after all, is worse than other card-players, may be doubted, as some of the *Honourable* gentlemen who were examined as witnesses, admitted on oath that they were in the practice of playing with his Lordship, and betting on his play, *after* they were perfectly aware that he was cheating. A similar circumstance occurred in a trial which took place some years ago in Edinburgh. The witnesses, in that case, did not seem to think there was anything wrong in betting on the success of the cheat.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBERAL PRESS.—A weekly newspaper, called *The Scottish Pilot*, has been started at Edinburgh, chiefly for the purpose of advocating, in season and out of season, the question of questions, Church Establishments or Religious Liberty. According to its prospectus, "Scottish Dissenters *must* support this paper—Liberal Churchmen *may* support it. "Must" has a compulsory sound. We trust the proprietors of *The Scottish Pilot*, whom we know to be men of the best intentions, will recollect that newspapers are taken in on the *voluntary* system; and that, if *The Pilot* is intended to make converts to religious liberty, it should have attractions for those who are not seeking for the truth as to the question of questions. At Glasgow, another weekly paper, *The Scottish Reformer's Gazette*, has been issued by Mr Peter Mackenzie, to whom we owe the "Exposure of the Spy System." It is of the most liberal principles, and advocates them with that redundancy of vigour which marks all the effusions of Mr Mackenzie's pen. Lancaster has at last a Liberal newspaper as well as a Tory one. *The Lancaster Guardian*, professing Radical and Voluntary Church principles, was commenced on 28th January, with every prospect of success. Oxford, too, has ventured upon a Liberal newspaper. Although *The Oxford City and County Chronicle* is neither a Radical nor a Voluntary, it cannot fail to do much good in a quarter where an organ of Liberal principles was so much wanted.

SCOTLAND.

The creditors of the town of Edinburgh, under the guidance of Sir William Rae, have refused to accept of 15s. per pound of their debts. We will venture to say many of them will be glad to get 12s. per pound ere long.

RENFREWSHIRE.—By the mismanagement of the Whigs in this county, the Tories have gained a signal victory. Sir John Maxwell was forced to abandon the contest, Mr Houston being 173 a-head of him at the close of the first day's poll.

IRELAND.

The weekly subscriptions to the National Association Fund amount to about £380 a-week. The Association has agreed to a resolution against any provision to the Catholic Clergy from the State.

A requisition for an exclusive meeting of the Protestants of Ireland having been issued by Lord Roden and several other Orange Peers, a protest against their proceedings was immediately originated by the Duke of Leinster, and was speedily signed by 34 Peers. 57 Members of the House of Commons expressed their entire concurrence in it. In this way, the attempt of the Orangemen, instead of being attended with any benefit to them, resulted in a complete defeat.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

We have from time to time pointed out the great and increasing prosperity of our commerce, and we are glad to find that the more the subject is investigated, the more clearly is that prosperity established. If we only go back for six years, and contrast our commerce during the last year the Tories were in office with that of 1835, we will

find ample grounds for exultation. The following table exhibits the result in a striking form :—

	1829	1835
British produce and manufactures exported, .	£36.150 379	£46.926,370
Linen manufacture, -	1,885,831	3,226 000
Woollen, . .	4,556,000	7 145,826
Cotton, . . .	17,140,114	22,128,384
Printed cottons, (yards)	130,075,858	379,811,176
Manufactured silk, .	£255,871	973,786
Iron and steel, average exported in 5 years, 1825 to 1829, . . .		87,237 tons.
Do. in do. 1830 to 1834,		142,071 ——

The increase of imports is equally remarkable. The following articles are those most exposed to foreign competition, the prohibitory duties on them having been of late years removed :—

	1829	1835
Kid skins imported, .	No. 698,604	1,044,000
Silk, raw, waste, and thrown, lbs.	2,292,2011	5,787,000

Let us look now to home consumption, perhaps the most important consideration of all :—

	1829	1835
Tea consumed, (lbs.)	29,495,190	36,574,304
Cocoa,	393.847	1,084,170
Soap, . . .	118.134.863	160,909 316
Seaborne coals, (tons)	4,270,557	8,416,805
Currants and raisins, (cwts.)	235,813	354,413
Cotton-wool, average 10 years, 1816 to 1825, (lbs.)	138,120,000	
Do. do. 1826 to 1835,		255,975,000

The condition of the industrious classes may be tried by another criterion—the amount of their deposits in the Saving Banks. In 1829 the number of depositors was 409,945, and the amount deposited £14,434,921—in 1835 the number was 537,517, and the amount £16,456,104. The insolvents have also been gradually decreasing since 1829—the number then was 4648, while in 1835 it had fallen to 3890.

The beneficial effects of reduction of duties in adding to the comforts of the people, without diminishing the income, is also shewn by the above returns. The duty on soap was reduced one-half in 1833, and on currants and raisins one-half in 1834. One or two years is evidently too short a period to allow the reduction of duty to exhibit its full effect ; but cocoa, the duty on which was reduced from 6d. to 2d. in 1832, so increased in consumption in three years, that the revenue derived from it in 1835 was nearly as great as before the reduction.

Two of the articles of daily consumption among all classes, the most heavily taxed, are tea and sugar, the duty on the first being 100, and on the other 80 or 90 per cent. It can hardly be doubted that, while the reduction of the duty one-half would tend greatly to increase the comforts of the people, the additional consumption would soon raise the revenue to its present amount. The reduction of the duty on these articles would be much more widely and sensibly felt than the repeal of the duty on malt; which, as we have formerly shewn, would reduce, in a very imperceptible degree, the price of malt liquor to the consumer, even on the supposition—improbable as we believe it—that the duty would not ultimately find its way into the pockets of the landowners in the shape of a higher price of barley and increased rents. Indeed, if the landowners did not think that this would be the inevitable result, we should not hear so much about the malt-tax.

AGRICULTURE.

The opposition to the Corn-Laws is steadily proceeding, and their supporters ought to lay their account in soon being engaged in an arduous contest. In every county, from Cornwall to Shetland, discussions on the impolicy of these laws are going on, and little or nothing is advanced in their defence. One of the staple arguments for their support, is, that this country being more highly taxed than any other, the taxes could not be paid, unless the agriculturists and landowners, who are assumed to be the chief tax-payers, were protected from competition with foreigners. But this argument is full of fallacies. The revenue of this country is not raised, as it is in most of the continental states, by a land or property tax ; but by taxes on articles of consumption. *Although it is the property alone of the country which is represented, it is not property but population which is taxed.* This fact has been overlooked in the Reform Acts. Of 45 millions of revenue collected in 1836, 32½ were raised by customs and excise, 77 by stamps, 1½ by the Post-Office, and little more than a million by the land-tax—a considerable proportion of which is paid by the inhabitants of towns. In 1821, in England and Wales, 847,957 families were chiefly employed in agriculture, and 1,645,466 in other pursuits ; so that not more than *one third* of the revenue is paid by those engaged in agriculture. It is, therefore, as false as it is paradoxical, to assert that taxing food enables the revenue to be paid.

But, farther, assuming that each individual in Britain consumes a quarter of wheat a-year, then, last year, there must have been about 18 millions of quarters consumed, which, at the average price of 50s., is 45 millions. Now, during the whole year, excellent foreign wheat could have been purchased in bond in England, at 30s. a-quarter. On the single article of wheat alone, therefore, the non-agricultural population of Britain paid 12 millions more than they would have done, had there been no Corn-Laws. If we take into view the other kinds of grain, of which the consumption must exceed 25 millions of quarters, we may add other 8 millions to the surplus expenditure of the non-agricultural classes in grain. To say nothing of butter, cheese, lamb, veal, beer, spirits, timber, and the numerous other products of the soil, which are either altogether prohibited or taxed to such an amount as to be virtually excluded, let us endeavour to ascertain the tax paid to the agriculturists on beef and mutton alone. Last year, the inhabitants of London consumed 16½ millions stones (8 lbs.)

of beef, at 3s. 5d. . . .	£2,818,750
15 millions stones of mutton, at 4s. .	3,000,000
	£5,818,750
Now, in Paris, by no means a cheap market, beef, of the first quality, averaged 2s. 11d. ; and mutton 3s. 1d., per London stone of 8lbs., at which prices the above supply could have been purchased for	4,718.250
Which is less than the inhabitants of London actually paid, by . . .	£1,100.500

The population of London and its vicinity may be taken at one million and a half, or one-twelfth of the whole population of Britain; but, assuming that they consume more animal food by one-third than the remaining population, or one-eighth of the whole, we have nearly nine millions, one-third of which is paid by the agriculturists, leaving six millions for the other classes ; so that, on grain, beef, and mutton, twenty-six millions are annually expended in Britain more than there ought to be, for the purpose of keeping up a system which is, beyond all doubt, pernicious to everybody but the owners of land, of whom there are not 100,000 ; and it is exceedingly questionable whether this insignificant fraction of the community, the *one hundred and eightieth* part of the whole, derives any benefit from it. This is surely a singular scheme for enabling the public revenue to be paid. Nothing but a legislature of land-owners, regardless of every interest but their own, would tolerate such a system for a single year. The effect of a high price of food in diminishing profits, shews also the absurdity of the argument of the corn monopolists ; but we must defer this point till a future occasion.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1837.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The form and manner of this long-expected work is one of the most striking indications of a revolution in letters, and of the democratic or popular tendency of publication, which has yet appeared. A memoir of Sir Walter Scott, written in obedience to his last solemn directions, by his son-in-law, the editor of the High-Tory and aristocratic Review, comes forth piecemeal, in half-guinea volumes, and, doubtless, after the nicest calculation of the commercial prudence of such a measure by all concerned. The fact is memorable. Books are not now published for patrons and the wealthy, but for the public; and if they be not adapted in everything, and even in price, to the public taste, they are treated with neglect. Splendid quarto editions, with "a beautiful rivulet of print meandering through meadows of margin," have no longer any chance against plain, legible, unpretending, and well-filled volumes. There is no longer a remunerating demand from the libraries of noblemen and gentlemen for what are called stock and standard books. The public is become the only patron and paymaster. The change is worthy of the congratulation of the wise, though, in the particular instance before us, one could have wished that the memory of Walter Scott had not lacked those customary honours of type, and board, and embellishment which he was prone to value, and which his distinguished compeers have received. But here is the volume—the *avant courier* of six volumes, or of three guineas' worth—and there is no reasonable cause for grumbling at a size and price which render it at once accessible to the mass of readers.

Mr Lockhart—who, take him for all in all, is, beyond doubt, the best qualified individual in existence to discharge the sacred trust bequeathed to him by Scott—accounts for the tardy appearance of the Life by the fortunate discovery of an autobiography, stowed away in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, and written at Ashestiel so far back as 1808. This circumstance compelled him to recast the first chapters of these memoirs.

This fragment of personal history reaches from the author's birth until 1792, when he passed his trials as an advocate, and assumed the robe. It is precious for its authorship, and bears many characteristics of Scott's mingled sagacity modesty, and amiability; yet it is meagre withal and unsatisfactory, at least to the ardent and pertinacious curiosity of the national reader concerning everything which relates to so distinguished a man. We would not let so precious a fragment slip; though we approve Mr Lockhart's judgment in preferring a fuller detail. Fulness has become absolutely necessary, from the many apocryphal and half-authenticated anecdotes of Scott's childhood and youth which have got into circulation.

From feelings of respect and veneration, Mr Lockhart has placed the autobiography, dated Ashestiel, April 26, 1808, first in the memoirs; and this arrangement, if not the most judicious, carries its own apology. The fragment, with numerous notes, added in 1826, fills about sixty pages of the volume, and will be regarded, we say not how justly, as the most valuable part of its ample contents.

No man indulged himself in the Scottish and Irish prejudice of birth to a more ludicrous extent than Sir Walter Scott. It was his most easily besetting foible—and yet he has drawn Sir Halbert Glendinning! Admit all his claims at his own value, and how many pedigrees, pure and lofty, might be traced in the parish of St Giles, the Canongate of Edinburgh, and the Liberties of Dublin? How is it that only the one cousin, nine or nineteen times removed, who scrambles for it, comes forth with the blazon of gentry, while the rest sink and disappear? And how, alas! does so much good and *gentle* blood ebb away into gutters and ditches? This foible might be forgiven in Sir Walter Scott. It was his hobby; but Mr Lockhart has cantered off in the same direction at an accelerated pace, and with much greater latitude of divergence. We shall, for this reason, adopt Sir Walter's own account of his ancestral dignities. It is, moreover, a fair specimen of the narrative.

> Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative as unalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families both by my father's and mother's side. My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of *Beardie*. He was the second son of

Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition, *Auld Watt* of Harden. I am therefore, lineally descended from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel. *Beardie*, my great-grandfather aforesaid, derived his cognomen from a venerable beard, which he wore unblemished by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stewart. . . . . Old Beardie died in a house, still standing, at the north-east entrance to the churchyard of Kelso, about——. He left three sons. The eldest, Walter, had a family, of which any that now remain, have been long settled in America:—the male-heirs are long since extinct. The third was William, father of James Scott, well known in India as one of the original settlers of Prince of Wales's Island:—he had, besides, a numerous family both of sons and daughters, and died at Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian, about——. The second, Robert Scott, was my grandfather.

What became of all these sons and daughters no one can tell; probably few of them are able to trace their pedigree. The great-granduncle alluded to in this narrative, must be the person meant in Mrs Hemans' letters, whom she describes as the grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, when she relates that he pointed out to her in Yarrow the scene of the duel in which he was killed. Scott's grandfather was the second son of *Beardie*. He was cast off destitute by his father. But he got a lease of the farm of Sandy-Knowe, now classic ground, and a loan of £30 with which to stock it. He afterwards became skilful in the cattle trade, and is described by his grandson as—

A man of middle stature, extremely active, quick, keen, and fiery in his temper, stubbornly honest, and so distinguished for his skill in country matters, that he was the general referee in all points of dispute which occurred in the neighbourhood. His birth being admitted as *gentle*, gave him access to the best society in the county, and his dexterity in country sports, particularly hunting, made him an acceptable companion in the field as well as at the table. Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, married in 1728, Barbara Haliburton, daughter of Thomas Haliburton of Newmains, an ancient and respectable family in Berwickshire. Among other patrimonial possessions, they enjoyed the part of Dryburgh, now the property of the Earl of Buchan, comprehending the ruins of the Abbey. My granduncle, Robert Haliburton, having no male heirs, this estate, as well as the representation of the family, would have devolved upon my father, and, indeed, Old Newmains had settled it upon him; but this was prevented by the misfortunes of my granduncle, a weak, silly man, who engaged in trade, for which he had neither stock nor talents, and became bankrupt. The ancient patrimony was sold for a trifle, (about £3000,) and my father, who might have purchased it with ease, was dissuaded by my grandfather, who at that time believed a more advantageous purchase might have been made of some lands which Raeburn thought of selling. And thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh, although my father's maternal inheritance, but the right of stretching our bones where mine may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances over these pages. Walter Scott, my father, was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a Writer to the Signet.

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Most attorneys have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expense of their clients—my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance, for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and be-knighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a law-suit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants.

It was so far fortunate that the son of Robert of Sandy-Knowe could stand such losses, and be in condition to purchase back the maternal family inheritance notwithstanding. As it is agreed, upon all hands, that Scott has drawn his father, and to the life, in Mr Saunders Fairford in "Redgauntlet," himself in Alan Fairford, and in Dairsie Latimer, his friend William Clerk, this portion of the autobiography is forestalled. His father married, in April 1758, Anne Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Dr John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. They had a family of twelve children, of whom seven died in infancy. Of the rest Sir Walter has given an interesting sketch. His eldest brother, Robert, was bred in the navy—he had a literary turn, but was boisterous and tyrannical; the second, John, was in the army; his only sister, Anne, was amiable and imaginative, but of a feeble, unhealthy constitution. She died young. At eighteen months, Scott, previously a strong, healthy child, lost the power of his right leg in a fever of teething. By his medical grandfather's advice—and it was a happy one—he was sent to Sandy-Knowes to be nursed, and to recruit, and was intrusted to a nurse-maid half-mad for love, who lay under strong temptations to cut the child's throat with her scissors, and bury him in the moss, that she might get back to Edinburgh to her sweetheart. She subsequently became a confirmed lunatic. Everything that a doting grandfather and grandmother, and that Miss Jenny Scott, a most maternal aunt, could do, was tried to restore the blighted limb, while the indifferent little Walter, then about three years old, was as anxious to hear of the defeat of Washington as afterwards of the disasters of Napoleon. He was already a Jacobite; and relates—

"This latter political propensity was deeply confirmed by the stories told in my hearing of the cruelties exercised in the executions at Carlisle, and in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden. One or two of our own distant relations had fallen on that occasion, and I remember detesting the name of Cumberland with more than infant hatred. Mr Curle, farmer at Yetbyre, husband of one of my aunts, had been present at their execution; and it was probably from him that I first heard these tragic tales which made so great an impression on me. The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. A more recent hero, but not of less note, was the celebrated *De'il of Littledean*, whom she well remembered, as he had married her mother's sister. . . . . .

"My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visiter, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty."

Mr Lockhart's description of this early and most interesting part of Scott's childhood, is, we think, very engaging, and fills in the shades which Scott has either modestly omitted, or, from some motive, forborne to throw into his sketch:—

He says that his consciousness of existence dated from Sandy-Knowe; and how deep and indelible was the impression which its romantic localities had left on his imagination, I need not remind the readers of "Marmion" and "The Eve of St John." On the summit of the Crags which overhang the farm-house stands the ruined tower of Smailholme, the scene of that fine ballad; and the view from thence takes in a wide expanse of the district in which, as has been truly said, every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song:—

"The lady looked in mournful mood,
Looked over hill and vale,
O'er Mertoun's wood, and Tweed's fair flood,
And all down Teviotdale."

Mertoun, the principal seat of the Harden family, with its noble groves; nearly in front of it, across the Tweed, Lessudden, the comparatively small but still venerable and stately abode of the Lairds of Raeburn; and the hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew-trees as ancient as itself, seem to lie almost below the feet of the spectator. Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rymer's interview with the Queen of Faerie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Erceldoun himself inhabited, "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes," the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels towards the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward, Melrose, "like some tall rock with lichens grey," appears clasped amidst the windings of the Tweed; and the distance presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels.

. . . . . .

There are still living in that neighbourhood two old women, who were in the domestic service of Sandy-Knowe, when the lame child was brought thither in the third year of his age. One of them, Tibby Hunter, remembers his coming well; and that "he was a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house." The young ewe-milkers delighted, she says, to carry him about on their backs among the crags; and he was "very gleg (quick) at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them." His great pleasure, however, was in the society of the "aged hind," recorded in the epistle to Erskine. "Auld Sandy Ormistoun," called, from the most dignified part of his function, "the Cow-bailie," had the chief superintendence of the flocks that browsed upon "the velvet tufts of loveliest green." If the child saw him in the morning, he could not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge.

"Here was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven."

The cow-bailie blew a particular note on his whistle, which signified to the maid-servants in the house below when the little boy wished to be carried home again. He told his friend, Mr Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that "the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life." There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunder-storm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out "Bonny, bonny!" at every flash.

. . . . . .

According to Tibby Hunter, he was not particularly fond of his book, embracing every pretext for joining his friend the cow-bailie out of doors; but "Miss Jenny was a grand hand at keeping him to the bit, and by degrees he came to read brawly." An early acquaintance of a higher class, Mrs Duncan, the wife of the present excellent minister of Mertoun, informs me, that, though she was younger than Sir Walter, she has a dim remembrance of the interior of Sandy-Knowe;—"Old Mrs Scott sitting, with her spinning-wheel, at one side of the fire, in a *clean clean* parlour; the grandfather, a good deal failed, in his elbow-chair opposite; and the little boy lying on the carpet, at the old man's feet, listening to the Bible, or whatever good book Miss Jenny was reading to them."

How charming is this picture! and how faithful!—In his fourth year, Walter was sent to Bath for the advantage of the waters in the cure of his lameness; and, under the care of his aunt, Miss Jenny. He remained about a year in Bath, and retained an accurate and even vivid recollection of all the wonders he had seen, but especially of the theatre. He came home uncured. Sea-bathing was next tried for his withered limb; and at Prestonpans, whither his aunt again accompanied him, he contracted a juvenile intimacy with a veteran ensign named *Dalgetty*, who told him how fields were won. Here also he first met Mr George Constable, the original of the Antiquary, and an admirer, as at four or five years he seems slily to have discovered, of his aunt Jenny. Mr Constable, he says—

Was the first person who told me about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters in Shakspeare. What idea I annexed to them I know not, but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested on the subject. *Indeed, I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend: and therefore, that to write down to children's understanding is a mistake; set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out.*

We request attention to the sentence we have put in *Italics;* as we are proud to find so weighty a corroboration of a favourite opinion of our own. The plan of the Edgeworths and other educational Utilitarians, to turn poetry into what they call its prose meaning, is one of the best contrivances that ever was fallen upon to starve and deaden the awakening imagination of a child. But it cannot succeed; nature disowns and repels it.

Little Scott found George's Square, the residence of his father, a much less agreeable residence than Sandy-Knowe.

The spoiled brat—

"The self-willed imp,
A grandame's child"—

now first began to taste the ills which poetic flesh is heir to; for, doubtless, his natural and cultivated sensibilities made him keenly alive to the change in his domestic circumstances, before he could say—

I had sense enough, however, to bend my temper to my new circumstances; but such was the agony which I internally experienced, that I have guarded against nothing more in the education of my own family, than against their acquiring habits of self-willed caprice and domination. I found much consolation, during this period of mortification, in the partiality of my mother. She joined, to a light and happy temper of mind, a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She

was sincerely devout, but her religion was, as became her sex, of a cast less austere than my father's. Still, the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath was severely strict, and I think injudiciously so. Although Bunyan's Pilgrim, Gesner's Death of Abel, Rowe's Letters, and one or two other books, which, for that reason, I still have a favour for, were admitted to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another; there was far too much tedium annexed to the duties of the day; and in the end it did none of us any good. My week-day tasks were more agreeable. My lameness and my solitary habits had made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of Homer, which, excepting a few traditionary ballads, and the songs in Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," was the first poetry which I perused. My mother had good natural taste and great feeling: she used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived at least to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day.

It has been said that his teachers, and those who had opportunities of observing Scott in early childhood, declared him a dunce. He denies that he was ever thought a dunce; but admits that he was reckoned an idle imp. Yet, if we are to receive implicitly a document recovered by Mr Lockhart, he must have been one of the most extraordinary children in the world. Mrs Cockburn, the celebrated authoress of the more modern "Flowers of the Forest," one of the most exquisite of our Scottish songs, supped one night at Scott's father's. Next day she wrote to Dr Douglas, then the minister of her native parish of Galashiels:—

"I last night supped in Mr Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone!' says he; 'crash it goes! —they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything.'"

The virtuoso was then six years and three months old! About the same time, his attendant, in one day giving alms to a poor mendicant, told the child to be thankful for the circumstances in which Providence had placed him. "The child looked up with a half wistful, half incredulous expression—and said, '*Homer was a beggar!*'" Walter was more of the elementary philosopher at this age than thirty years later.

After leaving Prestonpans, he went back to Sandy-Knowe, where, his grandfather being dead, his uncle Thomas managed the farm. He was very kind and indulgent to his little cripple nephew, to whom he gave *Marion*, a dwarf sheltie; which gift led to such daring feats of horsemanship, round the old Tower of Smailholm, as alarmed Aunty Jenny. He was soon recalled to town, and put regularly to the High School of Edinburgh; where, notwithstanding his lameness, he for some years not only distinguished himself more in the *yards* than in the *class*, but already drew an admiring audience around Luckie Brown's fireside to listen to his stories. But he has described this period himself in a way which distances all biographers. His brothers and himself had also a domestic tutor, named Mitchell, bred to the Kirk, and, according to Scott, a confirmed fanatic. Scott seems to have had a strong prejudice against the Presbyterian clergy, though bred a Pharisee of the Pharisees, or, in the phrase of Edinburgh, a Greyfriars' Whig. He praises Dr Duncan, the minister of his grandfather's parish, who had been chaplain to Lord Marchmont, as one who "was a gentleman in every feeling, and altogether different from those of his order who cringe at the tables of the gentry, or domineer and riot at those of the yeomanry."

Of his fanatical tutor, he says—"The calibre of his understanding may be guessed from his folly in giving up his living." All his own boyish prepossessions were opposed to those of Mitchell. "I," he remarks—

With a head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier—my friend was a Roundhead; I was a Tory, and he was a Whig. I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle: so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable. . . . . I took up my politics at that period as King Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentleman-like persuasion of the two.

Perhaps it was on the same principle Sir Walter continued to regulate his political creed.

This gentleman survived his pupil; and has given an interesting relation of their early intercourse, in a MS. work, drawn up for the use of his children, from which Mr Lockhart has obtained an extract. This excellent man, who gave up his living for conscience-sake, became ultimately the pastor of a small congregation at Wooler, where he lately died. He describes the strict Sunday discipline of Mr Saunders Fairford's family in George's Square, and expresses great admiration of the pains bestowed by both father and mother in instructing and setting a religious example before them. He tells, with diverting simplicity, that, "When in church, Master Walter had more of a soporific tendency than the rest of my young charge. This seemed to be constitutional. He needed one or other of the family to arouse him; and from this it might be inferred that he would cut a poor figure on the Sabbath evening when examined about the sermons. But, what excited the admiration of the family was, that none of the children, however wakeful, could answer as he did."

This good man sincerely loved all his pupils; but, above all the children of the family, he declares that Master Walter deserved the preference, "for temper, conduct, and talents

natural and acquired." The following anecdote is touchingly beautiful:—

Master Walter might be regarded not so much as a pupil of mine, but as a friend and companion, and, I may add, as an assistant also; for, by his example and admonitions, he greatly strengthened my hands, and stimulated my other pupils to industry and good behaviour. I seldom had occasion all the time I was in the family to find fault with him even for trifles, and only once to threaten serious castigation, of which he was no sooner aware than he suddenly sprung up, threw his arms about my neck, and kissed me. It is hardly needful to state, that now the intended castigation was no longer thought of. By such generous and noble conduct my displeasure was in a moment converted into esteem and admiration; my soul melted into tenderness, and I was ready to mingle my tears with his.

Master Walter, when a young advocate, first going the Aberdeen circuit, spent a night at Montrose with his former tutor; and, impressed even thus early, with the belief that Scott would arrive at honour and influence, the good man endeavoured to bespeak his patronage "in behalf of the strict and evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, in exerting himself to induce patrons to grant to the Christian people liberty to elect their own pastors in cases of vacancy. His answer struck me much—it was, 'Nay, nay, Mr Mitchell, I'll not do that; for, if that were to be done, I and the like of me would have no life with such as you.'"

Mr Mitchell was grieved to understand that his former pupil "devoted his precious time more to the *dulce* than the *utile* of composition," and wasted his talents upon ancient ballads and traditions of witches and fairies, though finally he is happy to understand that his novels are not quite so bad, or, rather, are "of a more pure and unexceptionable nature than characterises writings of a similar description."

But we anticipate. Even while Scott was under the strict discipline of Mr James Mitchell, who abhorred all profane ballads and harlotry plays, he contrived furtively to obtain stray volumes of Shakspeare from his mother's room; and accident threw the ingenious boy into the way of the poetical and blind Dr Blacklock, with whom and the young gentlemen boarded in his family, Walter became a favourite. He now read Ossian and Spenser—the latter dotingly; but, above all, he obtained Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry"—and his destiny was fixed. His aunt, Jenny, had, by this time, retired to Kelso, to a cottage situated in a large old-fashioned garden, or orchard; and with her Walter spent his long summer vacations—for fashion's sake attending the grammar school of Mr Lancelot Whale, who is described as a sort of Dominie Sampson. Here he first became acquainted with Mr James Ballantyne, then also under the discipline of Mr Whale. Master Walter, as a reader of Homer, occupied an isolated and honourable, but solitary post in the school, from whence he would whisper Ballantyne—"Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story."

In his "Essay on Landscape Gardening," he has commemorated the beauties of his Aunt Jenny's retreat:—

It was full of long straight walks, between hedges o yew and hornbeam, which rose tall and close on every side. There were thickets of flowery shrubs, a bower, and an arbour, to which access was obtained through a little maze of contorted walks calling itself a labyrinth. In the centre of the bower was a splendid platanus, or Oriental plane—a huge hill of leaves—one of the noblest specimens of that regularly beautiful tree which I remember to have seen. In different parts of the garden were fine ornamental trees, which had attained great size, and the orchard was filled with fruit trees of the best description. There were seats, and hilly walks, and a banqueting house. I visited this scene lately, after an absence of many years. Its air of retreat, the seclusion which its alleys afforded, was entirely gone; the huge platanus had died, like most of its kind, in the beginning of this century; the hedges were cut down, the trees stubbed up, and the whole character of the place so destroyed, that I was glad when I could leave it.

How charmingly, in the autobiography, he describes his young, enthusiastic feelings on here perusing the Percy ballads, while his heart burned within him!

I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the *garden* [his aunt's at Kelso] I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was, in this instance, the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.

Scott was now done with Latin; and he passes a grateful encomium on his virtues and scholarship, while he gives a sly, graphical description of his old teacher, the republican Dr Adams.

He went to college with slender knowledge of Greek, and, according to himself, made no addition to his stock. He had even the audacity to prefer Ariosto to Homer, in the face of his teacher Dalzell, who pronounced that "Dunce he was and dunce he would remain." He afterwards attended the Logic professor, and also the Moral Philosophy class, then taught by Dugald Stewart. He attempted mathematics with a private tutor. The opinion he avows regarding his attainments in learning is perhaps too humble, and his warnings and admonitory declarations savour somewhat of the pride which apes humility.

In the meanwhile, he enjoyed, in consequence of a lingering illness caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel, another long course of delicious miscellaneous reading.—At this time, his most intimate companion, Mr John Irving, attended him daily, watching over him with the warmth of young friendship.

The bed on which he lay was piled with a constant succession of works of imagination; and sad realities were forgotten amidst the brilliant day-dreams of genius drinking unwearied from the eternal fountains of Spenser and Shakspeare. Chess was recommended as a relief to these unintermitted though desultory studies; and he engaged eagerly in the game which had found favour with so many of his Paladins. Mr Irving remembers playing it with him hour after hour, in very cold weather, when, the windows being kept open as a part of the medical

treatment, nothing but youthful nerves and spirit could have persevered.

On his perfect recovery, Scott was bound apprentice for five years to his father, in order to acquire the routine knowledge of the business of an attorney's office. He disliked the drudgery of his post; but it had its consolations:—"The allowance for copy-money furnished a little fund for the *menus plaisirs* of the circulating library and the theatre; and this was no trifling incentive to labour. When actually at the oar, no man could pull it harder than I; and I remember writing upwards of 120 folio pages with no interval either for food or rest."

We like to hear from Scott himself of the growth and developement of his mind; and the following passage, we consider not only singular but important.

My greatest intimate, from the days of my schooltide, was Mr John Irving, now a Writer to the Signet. We lived near each other, and, by joint agreement, were wont, each of us, to compose a romance for the other's amusement. These legends, in which the martial and the miraculous always predominated, we rehearsed to each other during our walks, which were usually directed to the most solitary spots about Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. We naturally sought seclusion; for we were conscious no small degree of ridicule would have attended our amusement, if the nature of it had become known. Whole holidays were spent in this singular pastime, which continued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in directing the turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and prose. The translations of Mr Hoole having made me acquainted with Tasso and Ariosto, I learned from his notes on the latter, that the Italian language contained a fund of romantic lore. A part of my earnings was dedicated to an Italian class, which I attended twice a-week, and rapidly acquired some proficiency. I had previously renewed and extended my knowledge of the French language, from the same principle of romantic research. Tressan's romances, the Bibliothèque Bleue, and Bibliothèque de Romans, were already familiar to me, and I now acquired similar intimacy with the works of Dante, Boiardo, Pulci, and other eminent Italian authors. I fastened, also, like a tiger upon every collection of old songs or romances which chance threw in my way, or which my scrutiny was able to discover on the dusty shelves of John Sibbald's circulating library in the Parliament Square. This collection, now dismantled and dispersed, contained, at that time, many rare and curious works, seldom found in such a collection. Mr Sibbald himself, a man of rough manners, but of some taste and judgment, cultivated music and poetry; and, in his shop, I had a distant view of some literary characters, besides the privilege of ransacking the stores of old French and Italian books, which were in little demand among the bulk of his subscribers. Here I saw the unfortunate Andrew Macdonald, author of "Vimonda;" and here, too, I saw, at a distance, the boast of Scotland, Robert Burns.

In another place, it is stated, upon his own authority, that, before he was ten years old, he had bound up several volumes of *Chap books* and ballads—by binding up, no doubt meaning the stitching together the *bunch of ballads* which then formed, and probably still form, a main portion of the winter fire-side entertainment of every farm-house in Selkirk and Roxburghshires, and indeed of all Lowland Scotland. Scott became strong and even robust after his long illness; and, defying lameness, he began a course of those pedestrian excursions to old towers and castles, to which the neighbourhood of Edinburgh affords so many temptations. He says—

I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback, and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a-day. A distinct instance occurs to me. I remember walking with poor James Ramsay, my fellow apprentice, now no more, and two other friends, to breakfast at Prestonpans. We spent the forenoon in visiting the ruins at Seton, and the field of battle at Preston—dined at Prestonpans on *tiled haddocks*, very sumptuously—drank half a bottle of port each, and returned in the evening. This could not be less than thirty miles; nor do I remember being at all fatigued upon the occasion.

Rambles of this kind, little fishing excursions, and explorations of feudal holds and pictorial scenes, have long and happily been the Ascot and Epsom, or Greenwich Fair of the youth of Edinburgh; and Scott intensely enjoyed those rational and delightful modes of recreation. Sometimes, however, "Mr Walter" forgot to return home at night; and until his father was broken into a toleration of such escapades by their repetition, there was offence and remonstrance. Even before this period, he had seen the finest parts of Stirlingshire and Perthshire in casual journeys of business made to his father's Highland clients; and on these tours,

"Imagination feeding at the eye,"

took in nourishment for a lifetime. Among other apocryphal or highly-embellished stories which Mr Lockhart has reported in simple good faith, such as the legend of the Blue-gown—a traditionary tale which had been floating in Scotland for generations before Scott was born, together with its pointed concluding phrase, and of which an edition is to be found in all our great towns—the following amusing, though most improbable story is recited:—

I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first visit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether he told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the Clan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case. On reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive tower and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three sons, and perhaps half-a-dozen attendant *gillies*, all stretched half asleep in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady, and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their "bowers," and when they re-appeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds. He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days. I must not forget his admiration at the principal article of this laird's first course; namely, a gigantic *haggis*, borne into the hall in a wicker basket by two half-naked Celts, while the piper strutted fiercely behind them, blowing a tempest of dissonance.

Although we were to receive the thrift of the

ladies carting the manure, so long before Sir John Sinclair's husbandry or Lord Meadowbank's compost *middens* had been heard of, and were to let the piper and the idle gillies lounge around, it is impossible to swallow the gigantic *haggis;* and for the substantial reason, that every *haggis* must of necessity be limited by the dimensions of the haggis-bag, and that again by the size of the sheep whose stomach is employed. But a *gigantic* haggis supposes an elephant. When, under the old *regime,* it was found necessary to afford some ostensible employment to the chief's multitudinous *tail,* to keep them out of mischief, we have heard of such things as two gillies carrying in the pile of bannocks and oaten cakes, and another pair, the enormous *pièce de resistance* which furnished the banquet, and so on, to the number of a dozen or more, of sewers, skinkers, and serving-men; but even this usage was exploded generations since. So we must demur to the pipe-marshalled haggis, save as a good story, such as Sir Walter Scott could tell of the clans or of anything else, but which he could not mean to be seriously believed. A lively fiction may often be better than a dull fact, though the interests of truth demand some definite bounds. Sir Walter Scott, especially in his prefaces, abounds in mystifications and loose statements; but then, we presume, he required no one to believe more than seemed good and agreeable to him.

Attendance at the Civil Law Class renewed Scott's intimacy with several of the more distinguished of his old schoolfellows, whose destination was the bar, and fixed the ambition of Mr Saunders Fairford's apprentice on the same goal. This class opened up new views in many ways. There he first became acquainted with William Clerk of Eldin, and, through him, with the aristocratic group that Lockhart describes, in Scott's words, as the *Scottish noblesse de la robe:*—

He soon became linked in the closest intimacy with George Cranstoun, (now Lord Corehouse,) George Abercromby, (now Lord Abercromby,) Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre, John James Edmonstone of Newton, Patrick Murray of Simprim, and a group of other young men, all high in birth and connexion, and all remarkable in early life for the qualities which afterwards led them to eminent station, or adorned it. The introduction to their several families is alluded to by Scott as having opened to him abundantly certain advantages which no one could have been more qualified to improve, but from which he had hitherto been in great measure debarred in consequence of the retired habits of his parents.

Scott was at this time homely in his costume, if not a sloven; and it was not until he fell in love, and aspired to become "the squire of dames," that he paid any attention to his dress. Clerk told that he

Rallied Walter during one of their first evening walks together, on the slovenliness of his dress; he wore a pair of corduroy breeches, much glazed by the rubbing of his staff, which he immediately flourished—and said, "They be good enough for drinking in—let us go and have some oysters in the Covenant Close."

Convivial habits were then indulged among the young men of Edinburgh, whether students of law, writers, or barristers, to an extent now happily unknown; and this anecdote recalls some striking hints on that subject which occur in Scott's brief autobiography. That he partook profusely in the juvenile bacchanalia of that day, and continued to take a plentiful share in such jollities down to the time of his marriage, are facts worthy of being distinctly stated; for no man in mature life was more habitually averse to every sort of intemperance.

Of this period of Scott's life, Mr Lockhart relates many pleasing anecdotes, of which we can take but one:—

William Clerk well remembers his father telling a story which was introduced in due time in "The Antiquary." While he was visiting his grandfather, Sir John Clerk, at Dumcrieff, in Dumfriesshire, many years before this time, the old Baronet carried some English virtuosos to see a supposed Roman camp; and, on his exclaiming at a particular spot, "This I take to have been the Prætorium," a herdsman, who stood by, answered, "Prætorium here, Prætorium there, I made it wi' a flaughter spade." Many traits of the elder Clerk were, his son has no doubt, embroidered on the character of George Constable in the composition of Jonathan Oldbuck. The old gentleman's enthusiasm for antiquities was often played on by these young friends, but more effectually by his eldest son, John Clerk, (Lord Eldin,) who, having a great genius for art, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which, after being buried for a convenient time in the ground, were accidentally discovered in some fortunate hour, and received by the laird with great honour as valuable accessions to his museum.

In Mr Campbell's entertaining Letters from Algiers, he mentions a secretary of John Clerk's, who, in reference to his employer's fondness for modelling in stucco, was one morning tempted to remonstrate—"Eh, Maister Clerk, but I wonder a sensible man like you can put off your time makin' stooky men."

Scott states that, in looking back, he cannot, in all respects, approve of the manner in which the days of this brotherhood were spent. "There was too much idleness, and too much convivality." Yet his remorse does not seem to outgo the occasion.

Longer and more frequent excursions and rambles, was one of the happiest consequences of this new association. These were the amusements of the leisure intervals of summer; as literary and debating societies, terminating in oyster *ploys*, were of those of winter. His object, in his tours, was romantic scenery; but that sunk and became secondary to the stirring impulses begotten by historical, poetical, and chivalrous associations. He says—

To me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery; on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. . . . . Shew me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St Andrews, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St Andrew's to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep.

It was in his nineteenth year, that Scott entered zealously upon his law studies, in which he persevered diligently for four years. It is acknowledged by his biographer, as well as him-

self, that he was no great scholar; and his proficiency in legal knowledge was probably upon a par with his other regular attainments. Yet he must have been both diligent and persevering while law continued his first object. Mr Lockhart cites his bad hand-writing in proof of his industry.

That nothing might interrupt his legal studies, a little parlour, as he describes it, was assigned him in his father's house, "which was spacious and convenient," and of which he took possession with as much delight as the mansion of Abbotsford could have afforded to him in after years. There was formed the nucleus of his future collections, and of that

"Routh o' auld nick-nackets"

which lumbers Abbotsford.

The imagination of a poet, and that turn for aggrandizing and embellishing the most commonplace scenes or objects—the faculty which makes

"Cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall"—

is fully evinced in the case of this dingy sanctum, which wore a very different aspect to Mr Jeffrey, and probably to all other commonplace eyes. Mr Lockhart relates that Lord Jeffrey "remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen nightcap; and when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a 'portentuous machine.' He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him 'in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's Square, surrounded with dingy books,' from which they adjourned to a tavern and supped together."

In this den Scott had already got together a Lochaber axe, a claymore, a print of Prince Charlie, and a skull and cross bones.

He had now obtained the *entrée* at Dugald Stewart's, and had long been a visiter at the house of John Home, the author of Douglas.

Among his convivial clubs was the *Teviotdale*, at which he renewed his boyish acquaintance with Mr James Ballantyne, who was attending the law classes, previous to commencing business in Kelso as a solicitor. Mr Ballantyne's information to the biographer, so far as this volume goes, is of no great interest.

Mr Lockhart has seen fit to hunt up a mysterious story, drawn from an early correspondence, which it might have been as well either to suppress altogether, from delicacy to the parties, (if that was called for,) or to tell out, from respect to the public which he addresses. The biographer has a wide charter; but he must, as we take it, upon certain occasions, either preserve a strict silence, or speak frankly out. He has no right to tantalize the reader, unless his hints are really meant as a fillip to curiosity which is afterwards to be gratified. The grave and formal apologies in the preface, for "trenching upon delicacy in certain details" concerning Scott's early disappointment in love, seem also quite uncalled for. Mr Lockhart states that he would have preferred to omit these "love passages"—but he has not; and he adds that, as he has been constrained to tell the story, he has done so "truly and intelligibly." Now, the fact is, that a mystery is, for the first time, made of a matter that has been current gossip in Scotland for more than forty years; and the story in Mr Lockhart's narrative is so far from being "intelligible" that an affair is involved in triple darkness which three plain sentences would have cleared away, and without shadow of blame. Some one else will undoubtedly supply to longing readers the tantalizing *hiatus*, which tens of thousands in Scotland have the power of doing. Why, then, touch upon the matter at all, and not at once tell the little all that was to be told? Young Scott had admired this lady for several years; and, at the end of five, if we may credit the dates, she was giving him a very reasonable degree of encouragement. He was, indeed, in no condition to marry; but the lady must have been perfectly aware of his circumstances and prospects. We may excuse the introduction of this unsatisfactory story for the sake of one letter of Scott's. To a confidential friend he says—

You have formed precisely the same opinion with me, both with regard to the interpretation of —— ——'s letter as highly flattering and favourable, and to the mode of conduct I ought to pursue—for, after all, what she has pointed out is the most prudent line of conduct for us both, at least till better days, which, I think myself now entitled to suppose, she, as well as I myself, will look forward to with pleasure. If you were surprised at reading the important billet, you may guess how agreeably I was so at receiving it; for I had, to anticipate disappointment, struggled to suppress every rising gleam of hope—and it would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, *entre nous*, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying. I read over her epistle about ten times a-day, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candour—and as often take shame to myself for the mean suspicions which, after knowing her so long, I could listen to, while endeavouring to guess how she would conduct herself. To tell you the truth, I cannot but confess that my *amour propre*, which one would expect should have been exalted, has suffered not a little upon this occasion, through a sense of my own *unworthiness*, pretty similar to that which afflicted Linton upon sitting down at Keir's table. I ought perhaps to tell you, what, indeed, you will perceive from her letter, that I was always attentive, while consulting with you upon the subject of my declaration, rather to under than over-rate the extent of our intimacy.

Those who have read Captain Hall's "Schloss Hainfeld" will remember how warm an interest Miss Cranstoun took in the advancement of Scott's suit. Mr Lockhart, in quoting an eccentric letter from her to Scott, says—

The affair in which this romantic creature took so lively an interest, was now approaching its end. It was known, before this autumn closed, that the lady of his vows had finally promised her hand to his amiable rival; and, when the fact was announced, some of those who knew Scott the best appear to have entertained very serious apprehensions as to the effect [which the disap-

pointment might have upon his feelings. For example, one of those brothers of *the Mountain* wrote as follows to another of them, on the 12th October 1796 :—"Mr —— marries Miss ——. This is not good news. I always dreaded there was some self-deception on the part of our romantic friend, and I now shudder at the violence of his most irritable and ungovernable mind. Who is it that says, "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for LOVE?' I hope sincerely it may be verified on this occasion."

So the forlorn youth had deceived himself. Miss —— did not care a fig about him and his hopes of "long years," but at once accepted his *amiable rival*—and without appearing to feel that the almost briefless barrister had any concern in the matter.

Scott had dedicated a few sonnets to her eyebrow, which his friends Erskine and Clerk thought "very poor," as they probably at this time would have done everything that proceeded from his Galilean pen. Fashion and fame had not yet stamped their imprimatur upon his poorest effusions. Among the verses to this first and only romantic lady-love of Scott's are the well-known and beautiful lines "To a Violet."

Immediately after this melancholy termination of

"Hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,"

he published his translations of Bürger's "Lenore," and "The Wild Huntsman." These German wonders had been introduced to Edinburgh literary circles by Mrs Barbauld; but Scott's first or best acquaintance with German literature is ascribed by his biographer to Mrs Scott of Harden, a lady of noble German descent, who had shortly before married "his kinsman," as Mr Lockhart, with a true Scotsman's adhesion to *gentle* blood, calls Harden. This lady is here described as performing for the young provincial poet those gracious offices of refining or protecting womanhood, which, if we remember aright, Mr Lockhart, in writing to Captain Hall, formerly ascribed to Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess Purgstall. No one will grudge Mrs Scott of Harden her laurels; but, on the other hand, no one can like to see them so very soon plucked from the brow of Miss Cranstoun, to adorn a newer patroness and fairer critic.

Scott was not at this period, nor probably at any other, an inveterate or set letter-writer, composing, with *malice prepense*, fine and witty epistles. He reserved his pen for better occasions, and would probably, if expected to become a regular correspondent, have, like Charles Lamb, laughingly asked his friends how much they paid a sheet? When on his Border excursions, however, he wrote to his club cronies or to his female relatives; and Mr Lockhart seems to have amassed from many quarters a much more voluminous than select, miscellaneous correspondence.

From what has appeared of it, we shall take a few illustrative extracts, chiefly because they display Scott's character and tastes at this early period. This we consider to cast a shadow before his path. The letter is dated from one of those places in the heart of the Cheviots, where the Kelso folks, and those of that region, still repair to drink goats' whey, and to make watering-places in the hills, if we may so speak.

The morning's sun beheld us on our journey, through a pass in the Cheviots, upon the back of two special nags, and man Thomas behind with a portmanteau, and two fishing rods fastened across his back, much in the style of St. Andrew's Cross. Upon reaching Wooler we found the accommodation so bad that we were forced to use some interest to get lodgings here, where we are most delightfully appointed indeed. To add to my satisfaction, we are amidst places renowned by the feats of former days; each hill is crowned with a tower, or camp, or cairn, and in no situation can you be near more fields of battle: Flodden, Otterburn, Chevy Chase, Ford Castle, Chillingham Castle, Copland Castle, and many another scene of blood are within the compass of a forenoon's ride. Out of the brooks with which these hills are intersected, we pull trouts of half a yard in length, as fast as we did the perches from the pond at Pennycuick, and we are in the very country of muirfowl.

Often as I have wished for your company, I never did it more earnestly than when I rode over Flodden Edge.

He then proceeds to make a rude prose outline of a future scene in Marmion, and finishes thus naturally:—

My uncle drinks the whey here, as I do ever since I understood it was brought to his bedside every morning at six, by a very pretty dairy-maid. So much for my residence. All the day we shoot, fish, walk, and ride; dine and sup upon fish struggling from the stream, and the most delicious heath-fed mutton, barn-door fowls, poys,* milk-cheese, &c. all in perfection; and so much simplicity resides among these hills, that a pen, which could write at least, was not to be found about the house.

To the same correspondent, Clerk, he writes from Rosebank, in the following year:—

"I am lounging about the country here, to speak sincerely, as idle as the day is long. Two old companions of mine, brothers of Mr Walker of Wooden, having come to this country, we have renewed a great intimacy. As they live directly upon the opposite bank of the river, we have signals agreed upon, by which we concert a plan of operations for the day. They are both officers, and very intelligent young fellows; and, what is of some consequence, have a brace of fine greyhounds. Yesterday forenoon we killed seven hares, so you may see how plenty the game is with us. I have turned a keen duck shooter, though my success is not very great; and, when wading through the mosses upon this errand, accoutred with a long gun, a jacket, musquito trowsers, and a rough cap, I might well pass for one of my redoubted mosstrooper progenitors, Walter Fire-the-Braes, or rather Willie wi' the Bolt-Foot.

This *Willie wi' the Bolt-Foot* was a stalwart Border hero of the Harden family, whose character, deeds of prowess, and club-foot, Mr Lockhart conjectures to have had no mean influence on his descendant or clansman.

The South circuit naturally attracted the young advocate; and he had no sooner *passed*, than he attended the court at Jedburgh; but only as a looker-on. About this time, he became acquainted with Mr Robert Shortreed, the sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire. This gentleman had many connexions in Liddesdale; and, for seven successive years, they made a *raid* into that country, for the ostensible purpose of picking up old ballads and legends, and for other objects, not less worthy of the pursuit of Borderers of taste and spirit. A narrative of these expeditions has been obtained from one of the sons of Mr Shortreed, which, Mr Lockhart asserts, re-

* Pies.

presents the conversation of the worthy Jedburgh functionary exactly as it was. Without this information, we should have imagined the chronicles of the raids into Liddesdale, an imitation of Hogg's style. In fact, Hogg's narratives and these are, in character, identical:—

There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley: the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity—even such "rowth o' auld nicknackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches, seems very doubtful. "He was *makin' himsel* a' the time," said Mr Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."

"In those days," says the memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty—at least, about Liddesdale;" and the worthy sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited, (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm,) when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il has me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think."

According to Mr Shortreed, this good-man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont. As he seems to have been the first of these upland sheep-farmers that Scott ever visited, there can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture. . . . . I have the best reason to believe that the kind and manly character of Dandie, the gentle and delicious one of his wife, and some, at least, of the most picturesque peculiarities of the *menage* at Charlieshope, were filled up from Scott's observation, years after this period, of a family, with one of whose members he had, through the best part of his life, a close and affectionate connexion. To those who were familiar with him, I have perhaps already sufficiently indicated the early home of his dear friend, William Laidlaw, among "the braes of Yarrow."

They dined at Millburnholm, and after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl until, in Mr Shortreed's phrase, they were "*half-glowrin*," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr Elliot's at Cleughhead, where ("for," says my memorandum, "folk werna very nice in those days,") the two travellers slept in one and the same bed; as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district.

Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt* of *Dick o' the Cow*. Before starting—that is, at six o'clock—the ballad-hunters had, "just to lay the stomach, a deviled duck or twae, and some *London* porter." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for "breakfast" on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all the specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel resembling a very small milk-pail, which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonfuls of spirits—though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. "Ah, me," says Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare)—but drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' guid humour."

This may be slightly touched with caricature; but a good caricature is always more acceptable than a bad likeness. On this same *raid*, Sir Walter was enriched by the gift of an old Border war-horn. "How *great* he was when he was made master o' that!" quoth Mr Shortreed.

I believe it had been found in Hermitage Castle—and one of the doctor's servants had used it many a day as a grease-horn for his scythe, before they discovered its history. When cleaned out, it was never a hair the worse—the original chain, hoop, and mouthpiece of steel were all entire, just as you now see them. Sir Walter carried it home all the way from Liddesdale to Jedburgh, slung about his neck like Johnny Gilpin's bottle, while I was intrusted with an ancient bridlebit, which we had likewise picked up.

> "The feint o' pride—na pride had he . . .
> A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,
> And a great meikle knowt-horn to rout on had he."

And meikle and sair we routed on't, and "hotched and blew, wi' micht and main." Oh, what pleasant days! And then a' the nonsense we had cost us naething. We never put hand in pocket for a week on end. Toll-bars there were none—and, indeed, I think our haill charges were a feed o' corn to our horses in the gangin' and comin' at Riccartoun Mill.

In the summer vacation after his first Liddesdale expedition, he made a long desultory excursion into Stirlingshire and Perthshire, diverging into Forfarshire with his friend Clerk; halting at every hospitable mansion, or straying among kith, kin, and allies, in the easy manner then common among young Edinburgh lawyers and students of respectable connexions, and not yet wholly exploded. Here Scott picked up much of those rich materials which he afterwards turned to ample account in "Waverley" and his other works.

It was now 1794, and the period which has been aptly termed the Dundas Reign of Terror. Mr Lockhart has judiciously forborne any marked exposition of Scott's partisan feeling or conduct, at a period of Edinburgh history to which no Tory of honour or principle can have much pleasure in looking back; and it might have been better to have omitted altogether those early exploits, which Scott's best friends blamed at the time, and which redound little in any way to his credit. Mr Lockhart's account of the theatrical *row* is, besides, partial and one-sided; though he may never have had the means of seeing both sides in a fair point of view. The disturbances which took place in the Edinburgh theatre originated, we believe, in a quarrel be-

tween certain swaggering subalterns belonging to the regiment then lying in the Castle, and the Irish students; and the overbearing insolence of the military, and afterwards of the young Tories of the Parliament House, was at least as provoking to the excited Irishmen, glowing with the first ardours of republican feeling, as the proud and patriotic defiance of "Paddy," which Mr Lockhart describes as studied insult to the boxes, could be to the loyal partisans of Dundas and *Things as they were*. The national anthem had been degraded into a party tune; and the Irishmen did not choose to submit to the insolent order of "Hats off!" as often as the subalterns and writers chose to disturb the house by giving it. Resistance and tumult were inevitable. One night, the usual affray ended in a regular preconcerted skirmish on the part of the Tories, with a flourish of shillelahs on both sides. Mr Lockhart's informant, in this transaction, says—

"Walter was certainly our Coriphæus, and signalized himself splendidly in this desperate fray: and nothing used afterwards to afford him more delight than dramatizing its incidents. Some of the most efficient of our allies were persons previously unknown to him, and of several of these whom he had particularly observed, he never lost sight afterwards. There were, I believe, cases in which they owed most valuable assistance in life to his recollection of *the playhouse row*." To this last part of Sir Alexander's testimony I can also add mine; and I am sure my worthy friend, Mr Donald M'Lean, W.S., will gratefully confirm it. When that gentleman became candidate for some office in the Exchequer, about 1822 or 1823, and Sir Walter's interest was requested on his behalf—"To be sure!" said he, "did not he sound the charge upon Paddy? Can I ever forget Donald's 'Sticks, by G—t?'"

We fear that even worse and more slender services in the same good cause of Toryism than those of this fiery Celt, were long held by "Walter's" party, as the fittest qualification for office, and as the strongest plea for the monopoly of all public emoluments.

We hear of nothing whatever, in relation to Scott, of the memorable trials of Muir and Gerrald; but the trials of Watt and Downie, in the following year, seem to have attracted his attention to an extraordinary extent. In introducing to the reader a letter from Scott to his mother's half-sister, Miss Christian Rutherford, a maiden lady with whom he was in frequent correspondence, Mr Lockhart gives an account of Watt's trial, which is palpably erroneous. We also venture to think, that, though Scott's share in this affair, and his two letters concerning it, had been left to oblivion, no damage could have been done to his memory. Sir Walter Scott died an alarmist; but this weakness might be pitied as the natural consequence of a racked and overspent mind; but it is humiliating to the pride of intellect, to find him, in the vigour of manhood, describing the idiotic scheme of Dundas's traitorous spy, as most alarming to the public security of the country. How horrified the worthy maiden, and, probably, the parish minister, must have been, when the young advocate's awful epistles disturbed the repose of Ashestiel! Watt (actuated by the same zeal of loyalty which was the boast of every friend of the abuses which they baptised "our glorious constitution," and, according to his own professions, holding the seditious and treasonable designs of the Friends of the People in as ardent abhorrence as any Tory whatever) tendered his virtuous services to Mr Dundas—and had them accepted. He was, by a mental combination by no means rare, a fool as well as a knave; and his few dupes, for we deny that he was ever countenanced by the Reformers, were greater fools than himself. He fell into his own snare and was noosed by the Government, while no man regretted his fate. His principal dupe, Downie—whom Lockhart describes "as one Downie a mechanic," but who was in fact a respectable goldsmith in the Parliament Square, whose shop Scott must have passed every day—was reprieved; and it is lamentable and revolting to find Scott actually regretting that this ensnared dupe of the treacherous spy had been allowed to escape the dire punishment of treason. His business was ruined, his family broken up and dispersed, but he was mercifully allowed by Pitt and Dundas to carry his head upon his shoulders to the grave, though in America—and Walter Scott regrets this act of mercy! How much does this little circumstance, in connexion with a mind like Scott's, tell of the warped partisan and even blood-thirsty feelings which then pervaded the rabid Tories of Edinburgh! We should rejoice to see these things obliterated in every future edition of this memoir. And now a word to Mr Lockhart. By what possible means has he learned that Watt's plan—fostered, or at least winked at, by the Government—was "supposed to be arranged in concert with the Hardies, Thelwalls, Holcrofts, and so forth"—and he might have added "the Horne Tookes" as well? What man in his senses ever said or supposed any such thing? Who ever believed it—anxious as Government was that it should be believed? Not Mr Lockhart, we are certain. Yet there is no bounds to the credulity of your thorough partisan. Scott seems actually to have imagined that the brawls in the theatre were, as he says, "found to have formed a link of the chain." The Irish students whose heads he had helped to break, were, in short, the same blood-thirsty individuals who, together with Watt, were to take the Castle, seize the banks, and cut the throats of all the loyal inhabitants of Edinburgh.

Stooks* (he writes) was the prime mover of the whole, and the person who supplied the money; and our theatrical disturbances are found to have formed one link of the chain. So, I have no doubt, Messrs Stooks, Burk, &c., would have found out a new way of paying old debts.

We turn, for relief, from these transactions to Scott's military fanaticism. The volunteers were embodied; and he was seized with the most violent symptoms of that scarlet-fever which was

* The name should, we think, be Stocks, which Mr Lockhart gives as Stooks. This young Irishman, about the time of the theatrical disturbances, fought a duel with an officer in consequence of them, and was wounded. He was a wild Republican, and afterwards went to France.

the furious epidemic of the times he has described so well in "The Antiquary." His lameness prevented Scott from serving in the foot; but the yeomanry were raised, and, to his inexpressible delight, he at last swung in a saddle—

"With his long spurs and sabre so bright."

Mr Lockhart relates, that—

Some of Scott's most intimate friends at the Bar—partly, no doubt, from entertaining political opinions of another cast—were by no means disposed to sympathize with the demonstrations of his military enthusiasm at this period. For example, one of these gentlemen thus writes to another in April 1797:—"By the way, Scott is become the merest trooper that ever was begotten by a drunken dragoon on his trull in a hay loft. Not an idea crosses his mind, or a word his lips, that has not an allusion to some d——d instrument or evolution of the cavalry—'Draw your swords—by single files to the right of front—to the left wheel—charge.' After all, he knows little more about wheels and charges than I do about the wheels of Ezekiel, or the King of Pelew about charges of horning on six days' date. I saw them charge on Leith Walk a few days ago, and I can assure you it was by no means orderly proceeded."

Scott celebrated the embodying of the Edinburgh troop in a chivalrous lyric, which his biographer has passed over, though the strain is found in his works, and has been greatly admired. Hogg, indeed, relates, in his characteristic manner, that, when Sir Walter first made this piece of what north country folks call *glorifluckum* be sung to his comrades at the mess table, one of them—Captain Robinson, we think—cried out, "That's but a *drool* of a sang. Let us have *Donald Macdonald!*" The Shepherd's patriotic lilt was given accordingly, with great glee, in full chorus, to the great satisfaction of the company, who, at this time, had small understanding and less value for Scott's high-flown assimilation of the *sour-milk troop** to the knights of the old romances.

It was in the autumn of 1797, that Scott, in an excursion to the little watering-place of Gilsland, in Cumberland, first saw Miss Carpenter or *Charpentier*, whom, after a happy wooing not long a-doing, he married. There is so much gossip, and so many floating and contradictory stories about this affair, and the parentage of the lady, that, although Mr Lockhart has no doubt given the edition which he believes correct, we fear he is far from having settled the question for ever. Not to mention Hogg's anecdotes and insinuations—which certainly ought to be noticed, as they have obtained a great circulation both at home and in America, and will not soon be forgotten, and, unless peremptorily contradicted by authority, never be wholly disbelieved—there is at this moment lying upon our table a small work, entitled "Anecdotes of the Family Circle," which contains an account of the peculiar circumstances of Lady Scott's early life, diametrically opposite, in many important points, to that which Mr Lockhart has given; and yet minute, circumstantial, and wearing the appearance of an intimate knowledge of the facts. For example, Mr Lockhart states that he has never heard what post the father of Miss Charpentier—which gentleman he describes as "a devoted loyalist"—held in the service of the King of France. We find him described here as holding "the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family." We have no desire to go farther into this matter; but the book containing the scandal is published, but the other month, by respectable and extensive dealers, who, we believe, publish, among other things, the Messrs Chambers' widely-circulated *Journal*. It is, therefore, we submit, in every view, advisable for the biographer, if he would not have his silence misconstrued, at once to meet such glaring statements, and either to disprove or explain them. They will be talked of. Nothing in which Sir Walter Scott is concerned, however remotely, can, or ought to be forgotten; and there is wisdom and manliness in meeting every charge.

Mr Lockhart becomes almost poetical, in describing the personal charms of his mother-in-law, as she first appeared at Gilsland. Her lover's description is much more sober, and probably as correct. The love and the proposal must both have been rather hastier affairs than Miss Edgeworth might have approved; yet the letter which Scott addressed to his mother is exceedingly prudent. Scott had by this time been five years at the bar; his professional emoluments were very slender, though they had steadily improved, from £25, in the first year, to above £144, in the fifth—of which, however, £50 came from his father's office. Thus his prospects were not of the brightest. His father was now rendered unfit for business, by ill health—we believe by paralysis; and for some time the business of the office had been falling off. Scott's hasty marriage, in short—we hope it is no treason to say it—was the evident result of sudden admiration of a pretty and lively young woman, who had an income of £500 a-year. He writes, however, like a man of sense and principle.

I have been very explicit with her upon the nature of my expectations; and she thinks she can accommodate herself to the situation which I should wish her to hold in society as my wife, which, you will easily comprehend, I mean should neither be extravagant nor degrading. Her fortune, though partly dependent upon her brother, who is high in office at Madras, is very considerable—at present £500 a-year. This, however, we must, in some degree, regard as precarious—I mean to the full extent; and indeed when you know her you will not be surprised that I regard this circumstance chiefly because it removes those prudential considerations which would otherwise render our union impossible for the present. Betwixt her income and my own professional exertions, I have little doubt we will be enabled to hold the rank in society which my family and situation entitle me to fill.

He also gives his mother the most favourable account of the lady's temper, and of her serious and Protestant principles of religion. To Miss

* The name given to the cavalry by the boys of Edinburgh, in allusion to their war-steeds being supposed to be employed occasionally in the civic duty of drawing butter-milk carts to market. The last *scour-the-causey* affairs with military, have, we believe, been in consequence of the insulting cry of "Sourmilks!" raised as often as a solitary trooper appeared from the west, on his way to muster, by the impudent urchins of the Grassmarket or the High Street, who could defy and laugh at his gallant charge, by escaping into one or other of those numerous defiles impregnable to cavalry, called wynds and closes.

Christy Rutherford, in a subsequent letter, he says, after a modest preliminary flourish:—

Hem! Hem! It must come out at once—I am in a very fair way of being married to a very amiable young woman, with whom I formed an attachment in the course of my tour. She was born in France—*her parents were of English extraction—the name Carpenter.* . . . . Miss Carpenter is of age; but, as she lies under great obligations to the Marquis of Downshire, who was her guardian, she cannot take a step of such importance without his consent—and I daily expect his final answer upon the subject. Her fortune is dependent, in a great measure, upon an only and very affectionate brother. He is Commercial Resident at Salem in India, and has settled upon her an annuity of £500. . . . .

I may give you a hint that there is no *romance* in her composition; and that, though born in France, she has the sentiments and manners of an Englishwoman, and does not like to be thought otherwise. A very slight tinge in her pronunciation is all which marks the foreigner. She is at present at Carlisle, where I shall join her as soon as our arrangements are finally made. . . . . She is not a beauty, by any means; but her person and face are very engaging. She is a brunette—her manners are lively, but, when necessary, she can be very serious. She was baptized and educated a Protestant of the Church of England.

Mr Lockhart has seen fit to publish fully as many of the young lady's letters as were necessary; but not one of Scott's to her, which the world would have been as well pleased to receive. Miss Carpenter's letters display an innocent if somewhat frivolous mind, and a character not difficult to attach. According to the legend in the "Family Circle," alluded to above, the young lady had been sent to Cumberland to take her out of the way of some dangerous young admirer, to whom she had become attached, and whose addresses the Marquis of Downshire disapproved. There is an age at which some young ladies change their loves as easily as they do their sashes; and Miss Carpenter was probably indebted to her stars that, at this epoch, she fell in with Scott. One specimen of Miss Carpenter's love-letters we shall give; and we think it far the best of the series, though even in it our object is to shew Scott's imagination reflected in his mistress's pages.

"You have made me very *triste* all day. Pray never more complain of being poor. Are you not ten times richer than I am? Depend on yourself and your profession. I have no doubt you will rise very high, and be a *great rich man*, but we shall look down to be contented with our lot, and banish all disagreeable thoughts. We shall do very well. I am very sorry to hear you have such a *bad head*. I hope I shall nurse away all your aches. I think you write too much. When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it. How very angry I should be with you if you were to part with *Lenore*. Do you really believe I should think it an *unnecessary expense* where your health and pleasure can be concerned? I have a better opinion of you, and I am very glad you don't give up the cavalry, as I love anything that is *stylish*. Don't forget to find a stand for the old carriage, as I shall like to keep it, in case we should have to go any journey; it is so much more convenient than the post-chaises, and will do very well till we can keep *our carriage*. What an idea of yours was that to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid!* If you were married, I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment *before marriage*. I hope sincerely that I shall not live to see that day.

At Christmas, they married, certainly upon a very slender acquaintance; but, probably, with a fair and increasable stock of mutual regard. They settled in Edinburgh, "in a house of their own;" and Mrs Scott was, we apprehend, quite as well received as, in those primitive days, any lady could expect to be, who, to the serious detriment of the carpet and clear-barred grate, sat in her drawing-room every day in the week; who was "passionately fond" of the theatre; and who, above all, was a foreigner in look, manners, dress, and accent. We have heard of a worthy Scotch lady who, when, in a similar case, pushed to specify the cause of a feeling which amounted to an unreasonable dislike, replied—"I have no fault to find wi' her; but she is no just like hereawa folk." If Mrs Walter Scott was, by the majority of the gentry of Edinburgh, considered "no just like hereawa folk," she found a kind welcome from the immediate circle of her husband's relatives and professional young friends, and also in his jovial companions of the Light Horse.

The officers of the Light Horse established a club among themselves, supping once a-week at each other's houses in rotation. The young lady thus found two somewhat different, but both highly agreeable, circles ready to receive her with cordial kindness; and the evening hours passed in a round of innocent gaiety, all the arrangements being conducted in a simple and inexpensive fashion, suitable to young people whose days were mostly laborious, and very few of their purses heavy.

In the following summer, Scott established himself in a cottage at Lasswade, which he continued to occupy for several years, during the recess of the Court. Here he became acquainted with the families of Melville and Buccleugh—a connexion which, together with his glowing and approved loyalty, and yeoman's service in the theatre, and in quelling divers Radical mobs by dint of his baton, had, we apprehend, fully as much influence in his subsequently obtaining the sheriffship of the Forest, as his great personal and professional merits, and the claims of his awakening genius.

Monk Lewis was now in the zenith of his fame; and an invitation from him to contribute to "The Tales of Wonder," filled Scott with elation and delight. He told Allan Cunningham, thirty years afterwards, that he never felt such elation as when the first live poet that he had ever seen—since, in his youth, he had beheld Burns—invited him, the future bard of "Marmion," to dine at his hotel.

Next spring, he visited London with his wife; and through Lewis saw such literary society as the latter frequented. The publication of his translation of "Goetz von Berlichengen" had harbingered his approach to these circles. For the copy-right he received twenty-five guineas—he who afterwards could write for fifty pounds in a long morning.

While Scott was in London he lost his father; but not till death had become a blessing. Mr Lockhart relates—

When the first "Chronicles of the Canongate" appeared, a near relation of the family said to me—"I had been out of Scotland for some time, and did not know of my good friend's illness, until I reached Edinburgh, a few months before his death. Walter carried me to visit him;

and warned me that I should see a great change. I saw the very scene that is here painted of the elder Croftangry's sickroom:—not a feature different—poor Anne Scott, the gentlest of creatures, was treated by the fretful patient precisely like this niece."

I have lived to see [says Lockhart] the curtain rise and fall once more on a like scene."

It was now that Scott, in good earnest, set about laying deep and broad the foundations of his fame. His ballads of "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St John," and "The Grey Brother," were written; and he at once took his true place among the immortals. By this time, the materials of the Border Minstrelsy were nearly collected; for in John Leyden he had found a potent auxiliary, to whom his obligations have, we think, never yet been adequately appreciated. Mr Lockhart means, we presume, to be just, if not complimentary, to Leyden, "the poor student;" who was, however, quite as rich a student as are one half of all the Scottish students of divinity of his time, or of this time. We also venture to think that Leyden's obligations to the *patronage* of Scott are either altogether misunderstood by Mr Lockhart, or marvellously overrated. What Mr Lockhart terms "these new friendships" of Leyden's might have done his heart and his intellect much good; but they made no change whatever on his views or position. Mr Lockhart must have been very inadequately informed about the person he so strangely describes. As a literary character, Leyden was, in point of fact, on their first acquaintance, more distinguished in Edinburgh than Scott. He was the right arm of Constable, and the subsequent manager of the chief periodical then published in Scotland. He was on the eve of being licensed as a preacher of the Kirk, which in 1800 he became; and he had lived for three or four years before he could have known Scott, in the family of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, as the tutor of his sons, and been introduced to Lady Charlotte Campbell and the Duchess of Gordon—what honours these were then!—and to whatever of fair and gay the northern metropolis boasted, that could flatter a young poet's vanity, or stimulate his ambition.

He had lived in intimate intercourse with the *blue* coterie of Dr Robert Anderson, and he was the familiar friend and guest of Dr Thomas Brown and his amiable sisters. Among his associates were Thomas Campbell; and, if the learned professors of the University of St Andrew's may be deemed good society, then he enjoyed it to satiety during his attendance there with his pupils. We have, indeed, seldom seen so many inaccuracies in one paragraph as the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*—meaning all the while to be graciously condescending, and a little humorous withal—has crowded together respecting the true character, or at least the manners and position of John Leyden. The scene of the following remarks is Constable's shop, into which Heber often dived, to glean materials for the Border Minstrelsy—that work which, in its present form, Scotland owes almost as much to Leyden as to Scott. It is said that Heber, attracted by volumes of antiquarian lore, frequented this place—

And observed with some curiosity the barbarous aspect and gestures of another daily visitant, who came not to purchase evidently, but to pore over the more recondite articles of the collection—often balanced for hours on a ladder with a folio in his hand, like Dominie Sampson. The English virtuoso was on the look-out for any books or MSS. that might be of use to the editor of the projected "Minstrelsy," and some casual colloquy led to the discovery that this unshorn stranger was, amidst the endless labyrinth of his lore, a master of legend and tradition—an enthusiastic collector and most skilful expounder of these very Border ballads in particular. Scott heard with much interest Heber's account of his odd acquaintance, and found, when introduced, the person whose initials, affixed to a series of pieces in verse, chiefly translations from Greek, Latin, and the northern languages, scattered, during the last three or four years, over the pages of the "Edinburgh Magazine," had often much excited his curiosity, as various indications pointed out the Scotch Border for the native district of this unknown "J. L."

These new friendships led to a great change in Leyden's position, purposes, and prospects. He was presently received into the best society of Edinburgh, where his strange, wild uncouthness of demeanour does not seem to have at all interfered with the general appreciation of his genius, his gigantic endowments, and really amiable virtues.

Who, we beg to know, that ever enjoyed his acquaintance, could, in this "unshorn stranger," "balanced for hours on a ladder like Dominie Sampson"—this person of "wild and uncouth demeanour"—recognise John Leyden? and, in him, a person whose "position, prospects, and purposes" all underwent an extraordinary revolution, in consequence of "these new friendships?" Mr Lockhart labours here under gross misconception. With more than the talents and ardour for knowledge which he has ascribed to this prematurely-lost and deeply-regretted individual, we will aver that if any man with the manners, appearance, and feelings of a gentleman, was then to be found among the native Borderers, John Leyden was one. Many persons in Scotland must remember him well—and to those we appeal. We can assure Sir Walter's biographer that this uncouth personage was an exceedingly gentlemanly-looking scholar; some years younger than Scott; always well, or at least neatly dressed; and never abroad in "corduroy drinking breeches," nor "portentous" woollen night-caps. His tones might, indeed, in his fits of enthusiasm, become a little more obstreperous than the whispers of a modern English drawing-room—and small etiquettes he despised; but he was anything but the grotesque and uncouth-looking learned monster which he is here pictured. Mr Lockhart has contrived to mould a handsome youthful Hercules out of Sir Walter Scott in his early manhood—at which season, "a lady of high rank said, 'Walter Scott was a comely creature.'" We once heard a fiddler, in a patronizing tone, call him "that good creature Scott;"—but it would have been much easier for ordinary spectators to find an Apollo in Leyden, who is painted as a half-civilized satyr, or wild man of the moors. The pecuniary debt of Leyden to Sir Walter Scott, it is not easy to understand. The former, in leaving England for India, writes:—"My

money concerns I shall consider you as trustee of; and all remittances, as well as dividends from Longman, will be to your direction. These, I hope, we shall soon be able to adjust very accurately. Money may be paid, but kindness never."

Leyden was certainly well entitled to his own share of whatever the Border Minstrelsy, for which he had laboured so hard, might produce, which we accidentally learn was £600. At his lamented and premature death, he left not only sufficient funds to pay all his just debts, but to form a little independence for his aged parents. Of Leyden's relatives, Scott was the kind friend; but the world was not aware till now that he lies under heavy pecuniary obligations to Sir Walter, which, if not explicitly stated, is certainly left to be inferred from Mr Lockhart's vague statements.

By this time, James Ballantyne, who had for some years conducted a newspaper in Kelso, settled in Edinburgh, on the suggestion of Scott, as a printer, and produced the well-known editions of "The Border Press." The "Minstrelsy" had appeared, well heralded; and Scott had added to his memorable friends and acquaintances, Mr Ellis, Miss Seward, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and that Lady Ann Hamilton to whom he dedicates his ballad of "Cadzow Castle," and who will ever be remembered with honour, for her heroic fidelity to her unfortunate mistress, Queen Caroline. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was next commenced; and had well-nigh been strangled in the birth, by the coldness of his fastidious friends, Erskine and Cranstoun. Happily he soon learned to have more confidence in himself.

But this article, like the volume, begins to drag; and we pass at once to what remains of interest in its comprehensive contents.

It was in the autumn of 1803 that Scott first saw Wordsworth:—

Mr and Miss Wordsworth had just completed that tour in the Highlands of which so many incidents have since been immortalized, both in the poet's verse and in the hardly less poetical prose of his sister's Diary. On the morning of the 17th September, having left their carriage at Rosslyn, they walked down the valley to Lasswade, and arrived there before Mr and Mrs Scott had risen. "We were received," Mr Wordsworth has told me, "with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and, indeed, I found him then in every respect—except, perhaps, that his animal spirits were somewhat higher—precisely the same man that you knew him in later life; the same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of man and the world. He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and the novelty of the manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted me."

After this he walked with the tourists to Rosslyn, and promised to meet them in two days at Melrose.

. . . . . .

He met them at Melrose on the 19th, and escorted them through the Abbey, pointing out all its beauties, and pouring out his rich stores of history and tradition. They then dined and spent the evening together at the inn; but Miss Wordsworth observed that there was some difficulty about arranging matters for the night, "the landlady refusing to settle anything until she had ascertained from the *Sheriff himself* that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with *William*." Scott was thus far on his way to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, in his capacity of Sheriff, and there his new friends again joined him; but he begged that they would not enter the court; "for," said he, "I really would not like you to see the sort of figure I cut there." They did see him casually, however, in his cocked hat and sword, marching in the Judge's procession to the sound of one cracked trumpet, and were then not surprised that he should have been a little ashamed of the whole ceremonial. He introduced to them his friend William Laidlaw, who was attending the court as a juryman, and who, having read some of Wordsworth's verses in a newspaper, was exceedingly anxious to be of the party, when they explored at leisure, all the law-business being over, the beautiful valley of the Jed, and the ruins of the Castle of Fernieherst, the original fastness of the noble family of Lothian.

. . . . . .

From Hawick, where they spent the night, he led them next morning to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a wide range of the Border mountains, Ruberslaw, the Carter, and the Cheviots; and lamented that neither their engagements nor his own would permit them to make at this time an excursion into the wilder glens of Liddesdale, "where," said he, "I have strolled so often and so long, that I may say I have a home in every farm-house." "And, indeed," adds Mr Wordsworth, "wherever we went with him, he seemed to know everybody, and everybody to know and like him." Here they parted—the Wordsworths to pursue their journey homeward by Eskdale—he to return to Lasswade. . . . . Scott spoke of his profession as if he had already given up almost all hope of rising by it; and some allusion being made to its profits, observed that "he was sure he could, if he chose, get more money than he should ever wish to have from the booksellers."

On reaching his home—then the cottage which afterwards became De Quincey's abode—Wordsworth wrote an account of their journey, after parting with their new friend:—

We reached our little cottage in high spirits, and thankful to God for all his bounties. My wife and child were both well, and, as I need not say, we had all of us a happy meeting. . . . . We passed Branxholme—your Branxholme, we supposed—about four miles on this side of Hawick. It looks better in your poem than in its present realities. The situation, however, is delightful, and makes amends for an ordinary mansion. The whole of the Teviot and the pastoral steeps about Mosspaul pleased us exceedingly. The Esk below Langholm is a delicious river, and we saw it to great advantage. We did not omit noticing Johnnie Armstrong's keep; but his hanging place, to our great regret, we missed. We were, indeed, most truly sorry that we could not have you along with us into Westmoreland. The country was in its full glory—the verdure of the valleys, in which we are so much superior to you in Scotland, but little tarnished by the weather, and the trees putting on their most beautiful looks. My sister was quite enchanted, and we often said to each other, "What a pity Mr Scott is not with us!" . . . I had the pleasure of seeing Coleridge and Southey at Keswick last Sunday. Southey, whom I never saw much of before, I liked much: he is very pleasant in his manner, and a man of great reading in old books, poetry, chronicles, memoirs, &c. &c., particularly Spanish and Portuguese.

The Etterick Shepherd comes next upon the carpet; and we do not think he is too kindly treated, though Mr Lockhart has wisely dropped the indignant tone he at one time assumed in relation to a man whom he ought to have understood too thoroughly to indulge in anger against him. The following story, like many of those in this volume, has often been told and even pub-

lished before, but it is necessary to repeat it, in order to introduce James's anecdotes :—

The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle Street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawingroom, Mrs Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from "Mr Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie"—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs Scott as "Charlotte."

Shortly afterwards, Hogg wrote—

I am afraid that I was at least half-seas over the night I was with you, for I cannot, for my life, recollect what passed when it was late; and there being certainly a small vacuum in my brain, which, when empty, is quite empty, but is sometimes supplied with a small distillation of intellectual matter—this must have been empty that night, or it never could have been taken possession of by the fumes of the liquor so easily. If I was in the state in which I suspect that I was, I must have spoke a very great deal of nonsense, for which I beg ten thousand pardons. I have the consolation, however, of remembering that Mrs Scott kept in company all or most of the time, which she certainly could not have done had I been very rude. I remember, too, of the filial injunction you gave at parting, cautioning me against being ensnared by the loose women in town. I am sure I had not reason enough left at that time to express either the half of my gratitude for the kind hint, or the utter abhorrence I inherit at those seminaries of lewdness. . . . . .

James was an exceeding admirer of Lady Scott, whom her husband had described to him as "as brown as a blackberry," but whom when he first saw her he found divine. His description, which could not be admitted into Mr Lockhart's filial and decorous pages, is graphic and diverting :—

I found her quite affable, and she spoke English very well, save that she put always the *d* for the *th*, and left the aspiration of the *h* out altogether. She called me all her life Mr Og. I understood perfectly well what she said, but, for many years, I could not make her understand what I said; she had frequently to ask an explanation from her husband, and I must say this of Lady Scott, though it was well known how jealous she was of the rank of Sir Walter's visiters, yet I was all my life received with the same kindness as if I had been a relation or one of the family, although one of his most homely daily associates. But there were many others, both poets, and play-actors, whom she received with no very pleasant countenance. Jeffrey and his satellites she could not endure; and there was none whom she disliked more than Brougham, for what reason I do not know, but I have heard her misca' him terribly, as well as "*dat body Jeffrey.*"

Hogg never could divest himself of the belief that Scott was a little jealous of the extraordinary genius of the author of "Bonny Kilmeny," and "The Witch of Fife," &c. &c.; nor could he comprehend the churlishness which made Sir Walter always decline being his editor. Neither would Sir Walter sanction James's scheme "of trusting an edition of my prose tales, in *twenty* volumes, to Lockhart's editing." This was in Sir Walter's last sad days; and when he was bowed down in body, and sorrowfully bruised in mind. "The Whig ascendancy in the British Cabinet, killed Sir Walter," says Hogg; and perhaps so slight a thing might add to his private griefs and mortifications, though no man, save, perhaps, a fallen minister, ever yet died of a government. Their last interview took place in Yarrow, and on the wayside, where Sir Walter had made a *tryst* with the Shepherd, as he passed from Drumlanrig to Abbotsford. The last interview between two persons, each in his own way so remarkable, is described by Hogg with true feeling.

The last time that I saw his loved and honoured face, was at the little inn on my own farm, in the autumn of 1830. I waited at the inn, and handed him out of the carriage. His daughter was with him, but we left her at the inn, and walked slowly down the way as far as Mountbenger-Burn. He then walked very ill indeed, for the weak limb had become almost completely useless, but he leaned on my shoulder all the way, and did me the honour of saying that he never leaned on a firmer or a surer.

We talked of many things, past, present, and to come, but both his memory and onward calculation appeared to me then to be considerably decayed. I cannot tell what it was, but there was something in his manner that distressed me. He often changed the subject very abruptly, and never laughed. He expressed the deepest concern for my welfare and success in life, more than I had ever heard him do before, and all mixed with sorrow for my worldly misfortunes. There is little doubt that his own were then preying on his vitals.

With deep reluctance we turn from this fascinating record, of by far the most interesting and important portion of Sir Walter Scott's existence—those years, lying between the child on the braes of Sandy-Knowe, and the man entering on that triumphant and matchless literary career, upon which he is about to start as the book closes. From the forthcoming volumes, and especially from the concluding one, we anticipate much pleasure and instruction; but what remains that can at all approach his own reminiscences, and Lockhart's narrative of his childhood, and of his school-day life, and of those years of romantic and adventurous youth, before the spirit of the world had breathed upon the freshness of the heart. The period of this precious volume was the era of those young hopes, which, in their flattering promise, far surpassed the realizations of his most aspiring dreams—the season of his loves, and of whatever was most vital and endearing in his friendships; it also chronicles those long years of busy days and studious nights, in which, in Mr Shortreed's homely and emphatic phrase, "*he was makin' himsel.*"

THE BEGGAR'S WALLET.—NO. IX.

NEIGHBOUR GRAY AND HER DAUGHTER.

Among the vestiges of Papistry still perceptible in England, is the dedication of every town and village to some patron saint. This latent influence of a "creed outworn," assumes, however, a very harmless shape; even that of fixing the epochs of fairs and feasts—of fairs which tend to the annual or bi-annual recreation of our towns, and of feasts which serve to gather together, once a year, the scattered tribes of our villages. Neither France nor Belgium is more punctilious in keeping up the *fêtes, ducasses,* and *kermesses* of its hamlets and villages, than the northern districts of England!

It was at Falkstone Feast that the simple heart of Mary Gray became very unexpectedly exposed to the seductions of a London suitor. Falkstone is a pretty village on the confines of Nottinghamshire, which, every November—just as its soil becomes glutinized into the consistency of pitch, and the little brook by which it is traversed swells so as to render the lower grounds impassable—rewards itself for the arrival of winter and typhus fever, by celebrating its annual feast, dedicated, in the olden time, as well as its parish church, to the cloak-rending saint, St Martin; and solemnized, in latter times, with considerable slaughter of fatted calves, and a massacre of half the fowls and turkeys of the barnyards of the neighbourhood. Every 11th of November down come flitches and hams from housewifely chimneys; barrels of strong beer are broached in the richer farms; long-hoarded and long-bearded bottles of currant or cowslip wine are brought forth; a glorious confusion of pork-pies and apple-pies steams in the oven; and scarce a hut or hovel in Falkstone so wanting in means or public spirit as not to shew a well-scoured deal table covered with some sort of cheer, from the well-spiced round of pressed beef, down to a barley-loaf and angle of pale-faced Derby cheese—in order to welcome from afar the kinsfolk and acquaintance, the hundredth cousins or neighbours' children, who repair, for the annual renewal of such associations, to the clayey parish, constituting what is called their "native soil." The custom is as good as it is old. Patriotism is the natural growth of such attachments. As the abounding river is fed by tributary streamlets, love of parish, county, country, form an inevitable gradation of virtue.

Twenty years ago, Falkstone was so fortunate as to boast of four Tritons among its fifteen hundred minnows. The manor was let off in small farms; none of the inhabitants were very wealthy, none of them very poor, and, consequently, as few of them subject to the pangs of envy as the infirmities of human nature would allow. The homely old church boasted not a single pew whose hassocks were covered with a nobler tissue than rush matting; and, excepting one very severe winter, not a Christian was known to have died of want in the place. This, considering that the rector was a non-resident, and that Falkstone boasted no squire's family, to parade its Christmas dole of coals and blankets, is as much as can be expected of any decent parish of modern times.

Among the poorest inhabitants was a widow-woman known by the name of Neighbour Gray. "Neighbour," by the way, is a title of honour peculiarly characteristic of village life. Stiff-necked Grosvenor Square disdains the bonds of neighbourship; and, even in country towns, people are beginning to ignore the existence of the tie derivable a century ago from similar propinquities. But in places such as Falkstone, a neighbour (in the worldly as well as the Christian sense of the word) still implies one who is to be loved as thyself; one who has a claim for succour and support; one whose sheep you are to assist in pulling out of a ditch; whose sicknesses you are to aid in nursing, and whose offspring you are to save from oppression. In Falkstone, after slaving all day in the harvest-field, you would be expected to sit up at night with a sick "neighbour," who had none other to "do for her;" just as, in Grosvenor Square, it would be a breach of politeness even to inquire after the health of a dying next-door neighbour, on whose visiting-list your name has not been previously inscribed—so officious an act exposing you to the opprobrious suspicion of trying to pick up an acquaintance with the inmates.

Neighbour Gray, to her honour be it spoken, had never been known at Falkstone under any other denomination: she was neither Mrs Gray in her husband's lifetime, nor Widow Gray after his decease; nor was even old age and misery likely to reduce her to the ignominy of "Goody"—for she was a friendly, serviceable woman, who had done much to merit her distinction, having acquired as much popularity by the kind-hearted activity with which she lent a hand at a neighbour's baking, brewing, washing, or scrubbing, as ever was obtained by the dinners of a noble lord, boasting a French cook with a salary doubling that of the curate of Falkstone. Neighbour Gray was, accordingly, a very happy woman. She lay down to rest every night, rich in the good-will of every soul to whom her name was familiar.

Of her two children, Dick, the elder, had died in his apprenticeship, while Mary lived with her mother—a pretty, delicate girl, too pretty and too delicate for the stirring duties likely to fall to her lot; for hard service was the only prospect of Mary Gray. In order to lay by something for her mother's old age, (who, as a poor widow disdaining parish aid, had been able to lay by nothing for herself,) Mary must inevitably look out for a place as soon as she should attain her seventeenth year, and some degree of strength and self-reliance. But Mary had no

means of reaching London, where her prettiness and gentility might pass for qualifications; and the farmers' wives had little mind to engage a poor slip of a girl, who looked as if she had scarcely strength to turn a mangle or handle a churn. For the sake of Neighbour Gray, who had been so good a charwoman in her time, they gave her daughter what employment they could in needlework; but Mary was able to earn little more than her day's food; and this was the more lamentable, because her mother was shewing symptoms of infirmity. A clay floor in a damp village, and hard labour fourteen hours a-day, are as apt to bring on premature old age as the enervation of hot rooms and fashionable vigils; and want of sufficient nourishment is as hard a pull upon the constitution as those evil results which the President of the College of Physicians denounces to the lordly epicure his patient, from a course of turtle and venison. Mary saw that her mother would soon need her assistance, and promised herself that, at the next statute, she would certainly attempt to put herself forward in life.

Previous, however, to the statute, unluckily came Falkstone Feast; and Neighbour Gray having been engaged to aid in the grand preparations at Welland's farm, was invited to bring her daughter, and share in the general entertainment during the three days of the Feast. Open house was kept; and, on the third night, the festivities were to end with a supper and dance in Farmer Welland's barn, at which nearly all the inhabitants of Falkstone were to be present. Neighbour Gray figured, for that night only, in the gown of gay glazed calico in which, every feast since her wedding-day, she had made her annual appearance; and Mary thought herself almost too fine in a new stuff gown, spun by the hands of her mother, and sewed by her own. Both were very happy. Mary's eyes were bright with girlish joyousness, and her usually pale cheeks flushed with the excitement of the season; while Neighbour Gray was sufficiently happy in hearing from so many old friends, become strangers by long absence from the village, what a pretty lass little Mary had turned out, and by knowing that most of the guests gathered together at Falkstone, pronounced her daughter to be the queen of the village. Nor were Mary's ears less attentive than those of her mother. Admiration flushed her cheek to a yet brighter blush, and lighted up a still more brilliant sparkle in her eyes; and when she found herself chosen as a partner for the opening of the ball, by "a young gentleman from Lon'on, visiting at the farm"—an object of contention to all the coquettes of the village—poor Mary smiled a smile well worthy of a London beauty.

William Harding, the young gentleman from London, having visited Falkstone in company with the young nephew of old Welland, and heir to his property, seemed to consider it his duty to make up in courtesy and vivacity for the taciturn reserve of Frank Welland; who was what is called in England, among the great, high; among the little, odd-tempered; and what ought to be called, among great, little, and middle-sized, *shy*. Shyness is in fact one of the most prevalent national peculiarities of our countrymen; taking various shapes, according to station and estate, but insuring the common consequence of rendering the sufferer an object of dislike instead of commiseration. Frank Welland, even in his native village, passed for a disagreeable, sulky young man; while William Harding was voted, by general acclamation, a good fellow, before he had been four-and-twenty hours in the place. He sang a good song, told a good story; and, when he stood up to dance with Mary, they made as pretty a couple as had ever been seen in Falkstone. It was only Neighbour Gray (who had been present at Frank Welland's birth, and helped to lay his parents in the grave) who inclined in favour of the stern, sullen, hard-featured youth, who stood silently looking on, disdaining to join in the dance—some said, because he was too proud, some, because he was too good, but, in reality, because he was too shy.

William Harding, meanwhile, was not only free from any such infirmity; but the necessity of making from an early age his own way in the world, had impressed upon his mind the conviction that popularity is one of the stepping-stones to advancement. He had not naturally a bad disposition; but, without parents to turn his good ones to account, the germs withered for want of sunshine. Reared by the family of a distant relation, to which he was a burthen, William Harding grew up prudent instead of virtuous. Character, not excellence, was his aim in life; and, just as he saw his cousin, the Cheapside mercer, insist upon the advantage of a good surface to his silks and satins, as an equally vendible quality with the more costly one of solid consistency, William came to regard reputation as the one thing needful, both in public and private life. Some people talk, in all awkward emergencies, of "putting a good face on the matter;" William Harding's course consisted in putting a good face upon life.

It was perhaps the unpopularity of his friend Frank Welland (who officiated, first as clerk, and next as junior partner, in a small house of business adjoining the large one of his own wealthy relative) which first roused his attention to the prudence of being agreeable; and all that Neighbour Gray performed at Falkstone, out of the abundance of her warm feelings and Christian principles, was done in Cheapside by William Harding as a matter of calculation. He had computed the per centage likely to be returned by his good offices; and proved so adroit a moral arithmetician, that even his cheery fortnight at Welland's farm was the repayment of his attentions to Frank during a long illness the preceding winter. Even by the relations by whom, as an awkward boy, he had been disliked as a burthen, he contrived, between fifteen and twenty, to render himself beloved. He was so useful, so civil, so attentive. It was the fate of

he rich mercer to outlive his children, with the exception of one puny daughter; and already it was predicted in the city, that old Harding would eventually bestow Sophia and her fortune upon the kinsman who was so useful to him in his business, and so comfortable to him in his domestic life; or, if the young lady chose otherwise, that the business in Cheapside, at least, would descend to William Harding. At present, however, he was still on probation. Sophy was only sixteen, and William, at four-and-twenty, still a shopman with a good salary. He might be discarded on the morrow, as easily as promoted to be the son-in-law of his master.

Such was the state of things at the period of his visit to Welland's farm. Even that visit, much as he seemed to enjoy it, was a matter of calculation. William thought his relation slow in pressing his advancement; and, fancying that old Harding, from whose side, for ten years past, he had never been separated half as many days, might be stimulated by his absence to a higher appreciation of his utility, humbly requested leave to accompany his bosom friend, Frank Welland, into Notts.

"Why, what can Frank Welland be wanting to leave town for, at this stirring season, just as the winter orders are coming in?" demanded the matter-of-fact mercer of Cheapside.

"He is going, sir, to visit the uncle who brought him up."

The mercer sneered.

"The uncle, sir, whose property is coming to him."

"Ay, ay?—and why does he choose such a time of year as this? Why can't he go, pray, in August or September, when town's thin and business slack?"

"Falkstone Feast, it seems, sir, takes place at Martinmas; when it is the custom of the country for the families of the place to meet together."

"And do you belong to one of the families of the place?"

"Frank Welland is desirous to make me known to *his*. There will be a great deal of merry-making going forward; and, as you have always thought well of Frank, sir, and expressed yourself willing that we should be friends together, I consider the opportunity a good one, to afford myself a little recreation."

"Recreation in a farm house in a rainy November! Pretty recreation! Pretty moment for the country! There hasn't been a leaf on the tree in St Paul's Churchyard this fortnight past."

"Certainly, sir, if you cannot spare me," rejoined William, "I shall not think of pressing my request."

"If you want amusement, why can't you go to the playhouses?" remonstrated old Harding. "I'm sure you seemed gay enough, t'other night, at the club."

"A little change of air and scene," William began.

"Oh, go!—*go* if you like. *I* don't want to hinder you," replied old Harding, testily. "If you find pleasure in the company of that sulky young fellow, Frank Welland, I wish you joy of your taste. Your cousin Sophy will be home from school in six weeks, and then"——

"I shall be back, sir, in less than *two*," interrupted William; "and, if my going is likely to be the least inconvenience to the business, I shall be most happy to give up the excursion altogether."

"Inconvenience! Why, what have Clark and Wilkinson to do but attend to their duties? Wilkinson is the steadiest young man that ever entered my shop; and no one better understands his business than Clark. No! make the best of your way to Falkstone Feast, and let me hear no more about the matter."

William was now almost inclined to withdraw his petition. But it was too late. The old gentleman insisted that he should go; and the young one could only hope that his kinsman was finessing as well as himself; and that, instead of according his confidence to the smug, smooth, demure Gabriel Wilkinson, he would become hourly more sensible of the loss of a relative to whom alone, of all the house, he accorded unlimited confidence.

To Falkstone, therefore, the two young men repaired by the night coach; and, though William Harding had not been sufficiently misled by the rhapsodies of his usually silent and reserved companion, to expect great things of the village and farm, which were *home* to Frank, he was careful not to betray to those who welcomed him so warmly, his amazement, that persons in their right minds could prefer living in a place whose ways were so miry, and whose homesteads so mean. William, at heart a pure Cockney, languished after the wide pavements and radiant gas of Cheapside. He could not comprehend the hearty shake of the hand bestowed by Frank Welland upon Neighbour Gray. Neighbour Gray appeared to *him* only a foolish old charwoman: the only thing he saw to admire in her was a calimanco petticoat of a peculiar quality—"a stuff that had been out of make in the trade for the last twenty years."

The nature of the country-bred youth soon broke out in Frank; and, the day following his arrival, he was out with his uncle in a survey of the farm; and the day following, (as the hounds met within four miles' distance,) mounted a favourite mare bred on the farm, and was not at home again till some hours after dark. But William Harding displayed no similar propensities. William loitered with the lasses about the village, entering into the sports and gossipings of the place; and, in eight and forty hours, had completely established his popularity among those who, in spite of the commendations of Farmer Welland and Neighbour Gray, persisted in considering Master Frank as a very *unked* young gentleman, who did little honour to his London breeding. They saw too much of sportsmen to care for his manliness, and too little of fine gentlemen to regard the courteous deportment of William Harding as anything short of the pink of the London mode.

The young men were to spend ten days at Falkstone; the first week of which was chiefly engrossed by the hospitalities of the Feast. The last three days were passed by Frank in visiting and bidding adieu to his various kinsfolk; and it was on the day preceding their departure—which they had agreed to devote to a walk across the country, to dine at the house of a young farmer, with whom, during the recent festivities, they had formed a friendship—that Frank, so taciturn in company, began suddenly to wax garrulous in descanting on his future prospects.

"If my uncle would but make up his mind to bring matters between us to a settlement," cried he. "Like most old people, he likes to keep a hard grip on his property to the last minute, and a close tongue concerning his intentions of disposing of it. As far as he has ever told me, the £800 laid out to establish me in business, is all I am to expect from him; but, as he has no relations but myself, I am pretty sure of coming into what he has to leave."

"Of course—to be sure," replied William, whose thoughts were elsewhere; "and, as you are getting on so well in life, you can afford to wait."

"No, I can't," was the blunt reply of Frank. "I want to get away from London altogether."

"Away from London! Why, I thought that, when old Grimstone died, you were to come into the whole business?"

"And so I am. But I care nothing for the business."

"Nothing for the business! Didn't you tell me that, last year, it returned you seventeen per cent., and that you have a year's orders before you?"

"*Eighteen!* But what is that to the purpose? I hate London—I have always hated it; and now the prospect of returning there makes me detest it more than ever."

"You surprise me!" cried his companion. "Independent as you are"——

"I am *not* independent, since my uncle insists upon my sticking to business," replied Frank. "My uncle gave me a good country education, brought me up with country tastes and habits; and when everybody at Falkstone thought he was going to settle me at home, to assist and succeed him in the farm, as my father would have done had he survived, he bundles me off to London, and plants me behind a counter—a thing that, by nature, I was never made for."

"He wanted you, perhaps, to see something of life?"

"He wanted to get me out of the way. The old gentleman likes to be master at home; and, when I rebelled against being driven off to town like a beast to Smithfield market, told me outright he would not have a grown-up nephew shoving him out of his place before his time; and that he did not mean to take off his shoes till he went to bed."

"Well, if you make sure of having the shoes when he does go to bed, you ought to be satisfied."

"And so I would. God knows I don't want to deprive the old gentleman of an inch of his property; but, if I am to earn my inheritance by slaving away the best of my days in the smother and noise of the city, I'd rather be a day-labourer at Falkstone."

William Harding looked with a smile of pity upon the innate rustic, so little deserving his prospects of preferment.

"My uncle may live these ten, these fifteen years!" cried Frank, striking his stick harder on the ground as they trudged on. "It is not for me, to whom he has been so kind a friend, to wish his days shortened."

"The farmer is ten years older than my cousin Harding," observed William, musingly; "yet, you see, *I* do not grumble—*I* am satisfied to wait."

"To be sure you are—because you will marry your cousin Sophy, live according to your own likings in London, and devote yourself to improve a business which you know will one day be your own; while *I* am not only constrained to a way of life I abhor, but, when the time arrives that is to make me my own master, Mary Gray will be an old woman, or, perhaps, availing herself of my absence, be married to another."

It had need of all William Harding's self-command to prevent his stopping short and fixing his eyes on the face of his companion, as he exclaimed—"Mary Gray! Are you engaged then to marry Mary Gray?"

"We are not even what is called sweethearts," replied Frank, with perfect composure. "When I was last at Falkstone, the girl was but fifteen; and, though I then made a vow to myself that none but she whom I had danced on my knee as a child should be my wife, I knew it would anger my uncle even to hint at such a thing. And so things remain as they were."

"But you know yourself, at least, to be as sure of Mary's affections as you are of old Welland's property."

"I used to think so. Neighbour Gray loves me as a son of her own; and it was but natural that Mary should grow up with a liking for her old playmate. But, out of sight, out of mind. Since I have been here this time, I fancy I notice a change in Mary's manner; and, though I can't make out that any one has been courting her during my absence, (such a mild, delicate creature as it is, the young fellows hereabouts seem afraid she would not make enough of a housewife for them; for, in truth, Mary is not strong enough to do much in a family,) still, I can see that I am not so great a favourite as I used to be."

"Perhaps her mother may have doubts about your being in earnest, and have warned the girl to be on her guard," said William, in a confused manner.

"In *earnest!*—on her *guard!*" reiterated Frank. "You don't know Neighbour Gray. There's not a thought of evil or guile in that woman's mind. She's above any such manœuvring notions. If Mary has grown cold, it is

because she likes me less than she used; or, perhaps, she hates the thoughts of a town life as much as I do, and is afraid I might be wanting to marry her at once, and carry her away from her mother."

"I am told she is likely to leave Falkstone without any such interference," observed William, carelessly; "Mrs Gray, it seems, is in bad circumstances."

"*Neighbour* Gray," amended Frank.

"And Mary is going out to service in a month or two."

"Mary going out to service! Who told you so?"

"It is the common talk of the farm; so that I should think a settlement in life as the wife of an honest man in a good business"——

"Yes; but *you* know that I cannot make her the wife of an honest man in a good business. Were I to talk of marrying Neighbour Gray's daughter, my uncle would cut me off with a shilling; and what would then become of my mother and sister, whom, you know, it is my duty and happiness to support?"

"Well, well, I meant no offence," replied William. "For my part, I think you have no call to think of marrying for the next ten years, when you will be free to follow your own fancies; and, after all, Mary Gray will be but seven and twenty."

Nevertheless, before the actual departure of the young men from Falkstone, Frank *did* think it necessary to come to some explanation with the object of his affections. William Harding met them entering together the farm, from the garden, where Mary had been sent to gather herbs by her mother, and where young Welland had made himself so thoroughly understood that Mary was forced to speak as plainly as himself. So far from accepting his offer of such pecuniary assistance to her mother as would prevent the necessity of her going out to service, till the death of old Welland should enable him to make the daughter his wife and the mother his inmate, Mary assured him that Neighbour Gray would disdain being indebted for support to any but her own or her daughter's industry; and that, were he already in possession of Welland's farm, she should decline to become its mistress and his wife.

Frank was not nettled by this declaration—he was deeply hurt; too much hurt, indeed, to confess to his friend and confidant how much he had hazarded, and how much in vain. Once, when, in the course of their journey back to town, William attempted to advert to Neighbour Gray and Mary, Frank replied so abruptly that he had given up all thoughts of her, that there was no possibility of pushing the question.

Meanwhile, William had laid his plans so cunningly as to insure the warmest reception from Harding of Cheapside. He knew that, were the old gentleman apprized of the day of his arrival, he would get up an air of indifference, to prevent the young truant from fancying himself of too much consequence. But, by arriving unexpectedly one evening after tea, when the old gentleman was wearying after his usual antagonist for his usual game at cribbage, he was sure of being received with open arms as "long looked for come at last." In another month, cousin Sophy was at home; and, in the diversions of the holidays—twelfth-cake, parties, balls, and pantomimes—enjoyed with the father and cousin, Falkstone appeared to be forgotten.

Time passed on. It was noticed by Clark and Wilkinson, and other small observers, to whom the proceedings of William Harding afforded a matter of interest, that, from the period of their return from Falkstone Feast, the two young men were less in each other's company than before. But who could wonder? Frank Welland, always so dry and uncompanionable, was now more morose than ever; and William soon acquired a painful accession to his duties. During his absence in the north, the old mercer had beguiled the tedium of his solitude by consulting a new apothecary, and attempting a sudden change of diet and prescriptions; and was now as ill in earnest as before in fancy, though his daughter was recalled permanently home to become his nurse. The management of the business, too, fell entirely to his hands. Saving one week in the course of the ensuing summer, when he proceeded in person to Nottingham, in the interest of the concern, William was not a moment away from Cheapside. He was evidently doing his utmost to please the old man; and, in spite of the peevishness of age and sickness, fully succeeded.

At length Martinmas came round again; and one evening, as William Harding was passing Welland's shop, on his way to his weekly club, he stepped in, for the first time for many months, to chat; inquiring, in a careless manner, whether, this Feast, Frank intended to visit Falkstone?

"I am not even invited," was the young man's reply. "My uncle is not quite so fond of my company as old Harding of yours; and once in two years is as often as he seems inclined to see me at the farm."

Still harping on the subject, William proceeded to a few casual inquiries concerning the Nottinghamshire friends and acquaintances he had made the preceding year. But Frank could tell him nothing. His uncle was a bad correspondent; and, when he *did* write, dwelt more upon the condition of his stock and the prospects of his fields than upon village news. William even hazarded an express inquiry concerning Neighbour Gray and her daughter; but Frank immediately stopped short. Colouring deeply, he seemed to feel it impossible to allude to Mary, and broke off into questions concerning the prevailing rumour of an approaching marriage between William and Miss Harding.

"Yes," replied William, assuming a more cheerful tone—"everything is settled. As soon as Sophy enters her eighteenth year, she is to be my wife. Her father gives me up the business, and all the rest is to follow at his death. A fine prospect for one who, like myself, began the

world with nothing, and am not yet five-and-twenty."

Three months afterwards, as Frank Welland was listening to the gossiping account given over his counter by some neighbour, of the grand doings about to take place at William's wedding, which was fixed for the following week, a letter was put into his hand, which bore the Falkstone post-mark, requiring his immediate attendance at the farm, as his uncle had undergone a paralytic attack, and was speechless.

Frank was at Falkstone on the following day; and, after visiting the bedside of the now insensible old man, and learning from the medical attendant that, though his uncle might linger for a few weeks or even months, his recovery was impossible, young Welland noticed several strange faces about the place. Almost mechanically he uttered an inquiry after Neighbour Gray

"Ah, poor Neighbour Gray!" replied the venerable dairy-woman to whom his question was addressed—"the old soul has never held up her head since."

"Since what?"

"Since poor Mary's business. Neighbour Gray keeps her bed, Master Frank; and, as the poor soul has no one to look to her, or doctor her, like the farmer here, it's likely sickness 'll get the uppermost."

"But Mary—*Mary*"——

"And, maybe, 'tis the best thing as can happen to the poor 'oman," persisted the contemporary, whose sympathies were enlisted rather with the mother than the daughter; "for what has she to look to in life, now as it's all up with her daughter?"

"What is up with her daughter?—what has happened to Mary?" interrupted Frank, with unusual impetuosity.

"Such a mother surely as she has been!" continued the dame, raising her hands and eyes; "and to be so rewarded at last!"

And Frank, finding it impossible to worm out of the old woman the information he desired, dashed off out of the house; and, meeting in the farmyard his uncle's favourite herdsman, an intelligent man, for years an inmate of the house, he resumed his inquiries touching Neighbour Gray and her daughter.

"Ah, poor Mary! I'm feared, Master Frank, 'twill turn out a bad business," replied the man.

"What will turn out a bad business? For God's sake, speak! I have never heard a word of the matter!" cried young Welland.

"Why, Lord bless your heart alive, Master Frank! where have you been living? Nothen else was talked of in Falkstone town for a month or more; and, God knows, poor Neighbour Gray have never looked one in the face sin'"——

"Since"——

"Sin' Mary was put in jail for child-murder."

"Child-murder?—Mary Gray in jail?" faltered Frank.

"Well may you be surprised. But you see, Master Frank, older heads than yourn foretold as no good 'ould come out when Mary persisted in setting off to the place she had heard of in Notten'am, in spite of mother and friends, and all as was bound to advise the poor lass. All she had to say in answer was, as there was fourteen pound a-year to be arned—and that's wages as is not to be had every day, and was not to be overlooked by the daughter of poor Neighbour Gray. So away went the girl, sir; and, being no scholar with her pen, though so good a hand at the needle, she got some un to write home for her, as she was comfortably settled with a good master and missus, and to forward a couple of guineas to her mother as she'd got in the way of arnest. Well, sir, all this was well and good; and Neighbour Gray, though sure enough she was always pining after the girl's company, used to comfort herself by the notion, that, maybe in a year's time, Mary would get leave to come home to Falkstone for a day or two; or, if not, she would make the best of her way to Notten'am for a peep at the lass. But, Lord bless you, Master Frank! afore the year was quite at an end, comes news to Justice Snokes, up at Barleywood, to make inquiries at Falkstone concerning one Mary Gray as had been tooked up at Notten'am on suspicion of making away with a base-born child."

"Gracious God!" cried Frank. "And the unfortunate creature has been convicted, then?"

"The 'sizes don't come on till next week; but, from all as one hears, the poor lass has little chance. And, surely, to think of Neighbour Gray's daughter coming to the gallows!—It seems to bring shame upon the whole village."

The gallows!—Frank Welland clenched his hands till the blood started, and gnashed his teeth for very anguish, as, without hesitation, he took his way to the cottage of Neighbour Gray—*not* for the satisfaction of his misgivings—*not* even with an intention of alluding to the name of Mary—but to afford his mite of consolation to the unhappy old woman who had assisted to watch over his infancy, and whose grey hairs were about to be brought down in sorrow to the grave. It was June—genial, breezy, hope-breathing June—yet the door of the cottage, usually so hospitably ajar, was closed against the sunshine; and, when Frank Welland entered, instead of the busy sounds of industry, formerly saluting him—Neighbour Gray croning some old ditty over her house-work, or as an accompaniment to the whirr of the spinning-wheel—all was still as death; the old woman sat in her lonely arm-chair, with her back turned to the window, and her eyes fixed upon the embers, as if listening to a far off sound.

Reserved as Frank Welland was on most occasions, for once he waxed eloquent to express, to the distressed mother, his hopes that she would command his utmost assistance, either pecuniary or personal, to administer to the service of one who had proved so little worthy of the love they bore her. But Neighbour Gray listened and listened, and seemed to lack comprehension or courage to reply; for she uttered not a single syllable. At

length, on some expression falling from Frank, that implied his apprehension of the worst, and his conviction of the guilt of the accused, she exclaimed—

"Why, sure, it is not you, Master Frank, who have known the girl from her cradle, who could believe her capable of taking away an innocent life?"

"It is hard, indeed, for *me* to think ill of Mary," replied young Welland, with quivering lips. "Mary was the dearest thing I had on earth. Mary might have been my wife before now, had she chosen to accept an honest man for her husband; but I'm fain to fear, Neighbour Gray, from all I've just now been hearing, that things will go hard with her."

"Fear no such a thing, Master Frank," replied the old woman, with firmness. "If I sit grieving here, it is for the trouble into which my poor child has fallen, not for any danger that threatens her. To be sure, the law is a frightful thing; but, masterful as it is, it can't go to prove a thing as never happened upon the 'varsal 'arth. I have word from Mary, Master Frank, that, as sure as God is above us, she is innocent of the crime laid to her charge; and Mary's plain word is more to me than all the oaths ever sworn in a court of justice. From a babe to a woman, never did those lips of hers utter an untruth!" And an involuntary sob burst from those of Neighbour Gray, as she offered this tender testimony to the virtues of her girl. Even Frank felt comforted by the assurance; and he had now courage to listen to the poor mother's details concerning the suspicions under which Mary had fallen, the investigations instituted by her master and mistress, and the evidence upon which she had been committed to take her trial for child-murder. The birth of an infant she admitted; but not only refused to give up the name of the father, but persisted in swearing that it had been removed from Nottingham immediately after its birth, and was still in existence. Further than this, not a syllable could be extracted from the prisoner. Frank Welland's suspicions were now excited. Connecting the visit of William Harding to Nottingham, the preceding summer, with the partiality he had betrayed for Mary on his visit to Falkstone, and her own subsequent coldness towards himself, Frank saw sufficient justification for addressing a letter to his young friend—not absolutely of accusation, but acquainting Harding with the actual situation of Mary Gray, and imploring him, if aware of any circumstance tending to establish her innocence, to bring it forward without delay. He mentioned that nothing but his uncle's dying state prevented his starting for Nottingham, to act a brother's part by the poor prisoner; and ended by a forcible appeal to the feelings of his friend. "Think what would be Heaven's judgment upon those who are really chargeable with the suspicions under which she labours," wrote young Welland, "if Mary Gray, at nineteen years of age, should be condemned to death for a crime of which she is as innocent as yourself. *To death!—Think of that*, William; and do not fail to return an instant answer to my letter."

William Harding's reply was inconclusive and unsatisfactory; but agitation of mind was so perceptible in every line it contained, as fully to confirm the suspicions of Frank. He began by imploring Welland, if he valued his reputation and comfort in life, to refrain from addressing him again on the subject. "Next Tuesday is my wedding-day," said he; "and should such a letter as I have just received from you fall into Sophy's hands, Heaven knows what might be the consequences. I am as willing as you can be to stand a friend to Neighbour Gray's daughter; and having been already apprised of her unfortunate situation, have given her the best law advice to be had for money. I have ascertained that she has nothing to fear; there is no evidence against her. She must be acquitted; and the only thing to be done for her future comfort, is to take a passage for her at once to America, as it will be impossible for her to live in peace at home after what has happened. In the meantime, all I have to beg of you, my dear Welland, is to forbear all discussion of the subject, till we meet again; when I shall explain matters to your satisfaction. Not a syllable more by letter!"

Frank Welland *did* refrain from further correspondence with the friend he had detected as a villain; though not from the most zealous interference in behalf of Mary. At the risk of eternally offending his uncle, who had occasional glimpses of memory and consciousness, he resolved to set off for Nottingham; but, at the very moment of departure, old Welland experienced a second stroke of palsy, which, within twenty-four hours, terminated his existence; and scarcely had the old man breathed his last, when Frank, disdaining to inquire for a will or after the disposal of the property, left the dead to bury their dead, mounted his uncle's favourite mare, and rode off, like a madman, to Nottingham. The assizes had commenced the preceding day; the trial of Mary Gray was actually before the grand jury, when Frank Welland, half-dead with emotion and exhaustion, entered the court. For the first time after nearly two years' absence, he beheld his gentle, sensitive Mary standing, wild and ghastly, at the bar, holding up her hand to plead for life, against the advocate of the laws of her country.

But the opinion of the able counsellors procured by William Harding, was fully borne out; a deficiency of evidence secured the acquittal of the prisoner; and she was received from the bar, insensible, into the friendly arms of Francis Welland. *He*, indeed, entertained no further doubt of her innocence; but Mary did not leave the court with an unblemished reputation. She had not attempted to deny the birth of the child, but proved that she had confided the fact to others, so as to receive professional attendance; and, though her life was thus preserved from the retribution of the law, her character was gone for ever.

"And what is to become of you, Mary?" de-

manded Frank, as he watched by her side, when at length she woke from the heavy slumber into which she had fallen, after being conducted, by her devoted friend, to an obscure inn in Nottingham, where he obtained her shelter for the night. "Shall you have courage to shew your face at Falkstone? My uncle is lying dead at the farm; I must hasten back to do my duty by him. If you wish it, I will carry you home to your mother; it seems to me you have no alternative but to go back to your mother."

"I must wait his orders," replied the humbled girl, in a low voice.

"Whose orders must you wait?"

"My husband's!"

"Your husband's?—you do not mean to pretend that you are married?"

"I am married," replied Mary, mildly. "And if I had not known yesterday that nothing could be proved against an innocent person, I might have set aside the trial at once, for I was indicted under my maiden name."

"And why, for God's sake, did you not put in the plea?"

"Because the discovery of our marriage would have been the ruin of my husband. Such has been throughout the motive of so much mystery. My little boy was taken away the moment he was born; and every means has been resorted to to keep the secret. What have I not borne for it? Disgrace, imprisonment, danger! and, above all, the wretchedness of knowing the sorrow I had brought down on my mother—on my poor, dear, kind, loving mother! Oh, Master Frank! I will not wait here any longer. Take me back to Falkstone!—take me back to my mother!—take me *home!*"

"In defiance of your *husband*, Mary?" sternly demanded Welland, who, in this softening of the poor girl's heart, felt he had an opportunity for the clearing up of his doubts.

"Why should I think more of *him* than he thinks of *me*?" cried Mary. "Why was he not like yourself in court, to give me courage and countenance? He promised to come down for the trial; he promised to be in readiness to receive me when all was over."

"To *come down!*—from London, perhaps?" demanded Frank, fixing his eye upon the countenance of the agitated girl. "Mary! it cannot, surely, be William Harding who has deceived you?"

Mary turned paler than before, but uttered not a word.

"What is the alleged motive of this husband of yours," persisted Frank, "for so obstinate a concealment of his marriage?"

"That he would be instantly cast off by a relative from whom he has great expectations. What right have I to ruin his prospects in life? The moment he comes into the business, all is to be made known—our boy acknowledged, and our marriage declared."

"Mary!" cried Frank Welland, "it is no longer possible for me to doubt that the villain who has all but brought you to a death of shame, is no other than William Harding. Do not deny it—do not attempt to deceive me or yourself. I tell you that, at this very moment, he is married to another. The business and fortune he was expecting were the wedding portion of his cousin."

Mary smiled incredulously. "I am lawfully married—believe me, I am lawfully married," was her sole reply.

"Not if your supposed husband be William Harding," persisted Frank, with solemn earnestness; and, taking from his pocket-book the letter announcing William's approaching marriage with Sophia, he placed this irrefragable proof in the hands of his companion. But Mary was no scholar. She begged him to read to her what he supposed to concern her of the epistle; and the horror-struck countenance with which she listened to every successive line, gradually unfolding the miseries of her fate, and the worthlessness of him in whom she trusted, afforded eloquent confirmation of Welland's previous suspicions. She sat for some moments silent after he had concluded the letter, then replied, by producing for his inspection what she believed to be the legal certificate of a legal marriage, privately solemnized at Nottingham the preceding summer.

"He has deceived you, Mary," cried Frank, returning her the papers. "This is mere imposition—this is good for nothing. The marriage was a trick, an imposture."

It was useless to add more. Mary, who had supported her courage so well at the bar of criminal justice, was now senseless at his feet.

A week elapsed—and Frank Welland had laid in the grave the venerable head of the relative by whose will he came into possession of property to the value of twelve thousand pounds; and a spectral figure sat by the fireside of Neighbour Gray, whose door was now closed more scrupulously than before against the consolatory visits of her village friends. Overwhelmed by the discovery of the infamous deception practised upon her, poor Mary refused to be comforted. One moment, she burst into invectives against her seducer, threatening to set off for London and bring his villanies to light—the next, she seemed to shrink from the contemplation of the act of cruel justice she was about to inflict upon the worthless being so steadfastly beloved; and finding, from young Welland, that he was about to visit London to wind up his commercial affairs and dispose of his business, preparatory to retiring to Falkstone for the remainder of his days, she placed her cause in his hands, charging him to claim back from William Harding the pledge of a now withered affection, and engage, on her part, to institute no proceedings against him, in consideration of his consenting to give her back the child.

Her commission was more than fulfilled by the young farmer. Armed with all the sternness of righteous indignation, he proceeded to the house of feasting, over whose front the name of the happy bridegroom was now triumphantly inscribed

in letters of gold; and, having refused the hand extended towards him, in friendly greeting, by young Harding, repeated, word by word, the adjurations of the unfortunate daughter of Neighbour Gray.

"Hush, hush!—speak lower, I entreat you," said the delinquent, turning pale as death at the mere mention of Mary's name. "I can explain everything; I can"——

"You can explain *nothing!*" replied Welland, with firmness. "You have acted like a scoundrel; and your guilt will only be increased by the denial. I know not how far your proceedings may have brought you within reach of the criminal justice of the country; but this I know, that, in spite of all your prosperity, all your pride, this thriving business of yours would fall away to nothing, were I to proclaim what you have done, and what you have hazarded to do."

"Welland, my dear Welland!" faltered Harding, going anxiously to the door of the room in which they were standing, to ascertain that the listening ears of Gabriel Wilkinson were not on the watch. "For old friendship's sake, be merciful!—dictate your own terms—I am willing to do to Mary Gray all the justice still in my power. I will make a comfortable settlement upon her and her mother."

"Neither her mother nor she would stoop to receive a shilling at your hands," replied Frank, with contempt. "All this poor girl asks of you is possession of her child."

"And that is the sole request beyond my power to grant," replied Harding. "The boy died within ten days of removal from his mother. I can give you the certificate of his burial."

"*Another* forged certificate?" demanded Welland, with a scornful smile.

"No, on my honour!"

"Your *honour!*"

"On my word as a man and a Christian. Here it is," he continued, having unlocked and taken from his bureau a paper, which Welland recognised as in proper form. "Take it down to Mary. Set her mind at rest on that point. Make my peace with her, as far as peace is possible; and, whenever she will accept assistance at my hands, *you* shall dictate the settlement to be made upon her."

"*I shall;* but it will never proceed from funds of yours," replied Welland, impatiently. "There is but one concession I require of you—namely, a written engagement to attempt, on no future occasion, or on whatever pretext, any further communication with the family of Neighbour Gray."

"That is easily granted," replied Harding, readily taking up his pen to comply with the demand, in hopes that compliance would rid him of the company of his dangerous visiter. "Here is my attestation, which you may sign as witness, though I cannot exactly perceive what interest you have in such an agreement."

It was not to the culprit before him that Welland felt bound to enter into explanations. It was by the humble hearthside of Neighbour Gray, that the young farmer unfolded, for the first time, to the weeping Mary, his desire to make her his wife; a match that would not only secure her happiness for life, but, in a great measure, procure her vindication in the eyes of the world, and at the expense of his own character. Those who were aware of Frank Welland's inability to declare Mary his wife during the lifetime of his uncle, would attribute to *him* the evil that had befallen her, and the suspicions to which she had been on the point of falling a victim.

But, to the grief of Frank and the amazement of Neighbour Gray, Mary was inexorable. She was not going to carry shame, she said, into any honest man's homestead. Nor could even the utmost eloquence of Welland convince her of the authenticity of the certificate he had brought from London. Mary felt how grievously she had been already misled by her want of scholarship; and, once deceived, could not bring herself to believe that the paltry slip of paper was anything better than a new feint to impose upon her The mother—the young mother—was yearning in her heart. The first cry of her infant had sounded in her ears only to be silenced for ever; and, though now proved a child of shame, she felt that, if only permitted to fold her little son to her breast, all would be atoned—all might be forgotten: her withered youth, her blighted fame, her broken heart. Even the fixed sadness of her mother's venerable countenance would be dispelled, after bestowing her benediction upon the precious child of her precious Mary.

Again and again—sometimes with entreaties, sometimes with chiding—did Welland labour to undeceive her. He resigned his own views, he forgot his own passion, while striving to restore the composure of the unhappy girl. But the more earnestly he protested, the more convinced was Mary that he was bent on persuading her of the death of the babe, in order that, finding herself alone in the world, she might consent to become his wife, and resign all recollection of the past. She slept not by night, she rested not by day. Had it not been for the friendly aid of Farmer Welland, Neighbour Gray must have come to want; for the old woman was no longer able, nor her daughter willing to work. A spirit of restlessness, induced by her misfortunes, and almost amounting to insanity, seemed to have taken possession of poor Mary.

Unable to address a letter of appeal to her persecutor, and faithful to her resolution of confiding the secret so momentous to William's welfare to no other living soul, the devoted girl set about learning to write; and, in the course of a few months, so far accomplished her object as to be able to frame a petition to Harding, embodying the requests already conveyed through the hands of Francis Welland. But, after all her patience, all her cares, all her labours, her letter was in a few days returned to her without a syllable of reply. Such was William Harding's mode of fulfilling the written engagement into which he had entered with his friend.

Two years had now elapsed since his marriage; and, though many men might have felt the evil to which his misdoings had given rise, a drawback upon their happiness, nothing could exceed the triumphant pride of William Harding. Sophia had already made him the father of a boy, upon whom, at his birth, the grandfather settled a sum of £10,000; and, to complete his satisfaction, Welland, the only individual in London cognisant of his guilt, had retired for life into a remote county. Harding was now a Common-Councilman, with a prospect of civic honours; pending which accession of importance, he gratified his vanity by the re-adornment and extension of his premises in Cheapside. His shining, French-varnished mahogany counters; the large looking-glasses advantageously disposed for the reflection of light; the arabesque garlands adorning the pannels of the shop; the ormolu sconces, emitting long tongues of lucent gas—all was arranged according to the most approved form of modern luxury. And the rich India shawls, and silks of Lyons manufacture, were disposed in folds and draperies, imparting to the place the air of a lady's boudoir rather than of a shop in Cheapside; while vases of enamelled Nankin porcelain, birds of Paradise, and pagodas of carved ivory or filigree, were interposed among his merceries, after the fashion of an India warehouse. Of this exhibition of taste and splendour, William Harding was vastly proud; and, when the old gentleman drove in, once or twice a week, from his villa at Camberwell, to dine with the young couple, and admire the progress of his grandson, although he was apt to jeer and banter his successor upon his tendency to parade, he was, at heart, pleased to perceive that his son-in-law marched with the times, and had spirit to adventure further than himself. The business was daily, hourly rising in importance. Harding & Co. realized more in six months than John Harding alone in twelve; nor could the old gentleman refrain from pointing out occasionally to Gabriel Wilkinson, as he passed through the shop, how many sources of profit had been neglected in his time, and how much of present prosperity was owing to the sharp head and high character of his son-in-law. William would come to be churchwarden of the parish—William would come to be Alderman—William *might* come to be Lord Mayor—William would, at all events, come into possession of the sixty-five thousand pounds amassed by his father-in-law; Sophy was the happiest of wives—the boy a princely child:—had not old John Harding cause to applaud his choice of a son, and William the price he had set upon an unblemished reputation?

The only drawback on his satisfaction, was a degree of incompatibility of temper with his flighty wife. Mrs Harding, so far from possessing the gentleness and devotedness of his once idolized Mary, was a young woman of haughty spirit, educated at a third-rate boarding-school, in considerable admiration of her own heiress-ship. She knew the prosperity of her husband to emanate solely from herself, and made use of the argument, on all occasions, to enforce her claims to consideration and indulgence. She was alike jealous of her husband's attention to his business, in preference to herself, and jealous of her husband's influence over her father as superior to her own. She was often fretful, always imperious. But William felt that, for the present, it was desirable to bear all with submission; it was necessary, till the death of old Harding, to maintain, in the eyes of his father-in-law, the reputation of the best of husbands.

One day, as the old gentleman was enjoying, in his daughter's drawing-room, the basin of smoking soup which William always took care to have in readiness for his visits, a sort of scuffle was heard at the door—an altercation between William and the nurse, who was for pushing into the room with the child. "I don't care, sir," reached the ears of Mrs Harding and her father. "I know that woman will end with doing Master John a mischief. She shan't touch the child whilst he's in *my* care. I choose to go to my Missus"——

"Come in, nurse—come in!" cried Sophy, advancing towards the door; but the sovereign, silently slipped, by William, into nurse's hand, had produced a total confusion of ideas in the woman's mind. When interrogated by "Missus," she knew nothing—could remember nothing; and flattered herself she had succeeded in persuading the jealous woman that her ears had deceived her.

But Sophia was too shrewd to be so imposed on. She had always secretly resented William's coldness as a suitor and indifference as a husband, and now so perseveringly addressed her questions to Gabriel Wilkinson, concerning the disturbance which had driven the nurse and child from the shop into the drawing-room, as at length to elicit that a young woman, in deep mourning, having considerable remains of beauty, had more than once pursued the nurse and child into the house—claimed the boy as her own—upbraided William Harding, in presence of his shopmen and customers—and only been driven at length from the place, by threats of sending for peace-officers.

"The young woman is evidently out of her mind," observed Wilkinson, watching the effect of his communications. "But the tender way in which she appeals to her dear William, and the earnestness with which she insists upon getting possession of the little boy, are truly alarming; for, I fear, they have been already the means of raising reports in the neighbourhood disadvantageous to Mr Harding. Twice the vehemence of her outcries has attracted a mob round the shop-door; and I can perceive officious people, as they pass, pointing to the house as the scene of a mysterious occurrence."

"And have you not been able to discover the girl's name?" demanded Sophia, her heart fluttering with agitation.

"No, ma'am. It was no business of mine. But I think I have heard Mr Harding address

her as 'Mary.' I fancy it is some acquaintance from the country."

This hint was enough for the petulant Sophia. Much as she had before affected to despise the shop, she was now constantly visiting William at his counter, with his boy in her arms; nay, would even stand with him at the door, on pretence of amusing the child with the carriages passing by. Harding, meanwhile, was on thorns. Significant smiles passed between his envious shopmen, Wilkinson and Clark, when they saw their master, in his uneasiness, bringing down to his customers plush for velvet, or china crape for aërophane. But, at length, Sophia's manœuvres succeeded: she obtained an interview with "Mary."

For it was, indeed, Mary Gray—Mary, care-erased and friendless; who, having paid the last duties to her mother, and realised a small sum by the sale of her cottage and effects, had repaired to London on pretext of seeking a situation, but, in reality, on the frantic errand of persuading William Harding to give up her child. Her mind was more than ever bewildered by delusions; and, having readily found her way to the residence of the splendid mercer, she could not dispossess herself of the idea that the beautiful boy she saw laughing and crowing in his nurse's arms, in a shop inscribed with the name of "William Harding," could be no other than the one of whom she was in search.

"Give him to me!" cried she, rushing into the shop on the memorable afternoon Sophia was lying in wait for her. "He is mine—he is my child; and William will tell you that he was married to me before he ever saw your face! But I do not ask for William—I do not want William—I want the child—I want our son—our boy!"

"Put her quietly out," said Harding, in an under tone to Gabriel Wilkinson; "the poor creature is evidently mad." But the paleness overspreading his own features, and the faltering of his voice as he spoke, bore testimony to his secret terrors.

"Do not hurt her—she seems quite harmless," cried Sophia, interfering, as Wilkinson was about to obey the directions of his master. "Do you want anything here, young woman?" she continued, addressing Mary Gray.

"I want my child!" replied Mary, more gently, on finding herself addressed in a tone of gentleness. "William Harding took it from me the moment it was born, promising I should have it again when he was able to acknowledge our marriage. And now, though you see how dearly he loves it, and how finely it is dressed, he keeps it from me on pretence that it is dead and buried!" And she attempted, with so much vehemence, to snatch the babe from the arms of its mother, that Sophia, terrified in her turn, was glad to escape into the interior of the house.

The rest of that day was anything but a day of peace to William. All that female exasperation could put forth in the way of reproach, was lavished upon him. He was accused by Sophy of having redeemed himself from beggary by a marriage with herself, to the ruin of some unhappy creature sacrificed to his interests; and she informed him that she had already addressed a letter to her father, acquainting him with her discoveries, and imploring him to fetch her away from the city the following day. Overwhelmed by the prospect of a breach with his father-in-law, Harding exerted himself to the utmost to "put the best face on the matter," taxing his wife with injustice in giving ear to the incoherences of one who was either a maniac or a person suborned to bring false accusations against an innocent man. By the time tea was nearly over, he had so far recovered his influence over the mind of the indignant Sophy as to be permitted to sit beside her on the sofa, and obtain a remote prospect of reconciliation.

But Mary Gray—who, though expelled with rough entreatment that morning from the threshold of her once loved William, felt that she had obtained an advantage in being permitted to approach the child whom her disordered intellects represented to her as her own—was still lurking near the shop; and, when the business of the day was ended, and, by the light of the blazing gas gleaming through the transparent plate glass, she discerned Clark, Wilkinson, and their confraternity, busily engaged in making entries and folding up the rich cachemere and Ternan shawls, she made a sudden dart across the shop, towards the door through which she had seen Sophia disappear in the morning. In another moment, she was in the drawing-room, confronting, with frantic gestures, the husband and wife, and interrupting their tête-à-tête with outcries for her child—her boy.

"He is dead, Mary," cried William Harding, startled out of all self-possession by her sudden reappearance. "You have seen the certificate of his burial. You well *know* that he is dead."

"Then you have murdered him. I accuse you of having murdered him!" exclaimed the poor girl, her face livid with excitement. "You tried hard to betray *me* to the gallows, in hopes of getting rid of me. I tell you, William Harding, you tried to make away with *me*; and, now, you have made away with your poor, blessed, innocent, smiling babe. What have you done with it, madam?—where have you put it?" she cried, making a wild rush towards the now shrieking Sophia, which was parried by the agitated husband; and, as they were struggling together, the young men below, alarmed by the screams of Mrs Harding, hurried up stairs. The window was thrown up, and the police called in. Ere they made their appearance, Mary, exhausted by her efforts, and the disease by which they were excited, had fallen on the floor in a fit—her lips covered with foam, and her eyes starting from their orbits.

"Take her away! take her away!" shrieked Mrs Harding, as the policemen entered; while her husband remained speechless with consternation.

"She is mad, I fancy," observed one of the shopmen, in explanation.

"More likely drunk," replied the police-men, to whom such incidents were familiar.

"Drunk and disorderly," added Clark, after representing to the police-men, the strange intrusion of the offender, whom he proceeded to give in charge, with a view of putting an end to the dilemma of his employer.

"I warrant you a few hours in the station-house will bring the lady to herself," replied the man. And the still senseless Mary was, accordingly, borne off, conveyed to the station-house, and locked into a damp cell till morning. William Harding had no leisure for the consideration of her sufferings—Sophia's hysterics were quite as much, just then, as he could manage.

Two hours afterwards, just as the house was closed for the night, a knock was heard, followed by the voice of a stranger, insisting on an immediate interview with Mr Harding. It was Welland, who, having followed the unfortunate daughter of Neighbour Gray to town, had only that afternoon traced out her lodgings, and, alarmed by her absence, and conjecturing whither the wanderings of the poor maniac had been directed, was come to demand tidings of the unhappy girl. William would, perhaps, have followed up his system of deception, by denying all knowledge of her, had not the very servants of the house already admitted to the visiter, that a young woman, out of her mind, had, in truth, been there, and, having bred disturbances in the family, been committed to the nearest police station.

Frank Welland did not waste a moment in appealing to the conscience of his former friend. Hastening eagerly to the station-house, by dint of a considerable bribe, he obtained immediate access to the prisoner.

"She be som'ere her'abouts. But the young woman war blind drunk when shut in for the night," observed the constable, lowering his lantern to the floor of the cell on which Mary Gray was lying. "She war obstropulous when we took her into custody; but she do seem quiet enough now."

And quiet enough she was, when Frank, with streaming eyes, bent over her body. Mary was dead! Yes, dead!—still warm, but quite dead.

"There didn't seem no good in sending for a doctor," observed the policeman, in self-extenuation. "She war given in charge as drunk and disorderly. How was we to know as she war in a fit?"

"Given in charge!—by whom?" faltered Welland.

"By a respectable householder, Mr William Harding of Cheapside. There ben't a gemman of higher character in the whole parish."

The unfortunate daughter of Neighbour Gray was laid decently in the grave by him over whose infancy the good woman had watched so kindly; but the prosperity, to the acquirement of which William Harding had sacrificed so largely, did not long outlast that sad event. The wrongs of poor Mary were avenged by the vindictive Sophia, who, till her father's death, remained his inmate, and, by her representations of the worthlessness of her husband, obtained the sole and separate control over the property left behind by old Harding.

No one pitied the delinquent—no one stood his friend. His gorgeous shop became deserted; and the failing business was, at length, made over, for a trifling consideration, to a new firm, Messrs Wilkinson & Clark. The ruined man, true to the last to his false principles, instead of attributing to his misdoings the failure of his worldly prosperity, bewailed only his loss of reputation. "I had no chance of getting over such a stroke of ill-luck," was his constant exclamation. "Knowledge of business is a fine thing; but my case is a plain proof that, in trade, the one thing needful is CHARACTER!"

HIGHLAND BIOGRAPHY.—NO. I.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

AULD Dugald M'Donald—ye'll scarcely believ't—
Was ance a wee tot on the knee o' his mither;
An' a' the guid crones i' the clachan perceiv'd
Him as like to his dad as ae pea's till anither.
His hair was as red as a sunbeam in mist;
His face was a' freckled; his nose it was sma' like;
His bonny wee mou' had a trifle o' twist,
Remarkably fitted for lisping the Gaelic.

Deaf Janet, the spaewife, she munted her specs,
An' glower'd like a hawk i' the loof o' the callan';
An' Dominie Dhu, in a fit o' the freaks,
Spak o' stars an' conjunctions to Rory M'Allan.
For Dominie Dhu had ta'en note o' the stars,
An' Rory M'Allan had studied the planets;
An' though their opinions were whiles at the wars,
They coost up their noses an' scouted auld Janet's.

M'Lauchlan, the priest, wi' his weel-shaven crown—
Whase father was shot at Drummossie wi' Charlie—
He whuppit a book frae the sleeve o' his gown,
An' cross'd him, an' sain'd him, an' kirsen'd him fairly.

Mair joy in ae family scarcely could be,
Frae green Aberfoyle to the borders o' Buchan;
Sae Ranald shool'd out, in the shape o' a fee,
A weel-hoarded guinea frae out o' his spleuchan.

Now gentle an' semple they emptied the horn—
Even matrons an' maidens they werena above it;
For wee Dugald's sire was a gentleman born,
Being ninety-sixth cousin to Fraser o' Lovat.
A fig for sic tipple as sherry or port,
It's no worth a snuff frae a Highlandman's mill—
What raises *his* soul to the regions o' sport,
Is double strong usquabae het frae the still!

So they drank an' they sang like the sons o' Apollo,
For frolic an' fun they got riper and riper;
But at drinking, the caliant wha beat them a' hollow
Was Evan, the Laird o' M'Alister's piper;
For he drank an' he play'd, an' he play'd an' he drank;
An' his pipes they were buskit wi' ribbons a' o'er;
An' I dare to be sworn, for a man o' his rank,
He laid in a stock for a towmond an' more!

The lang winter nicht flitted by like a dream;
They felt themsel's queer, but they wistna what ail'd them;
Till the sun frae the lift shone on mountain and stream,
An' cam' down through the lum an' the window, an' skail'd them.
M'Lauchlan he steadily munted his beast—
For his reverence was bound on a mission to Forres;
But, ere he departed, the kind-hearted priest,
He gae them his blessing, an' drank *doch an doris*.

A truce with his nonage—that task I resign;
Young Dugald M'Donald's deserves not a stanza;
Suffice it to say, he grew tall as a pine,
And *stout* as the heiress of regal Braganza.
He was proud as a peacock, a stranger to fear,
He was strong as a garron, and fleet as a hound;
And for spearin' a sawmont or stalking a deer,
There wasna his maik in six parishes round.

But naething like learnin' wad enter his skull;
The dominie grat that his mind was "obtuse;"
He knew not a B frae the foot of a bull,
Nor ever could master his P's and his Q's.
If dullness is bliss, 'tis in vain to be wise—
So Dugald exultingly swore by St George,
"If she couldna for learnin' optain ta pra prize,
She wadna pe panished nor hang'd for a forge."

He sorn'd on the tacksmen, he poach'd frae the laird,
He rifled the doo-cot, an' plundered the stream;
An' whiles a bit ewe or a lamb disappeared,
But the corbie or eagle they aye gat the blame.
At markets he aye made a shift to get fu',
Wi' wonderfu' combative powers he was gifted;
But, ae weary night, the poor dominie's cow—
The pet o' the bairnies—alas! she was *lifted*.

Frae shielin' to shielin', through clachan an' toun,
The tidin's flew swift as the auld fiery corse;
They thought on M'Donald, the lang-fingered loon,
An' the saddle for ance set upon the right horse.
The clan in a crack was his foe to a man;
The grey-headed patriarchs sairly misca'ed him,
Sae he took to his heels like a sleuth hound, an' ran,
For the bounds o' the parish were owre het to haud him.

An' down to the Lowlands the land-lowper hied;
He ne'er coost the glance o' his ee owre his shouther;
But gallop'd full three Scottish ells at a stride,
An' thought upon bay'nets, an' bullets, an' pouther.
In sooth, but the uppermost thought in his mind
Was Hangie, the drap, an' the horrible fa';
Sae he flew to a sergeant, as fleet as the wind,
An' listed at ance i' the auld Forty-Twa.

An' there he got rations an' fightin' *galore*,
Where bayonets clash'd, an' where ordnance thunder'd;
He aye was the first an' the last i' the splore,
An' mony a weel-stickit Frenchman he plunder'd.
A skirmish was a' very weel in its way;
But a battle afforded him unalloy'd pleasure;
For he prowl'd 'mang the slain at the close o' the day,
An' rifled their sporrans an' spleuchans at leisure.

An ingot, a cross, or a braw diamond ring—
A chain, or a star, or a gowden repeater—
A brooch, or a locket, awa he wad bring,
An' mair than a poet can hitch in his metre.
Nae matter, he held up his head wi' the best,
An' calmly submitted to every restriction;
For brawlie he kenned he had feather'd his nest,
An' that was a comfort in every affliction.

Thus Dugald industriously fill'd his pock neuk,
But valour oozed out at each pore in his skin;
So he wearied to beat his claymore to a heuk,
An' back to the mountains o' Scotland to win.
"Let them rush on ta bagnets, an' slash at ta French—
Let them munt ta fell breach while ta cannons are roarin'—
Let them stan' to ta knees amang glaur in ta trench,
Wha haena a plack i' the neuk o' their sporran——

"I'm aff." A tremendous hurricane blew—
Ye wad thought auld Sathan was rulin' the roast;
Sae he took a gowd piece frae the sole o' his shoe,
To bribe the poor sentry, an' ran to the coast.
An', lang afore daylight, the fortunate dog,
Was safely on board o' a three-lugged bikker;*
Wha was bound to Lochalsh an' Lochaber *incog*,
Pang fu' o' guid tea, an' tobacco, an' liquor.

In Albyn he landed in less than a week,
An' vow but his heart was as light as a feather;
When his nose was saluted wi' Highland peat reek,
He loupit an' danc'd like a cowt on the heather.
But, sly as a fumart, he travelled to Lorn,
Twice sixty miles south frae his ain native glen;
Ca'd in at the change house an' took a guid horn,
An' tauld them his name it was Dugald M'Lean.

The mistress was gaucy, an' ance had been young,
A widow she 'd been for a year an' a day;
An' Dugald he fleeched wi' a traveller's tongue;
For while it was summer he meant to mak' hay.
The courtin' was done in a fortnight at maist,
The breach had been made, an' the fortress was carried,
Sae he hurried a boat to Lismore for the priest,
Wha cam' in a crack, an' the twasome were married.

In six months he awoke frae his dream wi' a stairt,
The minions o' justice an' law cried—"Remember!"
An' bills shower'd around him frae every airt,
As thick as the snaw-flakes i' gloomy December.
He paid frae his ill-gotten gear as he might,
Till his siller was gane, an' his credit was coupit;
An' now fell upon him the finishin' blight—
The hail o' his stock an' his steadin' were roupit!
Expell'd frae his hame, owre the country a ranger,
An' beggar'd in conscience, an' credit, an' cunyie,
He seeks his bit piece frae the hand o' the stranger,
A heart-broken, haggard, an' puir gaberlunyie.

MORAL.

Reader, if honesty you lack,
This wholesome truth I tell ye—
The gear that's won owre Satan's back
Is spent beneath his belly.

* Bikker, or Bukker, the Highland name for a smuggler, probably a corruption of Buccaneer.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINE, AND FRENCH SCHEMES OF COLONIZATION.*

The defeat of the French expedition to Constantine was a surprise to the public. It was not so to us; nor ought it to have been to any one who reflects upon the repeated and invariable failures of the French in their attempts to conquer and colonize barbarous or semi-barbarous countries. With all their courage, their many military virtues, their many agreeable personal qualities, and their high civilisation, there is not, in truth, any European people so little qualified for such undertakings. In the management of a conquered people, they have no suppleness—everything is measured by a French standard; and, as colonists, they lack practice, industry, perseverance, and enterprise. "There is something," says Mr Hazlitt, "in the tone of French assumption and defiance, peculiarly offensive

* Voyage dans la Regence d'Algier, par Rozet. 1831.

other nations. We can bear pride in a superior, for there is something serious and dignified in it; but self-conceit jars through every fibre of the frame. French impertinence has perhaps done more than the horrors of the Revolution or Buonaparte's strides to power, to rivet the chains of Europe. It was that air of making light of their enemies which whetted so many daggers against them, more than any other given cause, and which, till they get rid of it, will never allow them to be respected in adversity nor safe in the lap of conquest."

Without referring to their European failures—in Spain, Portugal, and Russia—let the reader take, along with us, a glance at the attempts made by them in the other quarters of the world, and we think he will be satisfied of the truth and accuracy of our assertion. The most successful attempts of the French were made in America. There they had little to struggle against but the soil and the elements; for European rivalry was common to them and to others; and the wretched savages, as usual, gave way before them, affording almost as little resistance to their progress as the pine trees or the bisons of the forest. In Canada, after 150 years of colonization, the colonists amounted to but 70,000—an amiable, but a feeble and unenterprising race, who carried with them the preposterous and incompatible feudal institutions of Europe, and the manners of the reign of Louis XIV., to the unoccupied lands of the New World, and preserved them there unchanged as long as they were under French dominion. In Louisiana, with a far better soil, and a more genial climate, and superior local advantages, they were not more successful. The prosperity of this country dates from its cession, in the first year of the present century, to its present possessors, of the Saxon race. The whole territory in 1801 did not perhaps contain 100,000 inhabitants; by the American census of 1830, it contained above 350,000—now probably increased to half a million. All French America, when the Anglo-American revolution commenced, did not contain 100,000 inhabitants. The British colonists, at that moment, although founded at about the same period, and, when founded, receiving less active assistance from the mother country, amounted to twenty times the number, vastly superior in knowledge, love of liberty, enterprise, and wealth.

Let us next turn to India. The French and the English met here, at least, upon terms of perfect equality—indeed, for that matter, the advantage was in favour of the French, for they had anticipated the English in the establishment of political influence and territorial acquisition. They cannot be said to have wanted leaders; for Labourdonnais, Dupleix, and De Bussy were at least equal to Lawrence, Clive, and Hastings. They were, notwithstanding, beaten completely out of the field, by the dogged perseverance and superior discretion of their rivals. The French, in India, offended the religious and national prejudices of their subjects and of their allies. They never could contrive to organize a decent battalion of Sepoys. The English Sepoys, officered by Englishmen, beat the French Sepoys, officered by Frenchmen, wherever they met them. We have at present an army of 150,000 Sepoys, well armed, well clothed, and punctually paid; and this is, in reality, the chief instrument by which we maintain dominion over a hundred millions of people. Even if the French had had no rivals in India, we are clearly of opinion that their want of temper, impetuosity, and defect of tact, would have rendered it impossible for them ever to have organized such a body. The writer whom we have already quoted, we think, has satisfactorily explained the difference between the English and French character in so far as respects practical questions of this nature:—"The English understanding, so to speak," says he, "even from a certain slowness and hebetude, runs less into fine distinctions, and is less liable to be led away by a variety of minor considerations, which it has not the art to magnify at pleasure into matters of importance; it sees and attends only to the principal point, the *one thing needful;* and, therefore, in cases of critical emergency and urgent necessity, possesses a sounder practical judgment than the French, which flutters about an object, and is distracted by a multiplicity of shifting and insignificant views of the same thing. For the same reason, the English are as inferior to the French in diplomacy as they are superior to them in downright action; because there the essential business is not to feel the real *home* truth, but to disguise it and draw off attention from it by fifty evasions and verbal excuses. The predominant feature of the English is a certain honesty or sincerity of feeling which makes them dupes, but accompanied with a steadiness of purpose, and a proportion in their efforts to their sense of the importance of the occasion, which does not allow them to be willing ones. The Englishman's head is essentially mechanical, and his will acts upon the decision of the understanding; when a Frenchman, on the contrary, has to act from foresight and combination, he forgets the end in the means, and is either rash and flighty or formal and pedantic."

The French for fifty years had sighed to possess Egypt. Their imagination was charmed with the reputation of its ancient and modern fertility. They fancied they had only to conquer it, to let in an inexhaustible stream of wealth upon France. They thought, besides, that it was the sure stepping-stone to India, to the destruction of the English power there; and, consequently, to the pouring into the lap of France, the vaunted but the imaginary wealth of the East. They never considered that they had not the command of the sea—that the commerce of Egypt could not be theirs without it—that Egypt was already peopled with two millions of men—that there was a warlike militia of Mamelukes and Turks difficult to subdue, and that, even if the country were conquered, they never could maintain the tranquil possession of it, as it was almost everywhere surrounded by sands and deserts, the

abode of wandering and warlike Arabs, whose easy incursions would make the possession not worth maintaining. The conquest was, notwithstanding, resolved upon, and the scheme was even a personal favourite with the greatest military genius of ancient or modern times. At the head of 40,000 men, of perhaps the finest troops that the world ever saw, he persevered personally in the attempt for a whole year. The Turks and the Arabs, in the field, were but a mere rabble, whom he routed wherever he met them; but a paltry fortress on the coast of Syria, garrisoned by a few desperate Turks, was sufficient to baffle the genius and arrest the progress of the man who had, in a single campaign, destroyed three Austrian armies, each greater than his own. The attempt to make a conquest of Egypt, and the conduct of the invaders during a three years' residence in that country, are anything but creditable to the political sagacity and common-sense of the French people. We may safely assert that the English and Americans would not have entered upon so wild a scheme at all; or, if they had committed themselves to it, that they would have accomplished the task with more wisdom and discretion.

The French are now engaged in the scheme of conquering and colonizing a country very much resembling Egypt in the nature of its inhabitants and in the character of its climate. It is, indeed, inferior to Egypt in fertility; but, then, it is far nearer to them; for, instead of being two months', it is hardly three days' sail from the coast of France.* No European rival has interfered with them, as in the cases of America, India, and Egypt; and yet, although they have been at work for six long years, they have made wonderfully little progress in their undertaking. Independent of the real defects of the French character in reference to foreign conquest and colonization, many causes of want of success are easily to be found in the character of the people and country which they are attempting to subdue and settle. This will be made obvious enough by a brief sketch. The territory of Algiers has no definite and defencible line, except on the coast of the Mediterranean; and, in war-time, even this is anything but defencible against any superior naval power. To the east and to the west, it has Tunis and Morocco; to the south, it has the vast sandy desert of the Sahara, occupied by predatory and roving Arabs. The ridge of the Atlas, with its branches and spurs, runs east and west through the whole country, giving the entire region a mountainous or hilly character. The area of the country is in round numbers full 100,000 square miles,† or within one-sixth part of the extent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; but, if we deduct vast marshes, sandy deserts, and sterile mountains, the real amount of good land will be found very small, and its value for cultivation and settlement greatly depreciated, by its being necessarily scattered in patches over so immense a surface. The rivers of Algiers run but a short course, and, although some of them be valuable for irrigation, none are so for external navigation, or for internal communication; on the contrary, some of them, by overflowing their banks during the rainy season, and producing vast marshes, instead of facilitating intercourse, altogether obstruct the communication, in that season of the year, between one portion of the country and another. Algiers is computed to contain two millions of inhabitants; probably an over estimate. This would give twenty inhabitants to the square mile—a wretched amount of population for a country that has been occupied from the earliest ages of antiquity; that had the Carthaginians, the Romans, and the Greeks for its masters; and that is within a few hours' sail of the most civilized nations of Europe, ancient and modern. Physical defects alone in the country itself can account for this. The long continuance of bad government would not suffice. Four hundred years of Turkish misgovernment, did not succeed in bringing continental or insular Greece, or any other portion of Turkey in Europe, to so low a condition; their natural resources were sufficient to resist such a degradation.

The inhabitants of Algiers consist of seven distinct tribes or nations; the most numerous of these are the Barbers, or Kabyls, who are supposed to constitute half the population. These people are the descendants of the ancient Numidians; in fact, the aborigines of the country. They constitute the husbandmen of the country, and, indeed, with the exception of the inhabitants of the towns, are the only tolerably industrious portion of the population. The Moors, so called by Europeans, are the inhabitants of the towns: they are the descendants, but the mixed descendants, of the more civilized Arabian conquerors, who conquered the Mediterranean coast of Africa, under the Kaliphat. We have then the Bedouins, or wandering Arabs, who, like the rest of the same race spread over Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, live in tents, and tend their flocks, and are a pest to the industrious inhabitants, as their ancestors were three thousand years ago. Then we have the Turks, few in number; some Jews; a few thousand negroes, in a state of slavery; with, now, the Christian army and Christian settlers of France, attempting to conquer and colonize, among this motley population of African or Asiatic race, of Mahomedans, Jews, or Pagans, speaking languages and possessing manners distinct from each other, and both still more widely different from those of their invaders.

How can European industry flourish, or, in other terms, how can European colonization be planted in a country already strewed with thorns, thistles, and rank weeds of the human species—

* According to the French map, published at Paris in 1834, the distance from Toulon to Port Mahon is seventy marine leagues, and from the latter to Algiers is sixty-five leagues; making, in all, about 400 nautical miles, or not so much as the voyage from London to Edinburgh, with a much easier navigation.

† See—Carte du Gouvernment d'Algier, &c., par. J. Andriveau. Goujon, Paris, 1834.

not the promoters, but the very antipodes of industry and civilization? It is very difficult to imagine that the new acquisition should flourish, with anything short of the extermination or the expulsion of the existing races of inhabitants; and this, humanity aside, would cost such millions of French gold and such torrents of French blood, that the acquisition would unquestionably not be worth the purchase.

It may be said, perhaps, that the people may be rendered civilized, industrious, and docile, through French example and discipline; and that, in this case, they would pay taxes which would not only maintain the establishments of the colony, but even furnish a tribute to the mother country. All this would suppose a change of manners and of habits in the people; a change, or, at least, a great modification in religion; the conversion of the migratory hordes of the desert, and of the mountaineers of the Atlas, into peaceable husbandmen, and artisans, and traders. Even then, the frontier would still be exposed to the predatory incursions of the immemorial free-booters of the desert. Such a revolution would be the work, not of years, but of centuries. The French have been already six years in Algiers, and, out of its hundred thousand square miles, they have not *ten* that are free from anarchy, and in which a French subject can invest his capital with security.

Even the conquest of the country, to say nothing of its peaceable settlement, has made but very little progress; not one half of what that of Egypt had made in the single year of Napoleon's residence in that country. The French are at war with the Kabyles and the Arabs; and the largest of the four provinces of the Regency, Constantine, has set them at utter defiance. The mismanagement of the French, even in the easiest part of their task, conquest, is strikingly exemplified in their recent expedition against the capital of this province. A Marshal of the Empire, with a high military reputation, led an army of 6000 men against it. From his headquarters at Bona, the place is not an hundred miles distant; yet he seems to have known little of the route; nothing of the fortifications of the place he was going to attack; and nothing of the dispositions of its garrison and inhabitants, which, together, could not have amounted to less than 30,000 persons. His commissariat arrangements were as bad as possible. He undertook the expedition in the end of November, when the low country was knee-deep in mud, and the high country covered with snow. Before the army (gallant and enthusiastic at starting) had reached its point of destination, it was in a state of complete disorganization. Most of its artillery was buried in the mud; the soldiers were benumbed, frost-bitten, and heartless. 1200 effective men only could be brought up to the walls of the stronghold of Constantine; after firing a few vain shots at which, the army sounded a retreat, pursued, and cut up, and murdered by a rabble of Bedouin cavalry, which, as Napoleon said of the Cossacks on the retreat from Moscow, "would not, under ordinary circumstance, have pierced a company of voltigeurs." It has been said that the force under Marshal Clausel was not sufficiently strong. If that were really the case, the Marshal ought not to have undertaken the expedition, and especially in the depth of winter, and without food or tent-equipage. We are of opinion, however, that the army was not too small; and that a force of 6000 men, with a due proportion of artillery and cavalry, was better, under the circumstances, than one of three times the number; and, for this plain reason, that it was more easily fed and moved; that it was strong enough to prevent any horde of barbarians from distracting its attention from a siege; and that, when a practicable breach was effected, 1000 granadiers would be as efficient in storming it as five times the number.

The French are, however, committed to the settlement and conquest of Algiers. They have no disposition to retire, nor, indeed, can they retreat with credit, or, supposing them to desire to hold the sea-ports only, even with safety to their existence in the country. They must go on with it; and, in the favourable season of the year, a new expedition, with more knowledge, must be undertaken against Constantine, which, we have not the least doubt, will fall in the course of the next summer. The entire territory of Algiers must, indeed, be subjugated and taken military occupation of. For the latter purpose, an army of at least 50,000 French troops (double the number of British troops necessary to maintain dominion over the docile and industrious Hindoos) will be indispensable, independent of a native militia and auxiliaries in French pay. France will have to pay the charge of all this for many a year to come; for the utmost that can be expected from local taxation, will be to meet the expenses of the civil establishments.

The French, in their very ignorant thirst for conquest and colonization, are clearly misled by the example of our Indian conquests. They fancy that Egypt and Africa, with their rude and predatory tribes, are exactly like Hindostan, with its comparatively industrious and obedient inhabitants; and they are under an impression that our conquests in the latter are a source of vast wealth and prosperity to England. Every Englishman of competent capacity, who has inquired into this subject, knows that there is no truth in such a supposition. It would, in fact, be telling this country many millions of money, if it had never possessed a square mile of territory on the Indian continent. The patronage of India throws a mischievous power into the hands of the executive, which more than counterbalances the only substantial advantage we have derived from India—the extension of our commerce; and that advantage, let it be observed, is of little more than twenty years' standing; for, before that period, the Indian commerce was not a profit, but a burthen to the people of England; who paid more for every article, the

produce of that country, than if they had received them indirectly through Americans; while they exported less of their own produce than the Americans would have exported for them. We furnish the following brief sketch, in illustration of our assertion respecting our Indian conquests, for the advantage of our uninstructed countrymen, and of our yet more uninstructed neighbours in France. The latter are in the useful habit of translating and inserting in one of their most popular periodicals, some of the leading articles of the English journals. We beg them to do us the honour, and give themselves the benefit, of inserting in the periodical in question, the present article on Algiers, and, more especially, that part of it which we are now about to give, describing the financial position of the English in reference to their Indian conquests.—We have in round numbers, in India, not less than one million and a quarter of square geographical miles of territory; ninety millions of subjects; and about forty millions of tributaries. The number of nations and tribes in this vast aggregate of human beings, as they are distinguished by their different languages and dialects, is certainly not less than forty. The very utmost of the revenue derived from the taxation of ninety millions of people is about twenty-one millions sterling, which includes not only general taxes, but very nearly every provincial and municipal tax too. Compared to English taxation, on the peace establishment, excluding local taxation, this is not one-third part of the revenue yielded by our twenty-four millions of inhabitants, nor one-fourth part of what eighteen millions of British subjects paid during the late war. The rate of taxation, per head, is about 4s. 6d.; that is, little more than a French crown a-head. If ninety millions of frugal, industrious, unwarlike, and unresisting Hindoos, in a rich country, yield a revenue equal to a French crown a-head, what will two millions of restless, ferocious, and warlike Numidians, and wild, roving, and predatory Arabs yield, in a comparatively barren country? This is the question to be answered; and the answer cannot be difficult. They will most probably *take* more than can *be taken* from them. Their contributions will be purely nominal. If they were as productive as the Hindoos, and no one in his senses will say that they are likely to be so, they would, of course, yield something like twelve millions of francs; and the French Minister of War will be able to tell to what extent so paltry a sum will go towards defraying the expense of an army of fifty thousand men, or even of half the number. Already, it appears from the correspondence between Mr Dupin and Marshal Clausel, that the enormous sum of 200,000,000 of francs, or £8,000,000 sterling, have been squandered on the colony. But what is the surplus of the Anglo-Indian revenue of twenty millions? There is no part of the Indian territory of England which has ever paid the expense of maintaining it, except the valley and delta of the Ganges. This has paid its own expenses, and contributed to cover the deficiencies of the rest; which *rest*, however, must be preserved, or the Gangetic provinces would be useless. Had the rich valley and delta of the Ganges, with its timid, laborious, and obsequious population, been sea-girt, or surrounded by an impassable wall of brass, it might have yielded a large tribute to Great Britain; but this is not the case. It is surrounded, in almost every direction, by people more warlike than its inhabitants—by predatory hordes, not unlike the Arabs of the desert; and a great army must be maintained, to protect the garden of India from their incursions and depredations. The civil charges of India amount to about eight millions; the military to nine millions; the interest of a debt of sixty millions, to three millions; and an annual tribute has, moreover, to be remitted to England, amounting to £630,000, in order to pay the dividends on East India Stock—a tribute formerly levied upon the tea-drinkers of England, and transferred by the last charter to the already tax-ridden Indians. A further tribute has to be remitted, for the payment of exorbitant pensions. We have here the whole revenue expended, to within a few hundred thousand pounds. But the real truth is, that, while the people of India are obviously over-taxed, and the improvement of their condition hindered by such over-taxation, there is the utmost difficulty in making the revenue equal to the expenditure, or, as we express it, by an English idiom, "to make both ends meet."

A silly outcry has been raised, in this country, against the French conquest of Algiers; and our Foreign Secretaries have, we believe, taken the trouble of remonstrating against it. If our object had been the philanthropic one of beseeching the French not to waste their treasure and spill their blood in so profitless an enterprise, this would be all right enough. In a political and a worldly sense, nothing can be more senseless and impertinent. All the injury is to the French, who are wasting those resources upon a worthless object—wasting those resources which, should the barbarous policy of considering the two most civilized nations of the world as natural enemies, be unhappily revived, might be used to our own detriment. It is hardly necessary to add, that, in the event of war between the two countries, the possession of Algiers must add to the weakness, and not to the strength of France. It would inevitably fall before the party that had the command of the ocean; and the French garrison would exist in Africa only to become so many prisoners of war in England. Most of the benefit arising from the conquest of Algiers, accrues to the other nations of Europe, and perhaps the largest share of it to ourselves, as enjoying the largest share in the trade of the Mediterranean, which the vagabonds of the Regency had infested with their piracies for three centuries. The French, in short, are at the heavy charge of keeping watch and ward over a den of thieves and robbers, and the rest of Europe, paying neither fee nor toll, receives nothing but benefit from their services. Instead, then, of snarling and growling at the French occupation of Algiers,

we ought to express our gratitude for the good offices rendered to us. But the truth is, that John Bull is a thick-skulled blockhead, who never knows when he is well off, and who, in this instance, as in many others, instead of pasturing peaceably in the green fields made secure to him at the expense of others, employs his noddle, day and night, in butting against their stone walls. We will venture to guess that his shrewder younger brother, across the Atlantic, has never hinted one objection against the French occupation of Algiers; but, on the contrary, thankfully taken the goods the gods and the French projectors have provided him.

PRIOR'S LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

The story of Goldsmith's life embodies the calamities of the literary career, the pains and penalties of authorship, more completely than the adventures of any other classic English writer. "Poor Goldsmith!" breathed a kindred and sympathizing spirit—"how much enjoyment he has given to others! how unhappy he was himself!—*he never had even the pleasure of reading his own works.*" The pleasure of feeling and composing those delightful works, and of exercising, by snatches, the most expansive kindness and the tenderest pity that ever thrilled a poet's bosom, were the sole blessings of that checkered and always struggling lot of literary drudgery, the bitterness of which he tasted to the lees. Yet its acrid bitterness was not able to taint the original nature of the most bland and sweet-blooded among the sons of genius; nor had the world, into the turmoil of which he was helplessly thrown, power to inoculate him with its virus. With all his diverting or endearing foibles, and some of those faults which shoot the most luxuriantly from the warm soil of the kindly virtues, it is impossible to look back upon him without tenderness and almost personal affection, as on one whom we must have loved, with or in spite of his failings. Such appear to have been the feelings of the most distinguished men of the circle in which he latterly lived. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded him with the more tenderness for that very guilelessness of nature and amusing simplicity with which the former sometimes diverted himself; while Johnson's rough chidings and rebukes must have originated in the most friendly motives. He loved and appreciated the man so truly himself, that he was often heartily provoked and irritated when the simplicity of Goldsmith laid him open to the ridicule or contempt of persons quite incapable of either understanding the beauty of his genius or of his character. Johnson was, moreover, jealous for the dignity of letters, and for that Literary Order which his open-hearted friend was so apt to compromise in mixed society, by the dangerous habit of thinking aloud. But Johnson, as in other cases, suffered no one to take liberties with Goldsmith, nor to depreciate his talents and manners, save himself; and, though not insensible to praise, he was too right-hearted and acute to receive the homage of those who sought to pay their court by disparaging the genius of his literary associate.

Goldsmith, beyond question, was the general favourite, the amusing and easy friend, upon whom devolved the good-will and good-nature of that brilliant society which figures in his poem of "Retaliation." The venomous strictures of Hawkins, who was quite incapable of understanding the nature of the Irish poet, and the jealousy or envy felt by Boswell of a man highly distinguished by Dr Johnson's regard, have, we think, hardly injured the memory of Goldsmith. The bitter-bad heart of the former has failed in this as in other malignant purposes; and the involuntary candour and truth of Boswell have corrected the erroneous impressions he might otherwise have conveyed. The vindication of Goldsmith's memory, which Mr Prior has undertaken in the felicitous spirit of fervent admiration and warm indulgence, was therefore hardly necessary. The fondest admirers of Goldsmith's writings are likewise the truest judges of his character. No literary man has ever had the seamy side of his mind and his life more completely turned out; and who now thinks with harshness or severity of him—

"In wit, a man—simplicity, a child?"

Yet Mr Prior's task, if not, in this respect, one of necessity, is one of delight; and, although his assiduous and painstaking researches, which occasionally sink into trifling, had added less to the sum of our knowledge about Goldsmith, we should still feel grateful. Above all, we are grateful for so fair an occasion of speaking of so great a writer, so universal a favourite, and so pure a specimen of that most pitiable being—the author by trade. A few months an usher, a few more the assistant of an apothecary, and, at other times, for a brief interval, attempting to act or ape the physician, with some humble patients but few fees—"poor Goldsmith," with all the aspirations and sensibilities of genius, may be said to have lived and died with the badge of his melancholy vocation, the hack quill, in his fingers. His exquisite poems, his incomparable novel, and his lively plays, were but a few brilliant accidents in his wayward life—the wonder being how he found time for their composition from the daily drudgery to which he was condemned.

It is, however, just possible that indulgence may be carried to a dangerous excess in judging of a man whom those that knew him best loved the most; so much more ingratiating is simple, intuitive gentleness and kindness of nature, than the pride of steady virtue, and the sturdiness of self-depending intellect. Yet the greatest weaknesses of that most unworldly and compassionate spirit did not approach to vice; and excessive confidingness, and ill-regulated, impulsive gene-

rosity, the worst errors of Goldsmith's character, involved no suffering save to himself. His imprudences lurked in his blood. All the Goldsmiths are reported to have been a singular race; and the poet's immediate connexions are described as a strange family:—"They rarely acted like other people; their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought." This implied reproach ought perhaps to fall heavier upon the world than on the Goldsmiths. They were, from generation to generation, a clerical family, living in the simplicity and hospitality which distinguished the rural parts of Ireland in those primitive days. The father, the brother, and the uncle of Goldsmith, have each been imagined the original of his Vicar of Wakefield and village pastor. These venerable and endearing characters were alike applicable to each of his relatives. "Sweet Auburn" was his beloved village of Lissoy, which ever lived in his heart; and the manners and habits of the Vicar's family were those with which his childhood and youth were familiar. Among their other failings, the Goldsmiths were in the habit of contracting early and improvident marriages—consulting inclination, and totally disregarding prudence. The poet's father was no exception to the family custom. Among his other children, Oliver came into the world at the farm-house of Pallasmore in county Longford. His parents had obtained this shelter, and the lease of fifty acres of land, from his maternal grandmother, as a temporary support until better days should come. While the poet was still in infancy, his father obtained the rectory of Kilkenny-West, and removed to a respectable house and farm on the verge of the village of Lissoy, "the Deserted Village," still the frequent scene of pilgrimages to the admirers of Goldsmith. The house is now a ruin; but the village bears the poetical name of Auburn, and will live for ever in the delightful letters of the poet, although it were possible that his verse should be forgotten. Among the many minute accounts of this scene of Goldsmith's early happiness, and of his tenderest reminiscences, which Mr Prior has collected, we are most pleased with the following, from the lips of Mr Best, an Irish clergyman:—

> Auburn is a poetical name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, barony of Kilkenny-West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was, indeed, a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse.
>
> "Imagination fondly stoops to trace
> The parlour splendours of that festive place."
>
> I have been often in the house. The hawthorn-bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse. I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, "Ma foi,* Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way: I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir!" said I, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn-bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in 'The Deserted Village!'" "Ma foi!" exclaimed the Bishop, "is that the hawthorn-bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch!"

* The Irish Roman Catholic Clergy were then all educated in France, and in language and manners were often more French than Irish.

At three years of age, Oliver was given in charge to Elizabeth Delap, a widow, and a relative, residing in some humble capacity in his father's family. This person, who afterwards kept a Dame's School in the village, gave an indifferent account of the capacity of her celebrated pupil. Yet, dull as Oliver had been under her charge, this Irish gentlewoman, who long survived him, with no wonderful inconsistency, felt his fame reflected back upon her "who had first put a book into his hands;" and boasted accordingly. The Paddy Burns, the village schoolmaster referred to by Mr Best, whose accurate name was Thomas Byrne, was a singular and eccentric character, who must have had much more influence upon the dawning mind of Goldsmith. He had received a classic education, and was intended for a schoolmaster, but enlisted in a horse regiment, rose by merit to be quarter-master, and, after serving in Spain through the wars of Queen Anne, returned to Ireland, and took up his destined vocation in the village of Lissoy. If Goldsmith made little progress in elementary learning under this martial preceptor, he could not miss, between the stirring years of six and ten, to have imbibed lessons as influential.

> Byrne was eccentric in his habits, unsettled in disposition, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, was well versed in the fairy superstitions of the country, and, what is not less common in Ireland, believed implicitly in their truth. He could likewise (according to the accounts of a few of his scholars who were living about 1790, given to the Rev. Mr Hancock) translate extemporaneously Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse. Not the least of his qualifications was the art of narrating his adventures in a manner to fix the attention and curiosity of his neighbours; and the scene of these narratives was commonly the alehouse. In the school, also, when indisposed to teach a lesson, he would often tell a story; and among the most eager listeners on such occasions was young Goldsmith.

One cause of Oliver's backwardness in learning is attributed to his fondness for those legends, ballads, and stories of fairies, and all manner of superstitions, which then, as now, formed the enchantment of rural Irish fire-sides. Nearly forty years afterwards, Goldsmith could delight his intimate friends by singing the comic songs or the tender ballads which he had picked up in his boyhood. Upon one occasion, he is said to have been carried to visit the last of the Irish bards, and one of the most eminent of their number—Turlogh O'Carolan, *alias* Blind Carolan. Though this celebrated person died when Goldsmith was not more than ten years old, his genius and character must have produced a strong impression upon the mind of a boy naturally imaginative. The Irish songs of Carolan were then as popular in those parts of Ireland as those of Burns are now among the people of Scotland; and his musical compositions were fully as much admired as his lyrics. Of the latter some beautiful specimens still keep their place. Goldsmith afterwards gave an account of this Irish Homer in a London periodical work, one of a half dozen to which he contributed at the same time.

The small-pox, in a very severe form, caused young Oliver to be removed from his eccentric

tutor, Byrne; and he was sent to the seminary of a clergyman, named Campbell, at Athlone, to receive a classical education—some early indications of talent having induced his family to change his destination, which had been commerce, for the Church. Here he remained for about two years, and was remembered by his schoolfellows as a short, thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy, awkward in manner, backward and diffident at first, but afterwards acquiring sufficient confidence to become a leader in boyish sports. He was, at this period, in no way remarkably distinguished from his companions, either in scholarship or character. He had, however, written some indifferent verses. Goldsmith's next school was at Edgeworthstown, where he remained until he went to Trinity College. At this period his taste for poetry is supposed to have been developed. Parnell, Denham, and Roscommon, were, from pride and patriotism, studied in Irish seminaries. The two former may fairly be presumed, in some sort, as the early classic models of Goldsmith, whose imagination had been kindled by Carolan, and another remarkable local poet, in whose rude strains the germ of "The Deserted Village" may be found. This person was named Lawrence Whyte. He was a native of the county of Westmeath, a schoolmaster, and a neighbour of the Goldsmith family. His volume was published when Oliver was about thirteen years old, and when those evils which have now reached the height—rack-rents, namely, absenteeism, and ejectments—had begun to be severely felt. This patriotic rhymer was an humble imitator of Swift; and his topics, if not his talents, gained him considerable popularity. Goldsmith acknowledged that Whyte's doggerel verses had first taught him to commiserate the wretched condition of the peasantry of his native country, and inspired that compassion for their sufferings which so often breaks out in his writings. Whyte's verses would still be very popular in Ireland. He is the Laureate of the future Whitefeet and Blackfeet, and of all the tumultuous clans of Boys then unheard of, which have sprung from the state of society whose beginnings he thus describes:—

"Farmers lived like gentlemen,
Ere lands were raised from five to ten.
Again from ten to three times five,
Then very few could hope to thrive;
But tugg'd against the rapid stream,
Which drove them back from whence they came.
At length 'twas canted* to a pound:
What tenant then could keep his ground?
"Not knowing which, to stand or fly,
When rent rolls mounted zenith high,
They had their choice, to run away,
Or labour for a groat a-day;
Now beggar'd and of all bereft,
Are doom'd to starve or live by theft;
Take to the mountains or the roads,
When banished from their old abodes;
Their native soil were forced to quit—
So Irish landlords thought it fit;
Who, without ceremony or rout,
For their improvements turn'd them out;
Embracing still the highest bidder,
Inviting all ye *nations hither*,
Encouraging all strollers, caitiffs,
Or any other but the natives."

* Auctioned.

The rustic poet feelingly reverts to the good old times, before the landlords began by

"Depopulating every village,
Where we had husbandry and tillage;
Fat bacon, poultry, and good bread,
By which the poor were daily fed.
The landlords, then, at every gale,*
Besides their rent, got nappy ale,
A hearty welcome and good cheer,
With rent well paid them twice a-year;
But now the case is quite reversed:
The tenants every day distress'd;
Instead of living well and thriving,
There's nothing now but leading, *driving;*
The lands are all monopolized,
The tenants rack'd and sacrificed;
Whole colonies, to shun the fate
Of being oppress'd at such a rate,
By tyrants who still raise their rent,
Sail'd to the Western continent;
Rather than live at home like slaves,
They trust themselves to winds and waves."

* Rent-time.

The advocates of emigration may perceive that this mode of relief has been tried in Ireland for a century without much effect. Irish absentees have also had a pretty long run without being checked. Save that the modern strays may now be found as far off as Florence, Rome, and Naples, the breed are quite unchanged whom Whyte thus stigmatizes:—

"Our squires of late through Europe roam;
Are too well-bred to live at home;
Are not content with Dublin College,
But range abroad for greater knowledge;
To strut in velvets and brocades,
At balls and plays and masquerades;
To have their rent their chiefest care is,
In bills to London and to Paris.
. . . . .
These absentees we here describe
Are mostly of our Irish tribe,
Who live in luxury and pleasure,
And throw away their time and treasure;
Cause poverty and devastation,
And sink the credit of the nation.
. . . . .
Their mansions moulder quite away,
And run to ruin and decay,
Left like a desert wild and waste,
Without the track of man or beast;
Where wild-fowl may with safety rest,
At every gate may build a nest;
Where grass or weeds on pavements grow,
And every year is fit to mow.
No smoke from chimneys does ascend,
Nor entertainment for a friend;
Nor sign of drink, or smell of meat,
For human creatures there to eat."

While Goldsmith was at Edgeworthstown school, he is said to have been himself the hero of an adventure which gave birth to the plot of "She Stoops to Conquer." He was benighted at Ardagh, in going to Ballymahon to spend his holidays; and, having a guinea in his pocket, determined to take his ease in his inn like a gentleman. Applying to a wag in the town for information about the best house, he was directed to that of Mr Featherstone, in which his informant was domesticated, and where the swaggering schoolboy called about him on the strength of his purse, nor discovered "the mistakes of a

night" till about to take leave. The story, however amusing, looks apocryphal.

By this time Henry, the elder brother, and seven years the senior of Oliver, had nearly completed his studies at the university, and the eldest daughter of the family had made a clandestine marriage with Mr Hodson, a very young gentleman, the son of a man of some property in the neighbourhood of Athlone. The marriage looked like one of interest and intrigue upon the part of the Goldsmiths; and, from an overstrained feeling of honour, the father, though indignant at the union, impoverished himself, and deeply injured his other children, to give a suitable portion to his rash daughter. The act looks little short of madness; but "it was the way of the Blenkinsops." The education of Oliver could not now be completed unless in the humiliating condition of a sizer; and against this the pride of the youth revolted. His affectionate and benevolent uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine—who proved to him more than a second father, and for whom, amidst all his youthful follies, Goldsmith continued to cherish the most ardent regard and gratitude—prevailed with him to submit to circumstances; and he entered Trinity College in June 1745. It is not without reason that Mr Prior attributes some of the subsequent errors and mortifications of Goldsmith's life to that poverty which was rendered so early familiar that it was never afterwards viewed with sufficient terror. Goldsmith never forgot nor surmounted the galling humiliations and tyrannical treatment which he received at Trinity as a sizer. In the Essay on the Polite Learning of Europe, written many years subsequently, his indignation thus breaks forth:—

> Sure pride itself has dictated to the fellows of our colleges the absurd passion of being attended at meals and on other public occasions, by those poor men who, willing to be scholars, come in upon some charitable foundation. It implies a contradiction, for men to be at once learning the liberal arts, and at the same time treated as slaves; at once studying freedom and practising servitude.

In a man named Wilder, whose subsequent history is a record of poetical justice, he found a brutal tutor irritated into a vindictive persecutor. Goldsmith's recollections of his college life are the reverse of agreeable. Of college endowments, he remarks, that "they at best more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious;" and, indeed, he never either felt or expressed esteem for the sciences and pursuits that are chiefly valued and cultivated in colleges. Mr Prior, who is more of a disciplinarian, rebukes the complaints and slights which Goldsmith indulged against all colleges, but especially his own; and for once hints that at least a part of the blame may have rested with the student, who, as a youth of the poetical temperament, was more attached to pleasure than severe study. Early in 1747, his father died, leaving the family in deep poverty. Oliver must now have been forced to leave college, save for the remittances of his uncle Contarine, whose often-tried kindness never grew chill. Yet this bounty was, from its very nature, precarious; and now began that struggle between the temptations of improvidence alternating with the pinches of necessity which only terminated with his life. His difficulties were, however, combated or eluded by "that knack at hoping," which was his best preservative against despair caused by poverty and the cruelty of his savage tutor. Mr Prior relates that—

> Under such circumstances, he was more than once driven to the necessity of pawning his books, until the stated supply arrived, or some friendly hand interposed to relieve them. The disposal of the books coming to the knowledge of the tutor, he, in addition to bitter taunts and reprehension, said that he was like the silly fellow in Horace—*Mutat quadrata rotundis.*
>
> There is, we are assured, no stimulus to ingenuity like distress. Goldsmith was now taught, for the first time, to draw upon his resources in a mode which, however beneath the dignity, was not inappropriate to the calling of the future poet. This was the composition of street ballads—to which, Beatty [a fellow-student] knew him frequently to resort, when in want of small sums for present exigencies. The price of these was five shillings each; and all that he wrote found a ready sale at a shop known as the sign of The Rein-deer, in Mountrath Street. None of the names of these verses were recollected at the time Mr Beatty related the fact to his friends; but popular occurrences commonly supplied the subjects. Poor as they may be supposed to have been in character, from the remuneration received, and the class for whom intended, he is said to have exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets, at night, to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received from the auditors.

This interesting fact must be received with caution. Goldsmith, who kept no secrets, never mentioned it himself. So, we apprehend, should the following ludicrous anecdote told by Mr Edward Mills, a professed wag, and Goldsmith's relation:—

> Mills, whose family in Roscommon was opulent, possessing a handsome allowance at the University, occasionally furnished his relative with small supplies, and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned on one occasion to this repast, he declared from within, to the messenger, his inability to rise, and that to enable him to do so, they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it, having ripped part of the ticking, and immersed himself in the feathers, from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account, in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it occasioned had subsided, it appeared that, while strolling in the suburbs, the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that, being from the country, they knew no person to whom, under such circumstances, they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal, to one of his sensitive disposition, was irresistible; but unfortunately he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes in order to sell for their present subsistence; and finding himself cold during the night, from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related for supplying the place of his blankets.

A college riot, in which Goldsmith was at least passively concerned, drew upon him a solemn rebuke, which was next year followed by imprudence, involving more serious consequences.

> He had invited a party of young friends, of both sexes, from the city, to supper and a dance in his chambers,

when his tutor, hearing of the irregularity, proceeded thither, addressed him in gross terms of abuse before his guests, and, being probably irritated by the replies of the pupil, at length proceeded to the unwarrantable extremity of personal chastisement. The effect of this violence, upon a sensitive mind like that of Goldsmith, may be conceived: he thought himself irretrievably disgraced; and, with that "exquisite sensibility of contempt," of which he speaks on another occasion, determined to forsake not only the scene of his mortification, but his country; and, unknown even to his friends, seek his fortune in a kinder region.

With this view, he disposed of his books and clothes, and quitted the University; but loitered in Dublin until, with no more than a shilling left, he set out for Cork. His intention was to embark there for some other country—he knew not whither. On this shilling he supported himself, as he affirmed, for three days; and then parting by degrees with his clothes, was at length reduced to such extremity of famine, that, after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made. Fatigue and privation produced what, perhaps, persuasion might not have effected—conviction of his folly and imprudence. The project of going to America (for this seemed his destination) was therefore for the present abandoned; his steps turned gradually homeward; and when near enough to communicate with his brother, he sent forward a messenger to announce his situation; and Henry, who immediately went to the assistance of the wanderer, clothed and carried him back to college, where something of a reconciliation was attempted with the tutor.

He was about four years altogether at the university, which he quitted without regret, though with prospects anything but flattering. His imprudent sister, Mrs Hodson, in right of her marriage-settlement, had, with her husband, taken possession of her father's house at Lissoy; and his widowed mother had retired, in very straitened circumstances, to the village of Ballymahon, where the small house which she occupied for twenty years still forms an object of curiosity to travellers. Henry, the elder brother, was by this time curate of Pallasmore, and taught some pupils; and of the other children, two sons and two daughters, we have at this period no account. Oliver, on leaving Trinity College, appears to have lounged and hung about among his relatives for two years, though his nominal headquarters was Ballymahon, and though he sometimes attempted to assist Henry in his school. In that pleasant and truthful book, the Journey throughout Ireland, by the late Henry Inglis, we are informed that entries of articles furnished to Goldsmith's mother, are still to be seen in a grocer's book; and Mr Prior has ferreted out those literary curiosities, if we may so call them. "Tea by Master Noll," and "Cash by ditto," is one entry; but if Noll was degraded into his mother's errand-boy, he was not overloaded by the weight of commodities. An ounce of green tea, or a pound of Jamaica sugar, are the largest orders. He spent a good deal of his time at Lissoy with his brother-in-law, the Dan Hodson of his future correspondence; and entered with ardour into those rural sports and occupations which were pursued as fervently in Ireland as in any part of the King's dominions. Another of his companions at this idle period was his school and college friend Mr Robert Bryanton, to whom some of his finest letters were afterwards addressed. These precious letters are still in the possession of Mr Bryanton's descendants.

They breathe the warmest regard for him and his relatives; and in the postscript to one he even adds, after expressing attachment to its members—"If there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to him."

In company with this gentleman, besides their convivial scenes, to which slight allusion is made in the same letter, he made frequent excursions on foot through the country; sometimes for the purpose of shooting; sometimes to fish in the course of the river Inny, which flows through the town, and with a few green islets and the ruins of a mill, then in full activity, presents a pretty picturesque scene. Ballymulvey, an agreeable house and grounds in the vicinity, and afterwards the residence, for some years, of his friend Bryanton, was a frequent resort. Here, by the river side, he is said to have amused himself with his flute; and here likewise, and in the neighbouring pieces of water communicating with the Shannon, as well as in the course of that river, sometimes joined or led an otter hunt; for (speaking of that animal) he says, in "Animated Nature," "With us, its young are never found till the latter end of summer; and I have frequently, when a boy, discovered their retreats and hunted them at that season." In this vicinity also, at the house of a gentleman named Gannon, he gained his only actual acquaintance with the seal tribe, as mentioned in the same work:—"How long this animal lives is unknown: a gentleman whom I knew in Ireland kept two of them, which he had taken very young, in his house for ten years; and they appeared to have the marks of age at the time I saw them, for they were grown grey about the muzzle." One of the rustic exercises pursued by him as a source of amusement was throwing the sledge, a common feat of strength and activity in Ireland.

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"George Conway's Inn," mentioned in one of his letters, which stood, and still stands, though shorn of its honours by rival establishments, opposite the residence of his mother, had more of his time than his brother thought becoming or prudent. Without being seriously open to the charge of dissipation, the attractions of a convivial evening were strong enough to draw him from more sober pursuits. This inn formed the scene of some of his triumphs over more unlettered opponents: here he delighted to argue, to exhibit his classical attainments and general learning, to quote verses, and occasionally to write them; and when these ceased to be attractive, he found equal pleasure in amusing his party by telling a story or singing a song. He seems to have been naturally, as he says of one of his characters, "an admirer of happy human faces;" and with this gay and joyous spirit, so long as he saw the effect, did not much study the means by which it was produced. All this, though it did not corrupt his heart, tended to deteriorate his manners. It imparted that tinge of what afterwards, in the societies of London, some rather harshly termed uncouthness, but which might have been more appropriately named rusticity.

Besides "George Conway's Inn," a new and unfinished, or Irish-finished erection, "The Three Pigeons," in his beloved Lissoy, was the frequent scene of his social triumphs. There is no trait of Goldsmith's character more amiable than his fond recollections of the scenes and friends of his youth. When about the zenith of his London fame, he says, with exquisite tenderness—"If I go to the opera, where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy fire-side and 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night' from Peggy Golden: or, if I climb Hampstead Hill, I confess it is fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lissoy gate, and there take into me the most pleasing horizon in nature." We cannot forbear

a short extract from one of his essays, where the same haunting idea is beautifully touched:—

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure. I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought Cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit; and Questions and Commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night," or the cruelty of Barbara Allen.

These songs he would sing in after life to those friends in London who could relish their pathos, with the tender sensibility which formed the main quality of his disposition.

Goldsmith's relatives were desirous that he should enter the Church; to which, from what seems conscientious motives, he was decidedly averse. He was, in few words, too honest a man to assume those sacred functions upon which many, we fear, enter with no distrustful thought, save how they are to obtain a good living. His feelings were naturally pious, and his convictions strong and sincere; yet, late in life, we find him declining to read prayers in a friend's family, because "he did not deem himself good enough." We must, however, notice the tradition, upon which, we presume, Mr Prior places no reliance, of Mr Noll being refused ordination, because, with his habitual inconsequence, he chose to appear before his diocesan, the Bishop of Elphin, in a pair of *scarlet breeches*. His lounging life was brought to a close by his uncle, Contarine, procuring him an appointment as tutor in the family of a gentleman of Roscommon, named Flinn. Here he remained about a year. There are various accounts of his reasons for quitting an occupation he always found so uncongenial to his disposition. His sister, Hodson, from whom his different biographers have received considerable information concerning the earlier periods of his history,

Attributes his immediate removal to an altercation with one of the family, in consequence of sitting down to cards on the receipt of his salary, and, by a train of ill luck, or, as he did not hesitate to say, by unfair play, losing the sum that had been paid him. Securing, however, according to her account, though it does not appear from what quarter, about thirty pounds and a good horse, he quitted the country, none of his family knew whither.

At the end of six weeks, he unexpectedly returned, destitute of money or the horse on which he set out, but provided with an inferior animal, facetiously denominated by him Fiddleback. In reply to the anxious inquiries of his friends, he gave the following account of his adventures; first, verbally, and then in a letter to his mother, who had expressed some doubts of its truth, and to whom he said, with characteristic simplicity, on observing her coolness, "And now, my dear mother, after having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder you are not more rejoiced to see me."

An exceedingly amusing and characteristic letter to his mother, detailing his adventures, has been preserved by Mrs Hodson; though, as it was merely a copy, its authenticity has been questioned. Failing the church, law was next proposed for Goldsmith; but we must now draw upon Mr Prior's narrative, as all his amiable partiality for his subject is required to gloss over the provoking folly which marked this part of the poet's career—

The law was determined upon; and, with this view, Mr Contarine supplied Goldsmith with fifty pounds, according to the account of Mrs Hodson, and sent him off to the Irish metropolis, on his way to London, in order to keep the usual terms common to Irish students. In Dublin, however, the same authority informs us, his evil genius again prevailed; for, being tempted into a gaming house, according to traditionary accounts, by a Roscommon acquaintance, no inconsiderable adept in the art, he was stript of all his money, and again left to become a burthen and a subject of reproach to his friends.

The shame and mortification occasioned by this imprudence were very sincere; for, however prone to fall into error, few felt more acutely, or lamented more strongly, when too late, its usual results. He continued some time in Dublin without having courage to communicate his loss. This, however, being at length made known, he was again invited to the country and forgiven by his uncle; but less readily by his mother, who experienced no ordinary vexation and evinced some resentment, at such repeated imprudences and miscarriages. He lived for a few months afterwards with his brother Henry; until a quarrel, arising from some trifling cause, proceeded to undue extremities, and, for a time, terminated all regard and intercourse between the brothers. We know it was not permanent; none were more aware of their own faults than Oliver, or more grateful for the kindness and exertions of his relatives for his interests, although continually subject to that weakness which, however conscious of doing wrong, seems unable to perform what is right. This momentary anger, though carried farther on the part of both than propriety warranted, gradually subsided, and we have seen with what respect and tenderness he addresses him in the dedication to and introductory lines of "The Traveller." Another profession was chosen, not only with the concurrence of his immediate relatives, but the advice, as was asserted by the poet himself, of Dean Goldsmith of Cloyne; the design now being to proceed to Edinburgh, and commence the study of physic.

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By the united contributions of his uncle, brother, and sister, (Mrs Hodson,) and their promise of continued support, as she stated to Mr Handcock, he reached Edinburgh in the autumn of 1752.

On his first appearance in Edinburgh, he was in danger of becoming a stray or waif, from very characteristically sallying forth, without taking note either of the street in which he had taken lodgings, or the name of his landlady. By good fortune, the trusty *cawdie* who had carried his luggage, picked him up, at night, in this perplexity, and restored him to his trunks and his new abode. The meagre fare furnished by his frugal landlady, furnished Goldsmith with as many jokes against the Scotch as she cooked dinners out of one poor leg of mutton. The elder Monro, and other eminent medical professors, at this time gave celebrity to the University of Edinburgh. The degree of application which Goldsmith gave to his new studies, is not ascertained; but it was probably not great. His fellow-students, after he rose to celebrity, had a

better recollection of his convivial qualities, his Irish songs, and humorous stories, than of his ardour for science. As usual, he was frequently involved in pecuniary difficulties—partly, no doubt, from the proverbially short length which gifted money goes, and partly by his own imprudence. Mr Prior has seen the original of the subjoined letter, written from Edinburgh, which we might perhaps have omitted to notice, as we should have believed that it appeared complete in every edition of Goldsmith's works, had not Mr Prior mentioned the curious fact that it is suppressed in the Scottish editions. They must be thin-skinned Scots indeed who can take offence at the balderdash written by one wild young Irishman to another.

To Robert Bryanton, at Ballymahon, Ireland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business, you know, I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress those and twenty more as plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit-dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.

Yet what shall I say now I am entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country; where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. No such character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland, of one thousand pounds a-year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl with child that will let them. Truly if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman does King George on horseback.

The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Now that I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves—in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be—but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me, (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies; and to shew that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ——, a potato; for I say, and will maintain it; and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious: where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the "Whoar wull I gong?" with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer.

We have no such character here as a coquette; but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's, (don't be surprised—my Lord is but a glover,*) when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot;† her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. "For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much of the red in her complexion." "Madam, I am of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order." "And let me tell you," added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth."—At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence? There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself—the most ridiculous object in it. But you see I am grown downright splenetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you cannot send me much news from Ballymahon, but such as it is, send it all; everything you send will be agreeable to me.

Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Binely left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave you to your own choice what to write. While I live, know you have a true friend in yours, &c. &c. &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P. S. Give my sincere respects (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service

* William Maclellan, who claimed the title, and whose son succeeded in establishing the claim in 1773. The father is said to have voted at the election of the sixteen peers for Scotland; and to have sold gloves in the lobby at this and other public assemblages.

† Her Grace was one of the beautiful and celebrated Miss Gunnings. Her marriage with James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, which took place about eighteen months before, excited much attention in the fashionable world.

to my mother if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still. Direct to me, ——, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

Mr Prior has been so fortunate as to recover one or two letters, written from Edinburgh, to Mr Contarine, of which the following are extracts:—

MY DEAR UNCLE,—In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore) you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland everything I think worth possessing—friends that I loved, and a society that pleased while it instructed? Who but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to everybody, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.

Apropos, I shall give you the professors' names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and, first, as most deserving, Mr Monro, Professor of Anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and, not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things, in their nature obscure, in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. . . . . .

You see, then, dear sir, that Monro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! How many happy years do I wish you! and nothing but want of health can take from you happiness, since you so well pursue the paths that conduct to virtue.

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P.S.—I draw this time for £6, and will draw next October but for £4, as I was obliged to buy everything since I came to Scotland, shirts not even excepted. I am a little more early the first year than I shall be for the future, for I absolutely will not trouble you before the time hereafter.

My best love attend Mr and Mrs Lawder, and Heaven preserve them! I am again your dutiful nephew, O. G.

I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot; but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has, for the future, prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse, of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country; so shall make it the subject of my next.

Of this promised narrative of the Highland excursion, no trace can be found. It was, in all likelihood, never written. Mr Prior gives us a circumstantial and rather interesting account of Goldsmith's fellow-students,* before he gets to a second letter to Mr Contarine, the generous, indulgent uncle, which is dated January 1754. It announces the projects of the student, who had now been two winters in Edinburgh, in farther prosecuting his profession—

I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

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I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous an university.

As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own; when you—— But I stop here, to inquire how your health goes on? How does my cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c. &c., and that, with economy, will serve.

I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's; but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.

Mr Prior concludes that Goldsmith must have been an inmate with the Duke of Hamilton; which is not probable. The Dukes of Hamilton, as hereditary Keepers of Holyrood House, have apartments in the palace; and there probably poor Goldsmith was brought up to make sport for the Philistines. Mr Prior might have remarked that he only spent every "second day" at the Duke's.

Mr Prior betrays a little credulity in his ready adoption of Goldsmith's mystification about the cause of his arrest at Newcastle. We fear that, whether the £33 were entire in his pocket or not, he stole away from Edinburgh in a manner not unusual with his countrymen in those days, without consulting his tailor. He tells his uncle that, having embarked at Leith in a vessel bound for Bourdeaux, which put into Newcastle from stress of weather, he was arrested under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

We all went on shore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and, on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open; enters a sergeant, and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison

* These were all Goldsmith's countrymen, and had been students at Trinity College, Dublin. The most *noticeable* of the number, Mr Lauchlan Macleane, is attracting the public attention as we write, from the circumstance of Sir David Brewster having lately discovered, among the papers of Macpherson, of Ossianic celebrity, documents which, it is said, confirm the fact of Macleane being the *real* Junius. Macpherson's repositories are, however, a very suspicious quarter from which to authenticate any disputed literary fact. To do the thing in good style he should have been Junius himself.—*E. T. M.*

with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or, at least, say it was for debt; for, if it were once known at the University, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interfered in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and, in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam, whence I travelled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write.

It is not surprising that Mr Contarine received this legend as gospel, since Mr Prior swallows it. Macleane said this story was a *hoax*, and that Goldsmith was arrested at Sunderland by one Barclay, an Edinburgh tailor. Yielding to the propensity of telling *white* lies was one of Goldsmith's constitutional infirmities. "Sir," said Johnson, upon one occasion, "Noll will lie through an inch board."

His description of Leyden and the Dutch is as clever and entertaining, and quite as much exaggerated, as his account of the Scotch. It is to "The Traveller" we must turn for a striking and faithful delineation of national character, and the true philosophy of its gradual formation.

The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in everything imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair, he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap, with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney, dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause.

A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that, of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy—as good an amusement as either of the former.

. . . . . .

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here, 'tis all a continued plain. There, you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here, a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox.

Physic is by no means taught so well here as in Edinburgh.

He seems to have entertained but a poor opinion of all the Leyden professors, save Gaubius; of whom he relates—

Happening once, in conversation with Gaubius of Leyden, to mention the College of Edinburgh, he began by complaining that all the English students who formerly came to his university, now went entirely there; and the fact surprised him more, as Leyden was now as well as ever furnished with masters excellent in their respective professions. He concluded by asking if the professors at Edinburgh were rich. I replied, that the salary of a professor there seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a-year. "Poor men!" says he, "I heartily wish they were better provided for; until they become rich, we can have no expectation of English students at Leyden."

Gaubius had the modern idea of the utility of college endowments.

From Dr Ellis, his countryman and fellow-student at Leyden, an account is obtained of Goldsmith's habits at that university, which is probably more candid than, we regret to confess, satisfactory. He was often in extreme distress, and sometimes reduced to borrowing small, we fear very small, sums, upon the strength of expected Irish remittances, which seldom or never came.

Occasionally he taught his native language; and sometimes resorted to play, frequently the forlorn hope of the necessitous, as well as the amusement of the idle or the dissipated, in the hope, by some lucky effort, of extricating himself from difficulties. Such habits we may lament more than condemn; for the needy are almost necessarily among the irregular in conduct; and it requires some self-denial and strength of mind to prevent poverty from relaxing even rigid morality. But it had little influence on his good humour; he was usually gay and cheerful; and, when taxed with imprudence for risking such small sums as he possessed, admitted the fact, and promised amendment for the future. . . . . .

Having had a successful run at play, according to Dr Ellis, Goldsmith called upon that gentleman the following morning, and counted out a considerable sum, which he was advised not again to trust to chance, but hoard as a provision for future necessities. This recommendation he promised to follow, and probably meant to fulfil; but he was again seduced to the scene of his former success, and, with the usual lot of the dupes to this passion, lost the whole of what he had previously gained.

He had been about a year at Leyden before he set out upon that pedestrian ramble in France, Switzerland, and Italy, a detailed account of which, from his own pen, would have been beyond all price. Such a one existed, and was destroyed by an accidental fire. But we have its essence in "The Traveller," and are content. His departure was characterised by another of his impulsive generous imprudencies. A loan was obtained from his friend Ellis to enable him to commence his journey, when he chanced to see some of those rare tulips then an object of mad speculation in Holland, and of curiosity to the rest of Europe. He remembered his uncle, Mr Contarine's, love of flowers; and, laying out all his cash in the purchase of those costly roots, he fared forth, with one clean shirt, and little or no money in his pocket.

The period of Goldsmith's wanderings must have been an important one in the history of his mind. He was already poetical; and his solitary ramble, with its lavish variety of scenery, vicissi-

tudes, hardships, and adventures, made him a poet. Mr Prior is led to believe that some of the "Philosophic Vagabond's" letters from the Continent may still exist; but his persevering researches have not yet recovered them. This gentleman also believes, that, with some embellishments and suppressions, Goldsmith has embodied the leading traits and incidents of his personal adventures in the story of "George Primrose, the Philosophic Vagabond." It is known that he remained for some time at Louvain; and he also visited the other principal towns of Belgium. His journeys were made on foot, and probably in the exact manner he has stated in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

"I had some knowledge of music," he says, "with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle."

In foreign monasteries, he must have met with countrymen; and there are no people warmer in their national feelings than the Irish. Upon stated days, disputations were held in some of those convents and colleges, and a moderate display of logic and Latinity obtained the hospitality of the brotherhood for one night, and some small gratuity. "Thus," he says, in the character of the Vicar's son, "I fought my way towards England, walked from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

At Paris, he attended the lectures of Rouelle, an eminent professor of chemistry—the Davy of the time—who was daily attended by a bright circle of fashion and beauty. By some unknown means, he was introduced to Voltaire, for whose genius and brilliant talents he entertained high admiration. From Paris, he took the route to Strasburgh; and, crossing the Rhine, entered Switzerland, at a season when the cataract of Schaffhausen was ice-bound. From incidental allusions scattered through his works, it is known that he must have crossed the Alps in June or July. It is believed that he was for a time the tutor or travelling companion of a parsimonious person, whose character he has traced in that of the pupil of George Primrose.

From Switzerland, he sent his brother Henry the first rude sketch of "The Traveller," in eighty lines.

Descending into Piedmont, he visited Florence, Verona, Mantua, Milan, and Venice, and remained for some months at Padua, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. We consider it doubtful if he ever had a right to any such distinction—save, if it be not a bull, the very common one accorded by his countrymen to every apothecary's apprentice—the grave title, namely, of Doctor. In Italy, his slender, untutored skill in music was of no use in helping him forward, and accordingly the convents were his dependence; but, upon re-entering France, he again took up his flute. His remarks upon the internal condition of France shew considerable political sagacity in a rambling poet of twenty-seven years of age:—

When I consider that these Parliaments, the members of which are all created by the Court, (the Presidents of which can only act by immediate direction,) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who till of late received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will once more be free.

"Poor Goldsmith" reached London in the beginning of February 1756, and in extreme destitution. Disguising his real name, he attempted to procure employment as an usher. But who could receive an usher without testimonials?—and these he ventured, upon slender acquaintance, to solicit from Dr Radcliffe, of Trinity College, whom he knew to be an amiable and benevolent man; at the same time privately informing him of the *alias*, and throwing himself upon his compassion. No notice was taken of this equivocal application; yet he did, by some means, obtain temporary employment in a small school, supposed to have been near Tenterden. The drudgery and mortifications of the kind of life which he has described so graphically, soon disgusted him, and he returned to London no better than he had left it. Goldsmith one day astonished a brilliant dinner party at Sir Joshua Reynolds', by commencing a story, "When I lived among the beggars of Axe Lane." His residence in this society is supposed to have been while he was without any employment at all.

Ultimately he obtained temporary employment, from motives of pity, as assistant to a chemist named Jacob. It is recorded, among the tardy indemnifications of genius, that the house of his employer afterwards became an object of interest and curiosity to young literary men. While thus occupied, he learned that Dr Joseph Fenn Sleigh, his fellow-student at Trinity College, and afterwards in Edinburgh, was in London. This gentleman, an amiable and intelligent Quaker, had been the schoolfellow of Burke at Ballitore. He ultimately settled in Cork as a physician, and died prematurely. Goldsmith found him out; and he mournfully relates—"But, notwithstanding it was Sunday, and it is to be supposed in my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me—such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Supplies from Ireland had totally failed before this period; but Sleigh, and one or two more early friends, enabled Goldsmith to commence as an humble practitioner in medicine, in a very poor neighbourhood in Southwark. To fit himself for this vocation, he, with his ordinary discretion, equipped himself from Rag Fair, or some similar repository of cast-off tawdry finery.

"My father," writes the Rev. Thomas Beatty, Rector of Moira, in Ireland, in a communication on this subject, "met Goldsmith in London, during a visit to that capital, about the year 1756. He was dressed, according to the fashion of that day, in a suit of green and gold, but old and tarnished; and his shirt and neckcloth appeared to have been worn at least a fortnight. He said he was practising physic, and doing very well."

A ludicrous story, told of him at this period, afterwards reached the ears of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who repeated it to one of their mutual friends, a lady, who, to the delight of her acquaintance, can still detail the anecdote, and through whom it is, with much more information, communicated to the reader. In conformity to the prevailing garb of the day for physicians, Goldsmith, unable probably to obtain a new, had procured a second-hand velvet coat; but, either from being deceived in the bargain, or by subsequent accident, a considerable breach in the left breast was obliged to be repaired by the introduction of a new piece. This had not been so neatly done, as not to be apparent to the close observation of his acquaintance, and such persons as he visited in the capacity of medical attendant; willing, therefore, to conceal what is considered too obvious a symptom of poverty, he was accustomed to place his hat over the patch, and retain it there carefully during the visit; but this constant position becoming noticed, and the cause being soon known, occasioned no little merriment at his expense.

About the same period, he obtained an introduction to Richardson, through a patient, one of the diligent compositors or correctors of the press to that admired author and prosperous printer. There is no evidence that Richardson—a vain and cautious man—paid any attention to the unfortunate son of Apollo, beyond giving him proof-sheets to correct, an employment which he felt irksome and speedily abandoned.

Fortune now began to relent. He obtained employment as an usher with Dr Milner, a worthy Dissenter, who kept a respectable and large boarding-school at Peckham, and whose son he had known at the Edinburgh University. Dr and Mrs Milner treated him with consideration; and he is said, by their daughter, to have remained for three years at Peckham, though Mr Prior doubts the accuracy of her memory. The daughter of his employer farther reports, "that he was very *good-natured*, played tricks somewhat familiar, and occasionally a little coarse, upon the servants and boys; told very entertaining stories; and found frequent amusement in his flute. With the scholars he was a favourite, being ever ready to indulge them in certain, not very expensive indeed, school-boy dainties, whenever his pecuniary means permitted; and he was not over-strict in that discipline which, however necessary to observe, a man of amiable disposition occasionally feels reluctant to enforce. His benevolent feelings appeared always active: mendicants rarely quitted him without relief; and a tale of distress roused all his sympathies. His small supplies were thus exhausted frequently before the stated salary became due, when Mrs Milner would say to him with a smile, upon application for an advance, 'You had better, Mr Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;' to which he would reply, in the same spirit of good humour, 'In truth, madam, there is equal need.'"

At Peckham, he became acquainted with Griffiths, the bookseller, who was either projecting, or had commenced, *The Monthly Review*; and, after contributing several papers to that miscellany, the usher was transferred to the house of the publisher, where, for his regular assistance, he was to obtain his board and lodging, and a salary, the amount of which is not specified. The engagement was found unsatisfactory by both parties. The drudgery to which poor Goldsmith was now subjected was even more weary wo than his tasks as an usher. Feelingly does Mr Prior remark, that—

Writing, though one of the most delightful of amusements, is the most laborious of trades. To sit down daily to furnish the stated number of pages for a periodical journal—to work, whether disposed or not, whether suffering under a diseased body or jaded mind—to rack invention and memory in order to furnish the expected amount of information to the reader, the customary supplies of wisdom and wit, of research, judgment, and taste—can be no easy or enviable employment. Between a methodical man like the bookseller, and a man without method like the critic, there was not likely to be much community of feeling. They, therefore, parted; but, however dissatisfied with each other, as was afterwards sufficiently obvious, not, as it would seem, in open hostility at the moment.

Goldsmith declared that he wrote daily from nine o'clock till two, and often, as he sometimes added, during the whole of the day; that he experienced little personal consideration at the hands of his employer, and few comforts from the arrangements of his wife.

This was not all. Griffiths—who is represented as a man of strong, shrewd good sense, but not of refinement or cultivation—not only assumed the office of altering and interpolating the compositions of his lodger himself, but he permitted Mrs Griffiths to take similar liberties. The domestic connexion was soon dissolved; but Goldsmith continued to contribute to *The Review*. From Griffiths' books, and his private copy of *The Review*, Mr Prior has been able to discover the most of Goldsmith's articles during the six months that he contributed. Among them is a review of Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," and of Smollet's "History of England." It was about this time that he wrote to his brother-in-law Hodson at Lissoy—"By a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live." The medical practice could not have been great, nor was it long continued; and he was now beginning to furnish occasional articles to numerous mushroom miscellanies, and had found means, at intervals, to compose his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning." The work was published by Dodsley in 1759, the bookseller having advanced the price in small occasional sums during the two former years. With more than his usual providence, he formed the design of securing to himself the profits of the Irish sale, at a time when every popular English work was remorselessly though legally pirated in Dublin as soon as it appeared. His letters at this period form the best record of his personal history, and give the most lively picture of his way of life.

You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many, in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter,

But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think it proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders! Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

To his friend Bryanton, he thus concludes an epistle of bitter gaiety:—

Oh, gods! gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine.

Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something [the] most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and, if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.

An elegant and playful letter, hovering between serious reflection and banter, was addressed, about the same period, to Mrs Lawder, the daughter of his affectionate uncle, Contarine, who had now, it would seem, fallen into harmless dotage. Goldsmith commences with apologetic explanations of the reason of his long silence:—

I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind; and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery: have frequently seemed to overlook those merits too obvious to escape notice, and pretended disregard to those instances of good nature and good sense, which I could not fail tacitly to applaud; and all this lest I should be ranked amongst the grinning tribe, who say, "Very true" to all that is said, who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea, and who had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue of your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very silly though very disinterested things in my time, and for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam! is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

However, it is probable you may one of those days see me turned into a perfect hunks, and as dark and intricate as a mouse hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and cheek my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen; of which the following will serve as a specimen:—"Look sharp;" "Mind the main chance;" "Money is money now;" "If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year;" "Take a farthing from a hundred and it will be a hundred no longer." Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glass to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

Faith! madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you; but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fire-side, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpischord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

And now I mention those great names—My uncle! he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost.

We find him, about this time, engaged in translations, and in assisting Smollett in *The Critical Review*, of which the latter was editor, and which had been set up to rival Griffiths' popular publication. His best friends combined in advising him against this precarious way of life, and urged him to obtain a permanent appointment, which he imagined he had secured, in the East India Company's Service, as a surgeon on the coast of Coromandel, and through the interest of Mr Jones, an East India Director. The evidence that his appointment was ever confirmed is, to us, not clear; and, at all events, either from awkwardness and confusion of mind, or real ignorance of his nominal profession, he was cast in an examination at Surgeons' Hall; while a James Barnard, another and rival candidate, passed as mate to an hospital, for which office Oliver Goldsmith was found not qualified. This humiliation he studiously concealed from his friends. The misery and mortification did not terminate here. Griffiths had become security to a tailor for the suit of clothes in which Goldsmith appeared at Surgeons' Hall, and which were to be returned if not paid for. Driven by urgent necessity to so degrading a step, he was compelled to pawn them; and Griffiths was exasperated beyond measure. He had also entrusted books to the custody of the unfortunate author, and became alarmed lest they should

have followed the pawned apparel. Mr Prior states that Griffiths, who certainly had some cause of complaint, wrote the unhappy debtor an abusive letter; to which "poor Goldsmith" replied by an apology for his conduct, and for "the occasional meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." But Griffiths was not softened by this submission; and reproaches of the most galling nature, and threats of legal severity, drew forth the following most affecting letter, written with the prospect of a gaol and starvation staring the unhappy poet full in the face:—

SIR,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudencies and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr Dodsley shall be published, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

You seem to think Dr Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir your humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.

Goldsmith got out of this disagreeable scrape by writing for Griffiths a Life of Voltaire, now first published by Mr Prior, in the collected works; but their subsequent connexion was neither friendly nor of long duration; and when the "Inquiry into the State of Literature and Taste" shortly appeared, the work, but especially the author, was virulently attacked, by the notorious libeller Kenrick, in Griffiths' *Review*. In that work Goldsmith continued to be persecuted with rancorous meanness. We may give one passage:—

Notwithstanding our author talks so familiarly of *us*, the great, and affects to be thought to stand in the rank of patrons, we cannot help thinking that, in more places than one, he has betrayed in himself the man he so severely condemns for drawing his quill to take a purse. We are even so firmly convinced of this, that we dare put the question home to his conscience, whether he never experienced the unhappy situation he so feelingly describes, in that of a literary understrapper? His remarking him as coming down from his garret to rummage the bookseller's shop for materials to work upon, and the knowledge he displays of his minutest labours, give great reason to suspect he may himself have had recourse to the bad trade of book-making. *Fronti nulla fides.* We have heard of many a writer, who, "patronized only by his bookseller," has, nevertheless, affected the gentleman in print, and talked full as cavalierly as our author himself. We have even known one hardy enough publicly to stigmatise men of the first rank in literature for their immoralities, while conscious himself of labouring under the infamy of having, by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions to honour and honesty.

If such men as these, boasting a liberal education, and pretending to genius, practise, at the same time, those arts which bring the sharper to the cart's tail or the pillory, need our author wonder that "learning partakes the contempt of its professors?"

This was a heavy measure of vengeance for the enormity of the pawned clothes, and the other humbly acknowledged "meannesses attendant on extreme poverty." About this time we find him more heartless and desponding than even at the lowest ebb of previous misfortune.

His friends in Ireland had not replied to his application for promoting the subscription to his work, though the letters are, we find, preserved as family relics, or heir-looms, which were then thought unworthy of reply. To his brother Henry he, about this time, indulges in this strain of touching moralising and sensible reflection—

I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, that, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who know you a child.

Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside?—for every occupation but our own?—this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions, (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure,) he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned

that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking; and these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will.

Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel: these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous—may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not; for, to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you; for, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

It is believed that, about this period, he assisted his friend, Ned Purdon, immortalized by his epitaph, in translating the "Henriade." Another friend, the Rev. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, but then a young man in straitened circumstances, now first became acquainted with him; and Mr Archibald Hamilton, the printer of Smollett's *Review*, introduced him to that celebrated individual, and shewed him marks of substantial kindness. He appears to have commenced writing for that Review, *The Critical*, immediately upon his rupture with Griffiths, if not before; and, in the early part of 1759, his contributions were frequent.

At this time he resided in Green-Arbour Court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet Market.

The spot was central, in the immediate vicinity of the booksellers, now his chief or only employers; and here he became well known to his literary brethren, was visited by them, and his lodgings well remembered.

This house, a few years ago, formed the abode, as it appears to have done in his own time, of laborious indigence. The adjoining houses likewise presented every appearance of squalid poverty, every floor being occupied by the poorest class; two of the number fell down from age and dilapidation, and the remainder on the same side of the court, including that in which the Poet resided, standing in the right-hand corner on entering from Farringdon Street by what is called, from their steepness and number, Break-neck Steps, were taken down some time afterwards, to avoid a similar catastrophe. They were four stories in height; the attics had casement windows, and at one time they were probably inhabited by a superior class of tenants. The site is now occupied by a large building, enclosed by a wall running through the court or square, intended for the stabling and lofts of a waggon-office. Several intimate associates at this time remembered, and repeated after his death, that while here he had formed the strictest resolutions of future economy. His letters to Ireland, and occasional essays written at this time and in these apartments, impress, as we have seen in a preceding page, in the strongest manner the virtues of prudence; and the same friends stated, that for a time he permitted these lessons to influence his conduct.

But his frugal resolutions always gave way at the sight of distress; and those in greater want, or more importunate than himself, might, at all times, have drawn forth Goldsmith's last shilling. His condition is picturesquely set before us by an anecdote for which we have the authority of Dr Percy—

He (observed the prelate) was employed in writing his "Inquiry into Polite Learning," (or rather, perhaps, in correcting the proof-sheets, for the work, as already noticed, appeared on the 3d of April following,) in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair, and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals."

Mr Prior conjectures that the suit of clothes about which Griffiths gave him so much trouble, may have been the identical suit which Goldsmith once gave to his landlady, in Green-Arbour Court, to pawn, in order to release her husband from arrest. In 1820, Mr Prior accidentally met with an old woman who kept a small shop in Clapham Road, who had known Goldsmith when she was a child, and retained a grateful recollection of him.

By her account she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-Arbour Court, and at the age of seven or eight years went frequently thither, one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family by the gentleman who lodged there; these they duly valued at the moment, but when afterwards considered as the gifts of one so eminent, the recollection became a source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. Of this instrument, as a favourite relaxation from study, he was fond. He was usually, as she subsequently heard when older, and induced to inquire more about him, shut up in the room during the day, went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were

* His sister, Mrs Johnston; her marriage, like that of Mrs Hodson, was private, but, in pecuniary matters, much less fortunate.

sociable, and he had several visiters. One of the companions whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watchmaker, residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to my informant, whenever he had anything to bestow, and even when he had not, the stream could not always be checked in its current; an instance of which tells highly to his honour.

In many other places we hear of his kindness to children, and the delight which he took in treating them with sweetmeats, and making them dance to his flute.

He was now beginning to be known as a writer, and *The Bee*, *The Busy Body*, *The Ladies' Magazine*, and *The Literary Magazine*, and *British Magazine*, gave forth his temporary lucubrations as well as the two Reviews. Among these periodicals his earliest Essays were scattered, previous to the starting of *The Public Ledger*, by Newbery, in 1760, in which the series of Chinese letters appeared, and made a strong impression. For two contributions a-week to this journal, he received £100 a-year. His literary friends increased in number and still more in value. Dr Percy made him known to Johnson, through whom he was introduced, some time afterwards, to Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick. The two former continued his warm and steadfast friends down to the last hour of his existence; and, if Johnson was the most respected, Goldsmith was, beyond doubt, the most generally beloved member of that illustrious circle afterwards celebrated as the Literary Club.

Mr John Newbery of St Paul's Churchyard, a benevolent bookseller, was the first projector of juvenile works of instruction and entertainment; and he derived considerable assistance from Goldsmith in this new branch of *the trade*. Besides his contributions to *The Public Ledger*, he compiled many small works of temporary interest, suited to the current market, in which articles he was industriously occupied, and for which he was tolerably paid. Among them were a "Life of Beau Nash," and a "Memoir of the House of Mecklenberg," brought out upon the marriage of Queen Charlotte; and whether he be the veritable author of "The History of Tommy Trip" or not, it is more than probable that he composed "The Memoirs of Goody Two-Shoes; or, Mistress Margery Two-Shoes"—a work which we have always admired as the most delightful of those *minor classics;* and shall not undervalue because it is imagined to proceed from the same pen as "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Traveller." Many of his delightful essays and sketches were written from hand to mouth; but his exquisite novel, the darling of all Europe, and his poems, were composed at leisure, in the intervals of his labours for daily bread, and carefully revised and retouched. It is imagined that he never, previous to publication, knew the value of his works. This must be misapprehension. Confidence in their money-value he could not have until that was ascertained.

The first period of his engagements with Newbery was marked by great industry; and he was enabled to emerge from Green-Arbour Court and settle in respectable lodgings in a court of Fleet Street, which event he solemnized by a literary supper, at which Dr Johnson appeared as his guest. Of this banquet Bishop Percy related—

"He had on," said the Bishop, in telling the story, "a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, sir,' said he, with characteristic shrewdness, and willing to play the instructor as well by example as by precept, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to shew him a better example.'"

Goldsmith's circumstances no sooner began to improve than he became the prey of that scrambling class of his countrymen of which the metropolis was then peculiarly fertile. Starveling authors formed another part of his daily surroundings; and several stories are related of his melting tenderness of nature, and of the simple credulity of his character, when thus beset, which look more like *romance* than work-day realities. Some of them are quite equal to Moses' bargain of the gross of green spectacles, or the impositions of Jenkinson upon the Vicar.

Other characteristic anecdotes are of a nobler kind. Notwithstanding all that has been said of his childish pettishness, his nature was without gall and without suspicion. No degree of personal suffering ever deadened his sympathies, or taught him distrust. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting one or two of those traits of mingled generosity and sensibility which display his true character; and the following story has interest independent of Goldsmith's kindness of heart:—

An instance of his habitual commiseration for the poor and destitute occurred about this period, which derives additional interest from being related to the writer by the gentleman who was the object of it, shortly before his death; this was the late Dr M'Veagh M'Donnell, a physician known to many in London.

This gentleman, who possessed considerable classical attainments, and whose detailed history would form an interesting page in a romance, was descended from a poor but respectable Roman Catholic family in the north of Ireland. Having a brother educating for a priest in one of the Jesuit seminaries in France, he proceeded thither with the same view at the age of eleven. After a residence there for several years, he and his brother, whose health was rapidly declining, made an effort to regain their native land; but the latter died on reaching London, leaving the survivor destitute of friends or money. Accident threw him in the way of Goldsmith. By him he was protected for a time, and afterwards recommended to a school, as a means of turning his attainments to advantage. Subsequently he studied physic, passed some time in England and on the Continent, aiming to establish himself in practice; but without success. At length, according to the account given to his relatives, a brother physician and intimate friend, named M'Donnell, a native of Scotland, being taken with a fatal illness, recommended him on his deathbed to assume his name and country as a means of improving his worldly prospects, and adopt, if he could, a Scottish accent. "As an Irishman, you have failed, my dear friend; but as a countryman of mine, you may succeed."

The injunction was easily fulfilled, where there were none to inquire or to care for any appellation he thought proper to assume; and to the patronymic M'Veagh was

added the legacy, not wholly unprofitable as it turned out, of that of M'Donnell. His residence on the Continent brought him to the knowledge of some English families of rank, by whom it is said he was employed in situations of confidence. During the early part of the revolution in France, he is represented to have been placed in some trying and dangerous situations; but quitting that country before its more atrocious excesses commenced, established himself ultimately in London. He was a man of strong and original powers of mind, eccentric in address and conversation, though of considerable learning. . . . . The detail of his first knowledge of Goldsmith had been previously communicated to the writer in Dublin, derived from the information of his relatives.

"It was in the year 1772, that the death of my elder brother in London, on our way to Ireland, left me in a most forlorn situation; I was then about eighteen; I possessed neither friends nor money, nor the means of getting to Ireland; of which, or of England, I knew scarcely anything, from having so long resided in France. In this situation I had strolled about for two or three days, considering what to do, but unable to come to any determination, when Providence directed me to the Temple Gardens. I threw myself on a seat, and, willing to forget my miseries for a moment, drew out a book—that book was a volume of Boileau. I had not been there long when a gentleman, strolling about, passed near me; and observing, perhaps, something Irish or foreign in my garb or countenance, addressed me—'Sir, you seem studious; I hope you find this a favourable place to pursue it.' 'Not very studious, sir, I fear; it is the want of society that brings me hither; I am solitary and unknown in this metropolis;' and a passage from Cicero,—Oratio pro Archia—occurring to me, I quoted it.—Hæc studia pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur. 'You are a scholar, too, sir, I perceive.' 'A piece of one, sir; but I ought still to have been in the college where I had the good fortune to pick up the little I know.' A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he, in return, gave his address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratification, I found that the person who thus seemed to take an interest in my fate, was my countryman, and a distinguished ornament of letters.

"I did not fail to keep the appointment, and was received in the kindest manner. He told me, smilingly, that he was not rich; that he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavour to put me in the way of doing something for myself; observing that he could, at least, furnish me with advice not wholly useless to a young man placed in the heart of a great metropolis. 'In London,' he continued, 'nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work; and no man who chooses to be industrious, need be under obligations to another; for here labour of every kind commands its reward. If you think proper to assist me occasionally as amanuensis, I shall be obliged, and you will be placed under no obligation, until something more permanent can be secured for you.' This employment, which I pursued for some time, was to translate passages from Buffon, which was abridged or altered, according to circumstances, for his Natural History.

. . . . . .

"It has been said he was irritable. Such may have been the case at times; nay, I believe it was so; for what, with the continual pursuit of authors, printers, and booksellers, and occasional pecuniary embarrassments, few could have avoided exhibiting similar marks of impatience. But it was never so towards me. I saw him only in his bland and kind moods, with a flow, perhaps an overflow, of the milk of human kindness for all who were in any manner dependant upon him. I looked upon him with awe and veneration, and he upon me as a kind parent upon a child.

"His manner and address exhibited much frankness and cordiality, particularly to those with whom he possessed any degree of intimacy. His good nature was equally apparent. You could not dislike the man, although several of his follies and foibles you might be tempted to condemn. He was generous and inconsiderate; money with him had little value.

"I was abroad at the time of his death, and wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me."

Burke also, on hearing of Goldsmith's death, burst into tears; Reynolds painted none during the whole day. The lively grief of Johnson is recorded in several of his letters.—While he lived in the Temple, in what seemed his most prosperous days, it was his custom to keep his money lying loose in an open drawer, from which his servant, Dennis, took whatever was necessary. A friend reproached him with his carelessness, and with the needless temptation to which it exposed the man. "What! my dear fellow!" cried the astonished poet, "do you take Dennis for a thief!" He is known to have given his watch to be pawned to enable the younger Pilkington to raise a couple of guineas to purchase white mice from the captain of a foreign ship; of which live curiosities a fortune was to be made by the buyer, as a certain Duchess had taken a capricious longing for the rarities. Goldsmith, of course, never saw either watch, mice, or the adventurer who had imposed on his credulous kindness by this ludicrous story. At other times, when he had resolved to be prudent, his feelings revolted at what had the appearance of want of generosity. Mr Cooke, or "Conversation Cooke," a barrister, recommended to him by his friend Sleigh, related many amusing and affecting anecdotes of the poet, one of which we shall borrow.

While yet but a stranger in town, and his supplies occasionally short, Goldsmith had more than once offered the use of his purse, which Cooke at length accepted, the temptation of an evening at Marylebone or Ranelagh Gardens with several companions being irresistible; although at the moment destitute of necessary funds for the occasion. On applying to the Poet, however, he was told very seriously, and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request, where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the meantime, Cooke, provided from another quarter, had locked his chambers and proceeded to his amusement, but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which, on examination, proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapt in paper, and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, "In truth my dear fellow, I did not think of that."

His kindness, and unsuspicious nature, made him the subject of the tricks and waggery of his friends, as well as of the impositions of the designing. He was cheated at cards, imposed on by every feigned tale of suffering, and victimized by every description of literary adventurers; but nothing could cool or harden his heart. One waggish story may serve as a specimen; and we select it among many from respect to the principal actor. It was related to Mr Croker by Colonel O'Moore:—

As the Colonel and Mr Burke were proceeding to dine with Sir Joshua, they observed Goldsmith also on his way

thither, standing near a crowd who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of a house in Leicester Square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to his companion, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." Proceeding forward, they reached the house before him; and when the Poet came up to Mr Burke, the latter affected to receive him coolly, when an explanation of the cause of offence was with some urgency requested. Burke appeared reluctant to speak, but, after some pressing, said, that he almost regretted keeping up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such indiscretions as he had just exhibited in the Square. The Poet, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Mr Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the people must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was astonished. "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so." "Nay," replied Mr Burke, "if you had not said so how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith with great humility; "I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."

His readiness to listen to every tale of wo, and to relieve every species of misery without reflection or discrimination, might sometimes border upon weak facility; yet was there a latent tenderness in his nature which placed him above almost every other man whose history is as familiarly known. He was indeed "a machine of pity." One, and but one anecdote, illustrative of this innate trembling sensibility, we shall extract:—

While playing whist at the house of Sir William Chambers, in Berners Street, the party at the table consisting, besides Sir William, of Lady Chambers, Baretti, and Goldsmith, the latter hastily threw down his cards, at a critical point of the game, flew out of the room, and, as appeared by the opening of the door, into the street, returning speedily and resuming his seat. Sir William conceiving that something unusual had occurred, ventured, after the lapse of a few minutes, to inquire the cause of his sudden retreat, trusting it had not been occasioned by the heat of the room. "Not at all," was the reply; "but, in truth, I could not bear to hear that unfortunate woman in the street half singing, half sobbing, for such tones could only arise from the extremity of distress." . . . . On farther explanation, it appeared that others had likewise noticed a female voice of peculiar character, aiming to sing, but without remarking that mingled tone of misery conveyed to the mind of the Poet, and which he had quitted the room to relieve.

In another person this might have seemed affectation; but it was only natural and proper to Goldsmith.

In consequence of his connexion with Newbery, and in prosecution of a wiser scheme of life, Goldsmith left London, and boarded with a respectable widow lady at Islington; his friendly publisher taking care of his cash, which it was impossible to confine to his own pocket, and defraying his ordinary expenses. His board was £50 a-year; his incidental expenses, as they appear in the bills of his landlady, were very moderate; and, as he worked with diligence and became better paid, his subsequent embarrassments can only be accounted for by debts incurred unknown to his cash-keeper, Newbery. Mr Prior has given a most minute, and, to literary men, an interesting account of the various sums which he received for his multifarious labours, and of the mode and times of payment. They were at first very low, and varied either with the urgent necessity of the author, and the risk, or the disposition of the publishers to take advantage of this necessity; yet, from the age of thirty-five, or when he had been about seven years in London at his painful vocation, Goldsmith, with ordinary resolution and prudence, might have maintained a respectable station in society, and placed himself permanently above want. But his charity always ended where that of prudent men ought, it is said, to begin; and had outrun its means long before it reached the most important point of destination. As his means increased, so did his clients. His personal wants seem to have been moderate, save, latterly, in the article of fine clothes; though his absurdity and extravagance in dress were, in all probability, fostered by his tailor. With Goldsmith's vanity and facility, a tailor might make him order whatever he chose. Boswell's immortal anecdote of the peach-blossom-coloured coat favours our opinion that many of the extraordinary articles set forth in John Filby's bills, and generally paid by an advance or forced loan from the booksellers, were foisted upon the simple wit by the tradesman; or else ordered for some Irish friend or relative, such as his nephew Hodson. This gentleman, a volunteer visiter to his uncle, was a genuine sprig of the Goldsmith family tree.

Although Goldsmith died deep in Filby's debt, that generous flint frankly forgave him, protesting that the Doctor had been a good customer, and would, had he lived, have paid every farthing handsomely. The famous bloom-coloured coat we find charged at twelve guineas. A pair of "Tyrian-bloom satin grain and garter blue silk breeches," cost £8 : 2 : 7, and a velvet suit £21. The anecdote of the coat of itself proves that the tailor made a walking pattern-card of his credulous customer. Boswell one day gave a dinner to a distinguished party.

He had invited Goldsmith, Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and others to dinner, when the party were kept waiting by the non-arrival of one of the guests. "Goldsmith," in the words of the biographer, who, however, seems to overcharge the description, "to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and, I believe, was seriously vain of it; for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. 'Come, come,' said Garrick, 'talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh?' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on laughing ironically. 'Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill dress'd*.' 'Well, let me tell you,' said Goldsmith, 'when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you—when anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby at the Harrow, in Water Lane.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a colour.'"

It is probable that his wardrobe was quite as open to his hangers-on as his purse. Besides what he disbursed in gifts, and loans, and charity, he was in the practice of frequently giving

bounteous public breakfasts, the fragments of which repasts were divided among poor women in the neighbourhood, in the fashion of those Irish banquets with which his youth must have been familiar.

On one occasion, a wealthy city acquaintance, not remarkable for elegance of mind or manners, who observed this liberality, said, with some degree of freedom, "Why, Doctor, you must be a rich man; *I* cannot afford to do this?" "It is not wealth, my dear sir," was the reply of the Doctor, willing to rebuke without offending his guest, "but inclination. I have only to suppose that a few more friends than usual have been of our party, and then it amounts to the same thing."

Collecting his followers, he would then sally forth into some of the villages around London, and make with them what he sportively called, "*a shoemaker's holiday*," entertaining his friends, according to the state of his finances, either with bacon and eggs, or better fare. The name by which he was known in this circle of admirers and flatterers, was *Our Doctor*, in contra-distinction to Dr Johnson, who was *The* Doctor. While in the country, to which he often went for months together, when engaged in a new or important literary *job*, such as his English History, or the "History of Animated Nature," he occasionally visited his literary friends in London; but he was also to be seen in other society. He, at different periods, frequented convivial clubs where gaming was practised; and, though it is impossible that a man of his character ever could have been a gambler in the worst sense, vanity, facility, and habit may have exposed him to losses which, trifling to a man of fortune, were ruinous to him. Of the better class of his associates, no one save Topham Beauclerk could have been so base as to pillage a person who might have become a skilful player, but whom nature forbade being a dexterous gamester. There is, however, no evidence that he lost money to Beauclerk. The late Judge Day, who, when a student in the Middle Temple, had been a near neighbour and a warm admirer of his countryman, has favoured Mr Prior with a very interesting letter, descriptive of Goldsmith's habits, of which the following is an extract:—

The Poet frequented much the Grecian Coffee-house, then the favourite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars; and delighted in collecting around him his friends, whom he entertained with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality. Occasionally he amused them with his flute, or with whist, neither of which he played well, particularly the latter; but, in losing his money, he never lost his temper. In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor, and exclaim, "*Bye-fore* George! I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!"

In person he was short—about five feet five or six inches—strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such, at least, as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and, perhaps, on the whole, we may say not polished—at least, without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information and the naiveté and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint. Being then a young man, I felt myself much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation and society of Grattan, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earnest of the unrivalled splendour which awaited his meridian; and, finding us dwelling together in Essex Court near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he so much admired.

. . . . . .

His purse replenished by literary labours, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn, in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gaiety and amusement, which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out. He was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag-wig and sword.

. . . . . .

Whenever his funds were dissipated—and they fled more rapidly from being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevolence—he returned to his literary labours, and shut himself up from society, to provide fresh matter for his bookseller, and fresh supplies for himself.

We fear it was not alone the Duke of Hamilton's circle which made a jest of a man too easy and really good-natured to retain respect among the *high* vulgar. In the latter part of his life, he was sometimes a visiter at Barton, the residence of the celebrated painter and caricaturist, Bunbury, who had married the daughter of his friend, Captain Horneck. A member of that society informs Mr Prior that—

His manners were always playful and amusing, taking the lead in promoting any scheme of innocent mirth, and usually prefacing the invitation by, "Come now and let us play the fool a little." At cards, which was commonly a round game and the stake small, he was always the most noisy, affected great eagerness to win, and teased his opponents of the gentler sex with continual jest and banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favourite enjoyments was to romp with children, when he threw off all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group.

"His simplicity of manners," continued my informant, "made him occasionally the object of tricks of the jocular kind to other visiters of the house. Being at all times gay in dress, he made his appearance at the breakfast table in a smart black silk coat, with an expensive pair of ruffles; the coat some one contrived to soil, and it was sent to be cleansed; but either by accident, or probably design, the day after it came home the sleeves became daubed with paint, which was not discovered until the ruffles also, to his great mortification, were irretrievably disfigured.

"He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head by Reynolds, would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until the services of Mr Bunbury's valet were called in, who, however, performed his functions so indifferently, that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile."

This sort of impertinence, and liberties which no one durst have taken with himself, and have escaped being kicked down stairs, provoked Johnson at his unsuspecting open-minded friend, as appears from several of Boswell's anecdotes:—

"Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity," writes Boswell, "complained one day in a mixed company of Lord Camden. 'I met him,' said he, 'at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I

had been an ordinary man.' The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defence of his friend. 'Nay, gentlemen, Dr Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him.'"

What shall we think of those who treat the candid poet as a fool, because he once warned Newbery of the risks of printing one of his own comedies! At an interview which he obtained with the Earl of Northumberland, who was expected to go to Ireland as Viceroy, when asked by his Lordship of what use he could be to so ingenious a man, whose writings he so much admired, Goldsmith protested that he had nothing to solicit for himself. He worked for the booksellers, and placed no faith in great men's promises. But he mentioned his brother Henry, a learned and worthy clergyman, encumbered with a large family, and living on the slender preferment of forty pounds a-year. The malignant Hawkins, who had no sympathy with these disinterested and affectionate feelings, exclaims against this idiot folly. The ridicule in which Beauclerk, the fine gentleman and polished wit of the Literary Club, indulged as much at the expense of Johnson as of Goldsmith, draws forth the following sensible and right-minded observations from Mr Prior; and many of Mr Prior's remarks, drawn forth by the rare and singularly amiable character of his hero, are acute, and generally go to the root of the subject.

To a man of fashion and a wit, oddities of speech, person, or manner, furnish themes for ridicule that all their admiration of genius cannot suppress; and deviation from conventional forms meets from them with little forbearance. It is to this we owe Lord Chesterfield's description of Dr Johnson; to this also Horace Walpole's impertinence towards him and to Goldsmith; and Beauclerk, while professing himself superior to the prejudices of his class in fashionable life, could not wholly escape a similar feeling.

We fear, that, to those who have not our own appreciation of the amiable character of Goldsmith, we may have dwelt too long upon his diverting absurdities, and those foibles which spring from the softest feelings of the human heart. If there are any such, they will find the true corrective of their severe or mistaken opinions in the full perusal of the Life before us, and in the proofs with which it abounds, of the candour, child-like simplicity, disinterestedness, and goodness of heart, of a man whose genius stands, if not first, in the "very first line." But Goldsmith possessed nobler and rarer qualities for which the world has hitherto given him no credit whatever. He could submit to be a half-starving drudge in literature, but not, like many of his betters, to degrade or prostitute his pen to venal objects. He would have accepted the national rewards of genius through the hands of his sovereign, as some of his deserving contemporaries had done, but he would not become the secret, well-paid hireling of the ministry of the day, though his opinions, as an old-fashioned opposition Tory, were considered to be, at least, not inimical. We must give the whole anecdote. It is among the most honourable to literature belonging to Goldsmith's age.

To the Earl of Lisburn, who once addressed him at a dinner at the Royal Academy with a complimentary notice of his poetical talents, and an inquiry whether the world was to be favoured by a new production of his genius, he jocularly replied, "My Lord, I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail Muses; they will let me starve: but by pursuing plain prose, I can make shift to eat, and drink, and wear good clothes."

No other notice of the hints thus dropped was taken by the dispensers of national bounty, than an attempt made some months afterwards, to engage him, through the means of one of their most active agents, in support of the ministry, which was then hard pressed by the opposition in parliament, and by Junius, Wilkes, and a variety of other political writers out of it; so that his reward or expected reward was thus to be made dependent not on his literary, but on his political services.

This proposal he had the courage to decline. The fact of its having been made seems to be placed beyond doubt by the bearer of it, the Rev Dr Scott—well known as a warm political partisan of the day, and a constant writer in the newspapers under a variety of signatures, particularly Anti-Sejanus, Panurge, and others—having communicated the fact to living witnesses. To one of these, Mr Basil Montagu, to whom the public is indebted for matters of much more importance, the writer is obliged for the anecdote. It exhibits the very different tone of feeling between the Poet, though poor, and the reverend and prosperous politician, the studious scholar and the veteran man of the world; and the former, perhaps, deserves the more credit for his independence, when we consider that, in complying with the request, he would have been advancing not only his worldly interests, but supporting his avowed political principles, which were nearly similar to those of Dr Johnson.

"A few months," writes Mr Montagu, "before the death of Dr Scott, author of Anti-Sejanus and other political tracts in support of Lord North's administration, I happened to dine with him in company with my friend Sir George Tuthill, who was the Doctor's physician. After dinner Dr Scott mentioned, as matter of astonishment and a proof of the folly of men who are, according to common opinion, ignorant of the world, that *he* was once sent with a *carte blanche* from the ministry to Oliver Goldsmith, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. 'I found him,' said the Doctor, 'in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple; I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say—*'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, you offer is unnecessary to me:'* and so I left him," added Dr Scott, "in his garret."

This story ought to be coupled with that of Marvell's mutton-bone. What a fine subject for an essay, in the manner of Goldsmith, "On the Means which enable a Meddling Political Parson of Inferior Parts to keep his Carriage, while a Man of Genius can scarcely, in his Garret, supply his Daily Wants by his Daily Drudgery!"

These volumes, from the almost superfluous care which Mr Prior has bestowed in ferreting out the musty papers and old ledgers of the booksellers, furnish important additions to the statistics of book-making and book-publishing. But, for this sort of information, we must refer to the fountain-head. Some of the sums paid to Goldsmith, before he was known, appear wretchedly small, and scarcely such as would indemnify a copying clerk for manual labour; but towards the end of his brief career, his value began to be better understood. No more than

twenty guineas was obtained for "The Traveller," and sixty for "The Vicar of Wakefield;" which last Newbery had not courage to publish after he had purchased the copyright, nor until the author had gained an established reputation. For the "History of Animated Nature," he received from Griffiths eight hundred guineas; he was *fairly* paid for his "Histories" and the copyright of his plays; and often liberally in such small matters as prefaces and introductory biographies to new editions of works. Davies paid £500 for "The History of England." It is, however, mortifying to find him even, while enjoying the fame of "The Traveller," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and of his other productions, receiving no more than a hundred guineas for "The Deserted Village;" the precise sum, Mr Prior states, which Hannah More received at the same time for her legendary doggrel of "Sir Eldred of the Bower." But Goldsmith was always pressed for money; and the well-patronized lady was not only the better manager, but enjoyed that sort of coterie reputation, diligently cultivated by every effort, which, for a limited period, must have been of great pecuniary value to her publishers. The first publisher may have been more enriched by the sale of "Sir Eldred" than by that of Goldsmith's charming and enduring poem, which was brought out at the moderate price of 1s. 6d. a copy. The blame, therefore, in all such cases, rests with the public, or the fashion, and not with the trader in copyrights, who only exercises a sound discretion in sometimes purchasing not what he may consider intrinsically the best, but the most marketable literary wares. By a trick of trade, not yet altogether obsolete, Goldsmith sometimes obtained the credit of being paid far more than he actually received.

With the habits and disposition of Goldsmith, it may be more easily understood than forgiven, that, as his precarious income increased, so did his embarrassments. A project of "A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," from which he expected great results, failed, after he had circulated prospectuses; and also a plan formed by his influential friends to obtain for him some place or provision from the government. His creditors became clamorous, his sources of supply were drained, his health and spirits failed, and even his sweetness of temper gave way. The following is a melancholy passage:—

As none of his acquaintance were informed of the extent of these embarrassments, they understood not certain inconsistencies, or, as they were termed, absurdities, in his behaviour, assumed, no doubt, often to throw off unpleasant recollections. From seeming absence or gravity, he would fly to the extremes of mirth and jollity; and from silence, would commence talking incessantly and inconsiderately on all subjects; just as he was formerly seen, when by his own account nearly suffocating with vexation at the reception of his play, singing a song of "An old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon." Unwilling to be suspected of wishing to tax the generosity of his friends, or too proud to seem as poor as he really was, a few only suspected his situation; to these he exhibited the assumed gaiety of despair.

We have already trespassed so far upon the indulgence of our readers, that we must abruptly close this paper, without having touched upon half the interesting materials supplied by these memoirs. At one period Goldsmith made an excursion to the Continent with Captain Horneck's family; and several letters to his distinguished friends of the Club remain, giving an account of his tour. But for these—and the many interesting notices and reminiscences, written by Colman, Percy, Cradock, and others, and the engaging description of the poet's different rural habitations and Temple residence—we must again refer to the original. Nor can we notice his fracas with Evans the bookseller, and his horror of libellous attacks in periodicals, and that "rack of the newspapers" which the more manly Johnson so heartily despised. We are also tempted by Mr Prior's amiable and ingenious commentaries upon "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," and the scenes of "The Deserted Village." All these, however, must be passed; yet Goldsmith's last published letter to his own family, written four years before his death, is irresistible. It may be premised, that the native Irish, and perhaps the Scotch, could never, until a recent period, separate the idea of a man of rank from that of a patron. Goldsmith's relations in Ireland knew that he was acquainted with lords, esquires, and men in power, and calculated, with rustic simplicity, upon his influence. The letter of which we speak is addressed to his brother Maurice.

"I should have answered your letter sooner, but, in truth, I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are every way unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson, by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire; but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him, and myself more effectually. As yet no opportunity has offered; but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives.

"The King has lately been pleased to make me professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation, are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.

"You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore, how to dispose of money, which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it; whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family, demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgot me, yet i good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return and increase their good humour by adding to my own.

"I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter. The face you well know is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly, also, send my friends over the Shannon some Mezzotinto prints

of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Coleman. I believe I have written an hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer to any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them.

"If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson, and his son; my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter—what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother. I don't understand you. Where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with the news of this kind, would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind."

Much as Goldsmith enjoyed literary and general society, it is said that he, about this time, contemplated leaving London, as a residence, altogether, and only making an occasional visit to town. He probably meant leaving behind him his debts and embarrassments. We now approach the last scene of all. Excessive application to his desk by fits, and the consequent neglect, for weeks together, of regular exercise and needful relaxation, had laid the foundation of a complaint greatly aggravated by mental distress. Viewing the whole case, we should say that his death was caused by nervous fever, of which the disease to which it is attributed was but an incidental symptom. He was taken ill, though not severely, at Hyde, in the farm-house to which he often retired from his chambers in the Temple, that he might devote himself, without temptation or interruption, to his tasks. Feeling indisposed, he went to town in the end of March, intending to return to Hyde. He died upon the 4th of April 1774. Presuming, perhaps, too much upon his own medical knowledge, he is imagined to have used improper medicines. Yet this is only conjectural.

Thus (says Mr Prior, concluding a minute narrative of poor Goldsmith's deathbed) terminated the life of an admirable writer and estimable man, at the early age of forty-five, when his powers were in full vigour, and much was to be expected from their exertion. The shock to his friends appears to have been great, from the unexpected loss of one whose substantial virtues, with all his foibles and singularities, they had learned to value. Burke, on hearing of it, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Northcote informed the writer, relinquished painting for the day; an unusual forbearance, it was considered, of one who, under all common circumstances, rarely permitted himself to be diverted from the exercise of his art. Dr Johnson, though little prone to exhibit strong emotions of grief, seems to have felt sincerely on this occasion; for, three months afterwards, he thus wrote to Boswell:—

"Of poor dear Dr Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" And again—"Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress." . . . In allusion to his pecuniary involvements, yet in a tone of tenderness, Dr Johnson writes at this time:—"He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

From the many testimonies borne by contemporaries to "the good, ingenious, and honest Doctor Goldsmith," which his biographer has piously collected, we shall cull but two. They may be considered as the antipodes of tributes to departed genius and personal worth. The first is recorded by Mr Cradock, who says—"When I returned to town after his death, I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman Street, and with the two sister milliners, the Miss Guns, who resided in a house at the corner of Temple Lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me most feelingly, 'O sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis, rather than apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can.'"

The second is supposed, by Mr Prior, to have proceeded from the pen of Burke, and is dated on the day after Goldsmith's death, when it appeared in the newspapers:—

In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary. Early compelled, like some of our greatest men, into the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but, knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of fiction than to set off the dignity of truth; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

Such is the outline of his poetical character, which perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate poets of the country have any monument left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part—the good man—is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and, in every act of charity and benevolence, "the very milk of human kindness." Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to shew the simplicity of his nature than to degrade his understanding; for, though there may be many instances to prove he was no man of the world, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart. One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory.

Goldsmith's sorrowing friends at first contemplated a public funeral; but, upon second thoughts, it was considered advisable to spare the expense, and to subscribe for a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. His remains were, therefore, privately deposited in the Temple burying-ground. Reynolds designed his monument, and chose the niche in Poets' Corner, in which it was placed.

Johnson's epitaph upon his friend, written "in choice Latin," is engraved upon a tablet of white marble, under the medallion, which is said to present a good resemblance of Goldsmith's face.

RHYMED RAMBLES.—PART II.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE CORN-LAWS.

I DREAM'D, that, tir'd with travel, I return'd
To Blakelowe's summit,* and stood there with God,
Alone at midnight. Side by side, we trod
The heath; and, while around us rock'd and burn'd
The mountains, like a mountain'd sea of flame,
A gilded worm pronounc'd in scorn His name!
I, with my foot, the reptile would have spurn'd,
But could not. We stood still as death! That worm
Then spun slim films around th' Almighty's form,
Binding the hands that lift the seas, the feet
That will tread out the stars! and while, in mirth,
It spake this curse, I heard my own heart beat—
"With worse than barrenness, I curse thee, Earth!
Henceforth let every child be hopeless from his birth!"†

But God said, "No! thou surely shalt not see
Ev'ry child hopeless because thou art vile;
For thou art thy own victim, watch'd by me,
And wrongs sheath vengeance in a dreadful smile:
But, ere I bless thy curses for mankind,
And make them curses infinite to thee,
Thousands of thousands, foodless as the wind—
Yes, thousand thousand thousand men shall be
Care-hunted to the worms, by thine and thee;
And thou more crimes and criminals shalt make
Than all earth's miscreants heretofore have made:
Hell from beneath shall rise to bless thee, snake!
And Death, to sum his profits by thy trade,
Count through all ages past their men and states betray'd."‡

CONINGSBOROUGH CASTLE.

In other days, time-darken'd Coningsb'rough,
Men thought of Hengist when they spoke of thee!
My native river murmurs near thee now,
As then it murmur'd, hasting to the sea
Through hazel bowers, where memory loves to be;
But in these days, thy pilgrims whisper low
The name of Scott, and join with his thy name.
Him, the Napoleon of Parnassus, thou
Hast seen with Shakspeare equal deem'd in fame.
Nor may the Cæsar of the Muses claim
His throne unshar'd. Twice thirteen years are past
Since hither, almost dead with care, I came,
What time another Cæsar fiercely cast
O'er earth his stormy shade, which kings beheld aghast.

Through Russian wastes that Cæsar chased a cloud:
Calm was its aspect; for it had the power
To make his crowded host a lifeless crowd—
He being conquered in that fated hour
Which gave his queen destruction for a dower.
Slow was its motion, and few accents loud
Brake from its chamber'd thunder as it fled;
But, when it stopp'd and spake, the conqueror bow'd
Lower than vanquish'd kings his laurel'd head.
They, waking from the vileness of their dread,
Gaz'd on the self-crown'd wretch in mean surprise;
Then, with the vulgar dust, which he had spread
Around the Consul's chair, bedimm'd his eyes,
And bade him die, as baffled baseness dies.

Yet better was it that the Fool of Force
Triumph'd by force, and fell by force subdued,
Than that the ancient thrones of foot and horse
Had quell'd, at once, the uprous'd multitude,
Whom giant wrongs with Titan might embued.
Well fought the people under Terror's wing;
And banded monarchs trembled, fled, and sued;
For Terror *reign'd*—Gaul's omnipresent king!—
And poured on tyrants' hearths the storm they brew'd.
They serve us still with strife! still, still renew'd
The fight of fate accelerates their doom;
Themselves they maim, by battle, fraud, and feud;
And, in large letters of mix'd flame and gloom,
Write "THE REPUBLIC cometh, and will come."

Come the Republic, then! or come the will
Of one wise despot! Let the nation sway,
Or be sway'd well! But we will not be still
Of fifty thousand kingling-wolves the prey.
Oh, England, sweep them from thy hearth away!‖
What! shall they rèign alone, like the simoom,
Kings of the dead? Not so! We toil and pay,
And, ere we perish, pall'd beneath their gloom—
Ere Mockery, thron'd o'er London's ashes, say,
"Behold a manless land! a nation's tomb!"—
"Ha, ha!" the heavens shall cry, and shout their doom—
"Their name shall be a byword of dismay;
Chaff for the whirlwind shall their pomp become;
Their homes be graves, and dust for ruin they!"

Come the Republic, then!—but not the strife
Of want-struck millions for immediate bread!
"The labour of the poor man is his life;"
And on our *lives* shall palsc'd fraud be fed?
"They who wrong him, strike me!" the Lord hath said;
"They break my everlasting covenant!
And, therefore, worms beneath their pride are spread;
For are not murderers numbered with the dead?
Fainting, their sons shall ask, their daughters pant
For drink and bread in vain; and both shall flee,
Unbless'd, go where they may, o'er land or sea,
And learn how hard to bear are scorn and want;
For I (the poor man's God) his strength will be,
And shake the dead boughs down to save the tree!"†

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* Blakelow Stone, near Glossop, the highest of the Derbyshire hills.

† "How happy might nations be if they had not governments to hinder them!" says Colonel Thompson, in his "Letters of a Representative."

‖ "All the good which is attributed to governments, society does for itself," says a prohibited author.

‡ It is marvellous to me that the matrons of Britain do not spit in the faces of their cowardly husbands for enduring laws which interdict our best affections, or convert marriage into a criminal curse, multiplied by the number of its births. If there were in the veins of our maidens one drop of Spartan blood, the worst enemies of the human race would long since have hid themselves, like owls, in those woods which they still call their own.

* "If military men look with scorn on men of letters, it is because the latter so seldom speak out. But when the art of composition becomes a weapon, eloquence is action, and tyranny finds itself attacked by its most formidable foes, reason and indignation; and, what is called 'protection' being of the very essence of despotism, all tyrants have hated and dreaded the natural enemies of 'protection'—men who think deeply, and speak honestly, that is, fearlessly."
—MADAME DE STAEL.

Yet, when we complain of the greatest wrong ever inflicted on the world by faction, we are told that we must speak meekly of its authors, cauterise with milk and water, and by no means convert a sarcasm into an argument; as if it were possible to address to such persons a sarcasm that is not an argument! That it is not possible, I will endeavour to demonstrate. Instead of "argument," then, read "gallows," and I defy them to shew that it ever was more properly applied as a punishment to criminals than it might be to that of about three hundred and fifty of their number, whom it would be easy to name, and, perhaps, in the highest degree prudent.

† The sonnet, I believe, has succeeded in those languages only in which it is more difficult to avoid similar rhymes than to find them. The legitimate or Petrarchan sonnet consists of two disjoined stanzas, and I dislike it on that account. I still think that the sonnet ought generally to conclude with a couplet. But I venture to suggest, that the Spenserian stanza, preceded by five lines, linked to it in melody, or by four lines only, and sometimes concluding with an Alexandrine, or even with a triplet, will be found to be the best English measure which the sonneteer can employ. Of this let the reader judge for himself, as, in these sonnets, I have used the legitimate, the Spenserian, and other forms.

AFFAIRS OF CANADA, AND THE MINISTERIAL BILL.

A STRUGGLE has commenced between the British Ministry and Canada, which, unless conciliatory measures be adopted, and some rash steps be retraced, can terminate only in one way—the separation of that colony, as well as all the other North American colonies, from this country. After the experience the people of Britain had, sixty years ago, of the issue of the contest between the old American colonies and the mother country, and the more recent example of the Spanish settlements in South America, we think they ought seriously to consider whether they will waste their treasure and their blood in a dispute, in which victory will bring neither advantage nor honour, while defeat will be attended with mortification and disgrace. Nor is that defeat likely to be distant or uncertain. The first Congress in the old colonies, on account of the grievances arising from the British government, was held in New York in 1765; and on the 4th of July 1776, the independence of the United States was declared. When that struggle commenced, the inhabitants of the States did not exceed two millions, and they were supposed to be unfit to become soldiers; yet, in a few years, they defeated, in numerous pitched battles, the best troops of Britain, veterans who had distinguished themselves in the Continental wars. The grievances of which the Canadians complain are, at least, as great as those of the old colonists. All that the British government attempted with them was to raise taxes within the colonies by the act of the British legislature, for the purpose of defraying the expense incurred in their own defence; and no complaints existed—or, at least, were much felt, or loudly expressed—as to the administration of their internal governments. In some of the colonies, such as Connecticut and Rhode Island, indeed, the people enjoyed so uncontrolled an independence in the regulation of their local concerns, that the revolution did not render necessary the slightest alteration in the forms of their administration. One of these colonies retains, even to this day, the charter of Charles II., as its system of state government; and another parted with the Royal charter, for a constitution of its own making, only in 1818. At the beginning of the quarrel, as has now been ascertained beyond doubt, the old colonists had not the slightest intention of separating from Britain; and it was only in the struggle, when the inferiority of regular troops to bands of freemen, fired with a sense of their wrongs and determined to assert their liberty, became apparent, that the hope of creating an independent state—untrammelled by the base and selfish aristocracy which blunts the energies and weakens the resources of European states—arose, and was so triumphantly realized.

Lower Canada is by far the most important of our North American colonies, both as regards population and trade; and whatever course the ruling oligarchy of this country (for both factions, Whig and Tory, seem to make common cause in oppressing her) force Canada to take, will soon be followed by all the rest. In 1832, the population of these colonies was as follows :—

Lower Canada,	539,822
Upper Canada,	211,567
New Brunswick,	72,943
Nova Scotia and Cape Breton,	142,548
Prince Edward's Island,	32,292
Newfoundland,	60,088

At present, the population, from its rapid increase in new countries, and the number of emigrants who have arrived from Europe, probably approaches a million and a half; so that, if inclined, the North American colonies, assisted as they would be, openly or secretly, by the United States, have at least men enough to afford a most formidable resistance to any force which might be sent against them. That all the colonies will join in an effort to obtain justice for any one of them which may be attacked, admits of little doubt. In Upper Canada deep discontent prevails. The expression of it is, at this moment, obscured by a majority of the Members of the Legislative Assembly favourable to Government, having been gained; but the means taken to secure this majority—the wholesale grants of public lands by the Governor of the Province to the hangers-on of the officials, to qualify them to outvote the real electors—is one of the grossest abuses and most flagrant violations of the Constitution, which even the history of British colonial tyranny affords. Though the inhabitants of Upper Canada are almost exclusively of British origin or descent, the Legislative Assembly of 1835, which really represented the opinions of the population, adopted a report prepared by a committee on grievances, by a majority of 25 to 17; and that report denounced the Legislative Council as the source of the evils which afflicted the colony, in terms not less energetic than those used by their neighbours of the Lower Province. The Upper Canada Land Company is equally obnoxious in the one province, as the British American Land Company is in the other. In April 1835, the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada agreed to a resolution, by a majority of 28 to 14, against the Land Company; lamenting the selling, or rather jobbing away, of the Huron Tract, consisting of upwards of a million of acres of the finest land in the world, while the annual instalments of the price were expended by the Provincial Executive, without the consent of Parliament. The Assembly did not hesitate boldly to maintain that the grant to the Company was an absolute nullity, being in direct violation of the 18 Geo. III. and of their Constitutional Act. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, continual complaints have been made of the administration of affairs—the jobbing of the revenues in salaries among the officials, and the mismanagement of the public lands, the sales of which ought, as in the United States, to defray, not only the whole expense of the internal government, but also the cost of their external defence, which has all along been a great and yearly-increasing burden on this country. If we look to the West Indies, we shall find that, in the day of need, troops will rather be required to keep down revolt in these settlements, than assistance obtained to retain in subjection other colonies that may be driven, by mismanagement and oppression, into rebellion; and we may be sure that, if ever a contest with the Canadas arise, we must fight the battle single-handed.

Our space does not permit us to enumerate the many abuses and acts of oppression, of which the inhabitants of Lower Canada complain. They were set forth in a petition, signed by nearly the whole adult male population—by 87,000 persons—and presented to Parliament in 1828; but not one of them has yet been removed. The government of the Province is conducted by a Governor named by the Crown; an Executive Council, in imitation of our Privy Council; a Legislative Council, in mimicry of our House of Lords—both nominated by the Governor; and a Legislative Assembly, elected by nearly universal suffrage—of which seventy-eight are decidedly opposed to the Government, only seven are supporters of it, and three are neutral; the total number being eighty-eight. The Governors of the Province have almost always been soldiers, ignorant of civil affairs, and despising civil institutions, who regard a nation as they do a camp, and consider every act of the most constitutional resistance to their will, or remonstrance against their dictates, as nothing less than insubordination and mutiny, which must be instantly put down, be the consequences what they may.

The master grievance, however, of Lower Canada, as well as of most of the other colonies, and which is the root of all the abuses and heart-burnings which exist, is, that the Legislative Council, the second branch of the Legislature, instead of being elected by the people, is nominated by the Governor of the colony. This body consists almost entirely of persons holding official situations in the colony, and whose chance of promotion, or of obtaining Government patronage for their relations and friends, depends upon their sycophancy. It is admitted by all parties, that the conduct of the Legislative Council, in rejecting bills for education; for securing the judges

appointments for life, and not as at present during pleasure; and for other beneficial measures—has on many occasions been utterly indefensible; and that persons have been nominated as councillors neither qualified for the office, nor respectable in private life. It is needless to assert, as Lord Stanley now does, that the demands of the colonists for an elective Legislative Council are exorbitant and unworthy of attention, because the people of this country have not the power of electing the House of Lords. It has yet to be seen whether the business of the country can be conducted in Britain as matters stand at present, and whether it may not be necessary not merely to render the Second Chamber elective and responsible to the people, but to abolish it altogether. The progress of the divisions of the House of Commons on the question of expelling the Bishops, shews that the necessity of a change in the constitution of our Second Chamber is now felt by men of all classes. But, even though it should be found possible to conduct public affairs with a hereditary and irresponsible House of Peers, it by no means follows that Legislative Councils, of nominees of the Governor, can be tolerated in our colonies. In the discussion which preceded the Canadian Constitutional Act of 1791, Mr Fox urged Mr Pitt to make the Legislative Council elective, and prophesied that, if he did not, the affairs of the colony could not be properly conducted. Mr Stanley, when in the *Whig opposition* in 1828 and 1829—and his opinion was held by many of the party to which he then attached himself—repeatedly stated, in his place in Parliament, that the Legislative Council was the source of all the abuses of the colony. The Solicitor-General of Nova Scotia did not hesitate, in his place in the House of Assembly of that colony, to declare it, as the result of his anxious deliberation and inquiry, and of much reflection and research, "that no legislative council can be formed with advantage to the public, but upon principles of election." In the late debate in the House of Commons, Mr Labouchere frankly expressed his conviction that it was most unfortunate that the Legislative Council had not been made elective—"He firmly believed that many evils had arisen from that course not having been followed. There were two Councils in Lower Canada, constituted on widely different principles. The popular party entrenched themselves in the one, and what he, for shortness only, would call the British party, or the minority, entrenched themselves in the other. What have been the consequences? These two Councils have always been in a state of violent opposition. He thought it was not possible to find a better recipe to perpetuate those dissensions than to perpetuate the constitution of Lower Canada. What would have been the result if an elective council had been established in 1791? After some strugglings, quarrels, and conflicts, the people would have mutually made concessions; and we should have seen the French and English living on terms of friendship and cordial intercourse with each other, without respect to religion or descent. Let them look at Louisiana. They would see there a state of things very analogous to that of Lower Canada. There was a very large population of French descent, and a small Anglo population. How were they treated? Whether of English or French descent, they were under the protection of equal laws. No one was asked whence he came, or what was his descent; and, though there was a great deal of local separation between the two races, yet, politically, they lived very well together; and there was no state in the Union where things went on more harmoniously than in Louisiana. He was, therefore, upon abstract grounds, not opposed to an elective legislative council in Lower Canada. How any one could contend that it was contrary to the British constitution, and to our colonial system, that there should be an elective council in Canada—how any one who had ever read the history of our colonies, could maintain this proposition in the teeth of the fact, that, in America, more than one-half of our colonies actually were governed by elective legislative councils, he could not conceive. Our colonial system had always gone upon the principle, to give to every colony a proper constitution, without troubling ourselves about any close analogy with the constitution which might be perfectly good for ourselves, at home, but not at all applicable to a colonial society, where there are no materials for an aristocracy, out of which might be made an aristocratic branch of the legislature." One would have thought that such arguments, supported by such authorities, would have had some influence on a Reformed House of Commons. But what was the result of the division? Why, that 318 voted against, and only 56 for an elective council; and, among the names in the majority, are to be found those of Mr Labouchere, *Master of the Mint*, and of *Lord* Stanley, who, though at present in the Opposition, as he was in 1828, no longer professes himself in favour of Liberal opinions, but joins the Tories—too efficiently supported, on the present occasion, by the Whigs—in trampling under foot the liberties of the people. The Ministry have obtained, by the division, a strong opinion of the House of Commons against the Canadians; but let the colonists appeal, from the decision of the so-called representatives of the three kingdoms, to the good sense of the people, who have now begun to interest themselves in Canadian affairs; and the appeal, we foretell, will not be made in vain. The history of the Catholic Bill, of the Reform Bill, and of numerous other measures, shews that the decision of Parliament is not always according to the opinion of the country, and that, with a still more defective representation than that which we now possess, the public voice can make itself not only heard, but obeyed by both Peers and Commoners.

Another grievance of which the Canadians complain, is the charter to the British American Land Company, by which immense districts of fertile land are conveyed away at an inadequate price. The bill constituting this Company, was smuggled through the House of Commons, by the agency of an honourable Member who has a direct pecuniary interest in the speculation. The Canadians have repeatedly demanded the recall of the charter, and the repeal of the act constituting the company. Lord John Russel's sixth resolution, however, declares that the title of the Company shall be maintained inviolate. It is probable, however, that, as matters stand, emigrants will feel some hesitation in purchasing land from the Company, after the opinions which have been expressed in Canada as to the validity of the grant. To render palpable the gross injustice perpetrated by the North or British American Land Company job—for it is nothing else—it is only necessary to explain, that, under the alarm occasioned by the revolt of the old colonies, and, by soothing the Canadians, to keep them in their allegiance, a statute was passed in the year 1778, guaranteeing to all Colonial Assemblies—*first*, That no taxes should be imposed by the Imperial Parliament; and *second*, that the proceeds of all taxes levied in the colonies should be placed under their control. The revenue of Lower Canada amounts to £120,000 a-year—not, certainly, a heavy burden, when contrasted with the taxation under which we labour; but, in proportion to the population, equal to that of many considerable states. But, independently of the amount of taxation, whether great or small, it is a badge of oppressive mismanagement to be taxed in Canada at all. In the adjoining United States of America, the whole amount of the expenditure of the Government for all objects last year, was raised without any tax whatever—that expenditure being twenty-two millions of dollars, and the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, twenty-four millions of dollars. Besides the revenues of the Canadas, their military and naval defence, generously defrayed by the people of Great Britain out of their exuberant wealth, exceeds a quarter of a million of pounds sterling yearly. Now, there cannot be a doubt that, were the Canadas either independent, or part of the American Union, they might and would raise the whole funds necessary for their internal government, and for their military and naval defence, solely by the sale of land, without levying a single sixpence by taxation! But, at present, this ample source of revenue is jobbed away in the most shameful and barefaced manner; and the miserable pittances in name of price that are received from the granters, instead of being placed under the control of the Legislative Assembly, is seized by the Executive Council

of the Governor, and expended on unconstitutional purposes. In this manner, a robbery of the people of Canada, and a violation of the constitution of the colony, are at one and the same time committed.

The eighth resolution of Lord John Russell is another plain violation of the constitution of the Canadas. It is the duty and the province of the Legislative Assembly not only to raise, but to appropriate the revenues. They have, therefore, as much right as the British House of Commons, or any other assembly on earth, to stop the supplies. Accordingly, finding all their remonstrances, representations, and petitions rejected, they at length, in 1832, exercised their undoubted constitutional privilege of stopping the supplies; a measure which the Whig Mr—now the Tory Lord—Stanley, especially recommended in 1829. How his Lordship can reconcile his conduct, when Colonial Secretary, in 1834, and his speeches in Parliament now, with his letter in 1829, we leave him to explain. In that letter he says, and says truly, "A constitutional mode is open to the people, of addressing for the removal of the advisers of the Crown," (was he then anxious for office?) "and *refusing supplies*, if necessary, to support their wishes." Mr Stanley perhaps thought that the remedy of stopping the supplies would prove, in Canada, what it has been of late in this country—a fine thing to talk about, a fine threat, but which would never be carried into effect. But the Canadian representatives being returned, not by the aristocratic classes and their dependants, but by the people, under a system of franchise approaching universal suffrage, have not merely stopped the supplies, but to such good effect, that four and a-half years' salary are now due the judges and other officials; the whole amount being £142,160. There happens, however, to be a sum nearly equal in the Canadian treasury, and Lord John Russell means to seize it and pay the salaries; thus setting at nought the undoubted constitutional right of the Legislative Assembly to stop the supplies. It would have been not one whit more unconstitutional, had he ordered the British troops, in the Province, to seize the money; and we suspect that the Canadians will not be able to distinguish any difference between the one proceeding and the other. They are both nothing else than appeals to force. Matters are now, indeed, brought very closely to the state in which they were in the old colonies at the time of their revolt. The British Parliament does not, it is true, assert the right their predecessors did to tax the colonies; but they do what is equivalent; and by an overwhelming majority, too: they take upon them to appropriate—that is, to spend the revenues of the Canadians. If taxation without representation was sixty years ago ultimately admitted by all parties to be nothing else but tyranny, by what term shall we designate the expenditure of the taxes, when collected, without representation?

Matters have come to that pass, that the only true course to be followed with Lower Canada, is for the British government generously and candidly to free it from restraint, and allow its inhabitants to choose the form of government which best pleases them. If we cannot govern them for good, let us not govern them for evil. Let us separate in friendship and in peace, and we shall be rewarded for the mortification such a course may give the pride of some few among us, by the extension of a beneficial commercial intercourse with a country yet in its infancy, and which, with unrestricted freedom in its institutions, will proceed in its career of prosperity with the most rapid strides. In the sixty years which have elapsed since the declaration of American independence, the United States have made greater advances in wealth, population, and civilization, than in any period of three times the length, when under British control. Their population has increased sevenfold, and their wealth in a still greater degree. The enterprise and energy of their inhabitants are unequalled in the history of the human race; and the benefits derived by Britain from commercial intercourse with their free citizens, has been infinitely greater than they could have been, had our dominion continued undisturbed to this day.

The cry which will no doubt be raised against the pacific and friendly separation of the two countries will no doubt be "The Dismemberment of the Empire!" In the ignorance which prevails in this country, of statistics and political matters, a cry is much more efficacious than an argument. Thousands hear the former, while not one in a hundred will listen to the latter. But the truth is, that the cry of "Dismemberment of the Empire!" like the "Church in Danger!" "No Popery!" is raised solely by those who wish to maintain the system of corruption and plunder which has so long existed. The colonies have afforded too valuable a means for providing for the Noodles and Doodles of the aristocracy, who were not presentable at home, and for replenishing those purses which had been emptied by profligacy and debauchery, to be given up without a desperate struggle. If they be driven into rebellion so much the better, in the eyes of aristocrats, whether Tories or Whigs. Troops and ships will be required to coerce the Canadian rebels, or at least to make the attempt; and hence there will be an increased expenditure of public money, and commissions to bestow among the favoured class. The Lord Charleses and the Lord Johns, whose patrimonies have suffered from feats of *Sauter la coupe*, performed by more expert knaves than themselves, will be provided for; and what proves beneficial to the ruling classes must, of course, be advantageous to the whole community.

To console those who look at the separation of a colony from the mother country, in a mere pecuniary point of view, we have a few remarks to offer. Many entertain the opinion that a colony is to a state what an estate is to a private individual—a source whence an income or revenue is derived. But—with the exception, we believe, of Jamaica, and one or two others—none of the British colonies pays the expense of its own internal government. The people of this country are at the sole expense of their naval and military defence. This, for the North American colonies and the West Indies, exceeds a million and a half a-year. Under the statute of 1778, no revenue can, under any circumstances, be raised in these colonies for the service of Britain. But then, it will be said, we have the monopoly of their trade, which is held out as of great consequence. The truth is, however, that the total imports into Great Britain from all the North American colonies in 1831, amounted only to £1,456, 909, and the exports to £3,074,628 in official value, from which one-third must be deducted, to ascertain the real value. In the above year, we imported into the United Kingdom, from Lower and Upper Canada, to the amount of £902,914, and exported £1,922,088, both in official value. Now, let the profit on the Canadian trade be set down as high as any one desires—although there is no reason to suppose that it is more valuable even to the merchants engaged in it, than the trade with the United States or other foreign countries—it will be found exceedingly difficult to make it balance the following items on the other side of the sheet. First, we have, for the naval and military defence of these colonies, an annual expense of £260,000, or more than ten per cent. on the total amount of the exports and imports. Then we have a million expended within a short period on the fortifications of Quebec; a million and a half on canals and other public works, £893,000 of which has been expended on the Rideau Canal, which will be of service only when we are at war with the Americans; for, during peace, the St Lawrence affords a much superior route for shipping. A new project has lately been set on foot, in which our Government have already employed some of the engineers in making surveys. We allude to the railroad from St Andrew's in the Bay of Fundy to Quebec, by means of which 1200 miles of dangerous navigation in the St Lawrence, and along the coasts at its mouth would be saved. But where is the money to come from, to make a railroad of 250 miles? Nowhere but from the overtaxed inhabitants of Britain; and a deputation of the colonists is on its way to this country to solicit funds from our Government for the purpose. The injury we have sustained from the North American colonies by supporting their timber trade is incalculable. By levying a duty on Baltic timber from five to six times higher than on that from our own colonies, we have seriously injured our trade

with the whole Baltic. Instead of 1000 British ships loading at Memel yearly, the number has sunk to 250 or 300; and the trade with Norway and Sweden has almost disappeared. The landlords prevent our taking corn or cattle from the states surrounding the Baltic—the colonists, from taking timber. The interests of these parties must of course be protected, while that of the public is too general a matter to be at all attended to. As we will not take corn and timber, the only things the nations on the Baltic have to dispose of, they have it not in their power to take the cottons and other manufactured goods of Britain; and their governments, being irritated by the selfish and exclusive commercial system of Britain, are organizing an equally restrictive system for the exclusion of British goods, to which a great part of Germany has already declared its accession. Every one knows the very inferior quality of the North American timber, and how liable it is to the dry rot. Since the Custom House required almost to be rebuilt, on account of American timber having been used in its construction, it is not permitted to be employed in any public edifice. Some years ago, several frigates were built, under the direction of Sir Robert Seppings, some of them of Baltic, and the others of Canadian fir; and the result was, that while the former lasted eight years, the latter did not last four. Yet, to encourage the consumption of this bad and dear timber, and to prevent the importation of cheap and excellent timber from the Baltic, the people of the United Kingdom are taxed probably a million a-year; while it is exceedingly doubtful if the trade we foster at so great an expense is not injurious to the colonies, by removing industry and capital from the cultivation of the soil, and engaging them in an employment which, from the manner in which it is carried on, is extremely demoralising, and has completely failed in one of the chief objects for which it was encouraged—clearing the soil of trees; not one in ten of the trees being worth the cutting for timber.

A great evil attending colonies are the wars in, which they involve us. We have seen the expensive preparations we are making in Canada alone, for war. Most of the wars we were engaged in last century arose out of colonial questions. The war which commenced in 1739, and lasted nine years, arose from the Spaniards in America insulting our old colonies, and from squabbles about cutting logwood in the Bay of Campeachy. It added to our national debt twenty-nine millions. The war of 1756 originated in disputes with the French, about certain districts in Nova Scotia. It lasted seven years, and augmented our debt by sixty millions. The war which ended in our acknowledging the independence of the United States commenced in 1775, and lasted eight years, increasing by one hundred and four millions our debt. If to these sums we add the additional taxes raised to carry on these wars, and to pay the interest of the loans, together with the expense of the defence of the colonies during peace, we will venture to say that the amount would not be compensated by the whole imports from our colonies since their first settlement or conquest, even had we received these imports without payment either in goods or money.

The United States shew that it is by trading with independent states, and not with colonies, that any real benefit is to be gained. The monopoly of the trade with such colonies as the Canadas it is impossible to obtain; for, with so wild and extended a frontier, there never can be any difficulty in smuggling; nor, in truth, as experience as well as argument teach us, would it be of any great value to secure the monopoly. At all events, in the state to which matters have been brought by the corruption and misgovernment of the Tories, followed as it has been by the course pursued by the Whigs, every right-thinking man would rejoice to see the Canadas emancipated from the control of the mother country, and a friendly and pacific separation effected.

W. Tait.

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Campbell's Letters from the South.**

Since Dr Johnson buttoned his great-coat to the chin, seized his immortal oaken stick, and adventured for the misty Hebrides, no great literary character has gone forth on such daring quests as Mr Campbell, in his late expedition to Africa. He had, indeed, some experience in such matters, and, we believe, began where Johnson ended—the starting-post of the one proving the goal of the other. Like Johnson, too, he narrates his adventures, and makes his epistolary confidences to a lady; not "My mistress," nor any counterpart of the buxom Thrale, but to an anonymous fair one—probably Mr Colburn's elder and admired daughter, *La Belle New Monthly*. However this may be, the letters themselves are lively, playful, waggish, hilarious, and redolent of the jocund spirit of youth, with just as much serious feeling as a poet who is a man of the world, cares to exhibit. They may not contain a very remarkable quantity of *useful knowledge*. So much the better. We are overladen with its burden. Nor does Mr Campbell profess to care much about colonial interests, either English or French. He is superior to petty national jealousy, and attentive only to the general progress of civilization and human happiness. Whatever his exact object may have been, the charm of his letters is personal narrative. He has been in perils upon the great deep; and has heard the Lybian lion roar; and slept sumptuously in an Arab tent, between a calf and a Nanny goat; and looked on the tomb of Barbarossa; and read an Elzevir edition of Leo Africanus, in the very scenes described; and had the honour of a patriot-poet's volunteer body-guard, consisting of all the martial Poles in Algiers; and heard his own sweet verses recited there by sweeter infant lips: and all this he has told with a sprightly and charming facility—ay, and much more than this. The poet breaks out in many of his descriptions; and his images are often those of the finest poetry. Here is a glowing picture in words. Mr Campbell regrets that he had not an artist to paint the "Grande Place" of Algiers. He has done it himself.

The "Grande Place," as I have told you, affords the only tolerable promenade. Here, at the market time of a morning, you see not only the various people, but the animal and vegetable productions of nature, displayed in rich picturesqueness. It has been a perfect treat to me, for several days, to lounge here before breakfast. How I long for the pencil of a Flemish painter, to delineate to you the human figures of all complexions and dresses!—the turbaned Moor—the Jew with his sly face, and his spouse Rebecca, with her yard-long head-dress behind her. I could not pass over the Jew boys that blacken shoes, without being struck by the nimbleness of their tongues, and the comic play of their countenances. They all speak French, and seem the happiest creatures on earth; excepting, perhaps, the half-naked negroes, who are always chattering and laughing loudest, in proportion to the scantiness of duds upon their backs. I omit the Europeans, for they rather spoil the picture.

Peculiarly striking is the look of the Kabyles, the abroginal highlanders of Barbary, who have, all of them, a fierce air, and, many of them, legs and square forms that would not disgrace the grenadier company of the forty-second. Taller, and generally slenderer, are the Arabs, descended from those who conquered the country in the seventh century. They are distinguishable by vivid black eyes, shaped like an almond laid sidewise; and, though many of them look wretched and squalid, you see some among them whose better drapery and forms, and fine Old-Testament heads, give them a truly patriarchal appearance. I thought myself looking on a living image of antiquity, as I stood this morning beside a majestic old

* London: Colburn. 2 vols. 8vo. With numerous illustrative engravings of scenery and costumes.

Arab, whilst he made the camels he had led into the market kneel before him, to be unloaded of their enormous cargoes of herbs and fruits. I felt "my very een enriched" at the sight of the vegetable treasures around me, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow—splendid heaps of purple grapes in one pannier, and oranges, peaches, lemons, and pomegranates in another. Here were spread out in piles the huge and golden-hued melons and pompions, and there the white garlic, "and the scarlet and green pepper-pods," together with the brown melogines, an excellent pot vegetable, in size, shape, and colour, resembling a polished cocoa-nut.

Mr Campbell finishes by telling of the Barbary fig, a wild fruit which grows on the cactus-bush; and winds up, touching thus airily on a rather ticklish subject in any hands less dexterous.

The leaves [of the cactus-bush] are thickly covered with prickles, which, when they get into animal flesh, are with difficulty coaxed out of it. It is much used for hedges about Algiers; but, if you should ever come to this country, my dear friend, I exhort you never to let your linen be spread out on the cactus. An affecting story is told of a Dutch family who had a country house near this city. In the house there were five plump interesting daughters, who, in an evil hour, gave their garments to be washed to an ignorant European laundress. She hung them out to dry on these prickly bushes, and such evils were entailed on the lovely wearers of them, that they could neither sit nor recline with comfort, for a week or two afterwards.

Here is a charming landscape, most poetically painted. It lay on the road to the English Consul's country-house.

The road to the Consul's house, which is a short league from town, goes round those gardens, [the late Dey's,] up a steep ascent, where the country presents, at first, only a sterile appearance; but, as you get farther up, the villas increase in number, and the vegetable power of nature increases with the height you attain. The fig tree, the orange and lemon tree, the pomegranate, the olive, and the jujubier, are either growing wild or in orchards, with little or no cultivation. The cactus, with its massy leaves and fantastic trunk, raises ramparts around the fields and along the road sides, while the agave, a variety of the aloe, shoots up its branches ten feet high, like the swords of a race of giants. Then, at a certain height, you pass ravines on one side, beneath you, displaying lovely openings into the sea-coast, where the waves are whitening its distant rocks. In coming to one of these peculiarly beautiful, I could not but recall the lines of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"—

"And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow."

I left my horse on the road with my servant, and went down to traverse this ravine. With delight I heard the gush of a gurgling runnel, and followed a stream almost worthy of a Scottish glen, that was wimpling from rock to rock. A brown little singing bird flitted before me. I could see it only by glimpses; but its note, though short and twittering, was sweet. Is it possible, I thought to myself, that I am in Africa the torrid! The air was balmy—the banks of the rivulet were thick with wild flowers—I knew not the names of most of them, or merely guessed at them, from their resemblance to the productions of our gardens and hot-houses; but this uncertainty nowise diminished my interest in the charming strangers. When one meets with a smiling beauty, does it spoil one's admiration not to know her name? I suspect that it sometimes enhances it. Oh, but you will tell me, perhaps, that it is fantastic to compare a man's homage to woman with his love of a flower! True, if you mean a strict, unfanciful comparison. But allow a little phantasy; for it is an ingredient in all sorts of love. When we admire your sex, and, most of all, when we address you in poetry, do we not compare you to every flower that is most beautiful? Then why should I be shy to confess that my heart has a gallantry for flowers? They make me dream that I am among graceful and gentle females.

This was a day which I should never wish to forget: I could not tread a step, or look a yard around me, without seeing floral treasures that were exotic to an Englishman. It is true that the ivy, the blackberry, and the daisy, pleasantly reminded me that I had not dropped into another planet; yet, altogether, Nature appeared to me like an old friend with a new face; but it was a brightened face, and she was still "*my goddess.*"

One more landscape—the highlands of Algiers—and we have done:—

Conceive me cicerone-ing you in imagination out of the gate of Babasoun. Leaving that gate on the right, you are led, by a fine spacious road, cut on the side of the hill by the orders of the Duc de Rovigo, and very creditable to his memory. If ascending, it is pleasant to look back below. There is a palm-tree, that, with its feathery foliage, gives an oriental character to the scene. . . . . You see, also, from this ascent, several picturesque Maraboot chapels; and the guide pointed out to me the spot which, he said, was the tomb of Barbarossa. At the top of the hill, you get to the great road that leads towards Douera and Boufaric. From this eminence the view is superb; the bay, with its mighty blue semi-circle fringed with creamy foam—the white country-houses, with their orange gardens—the Maraboots, interspersed with here and there a palm-tree—the plain below, where the vapours of the river Arach, as it discharges itself into Cape Matifou, are seen sporting in the sun; and the noble mountains towering behind the Metidjoh. All these objects, when I looked around me, filled me with but vain regrets that I had not a painter beside me, some capital artist, to mark the scene. . . . What studies would not Wilkie find among the Arabs and Kabyles, the laughing negroes and merry Jew-boys of the market place! What scope on these shores for the graces of Callcott! and what mountain lights and shadows for the sublimity of Turner! The altitude of these mountains I find differently estimated; but I love them too well to quarrel about a few hundred toises as to their stature; but the height of them seemed to me to be twice the height of Ben Nevis. They have an aspect peculiarly bold. Stretching, in a long sweep, with visibly deep indentations and ravines—with cliffs that are purpled, and masses of precipices that are bronsed by the sun—they strike the fancy—if one may compare mountains to men—as soldier-featured beings that bid defiance to invasion. And full sure among these passes, the Kabyles have taught both the Turks and French that Freedom is a mountain nymph. But the ascent to this landscape is too fatiguing for a pedestrian excursion; and at noon it is apt to be too sunny for a ride. You should go out thither on horseback when the crier from the minaret is chanting to matin prayers, and when the cannon in the harbour announces daybreak; while the jackall and the hyena are skulking home through the dewy nopals; and whilst the day-light is blushing in Heaven, like the life-blood returning to a lovely countenance.

This is worthy of the poet who has told us of the epal-morn. In another situation, on the Algerine coast, at Bornia, he exclaims—

Such is the grandeur of the surrounding mountain scenery, that I drop my pen in despair of giving you any conception of it. Scotchman as I am, and much as I love my native land, I declare to you that I felt as if I had never before seen the full glory of mountain scenery. The African highlands spring up to the sight not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow colours from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are marked in clouds of richer dye. The farthest-off summits appeared in their snow, like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearer masses glared in crimson and gold under the light of morning.

We should like to give the Moorish dinner of Ben Omar which Mr Campbell describes with inimitable glee, or his account of the Jews, not forgetting the Jewesses; but this little picture or poem, for it is either at pleasure, will better suit our limits. At Bona, the traveller was wandering among ruins—Roman, and Roman Catholic—

Among the ruins, is shewn the gable of a high building which is said to be that of the convent of St Augustine; some lofty trees overshade the neighbourhood of the saint's abode. Undefinable but solemn feelings came over me as I trod the ground. We pursued our way beyond the ruins along the eastern road, and came up with an Arab family, whose habitation was an old ruinous house on the road side. The father of the family was tending some cattle in the adjacent field; and the mother, a very good-looking woman, with the relics of true Arabian beauty, was weaving a web of woollen cloth on the grass, near their habitation. The simplicity of her weaving was worthy of the first age of the world; instead of a shuttle, she employed a needle, which carried the woof along the threads of the warp that were stretched along the ground. She had a rude sort of reed, through which the threads of the warp were run; and by drawing in this reed, she bound the woof and warp together. How pleasing is human art in all its stages, from simplicity to perfection! With full recollections in my mind of the wonderful power-

looms which I had seen at Glasgow, I could still look with interest on the work of this poor female artisan. Her two little sons and a daughter were beside her; all three struck us as being remarkably beautiful. I made Brown, who understands Arabic, put some questions to her, and she answered them, without interrupting her work, as gracefully and easily as if she had been receiving us in a drawing-room. "How old," I asked, "is this sweet little girl?" (She seemed to be about eight years old.) "I cannot tell you," she answered; "she was born some summers and winters before the French came." "Do you remember, then, how many summers and winters have gone by since the birth of either of your sons?" "No, I cannot tell you; but I was married not long after there was a great battle in this neighbourhood, and when many heads were carried about on poles." In fact, these Arabs take no note of time, and have neither clocks nor registers; yet they are the descendants of the people who taught us algebra!

The following is a specimen of Mr Campbell's knack at hitting off a trifle. It succeeds a poetical and passionate fit of wild-flower worship—

Although meat, fish, and fruits are twice as cheap here as at Algiers, I suspect our entertainers can make but little profit by their boarders; indeed, the landlady told me so the other day. When remaining last of the company, I complimented her on her *cuisine*, and the gastronomic powers of her guests, I found that I had touched the tenderest chord of her heart. "Alas, sir," said she, with a voice of grief, "if they would all eat as you do, like a man of conscience, of a dish or two, we could live by our trade; but the ravens!—the ogres!—oh, their maws will be the ruin of us!" And she wiped the tears with her apron. "I always tell my husband that it is of no use to take pains with our cookery; for the nicer we cook, the more unmercifully they devour." And I believed her; for I had remarked a bluff major bag for his own share an *omelet*—the flesh of a fowl, with ham to match—besides reducing the height of a pyramid of cutlets by half a foot. . . . . Apropos to omelets, I dined off a very nice and savoury one, made of an ostrich's egg, the day after I came to Oran. It was at the table of General Trezel. The men, excepting a Spanish priest and myself, were all military. Mio Padre, the priest, is a friend of Mina, and a bold Constitutionalist. He says it is all nonsense to talk of the Catholic religion being adverse to liberty, and favourable to the divine right of kings and emperors, for it has dethroned more kings and emperors than ever Protestantism did; and that Catholicism is naturally allied with Republicanism. I was so busy with the ostrich omelet, and he reminded me so much of Daniel O'Connell, that I could not even *grunt* a contradiction. There were some very pretty women of the party. One of them told me that she had once ate a bit of lion's flesh, and that it tasted like very good veal; she had also once half-dined, she said, off a roasted jackall, and taken a large slice, which was very like venison, and more savoury than mutton. Was this a vulgar eccentric woman? No, I assure you, quite the reverse on all other points of conversation—delicate and lady-like.

These may serve as specimens of Mr Campbell's easy and lively epistles. We leave whatever they contain of the *solid*, the statistical and speculative, to the researches of the reader.

Wilkie's Sketches of Canada and New York.

Mr Wilkie is a gallant yeoman of East Lothian, who, in the spring of 1824, (his book says, but it must be a misprint for 1834,) left his home to look about him, and spy the fertility and capabilities of the United States to a Scottish agriculturist. Such we at least apprehend was his object, for he scarcely lets us into the secret; and he is, from first to last, so uproariously merry, and so incorrigible a joker, that there is no knowing what to make of him. What demon has possessed Mr Wilkie to set up for a wit, out of the proper localities of the farmers' dinner clubs of his native county? No good could come of it. We are the more earnest upon this point, as men whose talk is only of cropping, and draining, and liming, and beaves, and markets, and the price of land and labour, will be apt to meet with a serious disappointment, when, instead of *solid* information, conveyed in plain, direct terms, they only meet with the caprioles and curvettings of this obstreperous humourist, or with endless grandiloquent descriptions, which could almost make us take our oath, without examination, that there must have been a circulating library of romances established either at Haddington or Dunbar for many years back. He puns, too! We could not have imagined it. We were not prepared for it; and having made up our minds beforehand that Mr Wilkie's book should be a plain, sensible guide or pioneer to agricultural emigrants, chokeful of facts, we may have been too prone to revenge the balking of our wondrous sagacity upon our author, whom, on a second perusal, and taking him on his own terms, we found an entertaining and enlivening travelling companion, whose wit, if not always in the best taste, never fails in that first ingredient, good-nature. The most new and agreeable portion of the volume is the author's sojourn in the bush, short as it was. Here is a day in the Canadian backwoods:—

"At present I am seated in a log-hut of no lordly dimensions. It contains three apartments—I can reach my hand to the ceiling as I sit—three paces brings me to the middle of my sleeping chamber, and three more from the opposite side of the room, would place me in the centre of the kitchen. The view I have from the window, is in unison with the diminutive dwelling. To the south and east, we have a half mile of elbow room; to the west, about a hundred yards, and on the north, within forty yards of me, is the public way, displaying a specimen of genuine corduroy that might well draw a shriek of horror from the slipshod spirit of Macadam!

. . . . . .

"C. left this some mornings ago for Illinois. F. and I convoyed him on his way through the woods for several miles, and wishing him all safety to his destination, parted, turned back, and here am I now with not one of all these in whose company I crossed the Atlantic, to exchange a thought or a word with. And during such a time as the present moment, when F. is away in the woods after his own farming concerns, I feel solitary enough. There is, I believe, not a soul within a mile or two of me; and what is there to compensate for the want? Nothing living at least. There is even no approach to what one might style an animated landscape, unless fancy could endow, with a fictitious life, all those mangled stumps that stud the clearance. But, to me, these rather add to, instead of breaking in on the tameness of the limited prospect.

"On Thursday last, I was engaged in performing a very tough day's work. An intimation was sent to F., that a *Chopping Bee* was to take place on the ground of Mr Webb, a neighbouring farmer. The poor man had employed a Canadian to clear a certain space of wood, but he unluckily paid him beforehand, and soon had the misfortune to discover that gratitude was not one of the chopper's virtues; for he marched off—shouldering his hatchet—and leaving ten acres, the stipulated clearance, groaning under their original burden.

"Having supplied ourselves with the needful chopping axes, we set off after breakfast, which will generally be found a good ally in the performance of a hard day's work. We left our coats behind, the glass indicating a good many degrees of heat above the comfortable point. We arrived in about an hour at the field of action, and met fifteen of the backwood gentry; and I am sure you could not produce so large a group from the inhabitants of East Lothian, displaying such an overweening *quantum* of wild recklessness, combined, as I thought, with an abundant portion of underhand cunning. This was not, however, a fair specimen of the rural population, but consisted mostly of men who employ themselves clearing the woods, or turning their hands to anything that promises a good day's feeding, accompanied with a fair allowance of grog.

"There is little doubt, therefore, we found this choice selection of mortals in their element; and, as a novelty, I did not regret joining the ploy. We soon commenced a war of extermination against some of the loftiest trees the world can produce, and in half an hour you might have mourned over many a fallen monarch of the wood.

"I accomplished, out-and-out, the severest day's work I ever set my hands to; and, to cheer my sinking strength, I was frequently complimented by my squatter friends upon my dexterity in using the chopping-axe. I was even daring enough to challenge one of them to single combat; and, by the way, this might suggest a decisive, and, at the same time, bloodless method of terminating encounters of a more *honourable* nature. My opponent and I proceeded thus:—We selected a tree of fair dimensions, having a perpendicular stem, and standing free of others. We placed ourselves on each side, hatchet in

hand, ready to attack our victim on a signal being given. The one towards whom the tree fell was declared the victor, for this plain reason, that his cut must have been the deepest, and, like conscientious folks, trees seem generally to lean to the weaker side. I had the good fortune to floor my opponent, or at least the tree, in this my first trial of strength; but the various professors of the noble art who were looking on, did not yield the full share of approbation which, in my vanity, I conceived my due—my supple form, long arms, and long legs, were, in their turn, lugged in for a part of the honour. In this manner, the worthies managed very successfully to fritter away all the laurels that I might have plumed myself upon. My feathers were, therefore, up; and, although light was beginning to fail, I signified my wish to enter the lists anew. My knight of the chopper immediately started from the side of the grog-can, where he had been comfortably seated, engaged in discussing the contents. I likewise took a little before engaging, and, although it tasted well enough under our parched and worn-out circumstances, I am convinced I never before or since tasted such a harsh and even abominable beverage. It was composed of the worst description of Canadian spirits, and lukewarm water, brought from the muddy creeks in the wood—smelling and tasting of the decayed vegetation with which it was impregnated—no well being within many miles of us. A tree was again selected, of more moderate dimensions, however, than our first, and again we fell to. But, in this instance, as luck would have it, we were both cheated of victory; for the tree, having a perverse inclination of its own, fell halfway between us, seemingly determined neither to add to nor rob me of my former triumph.

"In the course of the day we levelled to the ground many a tree that would have done honour to the noble woods of Tyningham or Yester, or to those braes

> "Where Salton's oak and Humble's pine
> Fringe the rude banks of pebbly Tyne."

The oaks of this district are the finest I have seen; but this only forms an additional motive for their destruction. They escape the fire, but undergo the inglorious fate of being manufactured into barrel staves.

"The grog I have already mentioned was our only drink during the day, and, uncouth as it was, the capacious can was many times emptied, replenished, and emptied again, before we struck work. Thus passed the play—which lasted till about sunset—and then came an afterpiece, which most certainly was considered quite in season by the *dramatis personæ* engaged. Instead of shifting the scenes, the actors shifted their quarters, by adjourning to the log-hut of Mr Webb, whose provident dame had busied herself to some purpose.

"The festal board (composed of everything the house afforded in the shape of tables, clubbed together) was creaking, if not actually groaning under its substantial load of eatables and drinkables. No ceremony was either thought of or requisite; we planted ourselves round, after the true take-what-you-have-and-you-won't-want fashion.

"The soul and body of our feast was pork, tortured into every description of dish, from the complicated concealment of a pie, to the unaspiring rotundity of an humble ham; and its simple hand-maiden, the potato, was, in some of the platters, presented to us, so buttered, toasted, and shaped, that even the shrewd wit of an Irishman might have been taken aback, and rendered unable to discover the presence of his beloved root. To give you some idea of the *style* of this bush feast—a huge cast-metal goblet was handed round the table, filled with potatoes, for the benefit of those who preferred them, boiled, and clothed in the primitive covering of their own jackets.

"But I have yet to tell how we got accommodated with seats; for you can hardly suppose our hostess possessed chairs sufficient for a company that filled her house to overflowing. At the head of the board sat our landlord, on a bag of wool, supported on the right and left by two of his friends, occupying chairs, which appeared to be the sum total in his possession. Down the right side of the board, ran a rough-hewn plank, supported at each end by a sack half filled with corn; and the opposition bench was a broken ladder, with similar supports, and forming, you may well imagine, no very comfortable resting-place. At the foot of the table, opposite the gentleman on the wool-sack, stood a huge chest; but whether containing napery or corn, I never discovered—perhaps there were both, for there was not a fellow to it in the house.

"More noise was made during the process of feeding than there would have been heard at fifty *tables d'hotes* in New York. When we had got this part of our festival over, the sun had likewise finished his course above board, and candles appeared to be highly requisite to assist us in discussing what might be called the serious business of the evening. By the light of the fire, I made a survey of the apartment; but was unable to discover anything in the shape of a candle or candlestick; and this led me to suppose that our future proceedings would be little better than fighting in the dark. And, perhaps, this might happen in a too literal sense; for I could see that there were several hot tempers among us; and, when these are in the company of hot spirits, the odds are generally in favour of a blow-up. Part of my conjectures were, however, soon set at rest; for the dame brought forth, from some mysterious corner, a half-dozen good substantial tallow candles; and, as she lighted them—with happy invention and dexterity—popped their nether ends into the bottles that had been conveniently emptied during dinner.

A jolly can of punch was brewed, and the mirth and fun grew fast and furious. Mr Wilkie and his friend stole away before the last act.

Cholera was raging while Mr Wilkie was in Canada; and he retired from Toronto to the new settlement of a friend, with a party to which he and another gentleman acted as *avant-couriers*—

To take possession of the country quarters, and put everything to rights, as far as our poor male management would go, and rig out the domicile for the reception of the female comers. We set out on a delightful afternoon, just as the excessive heat was on the wane, and when the animal spirits are in consequence on the rise. Our vehicle was provided with supplies for a few days, such as a tea-pot, and requisites for the preparation of a comfortable cup of tea—a couple of tin jugs, (the lady wisely judging that, in our hands, they would stand a better chance than more fashionable ware,) a loaf of bread—spoons and knives. For other needfuls we had to trust to the stores of a wayside tavern, in the same clearance with our friend's farm.

We passed, in our journey, through rather a varied and pleasant part of the country. Our first stage was beneath the shade of large pines, that cover a sandy plain many miles in extent, we then got into a better country, with goodly clearances at intervals, and at no part were we long with the wood on both sides of the way.

We crossed the river Humber, a clearer running stream at this part than any other of the district. There is here the pretty little village of Tobococke—most of the houses with independent stations of their own, such as the fancy of the proprietors had chosen to stick them on. Some were on the crests of rising sandy knolls, some buried in little hollows; and on the opposite side of the bridge, by the wayside, in more orthodox and old country fashion, some cottages were placed in a continuous row. A diminutive piazza in front, covered over and under with wild vines, and other elegant creeping plants, gave a cast of domestic elegance to the dwellings; and, more lovely still, we observed several blooming cheeks and blue eyes watching us from the half-buried lattices, as we jogged past in our primitive equipage. We had our vicissitudes too, analagous to storm and calm. The one in the shape of patches of corduroy, over which we were tossed and tumbled in gallant style; and the other in the form of long tracks of sandy road, through which the waggon wheels had to squeeze their way, like a vessel moving along at half a knot in the hour.

. . . . . .

The sun had set, and the air became accordingly chilly when we got to the end of our last stage, and, as the wisest thing we could do in our circumstances, we hastened to inquire about our accommodation. There was neither chair, table, nor almost any other piece of furniture in the house; but we found a fire lighted in the garden, beside which sat a couple of workmen, who were employed in finishing the house we were about to inhabit.

They made themselves as comfortable as possible with a tea-pot of Scotch toddy, for which they prudently carried materials; and next morning, after a *bivouack* within doors, if that be not a bull, set about repairing the mansion.

Half the windows were unglazed, half the doors unhung, and the house, in short, only half finished. It was a frame one, consisting of two stories and an attic; and altogether the mansion-house, with reference to the other habitations in the township.

Hammers, saws, and sweeping-brooms were kept in full operation, and we soon got the whole in fitting trim to receive the lady and her family. With the usual provi-

dence of the fair sex, a waggon, stowed three times its own height, brought up the rear, on the day of their arrival; and, before dark, we rigged out several beds, cooking apparatus, and many other needfuls and necessaries, named and nondescript. . . . . .

We were pleased to find that our party was not alone in the wilderness. There were several habitations straggled up and down the clearance, like so many wooden boxes tossed at random over the tops of the surrounding wood. It was, too, a "handsome clearance," being about three miles in one direction, and half that distance in another; but, from the great height of the boundary trees, it did not appear to be nearly of such extent. A smith's forge stood within a hundred yards of us, and next it a small tavern, in which there were sometimes glorious carousals, when a wet day drove the people from their outdoor labours. This occasioned it receiving, from one of our party, the appropriate cognomen of "Little Hellie."

Those composing our party employed themselves in the ways that best suited their pleasure and conveniences. Several who had got a knowledge of mechanics were soon over head and ears in work. Shelving, benches, tables, &c. were the fruits of our industry; and we even managed, with two day's labour, to provide the lady with the there unheard-of luxury of a sofa. It was rude enough, but such refinement as it displayed had never, till then, appeared within the woody precincts of the township. When we quitted the country some time afterwards, the squire of the district prayed that we would allow him to retain the envied couch, which was willingly granted. And there is little doubt, that, at this very moment, the youthful offspring of his honour, as they cluster themselves on our transcendent handiwork, recollect the strangers, and continue to speculate over the silent witness of their wonderful skill.

Although we were often without a ready supply of beef or mutton, there was no lack of the grunting gentry in the clearance. One old man, from Wales, named Davis, possessed six fine families, each consisting of a mother and twelve pigs. The house door was seldom left five minutes ajar, ere we received a free and easy visit from some half dozen of our squeaking neighbours; but this was quite excusable in them, poor things, for they only followed the example of their masters, whose unbidden visits were often more untimely still. A mere word to the dog was sufficient to rid us of the forward piglings, but it was no easy task, we found, to keep clear of the presence of our two-legged intruders; a broad hint did not seem to be a figure of speech made use of or understood in their conversational intercourse.

Harvest was now approaching, and we had a slight share of it. A field of peas behind the house ripened, and all the effective weapons in the district were mustered to cut it down; they consisted of a scythe, which the only servant on the farm made use of, and several hedge-bills, (at least some would have so named them at home,) which his aid-de-camps assisted him with to the best of their abilities. It was truly a rough job; but in the course of a few days we finished it by forming the whole crop into a good sized stack in the middle of the field. The rest of the cleared part of the farm, containing about sixty acres, was laid down in grass, and we were thankful; for whatever it might be to the skin-dried natives, field work at this season was a roasting business to us. The thermometer was generally at 80° by nine o'clock A.M., and, at a little past noon, as high as 90° and 96°.

While staying here, we had an opportunity of observing the effects of a sudden hurricane in the woods, one afternoon while several of us were in the garden, from which we had, now and then, to run to the house for a little respite from the rays of the sun. The thermometer stood about 90° in the shade, and we felt as if breathing the heated air of a furnace, for not a single breath of air fanned the wood-bound clearance. We were, in fact, as if standing at the bottom of a huge tub, the trees around forming the upright staves.

About two o'clock we were startled by a strange, undefinable noise, which every moment became louder and louder, and sounded like the sea swelling in the distance. We were unable to divine the cause, but kept our eyes fixed along the road to the north-west, from whence the disturbance seemed to proceed; and we soon observed the white dust rising in vast volumes, over the tops of the trees, accompanied with several cracking and booming sounds, which we afterwards discovered arose from trees that were prostrated by the violence of the wind. Little more than two minutes brought the hurricane, in all its violence, across our clearance, whirling aloft everything in its way which was of a light or moveable description. It appeared for a second or two as violent as an explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine, and as soon over; but it left most unequivocal effects behind. The close and sultry heat was gone, and in its stead we enjoyed a most refreshing, though it might have proved a dangerous coolness. We had been moving languidly about without either coats or vests, and with our necks exposed to the air; but in five minutes our teeth and limbs were shivering and chilled, and we hastened in to get covering from the cold.

There was little to be had in the way of sport; we saw no feathered game, save now and then a hawk hovering over the trees at a very circumspect and *unshootable* distance; and black squirrels were all we saw of the four-footed sort. One day, indeed, we got notice that a bear had been heard in an oat-field adjoining, and we were persuaded to set off in a body, to take the marauding brute by storm.

The bear escaped them. It is clear that Mr Wilkie was not enamoured of Canada:—

In this part of the country, the settlers pass—as far as we are able to judge—a busy enough life, considering the climate, &c., which they must submit to. They have little in the shape of comfort, and nothing at all of luxury. Many of the locations around us appeared to be as old as any in the province, and had not the raw look of many others we visited. But still there were few of those indications that speak of a valued home, and whisper at once to the heart of a stranger, that he is amongst those who are surrounded with domestic comfort and happiness. There is none of those decorations, in and out of the woodland cots, that mark the hand of peaceful contentment, and which resemble the thousand nameless attentions that shew the love one bears to the partner of his choice. We saw only a scanty portion of fruit trees, and but few flowers and plants.

Many are the calamities of the bush, especially to those who have spent all their lives in the snug homesteads of the Lothians. Add to them the last, worst pest of insects, the croaking of bull-frogs, the chirping of crickets, and the alarm of serpents, and the misery is complete, without those minor touches which Mr Wilkie has given.

The flies were our greatest and most persevering tormentors, however; there were millions of them ever buzzing about the room; and when we lay down, as we had to do several times a-day to refresh ourselves with a rest or nap, hundreds of these winged pests would in one moment settle on our faces, necks, or whatever part of our languid bodies was left exposed to the air. Nose, mouth, and eyes were clustered and covered, while the tickling from their feet and suckers was altogether unbearable. Sometimes one might manage, by a quick motion of the hand, to crush a dozen or two to death; but it was far from pleasant, rendering the face a puny war-field even when successful—and when not, the only satisfaction was in having bestowed on our own flesh and blood a good hard thump. We were unable to bear the covering of a handkerchief over our faces, the air being too hot to allow the slightest obstruction to our breathing; so we often rather submitted to the irritating manœuvres of the little brutes. We had plenty of snakes, too: I captured several in the garden, and one fine large fellow who had his retreat under the floor of the house. But we never ascertained whether they were of a dangerous sort or not. . .

The chilly nights of autumn began to wax keener and keener, and so great did the contrast between heat and cold become to us before leaving the woods, that while at mid-day we were roasted under a heat that raised the thermometer above 90°, we were nearly frozen at midnight under the protection of eight substantial blankets.

We sincerely congratulate Mr Wilkie upon once more finding himself at home.

NEW NOVELS.

MR COLBURN has of late furnished the public with a fresh and most bountiful supply—served up *hot and hot*—of those first necessaries of civilised life, novels and romances. Of *Picciola*, which some readers may consider a flight above the level height of modern fictitious soarings, we have spoken below; and although *Henrietta Temple* is the elder in point of birth, we presume that Lady Charlotte Bury's *Divorced* is entitled to take precedence. The scope, "the end and aim," of the tale, may easily be imagined from its title. It is a thrice painful story; though the misery it inflicts might be

endured for the sake of the moral lesson. But does it teach one? There is the rub! The meek, the gentle, the beautiful, the long-suffering and penitent Lady Howard, the divorced, becomes,—in consequence of her fault and her sorrows, the object of our deepest sympathy, and, finally, of our respect. Is it this the author intended? Her sufferings and humiliation endear Lady Howard ten thousand times more to her noble-minded daughter, than if she had never forsaken her child—never been the divorced wife of Lord Vernon. Her sole punishment is the misery which her early misconduct entailed upon her innocent children; and this is bitter enough. But what does it avail as a lesson? Everything is overdone; and we rise from the perusal of a melancholy tale with the disposition to murmur at the awful visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children, and filled with compassion for the crushed and heart-bruised Magdalen. The involvements of this tragic story, however improbable, give room for scenes and situations of deep pathos, and of the most painful interest; but, when the pure and innocent are one by one immolated as victims for the long-past crime of the sorrowing mother, the heart rebels, and the judgment revolts. Nor is it wise to leave us blaming and almost detesting the stern virtues of the immaculate and severe Lady Margaret Leicester, and the frigid decencies of the heartless and worldly-minded Lady Harcourt, while our sympathies are exhausted by the misery with which the victim of early indiscretion is pursued, and finally overwhelmed. In brief, we consider this novel, which will, we doubt not, be eagerly sought after and perused, as unskilfully framed to forward the author's avowed object. The work has, however, merit in execution, if we look only to its power in exciting the feelings; and the character of Alice Talbot, the gentle and magnanimous daughter of the divorcée, is a beautiful conception. Why was there no salvation for her, since her death makes us pity and not hate its cause—her subdued mother? But we are speaking in enigmas, and must refer to the book, of which we may give one small specimen. It is Alice's soliloquy, shortly after a malicious fiend, in female form, had acquainted her, in the most torturing manner, with her mother's history, and afforded the clue to the sorrows and mortifications to which her social position, as the daughter of an erring woman, exposed her.

"So, then," she thought, with that aching throb of anguish which has no name, "my first sorrow was caused by my mother's guilt! She who so coaxed and doated upon me is, in fact, my worst enemy!—so there is an end of my reverence for my parent! I no longer can consider our house as the abode of virtuous love. No!—all the ties which bind us together as a family—which make them my parents—which make Henry and I brother and sister—are sinful. We ought never to have existed! Poor, poor mamma! This, then, is the reason she never goes out; this, then, is the reason no ladies visit her, and that *my* name is so carefully written on the cards left at our door. Oh, how my heart bleeds for her disgrace and humbling! how much more should we, her children, be kind to her! how much more does she require our love! And papa, too, I wish he were never cross to her—*he* ought *not to be* cross to her; for miserable it must make her, that he for whom she forfeited all, should be for an instant harsh. This, then, is the reason of her mournful looks—this, then, is the cause of her weeping so often! Poor, dear mamma!" And Alice Talbot's heart did indeed bleed.

Henrietta Temple

Is altogether a story of a lighter and more cheerful cast. It is one of love at first sight—young, passionate, immoveable love; crossed and tried, no doubt, but coming out of the furnace, like gold, seven times refined; and all ending cheerfully and happily at last, like a gay comedy, with a double wedding. This novel is, moreover, very cleverly and elegantly written; but it is superfluous to speak of it, as we notice that it has already reached a second edition. [So, we are glad to say, has our favourite "Mrs Armytage," a pleasing proof of our sagacity, and of the good taste of the public.] The comic scenes (as that laid in the spunging-house) and the subsidiary characters in "Henrietta Temple" are touched with felicitous spirit. Count Mirabel is the true fine gentleman of the old genteel comedy, with certain airy, fluttering, foreign graces. Had he not, as we understand, a certain living prototype, now in London, the author would have infinite merit in the invention of a character so true to nature, and yet perfectly original. He has great merit as it is; for Mirabel is inimitable. Lady Bellairs, also, is true comedy and true nature. We are sorry to understand that her diverting, old, fairy ladyship has been cut off by influenza, above the age of ninety, since "Henrietta Temple" was published. We daily expect to hear the auction of her china announced—an event which will, no doubt, attract the whole fashionable world.

Picciola, or Captivity Captive. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

No person condemned to tread the wishy-washy ways of modern literature, as a critic of the novels of the day, but must have sighed forth the axiom that half is sometimes greater than the whole, and longed to reduce, by at least a moiety, every three-volume novel inflicted upon his patience. For our own parts, we sicken at the mere idea of the infinite deal of nothing indispensable to make out the lawful complement of the booksellers; and have much satisfaction in announcing that "Picciola," as the name denotes, is both short and sweet. Two other qualities, rarely to be found in combination, are also discernible in this singular little work—elegance and vigour. "Picciola" is as graceful as forcible; and well deserves the honours decreed her by the French Academy; being fully equal to the gigantic task assigned her, of vindicating the literature of *la jéune France*, from the aspersions of English criticism.

The story is briefly as follows:—The young Count de Charney, having exhausted the sources of amusement open to every noble and wealthy libertine, as well as the studies available to a gifted but perverted mind, conspires against the government of Napoleon, and is thrown into a state prison in one of the fortresses of Piedmont. Without sympathy with his kind, without self-respect, without hope, the selfish sceptic soon becomes weary of his own society; and the chain of incidents by which he is induced to a happier frame of mind, and eventually to light, liberty, and happiness, we shall not defeat the interest of our readers by rendering prematurely public. We defy them to *guess* the means employed; we defy them to take up the work without fairly pursuing it to the end. The conversion of the infidel, and the destinies of "Picciola," fill up a scene that appears to be passing in vivid interest before our eyes.

We recommend this little flight of fancy to readers of all ages; but more especially to the young, who are likely to derive as much profit as pleasure from the perusal.

NEW EDITIONS OF WORKS.

In the literary lists of the current quarter, *new editions* are conspicuous. They are of popular and stable works, and embrace, to a remarkable extent, the new and indispensable condition of cheapness. Among them we have, from Colburn, one of the most amusing books in the language—*Walpole's Correspondence.* The work is compressed into three octavo volumes, and much reduced in price. This edition is farther illustrated by new notes, besides those which accompanied it when originally published. The correspondence extends from the year 1735 to 1793, and forms the most piquant chronicle of the court and the world of fashion, during that period, that is extant. It is the complete revival of the persons of an age which, though passed away, is still replete with interest; and the fullest view behind the scenes of high life, of the naked puppets, and the strings and pulleys by which they are moved, that we possess.

Another of Colburn's new editions of standard works is—

Brenton's Naval History of Great Britain.

Captain Brenton has enlarged and carefully improved this edition, rendering it as perfect and as worthy as possible of holding a permanent place in the national literature. He has, moreover, brought down his narra-

tive to the most recent periods of British naval history, including Ross's second voyage, and all the late surveys. Captain Brenton is not without his prejudices, whether as a Tory, a seaman, or a disciplinarian; but his maritime annals are fortunately so chokeful of facts as to leave little room for mere speculation on matters upon which controversy might be raised. Captain Brenton complains that an able writer in *The New Monthly Magazine* accuses him of an anti-Gallic mania, or anti-Napoleonophobia. Now, we should not differ with him about this hobby; but why will Captain Brenton, who is a religious man, assume that there can be no end to wars, that "wars are unhappily the lot of human nature—the scourge of the Almighty;" and that it must ever be the duty of Christians to mitigate what they cannot suppress? Why contemplate war as an indispensable condition of human society in every state? We have no faith in this. It is the doctrine of devils.

> "War is a game that, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not often play at."

And as subjects are becoming wise, kings, if they do not lead, must follow. But all this has little to do with a *new edition*. This is, exteriorly, a very handsome and a marvellously cheap book. The two large volumes are well *done up* in *navy* blue, studded with twenty-four good portraits of our greatest naval captains, with views of harbours, the lines of battle of our greatest sea-fights, plans, &c. &c.; and the price is only a guinea and a half!—of this valuable accession to a seaman's store of books, and to a British gentleman's library.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the last month must convince every one that there is an absolute necessity for a speedy dissolution of Parliament. The triumphant majority for the Canada Coercion Bill, the virtual rejection of the Church Rate Bill, the division on the Ballot, and on the Corn-Law Question, the maintaining of the Army and Navy on a war establishment, prove how little influence Liberal opinions exert in Parliament. It is plain that the Whigs have resolved, in so far as lies in their power, to stop the progress of Reform. They appear inclined to join the Tories in supporting misgovernment whenever they can do it with safety; and it is only by reforming the Reformed Parliament that there is any chance of securing the passing of Liberal measures. The House of Commons requires an organic change as much as the Lords; for, as at present constituted, it will merely prepare bills for the rejection of the Upper House.

The Church-rate Abolition Bill has given great satisfaction to the Dissenters; and though it will unquestionably be thrown out by the Lords, church-rates are at an end; for, after the expression of the Government and the House of Commons against them, it will be in vain again to attempt their collection. The funds are to be raised from the church property itself, it being estimated that, by a better management of the church lands, and by letting them on lease, instead of on lives, as at present, £250,000 will be realized, to be applied in lieu of church-rates. The rents of the pews of churches are also to be applied in the same way, a certain proportion of pews being reserved for the poor. This bill is not only important in itself, but still more so from the consequences to which it may lead. Tithes are in a similar situation to church-rates, and the next attack will be made upon them; for the new tithe act is found, in many instances, to be attended with oppressive consequences. We hope that, in Scotland, the immense revenues drawn by the land proprietors from unexhausted teinds, will not be overlooked. These revenues are held merely in trust for the church; and, before any assessments on the heritors for repairs on, or the rebuilding of a parish church are granted, they ought to be surrendered. We hope that the Church Commissioners will make an investigation into this subject, for which the records of the teind court afford ample and unexceptionable materials, and report the amount in each parish. The Church Extension Association should also look into the matter. It is in vain to expect that the people of England and Ireland, as well as the Scottish Dissenters, will suffer themselves to be taxed—for that is the effect of a grant from the public revenue—to endow the proposed new churches, while there are ample funds for the purpose belonging to the church itself; but which those who affect to be so anxious for her extension conceal, lest they offend the landed aristocracy. It is disgraceful that these revenues have not long before now been made available. Immense sums of money have been drawn from the public revenue for building churches and repairing universities in Scotland, and in making up the small stipends of the parochial clergy to £150, all of which should have been drawn from the unexhausted teinds.

THE BALLOT.—Ministers have seriously injured their popularity by their conduct on the Canada question, and their opposition to the Ballot. The arguments of Mr Grote in its favour were unanswerable; but the Ministry, supported by the Tories, defeated the motion—the numbers, including tellers, being 267 to 155. The majority is thus composed:—Tories 200; Ministers and their subalterns, 12; doubtfuls, 10; Whigs, 45. In June 1835, the numbers were 146 and 319, so that the question goes on successfully. Of those absent, 27 are pledged to support the Ballot, so that the Peel Parliament contains no fewer than 182 supporters of this measure. There is little doubt that, in a few years, the Ballot will be carried in the House of Commons; but it certainly will not be an easy task to get the bill through the Lords.

NEW POOR-LAW ACT.—Attempts have been frequently made to injure the popularity of Ministers on account of this act; but the truth is, that, whatever blame or merit attaches to it, must be shared equally by Whigs, Tories, and Radicals; for all parties supported it when it was before Parliament. A Committee has been appointed to inquire into its operation; and we have little doubt that their investigation will prove that the attacks which have been made on the new Poor-Law are unfounded; and that they have been got up by those officials who were getting rich by administering the affairs of the poor, and whom the new law has deprived of lucrative offices, aided, as these officials are, in their efforts, by lazy paupers, who prefer living on the industry of others, to subsisting by the labour of their own hands. The labouring classes in England have been completely demoralized by the operation of the Poor-laws; and it is not remarkable that there should be numerous paupers, but that any of the lower orders should work at all. In many of the work-houses, the food they receive is both better in quality and greater in quantity than any independent labourer can possibly afford. Here, for example, is the food now given in a work-house in Nottingham. *The quantity is unlimited*, and all of the best quality, such as is used in the houses of the gentry of the country:—Breakfast, bread and milk; dinner, meat and vegetables, three or four days in the week—the other days, soup and vegetables, and plum dumplings; supper, bread and milk, and bread and cheese, on alternate nights. The fare is admitted to be many degrees superior to that of the labourers in the district; and the inmates of the work-house perform no work of any kind.

THE MERCANTILE MARINE.—On the motion of Mr Buckingham, leave has been granted to bring in a bill for the establishment of a Marine Board, and for the better regulation of the merchant shipping of the kingdom. The mercantile navy belonging to Great Britain and her colonies, amounts to two millions and a half of tons, manned by from 250,000 to 280,000 seamen, and the value of the ships and cargoes cannot be less than fifty millions. So deficient, however, is the construction of the ships, that the average annual loss of ships, taking the period from 1793 to 1829, is 557; but, of late years, the loss has been increasing in an alarming degree—no fewer than 1068 having, in the year 1829, been wrecked, foundered, upset, or driven ashore. It appears, in fact, that

our merchant ships are the worst in the world, and that they have been rapidly deteriorating of late years. The chief cause of this is the system of insurance, combined with the mode of classifying the shipping at Lloyd's. After a certain length of time, a ship ceases to be in the first class, or A. 1, whatever may be her strength. The merchant, finding the rate of insurance is lowest in new ships, of course prefers them. The shipowner is thus compelled to have not good but new ships; he, like the merchant, protects himself against the risk of loss from their insufficiency, by insurance; and hence it is only cheap ships which are in demand. A merchant ship of 1000 tons, is only three inches thick in the bottom; while a ship of the Royal Navy of equal tonnage, is twenty-one inches thick. Many merchant ships are so weak, even when new, that they cannot bear the weight of their own cargoes, unless when afloat; and hence the enormous loss of that kind of shipping, compared with that of the Royal Navy, and the vessels of the East India Company, neither of which are insured. In 1833, 800 merchant ships were lost, and not one of the Royal Navy. Although shipbuilders, shipowners, merchants, and insurers, may all contrive to carry on a lucrative business, the loss of property, amounting to three millions a-year, ultimately falls on the public, in the form of an increased price of the commodities carried by sea. The loss of life by this state of matters is so great, that Professor Faraday lately mentioned, at the Royal Society, that of all classes of men, sailors are the shortest lived.

Another cause of the bad construction of the British mercantile shipping, is the tonnage duties. Every vessel arriving from a foreign voyage has to pay certain duties, levied according to her size or tonnage; and all vessels, whether employed in foreign or coasting trade, pay a penny or twopence a-ton for lighthouse dues to each lighthouse they must pass in the voyage. Hence the wits of the ship-builders are set at work, not to build the strongest, safest, and quickest sailing vessel, but the vessel which will carry the greatest cargo compared with the tonnage, as estimated by the rules laid down by Government. This is the true cause of the inferiority of our shipping, in appearance and sailing qualities, to that of the Americans, who are not subjected to tonnage duties.

The want of a code of maritime law is also a great evil. The French, as well as most of the continental nations, have had for centuries laws regulating everything connected with shipping—the qualification of the captain and other officers, the number of men necessary for the crew, and all other particulars. In this country we have no code of maritime law; any one may be captain of a ship whom the owners choose to appoint; and only last year a vessel of 279 tons was in the Thames commanded by a boy of fourteen, he being younger than his own apprentices, and indeed the youngest person in the ship. No such thing could take place in any other European state.

To enable our shipping interest successfully to compete with foreigners, it is indispensably necessary to repeal the duties on tar, timber, hemp, and other articles used in ship-building. To counteract the pernicious effects of insurance, it has been proposed to form associations of shipowners—such as already exist in many ports—for mutual assurance, and to prohibit marine insurance as conducted at present. It would be the interest of such associations to prevent any vessel being enrolled which was not properly and substantially built. The inhuman practice of impressment ought also to be abolished. The object of the proposed Marine Board is to accomplish all these objects. Every friend to humanity and lover of his country must wish success to the measure; and we hope that no paltry jealousies nor selfish interests will prevent it passing through Parliament.

RAILWAYS.—Friendly as we are to railways, we think that the mania which prevails for them at present, is deserving rather of a check than of encouragement. We cannot help thinking that seventy-seven railway bills, in a single session, is somewhat too many. To engage so extensively in their formation at once, is to raise up a ruinous competition for iron, labour, and the capital which must be employed in their formation. Besides, it must be obvious to every one that the knowledge and science applicable to the formation of railways, is yet in its infancy. Experience has shewn that the estimates of their cost are mere random assertions, unworthy of consideration; and, as might be anticipated, they always fall much short of the real expenditure. The London and Birmingham railway, it was estimated, would be completed for £2,500,000; nearly the whole of that sum is expended, and it is now estimated that the cost will be £4,446,594. It is found impossible to raise this large sum from the subscribers; and £600,000 have already been raised on loan, and an application made to Government for the loan of a million. The original estimate of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, was £400,000; it cost £1,200,000. The Liverpool and Birmingham railway will cost a million beyond the original estimate; the Great Western, two millions; and the Southampton and London double. The estimate for the Glasgow and Edinburgh railway is £893,000—upwards of £20,000 a mile, which appears an ample allowance; but it will be unprecedented if it be completed for the estimated sum.

INCLOSURE BILLS.—On the motion of Mr Hume, a standing order has been made that in all Inclosure Bills, a provision shall be made for leaving an open space, for the purpose of exercise and recreation of the neighbouring population. This is a highly proper provision; and we hope steps will be taken to prevent the people in Scotland from being deprived of grounds which have been long open to them, by the rapacity of the adjoining proprietors. The poor people of Edinburgh have great reason to complain of being shut out from the North Loch grounds, for the purpose of making gardens to increase the revenues of the corporation, and for the recreation of the rich; but we hope that the legal servitude the public had acquired over these grounds, will still be enforced, for it is not too late, and that they will be again thrown open to the public.

SCOTLAND.

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION.—At a period when so great an outcry is making about the want of church accommodation, and when additional places of worship are rising up all round Edinburgh, it is a remarkable fact that nearly one-third of the seats in the city churches are unoccupied; and that, as compared with last year, there is a decrease on the number of let sittings in no fewer than nine churches, and an increase only in four. The following return made to the Town Council is too valuable in exposing the cant of church accommodation, to be overlooked. The date of the return is 20th Feb. 1837.

	Let.	Unlet.		Let.	Unlet.
Tolbooth,	930	321	Old Greyfriar's,	404	422
New North,	533	660	New Greyfriar's,	382	610
High,	812	486	St Andrew's,	969	4
Old,	79	496	St George's	1397	200
Tron,	292	424	St Mary's,	951	10
College,	312	508	St Stephen's,	1563	50
Lady Yester's,	966	.....			

The result is, that 9610 seats are let, being 333 less than last year, while no fewer than 4792 are unlet; that only one church in Edinburgh out of thirteen is completely occupied; that some of them are five-sixths empty, and no fewer than one-half—and among these several whose clergymen are most zealous advocates of church building—not half filled! In such circumstances, it is difficult to comprehend what is meant by the want of church accommodation.

DISTRESS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—We have often in this Magazine pointed out the amazing increase in the value of land in Scotland during the last half century; and any one who wishes evidence of the fact will find it in our volume for last year. In the Highlands especially, the value has augmented in a degree almost incredible; and we doubt exceedingly if there in a single parish in the whole Highland district, the rental of which is not at least three-fold higher than it was at the commencement of this century, while numerous estates could be pointed out which have been sold for prices five or six times higher than they cost forty or fifty years ago. The rental of the whole clans who joined Prince Charles in 1745 did not amount to £12,000, now it exceeds £150,000.

The cause of this great increase is, that the face of the tenantry and peasantry is ground to make up rents which their ancestors never dreamed of. In such circumstances, it is disgraceful in the Highland proprietors to come a begging every year or two, to the south of Scotland and to England for their tenantry and peasantry, and to send deputations of clergymen to London to make pathetic descriptions of the state of destitution in the Highlands. There is just now, and at all times, great distress in that part of the country. But who are the cause of it? Nobody but the Highland lairds themselves, who screw the last shilling from their tenantry, so that it is impossible for them to exist on the miserable pittance which is left them, when a season of more than usual severity occurs. As to any relief from poor-rates, that is out of the question, for there is no such thing in the Highland parishes; and as the lairds are mostly absentees, the whole rents are spent at a distance. So completely do the lairds neglect the peasantry on their estates, that, according to the evidence of Dr M'Leod, there are 80,000 persons in the distressed districts alone who cannot read. As there is much probability that any sums collected for the relief of the distressed Highlanders will find its way into the pockets of the lairds, the only security for its true appropriation is to convert it into blankets, fuel, and meal, (not unground grain,) and to send these articles to the ministers and elders to distribute. Let the lairds, as they will get the chief benefit, provide seed-corn to sow their estates. We cannot understand on what principle the Government is asked, on such an occasion as the present, to expend any part of the taxes paid, in many instances by people as poor, though not so noisy and rapacious as the Highlanders, in giving that relief which the soil itself should afford. The Government have no right to make gifts of the public revenue for such a purpose. If funds are needed to prevent the miserable Highland serfs, still the abject slaves of their feudal superiors, from dying of want, let security be taken for repayment on the estates of the lairds, who are the sole cause of the misery. Were they to reside among their tenantry, lower their rents, spend their incomes on their estates, establish manufactures, and encourage fisheries in the Highlands, and, at the same time, give up their absurd associations for wearing kilts, reverting to barbarism, and preserving the uncouth Gaelic jargon and literature, as it is called, although there never was a book in the language which was not a translation, there would be fewer of these discreditable begging appeals to their southern neighbours.

IRELAND.

Applications have been made more than once to Government for aid to support the police establishments of our large towns; but it has been uniformly refused. Why London and Dublin should have the expense of their police defrayed in a great measure from the general revenue, while Edinburgh and Glasgow are allowed to defray the whole of theirs, is not obvious; nor why public money should be lavished on Ireland, while she is exempted from her fair share of taxation. Ireland does not pay the assessed taxes, from which source about £300,000 is drawn from Scotland. Neither the property tax nor house-duty were ever levied in Ireland; and even in the new stamp-bill the schedule for Britain is double that for Ireland. In ten years, 1823 to 1833, Ireland received of public money no less than £3,179,140—Scotland only £256,922, or the fifteenth part of the money! Of the sums paid to Ireland, £346,422 were for the poor; £908,398 for academies and hospitals, of which one-third was for the Foundling Hospital of Dublin, although it is now the universal opinion that such institutions encourage vice and immorality; £413,941 for education; £304,307 for harbours and public works; £294,753 *for the Dublin police;* £58,300 for publishing proclamations; and £398,289 for criminal prosecutions. The whole grants to Scotland in ten years were—

College of Edinburgh,	£50,000
Caledonian Canal,	100,010
Port-Patrick Harbour,	106,912
	£256,922

The last item should evidently be put down against Ireland. The cost of the judicial establishments of Ireland in 1830 was £157,648; but if we add £406,589 for proclamations and criminal prosecutions, it exceeded £600,000. In Scotland, in the same year, the total expense was only £150,251. The revenue of Ireland in 1828 was £4,685,642, collected at an expense of £13 : 16 : 3 per cent.; that of Scotland, containing not one-third of the population, was almost the same—£4,627,349, and collected at one-half of the expense, £6 : 7 : 3 per cent. When justice to Ireland is so loudly called for, surely some regard should be had to Scotland. Her taxes should be reduced to the same rate as those of Ireland, and the share of the public money given to each country brought to something like an equality, as the revenues drawn from each are equal. The Scotch have, in truth, more reason to call for a repeal of the Union than the Irish.

THE CONTINENT.

SPAIN.—It is difficult to conjecture on what grounds Britain considers herself the arbitress of the world; but not a war arises between any two nations, nor even an internal quarrel in any country, in which she can refrain from interfering. Of what possible consequence is it to the people of this country, which of the contemptible despots who are now contending for sovereignty in Spain is successful? and what right have we, directly or indirectly, to aid either the one or the other? Spain contains a population of fourteen millions, and an army, even in time of peace, of 50,000 men, and, surely, that is a sufficient population to fight about whether a despotic Don or a profligate Queen should be at the head of affairs. If they cannot or will not settle the question, is there any probability that 4000 or 5000 ragamuffins, the outscourings of the jails of Britain and France, will produce any effect? They no doubt find their own condition much changed for the better, whether they get their promised pay or not; for, by fair or foul means, they contrive to obtain a subsistence, which is, at least, as much as they were able to do at home. Their propensity for robbery, assault, and murder, is also gratified; for acts which would deservedly bring them to the gallows at home, are not only lawful but glorious in their present circumstances. This may be thought by some a matter of little consequence; but it must be recollected that different men are operated on by different motives. The indulgence of the propensities is probably the greatest source of human enjoyment. Many, for example, can feel no pleasure in gambling, even when successful, and cannot conceive why it should be so fascinating to the aristocracy; but how would the Premier Baron of England and his worthy associates be delighted with a country where not only gambling but cheating were honourable! How the sacking of a few villages and towns, and the massacre of their inhabitants—ignorant, we will venture to say, in many instances, even of the pretence under which they suffer—can tend to promote good government, is not very comprehensible.

Whatever professions of liberality may be held out at present, we do not believe that it is of the slightest consequence to the people of Spain which party is successful. The opposition is, in general, exceedingly Liberal; but when they seize the reins of power, experience tells us how they act. Of still less consequence is it to this country, whether the Carlists or Christinos are victorious. Whoever succeeds will govern the country according to what he conceives his own advantage; hatred, indeed, may operate for a time, but no nation ever allowed its interest to suffer from any feeling of gratitude. The Spaniards, like other nations, have as good a government as they deserve. The evils of despotism, of priestcraft, of tyranny of all sorts, are the merited and predestined punishment of the conjoined pusillanimity, cowardice, and corruption which generate and maintain the despots, priests, and tyrants. Even in this country it is difficult to enlighten the ignorance of the great body of the people on their wrongs, or to inspirit them to insist on their removal. Misery, destitution, and poverty, for example, are preached through the length and breadth of

the land, which the three quarters of a million already spent by our Government on the Spanish squabble, would alleviate effectually. As to any part of the money ever being repaid, no one expects that; nor is there much chance of any commercial advantages being given, let the quarrel terminate how it may. It is plain that our Government have too much money when they throw it away in such a manner. The revenue must be curtailed, and we must obtain such a reform in the representation as will return a House of Commons which will not merely talk of stopping the supplies, but will follow the Canadian plan of withholding the ministers' salaries till they yield to the wishes of the people, and abstain from interfering in foreign quarrels.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In our last Number we contrasted our commerce in 1829 with the state of it in 1835; and we shewed that in every branch of it, a great increase had taken place. Notwithstanding the gloomy condition of the money market, and the stagnation of business in some districts during the latter part of 1836, the return of the exports for the whole year shews an increase of 12 per cent. as compared with those of the year preceding. Periods, however, of revulsion and depression must continually recur, till our monetary system be placed on a more secure basis. The Bank of England is the only bank in the three kingdoms which is called on to publish any account of its transactions, and the return cannot be of much value, as long as the Directors are the sole judges what are to be returned as "Securities;" for, till within a recent period, some of Fauntleroy's forgeries were included under that head. It appears from the evidence lately collected by Parliament, that some of the joint-stock banks were paying handsome dividends, when they were known to the Directors to be bankrupt, the object being to keep the shares at a premium until those in the secret could dispose of their shares. The great increase of prices at the beginning of last year, seems to be partly attributable to large issues of paper by joint-stock banks. Of 102 established in England in the ten years ending with 26th November 1836, no fewer than seventy-two were established within the last four years. Most of these have numerous branches, equivalent in effect to as many separate banks. The circulation of these banks increased from £10,200,000 in March 1834 to £12,200,000 in June 1836; and in Ireland during the same period from £1,300,000 to £2,300,000. To support this superstructure—amounting, with the circulation of the Banks of England and Ireland, and the Scotch Banks, to above forty millions—and also to meet deposits to at least an equal amount—there is nothing to rely on but the bullion in the coffers of the Bank of England, which has in three years gradually sunk from eleven to four millions. If any panic, therefore, takes place in the country, the most disastrous consequences may ensue. At the root of the whole mischief, is the Bank of England's monopoly. The renewal of the Bank's charter was one of the grievous sins of Lord Grey's Government.

AGRICULTURE.

In our last register, in controverting the argument of the corn monopolists, that protection to agriculture—that is, the starvation of the people—is necessary to enable the public revenue to be paid, we shewed that the corn-laws compel the non-agricultural classes of Britain to pay at least twenty-six millions annually on the three articles of grain, beef, and mutton, more than they would do, were the importation of food free. If this large sum went into the pockets of the landowners, we admit that, however unjust such a state of things might be, the evil, in a mere pecuniary point of view, might be compensated; but the curse of restrictions on trade is, that they cause an enormous loss to the great body of the community, without benefiting, in any considerable degree, any other class. It is admitted on all hands that, since the highest period of the war, rents have not sunk more than one-third; and, in many instances, little or no reduction has taken place; yet, since that time, wheat has fallen from 90s. to 50s. a-quarter. Now, land worth £3 per acre, during the war, is better worth £2 now. But such land will easily produce five quarters of wheat, the value of which was £22 : 10s., and is now £12 : 10s.; so that, while the landowner has only lost £1, the consumers have gained £10 by the reduction of price. If the landowners receive only so small a proportion as one-tenth of what the community pay more than they ought to do for food, we may ask, Who is so fortunate as to get the other nine-tenths? We answer, Nobody. It is absolute loss. The farmers assuredly do not get it; for they have been crying distress all through, and their profits can, at any rate, not be greater than those of the other classes; and there is no other party who can be suspected of receiving any benefit from the high price of food.

Another fallacy by which the advocates of the Corn-Laws endeavour to render the industrious classes indifferent to their monopoly is, that, supposing food lowered in price, their wages would be diminished in the same proportion. Now, even were this to take place at first, it would very quickly prove beneficial to the labouring classes; for, by increasing profits, and consequently capital, it would produce a greater demand for labour. But, farther, we have always considered the great evil of the Corn-Laws, to consist not so much in raising the price of food here, but in sinking it abroad, and thus to create an inequality in the price of food, highly disadvantageous to this country. There being no market for the surplus produce of the grain of the corn-growing countries, the markets are glutted, and the prices fall to an unnatural degree. Food, and consequently wages, being so low on the Continent, we are exposed to a severe competition in selling our manufactures in foreign markets; and every year we are undersold in some article we have been long in the practice of exporting, by foreigners. It is only, for example, the finer cottons for which there is an export demand; and foreigners are gradually manufacturing for themselves finer and finer qualities. Were the Corn-Laws repealed, the price of food would be equalised over Europe; foreign manufacturers would be deprived of the advantage of cheaper food, which they now possess; and the capital and industry of this country would assert its superiority, and drive all competition out of the market. Hence a great demand for labour would arise, and the competition would create an increase in the rate of wages. Thus, we see that, so far from the existence of Corn-Laws being a matter of indifference to the labouring classes, they are more deeply interested in their repeal than any other class. It is, however, in vain to agitate for their repeal till a farther reform takes place in the House of Commons. The present Parliament is landlord-ridden; and the division on Mr Clay's motion shews that there are not a hundred Members who will support any modification of the Corn-Laws. The first work to be set about is, Extension of the Suffrage, Equal Representation, Vote by Ballot, Shortening the Duration of Parliaments, and Payment of the Members. Till these measures be obtained, it is useless to expect good government.*

* A bill, embodying all these measures, should be brought in by some leading Member of the House of Commons. Popular enthusiasm would soon be excited in its support.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1837.

COTTLE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.*

The singular union of exalted moral feeling and great intellectual power, with impotence of will and infirmity of purpose, which were quite as remarkable, have made the character of Coleridge a study of uncommon interest to those who, knowing something of what is in man, prize above all science that of mind in its original constitution and peculiarities of development. In Coleridge, the human being may be viewed in the utmost extremes: in one sense he is seen soaring with the archangels; and in another enchained in prostrate, hopeless imbecility—struggling against the impotence of volition, like a man suffering under nightmare. Many years of his life might, indeed, be fitly described as a long moral nightmare, from which he at last happily awoke, although in exhaustion. Whether the "sloth which jaundiced all" was the effect of an originally sluggish physical temperament and bad early discipline—aggravated by the habit of taking opium, to an extent which converted what might to some men have been a useful stimulant into a destructive poison—or was attributable to the perilous drug alone, it is not easy now to determine. We are, however, inclined to believe, that constitutional tendency, uncorrected by the education of habit, may, in this deplorable case, fairly divide the blame with opium. In Coleridge the greatest activity of imagination—a mind whose element was perpetual and subtle rumination rather than thought—seemed imprisoned in a body which, for many of the ordinary purposes of life, may be said to have been constituted without organs. The man who, in the course of an afternoon, could, it is affirmed by his friends—Mr Cottle among the number—speak a half volume, which, in matter and language, was fit for the press, was incapacitated to fulfil the most trifling literary engagements, by total want of the ordinary power of application, or by what is usually termed habits of indolence and procrastination. Other indolent men atone for their constitutional defect by an effort of what Johnson, who could vigorously put it forth, calls "dogged resolution," or by that fitful energy which supplies the place of the spontaneous application, order, and industry of more happily constituted minds—perhaps we should say, bodies. Coleridge was quite as incapable of this energy of volition, this masterly power over sluggish organization and bad habit, as of tying down to the needful drudgery of a tasked desk thoughts that wandered in cloud-land or the empyrean. His mind, with its wonderful aggregate of powers, wanted that "stalk of carle-hemp in man," which binds all together and keeps each in its proper place, and without which genius too often becomes of sadly diminished value to society, and the source of reproach and self-torment to its possessor.

For the most melancholy disclosures made of the prostrate condition of his friend, Mr Cottle pleads the utility of his revelations as warnings. They are certainly among the most impressive and affecting moral spectacles which instructed human beings can contemplate. The pangs and throes of a sensitive conscience—the gnawings of remorse in a mind like that of Coleridge—the struggles of a majestic intellect against the feebleness of an emasculated will and the strength of dreadful habits—present a series of tragic emotions, of which Prometheus, bound to his rock, is but a type. His internal agony—of the depth and intensity of which, pitiful as the causes might be, there is no question—is perhaps revealed more fully in the present work than in any of the late volumes relating to Coleridge. His friends at Bristol, where he made his literary and social *debut*, saw him in his best and also in his most unhappy aspects:—we have not heart to apply the epithet degraded to such a man.

Mr Cottle chanced to be a young bookseller in Bristol when Coleridge and his brilliant satellites first emerged in that city. In the preface to his work, the author discusses at some length the propriety of the right he has assumed, to publish his personal recollections of the distinguished group, and also the letters of Coleridge in his possession, and those which he has been able to obtain. He, of course, affirms the right; yet rests his vindication on an individual like Coleridge being an exception to all ordinary rules; thus tacitly admitting, that it might not be altogether handsome, in ordinary life, or in ordinary cases, to treasure up, for forty years, every careless and hasty note, written on matters of

* Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late S. T. Coleridge; by Joseph Cottle. London: Longman & Co. 2 vols.

trivial business, and every letter in which, in moments of distress or of great excitement, a man pours forth his relying heart to a friend, and then make a book of these unwary confidences. If, to take a ready example, the representatives of the late Mr Constable, or those of the Messrs Ballantyne, chose to publish all the notes and letters which had passed between them and Sir Walter Scott, during their copartnery relations, concerning the details of their various projects, failures, and embarrassments, the world might obtain considerable insight into the individual character of a great writer; yet it is to us very questionable how far such a proceeding would be justifiable, unless upon the principle, that those who have so often and vainly sacrificed themselves for the sake of society during life, should afterwards have their memories given up for dissection for the same laudable object.

This, however, is not the matter before us; and, although the publication should not be altogether justifiable, we are grateful for the results. A good deal was previously known of Coleridge's habits and mental conflicts. Mr Cottle gives a few new facts; but, taken as a whole, his work is mainly corroborative, though it goes pleasantly into minutiæ of narrative, which, where the heroes are men like Coleridge and his early friends, constitute no ordinary attraction. He had been in business for a few years, when his friend, Mr Robert Lovell, a young Quaker of some acquirements and of very amiable manners—who had married Miss Fricker, the sister of the future wives of Southey and Coleridge—gravely informed him, that himself and those gentlemen, (including, we presume, the three Miss Frickers,) and a fourth enthusiast, named George Burnet, an Oxonian, were about to sail forthwith for America, and to plant a colony upon the banks of the Susquehannah, where all was to be love, poetry, harmony, and equality; or, in short, a new and indescribable form of society, dubbed a *Pantisocracy*. Burnet had already arrived; Southey also came from Oxford, and was introduced to Cottle, who was much pleased with his new acquaintance; and, in a short time, Coleridge appeared, the last yet leading member of the Social Union. They were just ready to embark, lacking nothing but that trifling consideration to young philosophers, the ways and means. Mr Cottle—who, as many of our readers must be aware, is himself a man of talent and of no mean poetical acquirements—had his first volume of verse then in the press. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and many of Coleridge's early exquisite verses, were already in manuscript. The poetical bookseller read, and was delighted, and so much interested, both as a poet and probably as a publisher, that he became seriously apprehensive lest these wondrously-gifted young men should ruin themselves in prosecution of their wild scheme of expatriation, and organization of a Pantisocracy. His alarm was quieted by Mr Coleridge—in a few days after his acquaintance had commenced—applying for the loan of five pounds, to pay the lodgings of these philosophic and poetical Madocs!

> Never (he says) did I lend money with such unmingled pleasure; for now I ceased to be haunted day and night with the spectre of the ship! the ship! which was to effect such incalculable mischief!

They remained at Bristol, giving lectures, courting the Muses and the Miss Frickers; and Coleridge obtained thirty pounds for that volume of verse for which a London bookseller had offered him six—and Southey fifty for his "Joan of Arc." Lecturing was, however, their main resource. Coleridge, who, like Southey, was then a thorough Radical, chose political economy and morals as his themes, and Southey history. Even thus early, the very opposite habits of these friends were strongly contrasted, and even then Coleridge vexed and disappointed his friends and his audiences. Upon one unlucky day, fancying himself more equal to the subject of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" than his friend, he volunteered to lecture for Southey, and failed to appear; and Mr Cottle shews his idea of the character of Coleridge by imagining that, while the audience were impatiently expecting him, he might be composedly smoking his pipe in his lodgings, and dreaming of his Arcadian colony. It is very probable, too, that he had not found himself so well prepared as he might have imagined.

About this time, Mr Cottle, wishing to gratify his friends and authors, and their ladies elect, arranged a party to visit Tintern Abbey. The adventures and details of the excursion are amusing enough. It took place the very day after Coleridge failed at the lecture; but he was promptly forthcoming here.

Shortly after this, in October 1795, Coleridge married Miss Sara Fricker, on the faith, it would appear, of a guinea and a half, offered by Mr Cottle, for every hundred lines of verse he might compose. His future ways and means were derived from many precarious sources; but he never drew hard upon Mr Cottle, on account of poetry. He had taken a cottage at Clevedon, a small village on the Severn, instead of the Susquehannah, at the moderate rent of £5 a-year; and thither he carried his bride. It is impossible to anticipate every want; and, two days after marriage, Mr, or, as is probable, Mrs Coleridge, required some trifling conveniences for their humble establishment, which their friend Cottle was required to furnish, and which he sent with all dispatch. This is the long preserved list. How proud may poets be! Even the parings of their nails become precious relics.

> A riddle slice; a candle box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust-pan; one small tin tea-kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flour dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a bible; a keg of porter; coffee; raisins; currants; catsup; nutmegs; allspice; cinnamon; rice; ginger; and mace.

The ventilators say little, we fear, for the airiness of a cottage in October; yet here, for a very brief season, Coleridge was happy; here he offered Cottle, instead of the cake and wine

sacred to the British Hymen, a hearty welcome; and here he composed his charming verses "To Sara," and to the tall rose-tree which peeped in at their chamber window. This cottage of love and poetry, like too many of the same description, was soon found uncomfortable and inconvenient; and the new-married pair returned to "pent-up rooms" on Redcliff Hill. Coleridge was, by this time, acquainted with Mr Poole of Stowey, who, in connexion with him, is so handsomely mentioned in the "Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater."* For a time they either visited this gentleman or remained near him—Coleridge, writing, as he tells, reviews, "for his potatoes and meat," and applying to his poem, "Religious Musings," at happy intervals; bestowing three days on the correction of what had cost but an hour in writing. Among the vulgar and empirical stories circulated about literary men, and which some of themselves, if they have not propagated, have winked at, it is related that this poem was written in a tap-room at Reading, by private Cumberbatch of the 15th regiment of horse, and, we think, at a sitting. That Coleridge while at Oxford enlisted in a horse regiment, is undoubted. The original of the story of his learning being discovered by his setting two of the officers to rights in a dispute about some passage in the Greek dramatists, may be found in "Roderick Random," where the hero, while acting as a footman, is called in to solve some knotty classical point, for the learned aunt of Narcissa. A similar story is also told of the early life of Rousseau.

The expenses of Coleridge could not have been great; as his establishment, in the early part of his married life, seems to have been as simple and frugal as possible; but then his incomings were next to nothing, and already he was having recourse to the perilous aids of small loans, and accepting tributes to his genius, as the humiliating pecuniary gifts of small patrons are named. It is superfluous to say, that, had his habits of application been in any degree equal to his intellectual power and his copious knowledge, he needed never have known the corroding miseries and abject meannesses of a depending man of letters. In his friends Southey and Wordsworth, the noblest example was before his eyes of regular industry, and that steady frugality which is the only foundation of all enduring personal independence, whether in poet or politician. If the reader is curious to know how frugally great poets sometimes dine, Mr Cottle gratifies him.

He has preserved one note in which Coleridge requests him to make his servant buy a pound of bacon and two quarts of broad beans, and have them cooked for him, at his lodgings, by three o'clock; and recorded a dinner, to which he was carried by Wordsworth, at a country-house rented by the poet, where the repast consisted of a huge loaf, cos lettuces, and Castalian champagne—as fair water, on a poet's board, is elegantly named by a poet. Cheese and a bottle of brandy had been calculated upon—for the poets were not quite Pythagoreans—but the rats had ate up "the stout piece of cheese," and Mr Coleridge, in a clumsy attempt at activity, broke the brandy bottle, to the dismay and grief of the whole party.

Shortly after Coleridge's return to Bristol from Stowey, Mr Cottle invited him, by letter, one day to dinner, for the purpose of being introduced to some lion-seer or other. The unopened invitation-card Coleridge concluded to be a fresh expostulation or dunning for M.S. notes, prefaces, and text, &c. &c., of the volume so long paid for and delayed, and so often promised; and, without opening the note, he sat down and wrote the following painful letter. The individuals that he reflects upon, are Southey and those other members of the Susquehannah union, who had now abandoned the fantasy.

It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful, if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an "author by trade." I have left my friends: I have left plenty: I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and have enabled me to give the public works conceived in moments of inspiration, and polished with leisurely solicitude; and, alas! for what have I left them? for—who deserted me in the hour of distress, and for a scheme of virtue, impracticable and romantic! So I am forced to write for bread! write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickset hedge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn, a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread, looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late! I am already months behind! I have received my pay beforehand! Oh, wayward and desultory spirit of genius! Ill canst thou brook a task-master! The tenderest touch from the hand of obligation, wounds thee like a scourge of scorpions!

I have been composing in the fields this morning, and came home to write down the first rude sheet of my prefaces, when I heard that your man had brought a note from you. I have not seen it, but I guess its contents. I am writing as fast as I can. Depend upon it you shall not be out of pocket for me! I feel what I owe you; and, independently of this, I love you as a friend; indeed, so much, that I regret, seriously regret, that you have been my copyholder.

Mr Cottle remitted some of the precious metal; and Coleridge came to dinner, wore a cheerful face, and talked as brilliantly as ever.

During the first year of his imprudent and unfortunate marriage, many plans of gaining daily bread appear to have passed through his mind, which teemed with projects. His own relations seem, at no period, to have taken any concern whatever about him. He left his paternal home a young orphan child, for the Blue-coat School, and, from that time, his elder and more fortunate brothers made no account of him. He used, even thus early, to regret, with poignancy of feeling, that he had no friend in the world to whom he could, in time of extremity, apply "for a guinea." We fear, on the other hand, that the facility he had acquired in making application "for guineas," became the cause of his so often being without.

* *Tait's Magazine*, for October 1834.

them. Yet there is something most melancholy about the neglect he suffered in his earlier years. Mr Cottle remarks that, if the world neglected Chatterton, yet, by his own family—his mother and his sisters—he was loved and cherished; his heart had a resting-place, while Coleridge

Appeared like a being dropped from the clouds, without tie or connexion on earth; and, during the years in which I knew him, he never once visited (that I could learn) any one of his relations, nor exchanged a letter with them. It used to fill myself and others with concern and the deepest astonishment, that such a man should, apparently, be abandoned. On some occasions, I urged him to break through all impediments, and go and visit his friends; but this his high spirit could not brook.

. . . . . .

In the agony of mind which Mr C. sometimes manifested on this subject, I have wished to forget those four tender lines in his Monody on Chatterton.

"Poor Chatterton! farewell! Of darkest hues,
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom!"

Mr C. would not have felt so much, if his own natural and unshaken affections had been less ardent.

When about six months married, or in the spring of 1796, he projected *The Watchman*, and made that journey through the manufacturing towns to establish it, of which he has given so ample an account in the "Biographia Literaria." He shewed what appears to us a wonderful degree of activity and energy in his attempts to establish this miscellany; but he had no funds; he wanted both experience and industry; and, finally, authors seldom succeed as publishers. His "Review, Newspaper, and Annual Register"—and *The Watchman* was to combine the qualities of each, and to be sold at only fourpence the weekly number—failed at the tenth number.

One pitiful subscriber of fourpence every eighth day, thought his boys "did not improve much under it!" Another expected more from his "Annual Register!" Another wanted more "reviews!" Another, more "politics!" and those a little "sharper."

Mr Cottle has obtained and published Coleridge's letters to his friend Mr Wade, while on the *Watchman* tour. He was, at this time, a Unitarian, and he preached at different places, in the chapels of that sect. His friends were then principally either among the decided Reformers, or the Unitarians. Of Sheffield, he says—

I might have succeeded there, at least, equally well with the former towns, but I should injure the sale of the *Iris*, the editor of which paper (a very able and ingenious young man, of the name of 'James Montgomery') is now in prison, for a libel on a bloody-minded magistrate there. Of course, I declined publicly advertising or disposing of *The Watchman* in that town.

This morning I called on Mr — with H's letter. Mr — received me as a rider, and treated me with insolence that was really amusing from its novelty. 'Overstocked with these articles.' 'People always setting up some new thing or other.' 'I read *The Star* and another paper: what can I want with this paper, which is nothing more.' 'Well, well, I'll consider of it.' To these entertaining bon mots, I returned the following repartee —'Good morning, sir.'

Such were the delightful preliminaries to the abortive *Watchman*. At other times he thought of attempting a school; and then we hear no more of these schemes. He was, in very truth, distracted. "I believe," he says in one letter—

I verily believe no poor fellow's ideа-pot ever bubbled up so vehemently with fears, doubts, and difficulties, as mine does at present. Heaven grant it may not boil over, and put out the fire! I am almost heartless! My past life seems to me like a dream, a feverish dream! all one gloomy huddle of strange actions and dim-discovered motives! Friendships lost by indolence, and happiness murdered by mismanaged sensibility! The present hour I seem in a quickset hedge of embarrassments! For shame! I ought not to mistrust God; but indeed, to hope is far more difficult than to fear.

Mr Cottle, who long enjoyed the friendship of Robert Hall, gives an account of Coleridge's exhibitions in the pulpit. They do not appear to have been distinguished. The parlour was his peculiar theatre—the pulpit the place of Hall's triumph. The brilliant conversational powers of Coleridge gained him admirers wherever he appeared; yet too many of these friendships seem to have rested on no solid or satisfactory basis. They sprung up like gourds in a night, and as quickly withered, leaving unsightly wrecks and shedding unwholesome vapours. A connexion somewhat of this nature was formed with Charles Lloyd, the son of an eminent banker in Birmingham. This person, whose name is known in connexion with those of Coleridge and Lamb, possessed a quaint genius and amiable dispositions, but he was probably of feeble mind—he was in fact epileptic. He left his father's banking-house, followed Coleridge to Bristol, and finally boarded in the poet's family, first in that town and then at Stowey. Indeed, had Coleridge chosen to become the founder of some new sect in poetry or philosophy, his eloquence and various powers of attraction would certainly have drawn crowds of young disciples around him. No man more powerfully fascinated the young, the ardent, and gifted; and few have through life found friends so devotedly attached among strangers. At Stowey, with Mr Lloyd for a permanent boarder and Mr Poole for a friend, his first child, David Hartley, a few months old, with a comfortable and cheap-rented cottage, a garden, and an ample command of books, another interval of quiet was granted to the racked mind of Coleridge, and he wrote cheerily to his friend Cottle from his new retreat. But, in ten short days, he again writes in doubt and despondency. He had quarrelled with Southey, and bitterly accused him of "desertion" of friendship; and, in the hopeful Pantisocracy scheme, of "dishonourable retraction, in a compact the most solemn and binding." Mr Cottle laboured ineffectually to make them friends at this time; though, on Southey's return from Portugal, a reconciliation was effected without his interference. They seemed, indeed, to have amused themselves at his expense. The first intimation of the feud being healed was—

Mr Southey and Mr Coleridge calling on me, arm in arm, after having taken a pleasant walk together into the country. Each seemed to relish the surprise and the delight in me, which it was impossible to conceal; and I had reason afterwards to think, that this sprightly scene was a preconcerted arrangement to heighten the stage-effect.

At this time Coleridge made acquaintance with Wordsworth, then living in Dorsetshire,

whom he soon admired with an excess of enthusiasm. He was "the giant Wordsworth." A tragedy which Wordsworth had written, but which has never yet seen the light, he describes as "absolutely wonderful." He goes farther:—"There are in the piece those profound touches of the human heart which I find three or four times in the 'Robbers' of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare; *but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.*" Wordsworth's congenial sister gained on him as rapidly. They came to Stowey, and he writes—

W— and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed! in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty. But her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion, her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say,

"Guilt was a thing impossible in her."

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste, a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in, at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.

According to Mr De Quincey's insinuations, Mrs Coleridge did not admire quite so ardently.

Thelwall, the "acquitted traitor," was another guest at Stowey in this memorable 1797.

He is a great favourite with Sara. Energetic activity of mind and of heart, is his master feature. He is prompt to conceive, and still prompter to execute: but I think he is deficient in that patience of mind which can look intensely and frequently at the same subject. He believes and disbelieves with impassioned confidence. I wish to see him doubting, and doubting. He is intrepid, eloquent, and honest—perhaps, the only acting democrat that is honest, for the patriots are ragged cattle: a most execrable herd.

Charles Lamb came also—how could the cottage hold so many?—and Lloyd and Lamb became bosom friends. Mr Cottle, though earnestly invited, could not meet Lamb; but he went to Stowey shortly afterwards; and, for once in his life, we see Coleridge in his own house, and happy *at home*.

Mr Coleridge welcomed me with the warmest cordiality. He talked of his old school-fellow, Lamb, with affection, who had so recently left him; regretted he had not an opportunity of introducing me to one whom he so highly valued. Mr C. took peculiar delight in assuring me (at least at that time) how happy he was; exhibiting, successfully, his house, his garden, his orchard, laden with fruit; and also the contrivances he had made to unite his two neighbours', Mr Poole and Mr Cruickshanks, domains with his own.

After the grand circuit had been accomplished, by hospitable contrivance, we approached the "jasmine harbour," when, to our gratifying surprise, we found the tripod table laden with delicious bread and cheese, surmounted by a brown mug of the true Taunton ale. We instinctively took our seats; and there must have been some downright witchery in the provision, which surpassed all of its kind; nothing like it on the wide terrene, and one glass of the Taunton settled it to an axiom. While the dappled sun-beams played on our table, through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest of mortals, (T. Poole, C. Lloyd, S. T. Coleridge, and myself,) the bright blue heavens; the sporting insects; the balmy zephyrs; the feathered choristers; the sympathy of friends—all augmented the pleasurable to the highest point this side the celestial! Every interstice of our hearts being filled with happiness, as a consequence there was no room for sorrow, exorcised as it now was, and hovering around at inapproachable distance. With our spirits thus entranced, though we might weep at other moments, yet joyance so filled all within and without, that, if, at this juncture, tidings had been brought us that an irruption of the ocean had swallowed up all our dear brethren of Pekin, from the pre-occupation of our minds, "Poor things!" would have been our only reply, with anguish put off till the morrow. While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings, Mrs Coleridge approached, with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eye beamed transcendental joy! "But all things have an end."

About this time Coleridge was in the habit of mystifying the public with parodies and imitations of himself, Lamb, and Lloyd, for the correction of the bad taste of this New School. One of these hoaxing productions was an epigram in ridicule of the "Ancient Mariner;" and there was a series of mock sonnets, signed *Nehemiah Higginbotham*, exposing, as he said, the "affectation of unaffectedness" in the verses of himself and his friends, who did not altogether see the fun of it. He also, but in good faith, sent the serious epistles of Sara—his wife, to wit—to Mr Cottle, which we make no doubt are the composition of Sara's husband, though Cottle does not question the authorship. Before a new edition of the conjoint poems was called for, the poets had quarreled. Lloyd had left Coleridge's house, and Lamb took part with him, and wrote reproachfully, and with quaint and stinging petulance, to his older friend.

The Unitarians earnestly wished to see Coleridge enrolled among their preachers; and, after Lloyd left him, he had nearly accepted of their chapel at Shrewsbury, when the Wedgewoods, to whom he was introduced by Mr Poole, stepped in, and, by the offer of an annuity of £150 a-year, redeemed him to literature. Those who have in this Magazine read Mr De Quincey's narrative of his first acquaintance with Coleridge, are already aware how the Wedgewood munificence terminated.

Wordsworth and Coleridge were now much together. They wished to travel into Germany, and, in order to raise the necessary funds, to dispose of their tragedies. But, as they entertained the hope of getting them brought out on the stage at some more propitious time, they were unwilling to throw them away for less than thirty guineas each. Wordsworth wished also to bargain for his poems, (the "Lyrical Ballads,") and to publish anonymously. This volume appears to have been Mr Cottle's last speculation. In 1798, and while the poets were in Germany, he quitted business. Of the impression of 500 of Wordsworth's ballads, Mr Cottle was compelled to dispose of the greater proportion to a London bookseller, at a considerable loss. Be not down-hearted, ye young poets, who are true poets! The public of 1798 was quite as indifferent to poetry as that of 1837. Mr Wordsworth accounted to Mr Cottle for this woful failure, from the "Ancient Mariner" having been included in the volume, and also from the unfavourable opinion of most of the reviewers. When Mr Cottle sold all his copy-rights to

Longman & Rees, they told him the value of Wordsworth's Ballads was "reckoned as nothing," and, at his request, they made him a present of the copy-right which he, in turn, presented to Mr Wordsworth, who has since derived whatever advantage may have arisen from the sale of the "Lyrical Ballads."

It was at long intervals that Mr Cottle afterwards met Coleridge, who, separated from his wife and children, had lived much in London, and also visited Italy and Malta in the early part of the century. About 1807, he came to Bristol to deliver a course of lectures on Shakspeare, as he had done in London and other places. He was, as indeed at all times, involved in extreme pecuniary difficulty, now arising principally from the excessive use of opium. The fact of his slavery to this perilous stimulant was not then known to his friend Cottle, who afterwards ascertained that he used from two quarts a-week to a pint a-day, and that he has been known, in twenty-four hours, to consume a whole quart! Besides disqualifying the unhappy sufferer for useful exertion, the mere expense of this destructive drug is estimated at two pounds ten shillings a-week. Coleridge, reduced to the pitiable and degraded condition which he has himself painted in fearful colours, was still constantly receiving pecuniary presents from his friends, besides his regular annuity from the Wedgewoods, which, however, after the death of Thomas Wedgewood, had been reduced to £75. The most munificent of his benefactors was Mr De Quincey, who was introduced to Mr Cottle by a lady, with, it would seem, the purpose, through the channel of an old friend, of delicately ministering to the necessities of the man whose genius he so greatly admired, and of setting him free for noble literary achievements. Mr Cottle narrates—

Mr De Q. asked me if I knew anything of Mr Coleridge's pecuniary affairs. I replied, "I am afraid he is a legitimate son of genius." He asked me if I thought he would accept a hundred or two pounds. I answered, I could not tell, but that I expected shortly to see him, when, if he seriously desired to learn, I would ascertain what the state of his finances was, and let him know. This, he said, was his particular wish.

When Mr Coleridge called on me, and the extended conversation had occurred, before stated, I asked him concerning his circumstances. He confessed that he had some present difficulties which oppressed his mind. He said that all the money he had received from his office in Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, had been expended in Italy, and on his way home. I then told him, that a young man of fortune, who admired his talents, had inquired of me, if I thought Mr C. would accept the present of a hundred or two pounds, "and I now ask you," said I, "that question, that I may return an answer." Mr Coleridge rose from his seat. He appeared much oppressed, and, after a short silence, he turned to me—"Cottle, I will write to you. We will change the subject."

The money was immediately accepted as "an unconditional loan, which," writes Coleridge, "I trust I shall be able to return in two years." Mr De Quincey wished to give five hundred pounds, and absolutely prohibited Mr Cottle from naming the source whence the money was derived. Mr Cottle remarked—

"To the latter part of your injunction, if you require it, I will accede; but, although I am deeply interested in Mr Coleridge's welfare, yet a spirit of equity compels me to recommend to you, in the first instance, to present Mr C. with a smaller sum, and which, if you see it right, you can, at any time, augment." Mr De Quincey then replied, "Three hundred pounds I *will* give him, and you will oblige me by making this offer of mine to Mr Coleridge."

The money was paid accordingly; and Mr Cottle adds, that, notwithstanding the strict prohibition, some indirect notices from himself could have left no doubt with Coleridge of the source of this gift. We would charitably hope that some of Coleridge's younger relatives have, until now, been ignorant of this fact, or surely delicacy, if not gratitude, would have restrained their pens. Shortly before this handsome present was made, Coleridge was writing in the following terms to his generous and enduring friend, Mr Wade of Bristol:—

"O God! if you knew the weight of my heart, the misery that cleaves to my spirit! I have too much reason to suspect and fear, that I must not much longer expect my annuity! so that at my age, I am to be penniless, resourceless, in heavy debt, my health and spirits absolutely broken down, and with scarce a friend in the world!" . . . . . So that Mr De Quincey's £300 must have been received at an acceptable time.

But no exertion of friendship could permanently relieve him; though the most generous efforts were made. The great difficulty was to wean him from "the fatal drug;" and, for this purpose, Mr Wade, in whose house he resided for some months, obtained medical assistance, and appointed a respectable decayed tradesman to watch him day and night. When it was fondly imagined that he had been reduced to the moderate dose of twenty drops a-day, he was not only cheating the doctor, but eluding the vigilance of his sentinel, as he afterwards confessed. Upon one occasion he told a friend, that—

In passing along the quay, where the ships were moored, he noticed, by a side glance, a druggist's shop, probably an old resort, and, standing near the door, he looked toward the ships, and, pointing to one at some distance, he said to his attendant, "I think that's an American." "Oh, no, that I am sure it is not," said the man. "I think it is," replied Mr C; "I wish you would step over and ask, and bring me the particulars." The man accordingly went; when, as soon as his back was turned, Mr C. stepped into the shop, had his portly bottle filled with laudanum, (which he always carried in his pocket,) and then expeditiously placed himself in the spot where he was left. The man now returned with the particulars, beginning, "I told you, sir, it was not an American; but I have learned all about her." "As I am mistaken, never mind the rest," said Mr C., and walked on.

His unfortunate habits and the hopelessness of his case, wore out his friends; and his own feelings must have been wretched indeed before he wrote to Mr Cottle, wishing to sell or pledge certain M.SS. for thirty or forty pounds; and declaring that he *would die* rather than, after his recent experience of the cruel and insolent spirit of calumny, "again subject himself to a club of subscribers to his poverty." He had gone to the friends at Calne, Mr John Morgan and his family, so handsomely referred to in Mr De Quincey's "Autobiography," with whom

he had previously resided for three years in London, but who were now reduced to comparative poverty. It may be said of Coleridge what Johnson affirmed of Savage and his alleged unnatural mother—that her cruelty gave him a claim on all mankind. The neglect of Coleridge's own family opened many hearts to him. Before Mr Cottle's letter declining the offered M.SS., and refusing the money, which he imagined intended for the purchase of opium, reached Coleridge, another epistle was received, which contained a scheme of opening a day-school at Bristol for ten youths and ten boys, whose instruction was to cost each £15 a-year. This was the first application for money which Mr Cottle—who appears to have been a truly indulgent, as well as considerate friend—had ever refused. It was only recently, and by an accident, that he had learned Coleridge's deplorable habit. His vindication of his refusal, if to the prudent any be required, is complete.

Had I (he remarks) been satisfied that the money Mr C. required would have been expended in lawful purposes, I would have supplied him (without being an affluent man) to the utmost of his requirements, and that not by dividing the honour with others, or receiving his writings in pledge. But, knowing that whatever moneys he received would, assuredly, be expended in opium, COMPASSION STAYED MY HAND!

In my reply to his second letter, by "return of post," I enclosed Mr C. another five pounds: urged him, in a kind letter, to come immediately to Bristol, where myself and others would do all that could be done to advise and assist him.

The stern moralist may sometimes be apt to think that Coleridge, in the cries wrung forth by the agony of his conflicts with conscience, has too ostentatiously paraded the remorse, which was not followed by reformation. Yet, in the candour of these agonizing confessions, there is much that is hopeful as well as redeeming, and it is happily known, that, long before the close of his days, Coleridge had conquered his enemy. Who can peruse the following letter without deep sympathy with the sufferer, and deeper humility before God? It was written to Mr Wade, the old friend with whom he had been domesticated, while the great effort was made to snatch him from destruction.

"*Bristol, June* 26, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St James, that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker and to my benefactors, *injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt—for my repeated promise, breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!

After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example!

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and, in his heart, grateful,

S. T. COLERIDGE."

This is a letter to pause upon. About the same time he wrote to his friend Cottle, that, if he had £200—half to send to his wife, and half to place himself in a private mad-house, where he would be under strict medical restraint for three months—there might be hope. His case he justly considered one of derangement. Though not of the ordinary kind, it was one as hopeless—an utter impotence of volition, though not of the intellectual faculties. He even proposed that his friends at Bristol should make arrangements for placing him under the care of Dr Fox, who kept an asylum for lunatics in that neighbourhood. Mr Cottle would not consent to this extreme measure.

The refusal of the money for the M.SS. terminated the correspondence between Mr Cottle and Coleridge, who never wrote to him again. In 1821, Cottle saw for the last time the man to whom he had felt so strong an attachment and shewn so much liberality, at Mr Gillman's in London. Coleridge received him kindly and cordially. How could he have done otherwise?

From his fortunate position in Bristol, his agreeable talents, and estimable character, Mr Cottle enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished persons, with notices of whom he has pleasantly diversified his book. Among them were Davy, Robert Hall, and Hannah More. His relation of the breaking up of this lady's establishment at Barley Wood, is one more proof of how much more easily religious hypocrites may be made by a small bounty on the forced production, than faithful, well-principled domestics. After Hannah More had been for years confined to her room, she kept eight pampered menials—five women and three men—of whom the chiefs had been long in her service, and completely trusted and indulged. Their crime, however, upon examination, may not appear quite so heinous to worldly eyes as Mr Cottle sets it down. Their human or social nature prevailed against the almost conventual rules of the sober, maidenly establishment at Barley Wood; and, after evening prayers, and heartily saying "Amen!" when the whole household was believed to be sunk in repose, Mr Timothy, the coachman, and Miss Teddy, the lady's maid, and Mrs Susan, the housekeeper, &c. &c., were in the habit of either getting up little suppers at home, or going abroad to new-year's junketings, like other servants, leaving only the scullion, to guard the premises, and support the religious character of the house. When poor Mrs Hannah More heard of these ungrateful and heathenish doings, she was nearly petrified.

She preserved silence, while a tear stole down her pallid cheek. At length, with a faltering voice, she said, "What! Susan unfaithful, who has lived with me so many years?" "Yes!" "And Timothy, whose relations I have fed and clothed?" "Yes!" The venerable and afflicted lady continued, "And Teddy, and Rebecca, and Jane?" "Yes, all!" "What!" she continued—"not one faithful?" The answer was—"The whole are

faithless!" "Then," said the aged Hannah More, "I will leave it all! Find me a quite retreat where my few last days may be spent in calmness, prayer, and praise!"

And she removed to a lodging at Clifton, where she died, at the age of eighty-nine; and, what is far more wonderful, after having consulted thirty-eight physicians, all of whom died before her! Hannah More admired Robert Hall, at least to Mr Cottle, above all contemporary preachers "in the Church and out of it." Mr Cottle, who entertains great respect for his friend Mrs Hannah More, nevertheless places her quarrel with the Bristol milk-woman—her protegée, Ann Yearsley—in the proper and reasonable light. He rescues the name of the latter from what he justly considers the unmerited obloquy of ingratitude to a benefactress, fixed upon her because she wanted the money which arose from the sale of her poems, to educate her sons, instead of having it doled out by her self-appointed trustees, Mrs Hannah More and Mrs Montague.

WHAT SORT OF A GROWN CHILD ARE YOU?

BY LEIGH HUNT.*

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

STANDING too near the fire the other day, in a morning-gown, a little girl admonished us of our peril; and, upon our expressing a suitable remorse, and making our tone more and more serious, for fear of producing a wrong effect respecting a point so dangerous, she said, with an exquisite mixture of archness and tenderness, "Good boy!"

This set us upon thinking what sort of little boy we should really make, if some supernatural circumstance or other were at once to keep us in our grown condition, and yet reduce us to a state of childhood in comparison with certain new creatures, our superiors; if a finer set of human beings, for example, were to visit the earth from another planet, and become to its present inhabitants what ourselves are to the children around us—people who should be as much our masters in wisdom and strength as Shakspeare compared with Tomkins, or a Cornish wrestler with an infant; who should good-humouredly smile at our little profundities in ethics and science; say "Look at 'em," as we sat in Parliament, playing at legislators; and put aside our army and navy as parents do pop-guns: in short, Brobdingnagians come to conquer and refine us.

Dear reader, what sort of a boy or girl should *you* make? A self-interrogation to that end might not be without its use, as well as amusement. Of one thing you may be certain, and perhaps have anticipated it, by thinking what sort of child you *were*. Your grown childhood, be assured, would be very like your ungrown; nay, is so. It is said, that no man's nature is different from what it was at two years old, or at "two hours." We know not how that may be; but we think it would be very unaccountable if the case were much the reverse; and certain we are, that all the grown people we ever knew in childhood, were precisely the same individuals at both periods, modified more or less by experience and good sense. The tendencies had not altered a whit. Among our domestic and school acquaintances, for instance, there was F—thoughtless, luxurious, and good-natured; P—didactic and authoritative, yet full of jest; M—conventional, and a lover of power, but with a manliness; B—dispassionate as to taking a part, from the clearness with which he saw all sides of a question, yet easily inclined this way or that, by a friend; S—scholarly, but violent; C—correcting his impulses by a sympathy with grace; G—a born gentleman; T—loud and generous. All this they were, to a tittle, in their early days; and precisely such they remained ever afterwards, as far as we knew them. How should it be otherwise? Their fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, ancestors, nurses, servants, diet, breeding, health, sickness, and a thousand other circumstances, contributed to make them what they were; and how were they to get rid of all this by a jerk, or by the substitution of habits to which they had no tendency, for those to which they had been bent from the very first? Oh, happy are we, if, with assiduous cultivation of our better qualities, we can but succeed in keeping down our worse, without quarreling either with others or ourselves! To this happiness we most assuredly have all the right which our original dependence can give us; and in sweet thoughts does a due consideration of it terminate; for it finds nobody to blame, and all to sympathize with. The discoveries of society may help the whole of us forward, and thus modify individuals hereafter, far beyond what has been done yet; though we ourselves have to struggle in harder nets of circumstance.

But we are getting out of our subject. An imaginary bit of Boswell shall bring us round to it. Suppose him asking Dr Johnson, what sort of great, grown, man-boy he would have made, under the circumstances above imagined? If the doctor were in ill-humour—worried, perhaps, by a bit of scepticism or veal-pie—he would angrily cry out—"Sir! why tease me by supposing what is impossible? or, worse, sir! why remind me that I am not a child—not innocent, sir?" Nay, as to that matter, when was I, when are any of us innocent? Sir, I should doubtless be a very bad boy—peevish, sir; disobedient—violent. Sir, I shouldn't go to bed when I was

* We must intimate that there is a bet depending among certain critics on the relative merits of this extravaganza. That our private judgment will be affirmed by the tribunal of final resort we make no question.—*E. T. M.*

told. I should be a thief and a liar—steal pie, sir, and say I hadn't done it; and I should neglect my prayers, till I was frightened. I do it now. Let us have no more of this."

But, if he was in good humour—going to a capital dinner, perhaps, or just come from a successful argument with Burke, or thinking of the poor woman he relieved last night—he would very likely say, with a smile—"Why, sir, I should be a very *fair* boy; nay, sir, not *pulcher*—not *flavicomus*"—(observing me smile at thinking of him as a pretty child with blond ringlets)—"but I should be decently good. Orderly, sir, if treated with love—though with outbreaks of sullenness. And yet, if the supernatural beings were infallible, or if I thought them so, I should be good always. I hope so." (Here he looked meditative and bland.) "For what do we require, sir, but certainty, to enable us to act like rational beings? Sir," (smiling,) "I should go to bed without giving the supernatural beings the trouble of telling me twice. I should exchange my wig for a night-cap, sir, without oppugnancy—too happy to lay aside the pride of a man, for the felicity of an infant, and to repose on the bosom of an infallible Glumdalca."

Here Boswell, by dint of pushing the bottle, suppresses an immense desire to laugh at the idea of his illustrious friend taking off his wig and brown suit, and reposing, with his night-cap on, in the lap of a nurse from Brobdingnag. He then proceeds:—

"And Cæsar, sir! What sort of a boy do you think Cæsar would have made?"

"Why, sir, Cæsar would have made as good a boy as any, if he thought his new masters infallible; but, if he did not, I should not wonder if he ran away, sir. You know his ambition was to be chief everywhere, and that he would rather be the first man in a village, than second in Rome. Cæsar would have broken out of bounds, sir, and gone to head the Lilliputians."

"Mr Burke, sir, would have said his lessons well?"

"Why, yes, sir—and perhaps suggested an improvement in the new *Propria quæ Maribus*. Nay, sir, there would be no end of Burke's mind, even in Brobdingnag. And he has a tendency to innovate, sir—has Burke; and to a degree, too, which would not be properly respectful to superiors, in a less man—except, indeed, when others shew a like tendency, and then Edmund is for pulling them down. This confidence in himself is naturally greater than it is in others. He knows what he knows, sir—a rare knowledge."

"Our friend Garrick, sir, can hardly be said to know what he knows."

"Yes, sir—by heart"—(smiling.)

"But of man's nature and faculties, sir?"

"Man's nature and faculties!—Man's fiddlestick and bill of the play, sir. Garrick, sir, would be whipped for making your men-boys laugh, with his grimaces. Don't let us talk of Garrick, sir, when we are talking of mind."

"Poor Goldy, however, sir—I may mention him. How would he conduct himself?"

"Why, sir, poor Goldy, as you call him, would very likely be one of the happiest and most honoured boys in the school. He would not be quite cured of his freaks. He would give away all his money too often, unless Glumdalca kept it for him. But, sir, he would not only know superiors such as those, but they would know *him*; and Goldsmith, sir, is a ready-made innocent child, sir, with such man's wit as beings like those would understand, though we always do not."

Boswell is silenced at this; and Johnson, pitying him, does not proceed to shew what sort of a boy *he* would have made.

Well now, dear reader, have you made up your mind, by this time, as to yourself? For our part we do not choose to say publicly what kind of bad-and-good boy we ourselves should be; though we should not much mind to confess it to some very charitable friend. Can you venture as much? Can you state candidly to the person sitting next you, your opinion of your own puerile self? Are you too bad to confess it, or too good?—too modest? And what is your opinion of those about you? What sort of little girls and boys do you think your own kindred? Would your married brother shine in his pinafore, or your aunt in her bib and tucker?

Then, again, to look a little more widely around us, What sort of boys and girls would our leading statesmen make? Imagine a play-ground full of Wellingtons, Peels, Broughams, Lord John Russells, Spring Rices, O'Connells, Roebucks, Charles Bullers, Molesworths, and Humes; all, too, in their new Brobdingnagian jackets, coming in to breakfast or to school, or saying their lessons—for our new masters would have to re-educate us all: wonderful is the quantity of things we should have to unlearn! How would they all behave?—And the new ladies' boarding-school, (we should like to go to school near it,) containing the Blessingtons, Gores, Opies, Halls, Landons, Nortons, and Morgans? What would Glumdalca say to them? Which of them would have surreptitious pie for supper, or scramble over the garden-wall?

It is no mean test of the characters of grown people, to consider which among them you would *like* under this new aspect—with whom you could be most easy, sincere, loving, and independent. Or suppose the whole race of mankind could come back to be re-taught all at once, where would you pick and choose for playfellows? Alexander the Great, we suspect, would be but an overbearing "sort of chap." We should prefer Epaminondas, who loved his father and mother; or Cæsar, who could be all things. Washington would be well behaved, to a pitch of the provoking. It would seem as if he had not feeling enough to run out of bounds, or draw a face on his slate. If you asked him to come and play, he would say it wanted "two minutes to eleven." Addison, we fear, might think it his duty to go and "tell the master." Steele, however, would never peach. He would be flogged first. *Homer* would be a good fellow!

Shakspeare, Cervantes, Ariosto, Sir Walter Scott, would be capital playmates and companions—fine tellers of stories out of books—with a love of robust sport, while they were about it. We should admire Bacon prodigiously, for his attainments in the new "Analecta Majora," but are afraid should not be fond of him. He would be made assistant to one of the ushers.

Chaucer, in the most compulsory of verses, speaks

"Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates"—

three such personages as were never before brought together. Our favourite acquaintances at the English ladies' boarding-school (were we so happy as to know their brothers) would be

Godiva, Nancy Finch, and Eleonora.

The first, the famous Countess of Coventry, everybody knows. The second (so familiar becomes the language of love!) is another Countess, not so famous, nor indeed very well known to any but a few lovers of poetry—Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, authoress (besides the poems in Mr Dyce's collection) of a charming one entitled the "Petition for an Absolute Retreat," which shews her to be just the sort of woman to our taste, of a spirit at once social and sequestered, and fit to have lived in Arcadia: we do not mean the Greek Arcadia, which is not the place it is taken for; but the *real* one—far more touching than your land of rocks and wild beasts—the Arcadia of Claude and the poets. As to Eleonora, she was a queen, in times anti-Brobdingnagian—the wife that sucked the poison out of the wound of Edward I. But we do not go upon that, though it was a right womanly action; for it was probably as safe as it was touching, though it may have required, in that age, a particular courage to venture upon it. We take it only as an evidence of those many congenial actions, those habits of love and beneficence, which made the fond Edward raise a cross in her honour, wherever her body stopped in its way to Westminster; as though it rendered the ground precious—which it did. (By the way, why do they not restore the one at Charing Cross? The place retains the honour of the name—why does it not in gratitude retain the thing? It would constitute a beautiful and justly triumphant memorial to the sex, in the midst of less peaceful trophies.) Now, the said Eleonora would make a fine, hearty boarder in our Brobdingnagian school, with very little to learn over again, and willing to undergo any punishment for a friend. Godiva would be much such another. She would get up on winter mornings without her flannel petticoat, to hurry up the rest of the school, when late. We do not know that Lady Winchelsea's public virtue was ever put to the trial; but her goodwill was unbounded; and she would be an especial lover of walks in the neighbouring forest—which amounts to a virtue in our eyes. But all the new schools would be taught a love of nature—not a leaf or a colour would be lost upon them; and they would be as great singers as the birds.

We shall again, however, be getting too serious for boyhood. Up, Charles William Augustus Maximilian Smith, and vindicate our facetiousness! Up on the table, Smith, and let the company see you! Smith (as you will see the moment you look at him) is no Smith of any "mark or likelihood." He is not James nor Horace Smith, nor one of the Sidney Smiths, nor a Southwood Smith, nor any northern, eastern, or western Smith of the least un-Smithism;—he is not a man of wit, nor of valour, nor of virtue; he is not any way original—not one who can turn a common name into uncommonness.

But we have given this sort of caution before. Look at him, however. What a different opinion he evidently has of himself! How far superior he thinks himself to all the numerous and highly respectable, though not famous multitude, who bear the Smithian cognomen! And yet, nevertheless, conceited as he stands there, Smith is at this present moment in a very puzzled state of mind; as indeed you may guess, when you see what he has come to in his middle age—a pinafore!

Yes; Smith, aged five-and-forty, and some five feet eight inches in stature, is a little boy in a big tail-coat and pinafore, in the new school of the Brobdingnagian visiters. He is as proud and sulky a fellow, as he is a shallow one; and, as the usher happens to have set him on a table to say his lesson, and has just gone out of the school to speak to somebody, we are taking advantage of his absence (not very wisely perhaps) to plague Smith, and catechise him a little—he not answering a word, but looking very red and savage. But we have a vindictive recollection of the way in which he used to lord it over us, upon the strength of his being an *epitome of commonplaces, except the good-natured ones*. This exception is the only thing we quarrel with him for, or with any one. But, situated as he is, the temptation is irresistible. All the livelier part of his schoolfellows are "having at him."

"I say, Smith—you'll have to go to bed before your time. You're a naughty boy, Smith—a bad middle-aged chap, and have been very sulky."

"Why didn't you learn your lesson, Smith, instead of doing nothing but make dumps all day, and stuff yourself?"

"Look at his neckcloth and bibs, and how big he looks! and yet he doesn't know Brobdingnagian for 'charity' nor 'modesty'—no, nor for 'sense.'"

"Take your hand out of your pocket, Smith, and don't stand cluttering your dumps."

"Shall it then? Shall it have no more pudding and turtle-pap? Did they vex it, poor middle-aged thing, and expect it to have a little sense, and know a man when it sees one?"

"Never mind 'em, Smith. Don't stand swelling so, and thinking of your 'gig,' poor respectable little fellow! Shall have another—it shall; and then all will be well. Shall ride in it to Banbury Cross, and look as big as it likes, and speak loud, and be a man again."

"Here!—see what I've got for you, Smith—a nice plaything, a pretty watch. Come to me for it over the table—never mind your boots. Shall hold it to your ear, and see how time goes for little Smithy. Why, with a watch, and his dumps, and his gig, Smithy will be quite a man again; and nobody shall plague him about 'sense' and 'modesty.'"

"Say *ta* to the gentleman, Smith. Oh, say, *ta!* Be a good middle-aged little boy. Ah, ha! What! stamping, Smith! Oh, fie!—stamping on the nice mahogany table, and in boots! Hist! Hist!—here's the usher coming."

Boy (aside to another.)—I'm afraid the usher would think us as great babies as Smith.

Other Boy.—Not quite—but Tomkins does. See how solemn he looks! He doesn't see the joke, any more than when he looks in the glass.

First Boy.—Perhaps he does, a little bit; and is standing on his dignity in consequence.

Other.—Oh, poor we!

TRIAL BY JURY IN SCOTLAND.*

It is upwards of twenty years since the trial of civil causes by jury was introduced into Scotland; and the experience we have obtained has increased, rather than diminished, the dislike with which this manner of deciding lawsuits has always been regarded on this side of the Tweed. The only persons whom we have ever heard speak favourably of it are some of the lawyers and agents, who, as will be afterwards seen, have good reason for their partiality: but, even in the profession of the law, the trial of a civil cause by jury is generally regarded with no ordinary feelings of dread and apprehension; and there are few litigants who do not quail when they find their suits have reached the fearful point of "Notice of Trial." Hence is to be explained the fact that not one-half of the causes in which all the expense of the preparation for trial has been incurred, and the jury has been summoned, are actually brought to trial; for, however clear may be the case, and however much satisfied a party may be that he has justice on his side, he can never have any reliance that he may not on the day of trial be defeated by some quirk, quibble, or oversight, against which, in other modes of trial, some remedy might be found, but which this summary and peremptory form of proceeding does not admit of.† In a great number of the trials which have taken place, an impression very generally prevails that justice has not been obtained; yet the attempts to get redress have generally failed, and have involved the parties who made them only in greater expense.

Trial by jury evidently takes its origin in those times when law has not yet become a science, and when no such profession as that of lawyers exists. Then the baron, or other feudal superior—the judge in time of peace, and the leader in war—assembled his vassals, who were as ignorant as himself, for the adjudication of such disputes as arose. This practice the English—ever remarkable for their reverence for antiquity, their attachment to established forms, and dread of innovation—have always adhered to, and gradually moulded, so as to adapt it to a state of matters very different from that for which it had originally been intended. In this process, however, as in many others, those who affect to respect so much the wisdom of our ancestors have not always been guided by their principles. We have a striking instance of this in the regulation which requires the jury to be unanimous in their verdict. By the ancient English practice unanimity was not required; all that was needed was the concurrence of twelve in the verdict, when the jury consisted of a greater number. To this day in England, a grand jury may consist of any number from twelve to twenty-three; but a presentment cannot be made by fewer than twelve. So, in the High Court of Parliament, and the Court of the Lord High Steward, a Peer may be convicted by the greater number; yet there can be no conviction unless the majority consists of twelve, at least. When, therefore, in the progress of time, only twelve jurymen were impannelled, there became a necessity of their concurring in opinion; and, in this way, the absurdity of unanimity was reached. Of the manner in which absurdities once established may be defended, we have a fair specimen in a treatise of Lord Somers, a writer of some pretension at the end of the seventeenth century. He remarks—"In analogy, of late, the jury has been reduced to twelve—like as the prophets were twelve, to foretell the truth; the apostles twelve, to teach the truth; the discoverers twelve, sent into Canaan to seek and report the truth; and the stones twelve that the heavenly Jerusalem is built on; and, as the judges were twelve, anciently, to try and determine matters of law; and always, when there is any waging law, there must be twelve, to swear in it; and also, as for matters of state, there were twelve councillors of state; and anything now which any jury can be said to do, must have the joint consent of twelve; otherwise, it is, in the construction of law, not the doing of the jury, but of private persons, and void." Yet the necessity of unanimity, which can be supported only by such absurd arguments as the preceding, and which has been reprobated by Sir William Blackstone and other English lawyers, "as repugnant to all experience of human conduct, passions, and understandings," has, in our blind adoption of English forms, been made a part of the system of jury trial in Scotland in civil causes.

* The Practice of the Court of Session in Jury Cases. By Robert Macfarlane, W.S. Edinburgh: 1837.

† Of 611 causes set down for trial in the first eight years of the Jury Court, not one-half, only 233, were tried.

Whether jury trial in England is so valuable an institution, and worthy of the praises so fulsomely lavished on it, is a question on which we shall not enter. But it is easy to see that a procedure which has been familiar for centuries, which has been engrafted on and grown with the law, and for the conducting of which peculiar facilities exist in England, may there be found beneficial, while it may be totally unfitted for the present state of the law and the habits of the people of Scotland. In England the law appears much more fixed than with us; it having sometimes occurred that many years have elapsed without the judges in some of the courts having once differed in opinion. The English lawyers are also, we suspect, much better acquainted with their law, than the Scottish have generally been with theirs; the former making it the constant and unremitted study of their lives, while politics and other pursuits have always occupied a great proportion of the time of Scottish lawyers. Lord Mansfield once remarked, that, if Blackstone's Commentaries had been published when he was a student, they would have *saved him five years' study!* Sergeant Marryat, on being asked if he had read some new publication, observed, that he had not looked into an unprofessional book for thirty years. One of the judges of our Supreme Court characterised the English judges as "legal monks." Matters are managed differently in Scotland. The first step of promotion at the bar is the appointment of deputy to the Lord Advocate of the day, necessarily a political office; next a sheriffship, worth from £300 to £800 a-year, and having some patronage. Besides numerous clerkships, there are about thirty sheriffs; and, although they are judges having jurisdiction, both in civil and criminal cases, very little inferior to that of the Supreme Court itself, there never, we believe, was a single instance of the appointment being given to a lawyer of political opinions opposed to those of the minister of the day; or, indeed, we ought rather to say, that keen political partisanship has uniformly been considered the sole test of fitness for that important office. Matters have hardly been better in the Supreme Court. The appointment of a political opponent is never made, as long as any materials for the office, however inferior, are to be found on the side of the party in power. The great weakness of the Scottish bar at present is to be attributed to this unprincipled system. The Tories, during their long career of power, left the eminent Whig lawyers of long standing at the bar, till there were so many of them that it was unnecessary to employ the younger men in the management of any law-suit. Thus, the latter had not a fair opportunity of exercising their talents, and of distinguishing themselves; and many who might very probably have been at the head of the profession, left the bar in disgust. At length the bench became so much inferior to the bar in knowledge and talent—by the appointment of men whose chief qualification for the bench, in some instances, was, that they could not do so much mischief to the government there, as in the subordinate offices which they held—that Sir Robert Peel was forced to break through the established practice, and promote one or two of the most eminent Whig lawyers to the bench. Since their accession to power, the Whigs, as they are well entitled, have promoted their own party; and the bench of the Court of Session, instead of being, as formerly, an undiluted mass of Toryism, now presents an equal array of the adherents of the two factions which have so long divided the loaves and fishes between them. In this way, it has happened, that all the men of known talent who were at the bar a few years ago, who have not died, have been removed to the bench. A more favourable field for the display of talent at the Scottish bar than at any former period now presents itself; but, sorry are we to say, that there is as yet little appearance of the field being occupied, either by men of talent and learning, or of eloquence and genius. The lawyer and the orator are both to be sought for.

In the circumstances in which the bar is placed, independence is not to be looked for. All—with the exception, perhaps, of one in a hundred—attach themselves to one or other of the dominant parties, hitherto the sole depositaries of power in this country. Partisanship is a better recommendation to promotion than learning. During the volunteer mania, for example, almost every person connected with the Court of Session was enrolled. The Lord President of the Court was the Colonel; and the steady attendance of the officials in the field was conducive to their advancement, in at least as great a degree as the punctual discharge of their duties in the Parliament House. At all political dinners, the lawyers are the chief spokesmen, and in every job they are the tools the most to be relied on. Whether in such a state of matters the bar or bench is likely to acquire that profound knowledge of the law, and that readiness in its application, which jury trial in civil causes imperiously demands—where the most difficult questions may suddenly arise, and must be instantly argued and decided, without time for reflection or reference to books of authority—may, we humbly venture to think, be well doubted.

Another impediment to jury trial in Scotland, is our juries. We do not impugn their integrity, though one or two cases have occurred where the conduct of particular jurymen has been called in question; but to the fact that, in London and the large towns of England, juries are to be found of a very superior kind to those we have in Scotland. These jurymen consist of eminent merchants and intelligent men of business, who, in numerous instances—as in lawsuits among merchants—are better qualified to instruct the court than to receive directions from it, as to the verdict they should pronounce. Hence, at Guildhall, instead of the three or four hours' harangues which the judges here think it necessary to address to the jury, the

only remark the court often makes, is—"Gentlemen, you must be much more familiar with the matter which has formed the subject of this day's investigation than I can pretend to be, and your own experience will teach you where the justice of the case lies. I, therefore, consider it unnecessary to trouble you with any observations." It is no unusual thing for the English judges to send for eminent merchants to their chambers, for the purpose of being informed as to their practice in mercantile questions. The trying a case with juries composed of such men, is a very different matter from doing so with juries ignorant of all sorts of business, whose only qualification is the possession of property of £5 of yearly rent, or movables to the amount of £200; and who often, from the beginning to the end of a trial, never comprehend the nature of the subject in dispute.

In Edinburgh, the exemption of the members of the College of Justice from serving as jurymen, has an injurious effect; and we have heard counsel of much experience in jury trials state that they never saw a good jury, except in Glasgow—that city and neighbourhood being the only place in Scotland which furnishes intelligent mercantile men in sufficient number to afford materials for efficient juries.*

The consequence of having juries of shoemakers, cowfeeders, tavern keepers, sheep-farmers, and so on, is, that, if the case is not exceedingly simple, they soon become bewildered by the conflicting evidence, and the contradictory speeches of counsel; and they could come to no verdict whatever, did they not regulate themselves by the address of the presiding judge, which is generally a strong pleading for one or other of the parties; for Scottish juries are never left in any doubt how the court would decide the question. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the opinion of the judge is the verdict of the jury: in the hundredth the jury, often from mere obstinacy, and to assert their independence, give a contrary verdict. In one case—where a large estate, too, was at stake—it was strongly suspected that the jury had decided their verdict by lot; but, as the court ruled that the jurymen themselves could not be examined as witnesses, and no other person, of course, was present, it was impossible to ascertain the truth.

The great length of the trials is an evil not to be disregarded. It is no unusual thing in England to try 150 or 200 causes in fourteen days; in Scotland, a trial generally lasts ten or twelve hours; and to get through ten in five days, would be considered great work. The cause of the length of the trials, is the examining of more witnesses than are necessary, and the extreme length of the speeches of counsel, to which is sometimes added a tedious charge from the bench, recapitulating the whole evidence which the jury have just heard from the mouths of the witnesses themselves.

But the unpopularity, or rather failure, of jury trial in Scotland is, in part, also, to be attributed to other causes besides the unfitness of this sort of proceeding to the state of the law and of the country. As originally established in 1815, the Jury Court was of so anomalous a kind that it was not easy even for the practitioners themselves to determine whether it was a distinct court, or merely a branch of the Court of Session. The separate functions of the Jury Court and Court of Session were so little fixed, that frequently a cause was bandied from one court to another, until the litigants were exhausted by the delay and expense thus occasioned; nor were they without the suspicion that remits were occasionally made for the purpose of getting rid of a troublesome case. Then, instead of leaving the general issue to the jury—for example, if the question were regarding the authenticity of a deed, instead of putting the question—Whether it was or was not the deed of the party? the jury were asked, Whether he could write? Whether he could see to write? Whether he could read a written paper? and numerous other questions; the result of which was, that, although the jury might be of opinion on the whole that the party was in the right, yet they found themselves compelled to give a verdict against him, simply because they could not find any one of the issues among which the case was frittered away, in his favour. On the other hand, the objection to general issues is obvious; for, by resorting to them, the jury is made the judge of the law, as well as the fact—a state of matters which we cannot consider satisfactory in the present advanced state of the law, when no one can obtain an accurate knowledge of it without dedicating his life to its practice and study. The ordinary notion, and one which tyrannical judges have in all ages inculcated, is, that the jury have nothing to do with the law, but only with the facts of the case; but this is incorrect. For example, to take a simple case—that of murder:—The jury have not to find merely that A fell by the hand of B; but whether A was murdered by B; whether the offence of murder has been committed—a question which no one can solve who does not understand what is the legal definition of the crime of murder. The same remark applies throughout. Thus no jury can decide whether a document is the deed of a party, until they understand what a probative writ is in Scottish law. The Court, no doubt, explains the law; but the jury are not

* There is great reason to believe that the lists of persons qualified to serve as jurymen, are not properly taken up. We have heard it repeatedly remarked by gentlemen of Liberal opinions, that, since they took an active part in politics, they have seldom or ever been summoned on a jury. Is this the work of the Tory sheriffs, or of their underlings? The exemption of the members of the College of Justice, should be repealed. Trials by jury seldom take place when the Court is sitting for the dispatch of its ordinary business; and most of the members are very willing, and, indeed, anxious, to act occasionally as jurymen. Perhaps the judges would not like men acquainted with the law on the jury; but it would, undoubtedly, be very beneficial, in most cases, to the administration of justice.

bound to take the explanation given them, but may decide the matter according to their own notions. Thus, for example, no one doubts that, in our law, to occasion death in a duel is murder; yet no jury in modern times can be prevailed on to convict a person who has had the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a fair duel. Numerous other instances in trials for libel, sedition, &c., might be pointed out. In England, juries have not hesitated to intrude on the undoubted province of the Court—that of inflicting punishment. When stealing in a dwelling-house, to the extent of 40s., was a capital offence, juries did not hesitate to return verdicts contrary to the fact, in order to save the accused. In numerous instances, they returned verdicts of stealing to the amount of 39s., where the property was proved to be of much greater amount. In one case, such a verdict was returned, though among the articles stolen, was a Bank of England note for £10!

Another cause of unpopularity is the unnecessary and uncalled for introduction of English technicalities. The constant use of affidavits on the most trivial occasions, the adherence to English forms in the notices of motions for trial, &c., and in many other matters of no consequence in themselves, are found annoying to the practitioners, and expensive to the litigants. The judge who originally presided in the Jury-Court, an English lawyer, being necessarily ignorant of the manner in which law business is conducted in Scotland, and enamoured of the law practice "in the other end of the island," was ill fitted to engraft the new system on the administration of the Scottish law. The inferior officers of the Court, though ignorant of the mode of conducting jury trials in England, and most of them having no professional experience of any kind, aped, to the best of their ability, the language of the head of the Court. Being all paid by salaries, and so, independent of the practitioners, they do not give that accommodation and those facilities to which the practitioners have been accustomed from officers paid by fees, and where there is a competition for employment, by a choice being given of more than one officer. For example, the issue clerks insist on counsel and clients attending them, to adjust issues, precisely at the time when they are least likely to be at leisure; that is to say, when both divisions of the Inner House and three or four Lords Ordinary are sitting hearing causes. Although all the offices in the Register House, connected with the Court of Session, are open in the evening, that connected with trial by jury is open only from two to four. The trouble given by these inconveniences cannot be estimated by any one who has not experience in such matters. Twenty or thirty meetings often take place, and an expense of forty or fifty pounds is frequently occasioned in the adjustment of a single issue; for it is very improbable to find three or four counsel disengaged at the hour at which alone the issue clerks will give attendance. In the case of jury trial, as everywhere else, the pernicious effects of high salaries is experienced. By giving £800 or £800 a-year, where £200 or £300 are sufficient, you secure the appointment of persons who think signing a receipt for their salary is quite sufficient duty, and who look upon attendance in their offices, and answering the inquiries of the practitioners, as a task beneath them.

The judges who now preside over jury trials, labour under the disadvantage of having had no experience in such matters while at the bar; and it has been rather ingeniously managed, that those who had acquired some experience under the original constitution of the court, are not required to attend and give their assistance in the trials which take place at Edinburgh—always the most important.

The great expense to be incurred in a single day, is another cause of the dislike to jury trial. Accounts of expenses, amounting to £300, £400, £500 for each side, are by no means unusual, and many of much larger amount could be pointed out. It is true that, in the sixty-three causes first tried, the expense averaged £112 for each party; but, when the trifling nature of some of the causes is considered, the expense will be found greatly beyond the value of the matter in dispute. Indeed, a large proportion of the cases tried have been actions of damages for technical blunders, occasioning no loss to any one, but regarding which our courts, of late years, have become singularly scrupulous, or for trifling injuries, which would never have been brought, had it not been for the establishment of trial by jury. For example, on the Perth circuit in 1823, an action of damages against an innkeeper was tried, for dismissing a cook as unqualified, she having, as he alleged, spoiled a wedding supper. To decide this important matter, a judge of the jury court, in all his state, with clerks, macers, counsel, and agents, proceeded from Edinburgh to Perth; and thirty-six jurymen, some of them from the counties of Fife and Forfar, were brought from forty to fifty miles, at a considerable expense, and to the neglect of their own business. The jury very properly complained of the hardship of being put to so much trouble and inconvenience to decide so paltry a case. Actions, however, of equally trifling amount, are every year tried by jury.

The unanimity required of the Jury has not been attended with so many bad effects as might have been anticipated, simply because juries, seeing the absurdity of the rule, and being accustomed to a majority in all other cases, except civil trials in the Court of Session, have had the good sense practically to disregard it, the minority yielding to the majority. To say nothing of the perjury thus forced, by law, on the jurors, there have been many instances which prove the necessity of reverting to the recognised rule in Scotland of allowing the majority to decide. The plausible argument in favour of unanimity is, that, in all cases, the side of truth and justice is to be discovered, if the jury take

sufficient pains. But those who know anything about a court of law must be aware that, in a large proportion of law-suits, the right is not entirely on one side; but, on the contrary, that, as in most other disputes, both parties are very generally to blame. Besides, in questions of evidence, the testimony of the witnesses and the documents on each side may nearly, or altogether balance each other. Such a case, for example, was the famous Douglas cause. The casting-vote of the President of the Court of Session decided it one way, and a majority of a single vote in the House of Lords the other. Now, when would the judges or the Peers have come to an unanimous judgment in such a case? In questions of law even, the arguments and authorities on the opposing sides, may leave the point exceedingly doubtful, of which we have daily experience. It is in vain, therefore, to assert, that, in all law-suits, one of the sides is absolutely in the right. So far from it, that it very seldom happens.

The manner in which juries proceed in assessing damages is too valuable an illustration of the folly of requiring unanimity, to be passed over. Instead of the verdict in such cases being the unanimous opinion of the jury, *it is not the verdict of any one of them!* The jury, after some talk, finding they cannot agree on the sum to be awarded, write down what each juror is inclined to give, and, dividing the sum total by twelve, the quotient is the verdict, thus leaving the matter to the decision of Cocker, as judges are sometimes said to leave their decisions to the dice. Were the damages each juryman is inclined to give nearly equal, no great harm would arise; but these are not the cases in which Cocker is resorted to. It is where there are great differences of opinion; and then a minority of the jury, or a single juryman, may control the verdict of the whole. Suppose, for example, eight jurymen think £100 enough, but four think it should be £200: these four have, in order to obtain what they conceive the justice of the case, only each to put down £400 on the paper; for £100 × 8 = £800, and £400 × 4 = £1600, and £1600 + £800 = £2400 ÷ 12, gives £200, the verdict required. In several cases, great trouble has been given to juries by the obstinacy of one or two jurymen, whom the rule for unanimity prevents the majority controlling. No longer ago than last year, after a case had been abandoned by the pursuer, and his counsel declined addressing the jury, one juror kept the whole jury locked up, and the Court waiting for three hours, because he would not concur with the rest. To prepare himself for the task he had undertaken, of bringing the majority of eleven to see that the truth was on his side, he brought a bottle of whisky with him; and it is difficult to say what might have been the result, had the whisky not been discovered and taken from him by order of the Court before the jury were inclosed.

In the anomalous proceeding of trial by Jury, where persons ignorant of the law are called on to aid, and, indeed, if they please, control those whose life has been spent in its study and practice, it has been found absolutely necessary, for the sake of justice, to permit the Court to review the proper duties of the jury—that of judging of the evidence, and of the amount of damages assessed. Thus, the allegation, that the verdict is contrary to the evidence, is a good ground for applying for a new trial; and new trials have been granted on such a ground, even although the verdict was supported by the charge and opinion of the judge who presided. Giving too little, or giving excessive damages, is also a ground for a new trial; and, even although the second jury coincide in opinion with the first, this is no absolute bar to a third trial. It thus appears, that, notwithstanding the boasted finality of trial by jury, there is ample room for further litigation after a verdict is returned. And so it has been found; for, wherever the litigants have been sufficiently keen, and rich enough to pay the expense, they have found ample scope for litigation in excepting to the decision of the judge in the rejection or admission of evidence, to his directions to the jury, or to the verdict itself, as contrary to evidence, contrary to law, or on the ground of the damages being excessive or the reverse.

Although we have serious doubts as to the utility of jury trial in civil cases, we certainly do not mean to defend the former practice of the Court of Session, and which is still followed in all our inferior courts—that of taking proofs by commission. A commission was granted to a lawyer, generally of little experience or knowledge, to call the parties, or their counsel or agents, and the witnesses, before him; and to write down the evidence of the witnesses. In the inferior courts, the commission is granted to one of the clerks of court, or one of the practitioners in general little acquainted with the rules by which he ought to regulate his proceedings. Day after day, and week after week, is spent in writing down an immense mass of matter, great part of which has often little or no bearing on the point at issue. Objections to witnesses and to questions, are discussed with provoking and tedious pertinacity; and, after a great consumption of time, it often happens that the objection and answer must be written down and referred to the judge for decision. The sitting is, in the meantime, broken up, and a new meeting must be held after the decision on the objection is obtained. When it is considered that there are never fewer than five persons present at such a proof, and often more—all of whom must be paid by the litigants—the expense of such a proceeding may be judged of. At length, after a delay of many months, the proof, now swelled into a large volume, is concluded; and, to enable the court to judge of it, the parties are generally allowed to write memorials as long as itself on its import, in which they take good care to distort it as much as possible. The judge, who is deprived of the advantage of judging, from the appearance of the witnesses, how

far they are speaking the truth, and having no opportunity of expiscating the facts which appear to him important, is then left to decide the case in the best way he can; and no wonder the decision is often unsatisfactory, and is carried from one Court to another, by appeal, and at a great expense—the costs being now probably more than the whole sum in dispute—until at length the chequer is shut by the decision of the House of Lords.

It was to get rid of this system in the Supreme Court, and to check appeals,* that trial by jury was resorted to; but we cannot help thinking that it would have been desirable to have tried the experiment of examining the witnesses, in open Court before the judges, previously well acquainted with the facts in dispute, without troubling six-and-thirty shopkeepers, farmers, &c., about the matter. In Scotland, where the judges are certainly not "legal monks," whatever they may be elsewhere, but men of the world, the court is as well fitted to assess the amount of damages for breach of promise of marriage, assault, or the like, as any jury whatever. Indeed, in many cases which it is imperative at present to try by jury, in Scotland, there may be, and often is, no question of fact at all to be ascertained, and no damages to be assessed—such, for example, as actions on policies of insurance, where there is no denial of the facts, but simply a defence in law—as that the voyage insured was illegal.

As a check on the court, we think the value of juries in Scotland has been greatly overrated. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no such check is required; and to apply the incumbrance of a jury trial to the ninety-nine cases, because it may be useful in the hundredth, is as sensible a contrivance as to keep the drag constantly on the carriage wheel, because it may possibly be once a-day needed in descending a hill. We would allow the parties to decide whether they would have a jury or not. Why not give them their choice? The great curse of all legislatures is *gouverner trop*. So much care must be taken of the subject, that he is allowed to do nothing in his own way. The statute-book is filled with restrictions, regulations, and prohibitions. Our ancestors ascertained the lengths of coat tails, of shoe-points, the number of dishes to be placed on the tables of each rank; exporting a salmon, or marrying an Englishwoman, have been, in Scotland, alike capital offences. To this day, it is held dangerous to allow the importation of foreign grain, and absolutely destructive to the empire to permit the consumption of foreign meat. On the same principle, the management of a law-suit is taken out of the hands of the parties concerned. But the truth is, that, practically, Scottish juries have not restrained the political inclinations of the court. In 1794, the jury were as eager for conviction as the court. Under Castlereagh's reign, in 1817, no greater difficulty was found; and it was from the vigorous efforts of the bar, in defence of the accused, and not from the conduct of the jury, that any check was given to the career of despotism.* Still later instances might be pointed out, of the inefficacy of Scottish juries to protect the subject against the crown. We suppose we must not do more than allude to the case of Gilbert M'Leod, the editor of the "Spirit of the Union," in 1819, who, although unanimously recommended to mercy by the jury, was transported for five years, for what was termed sedition. To a man in his rank of life, the sentence was, in reality, what it proved to the martyrs of 1794—a capital punishment. The manner of protecting the subject from the Crown, is sufficiently obvious—viz., by excluding politics from the bench, and not by going into the streets and the fields, to find men who will construe the law differently from the judges of the land. It is a matter well deserving of consideration, whether the only efficient check is not for the people to appoint the judges themselves. Why should the expounders of the law not be elected by popular suffrage, as well as the makers of the law?

Whatever opinion may, however, be formed of jury trial in civil causes in Scotland, there can only be one as to the merits of Mr Macfarlane's treatise on the subject. In the space of a moderate-sized volume, he has condensed the substance of many hundred decisions, besides acts of Parliament, and acts of sederunt, relative to jury trials. His work is lucid in its arrangement, and complete in its details; and no counsel nor agent, engaged in a trial by jury, will do justice either to his client or himself, without consulting it. It will be found highly useful during the trial, from the ready solution it affords of the numerous questions, requiring immediate decision, which arise. The former treatises on jury trial were, even when published, very paltry performances, and now are completely obselete from the changes which have taken place; and every practitioner has long felt the want of such a work as the present. Nor is it to those engaged in jury trials alone, that it is valuable. In conducting proofs before the commissaries, and in cases depending in the inferior courts, it will be found extremely useful, by furnishing the rules by which questions relative to evidence, such as the admissibility of witnesses, the questions which may competently be put, the documents which may be received, and the mode generally of conducting a proof, are to be judged of. The appendix contains issues applicable to the various classes of actions, taken from cases which have actually been tried, and all the practical forms in use in jury causes. Nothing could have tended more to the safe and satisfactory management of that branch of business, the most troublesome and hazardous to the practitioner—trial by jury—than the publication of this book.

* In this object it has, however, failed. Notwithstanding the great diminution of the business of the Court of Session, of late years, there have been more appeals since trial by jury was established, than before.

* In a case for administering illegal oaths, the Whig lawyers—whose services in 1817 and 1819 should not be overlooked—succeeded in quashing, we think, eight different indictments before the case went to the jury! The Lord Advocate (Maconochie) had almost given up the task of preparing a correct libel in despair.

TALES OF THE CLEIKUM INN, ST. RONAN'S.—NO. III.

THE DOMINIE'S TALE; OR, THE WEIRD OF THE WINRAMS.

THERE are many months in every year when the hostel of St Ronan's, and the whole of that lonely village, are as mute and desolate as if it were one of those romantic watering-places embosomed in the Swiss Alps, or buried in the heart of the Pyrenees, after the last flight of the summer-loving martlets from the cities had taken wing. It was at this deserted season, and to a rustic and purely Scottish audience of greedy listeners, that the dominie narrated the following traditionary story, which he thus preluded:—

"It might be in the latter year of the godless and gainless reign of Charles Stuart, the second of that unhappy name, or in the first year that his black-hearted, Papistical brother bore sway in this ancient realm, that a gathering of douce neighbours and orra wayfarers, much like this same, was drawn round the ingle-neuk, within these same stanch, auld, black wa's—the whilk, sirs, were utterance gifted them, could tell many a stranger tale than mine. It was Candlemas-tide, as I have heard, and snow lay thick on all the heights, and deep in all the hollows of the Gala, the Leader, and the other waters round; by reason of which, Robin Scott, the then carrier, or cadger, between this countryside and Edinburgh, was full three days behind his ordinary time; and, as this was a period of sore trial and tribulation to the persecuted Kirk and oppressed Estates of Scotland, the men folk, ye may be sure, were hungering as sair for tidings as the women for the nonsense trinkum-trankums Robin brought, in exchange for fresh eggs and fat eerocks. Robin, slow as his pace was, in dandering from farmstead to farmstead, was the only post and mail of those days, unless when a laird or a lord, like Thirlstane or Torwoodlee, or him of the Black Barony, or the malignant persecutor, Sir Marmaduke Winram, might send off one of their house-varlets with a special budget, on some of their godless errands of harriment and cruel oppression of the Lord's people. For this, sirs, was a time when heavy judgments were abroad in this land of Scotland, and when the sword of the smiter was unsheathed to slay utterly. There is a yirmin of discontent and a barming of restlessness abroad among this ancient people even now; but I trow, sirs, our lines have fallen in pleasant places, when our lot under the Protestant princes of the House of Hanover is compared with that of our godly and persecuted forebears, hunted like patricks owre the mountains and through the moss-hags, by Claverhouse and his godless gang; harried in their gear, and racked in their members with the bootikins and pilnewinks, and the other damnable devices of that Pandemonium, the committee of the Privy Council of Scotland; where the apostate Lauderdale, and Middleton, and Rothes, and their hellish instruments, Bloody Mackenzie, and the Muscovite tiger Dalyell, and the excommunicate malignant, Sir Marmaduke Winram, of whom it more nearly concerns me to speak"—— The dominie gasped for breath.

"Weel a weel," cried a young farmer, named Elliot, interrupting his old teacher somewhat irreverently, "if times are on the mend, thanks to the spirit of our forefathers; and, if they righted matters then at the price of their blood, let us try to hold them so, or shame befa' us, say I." The dominie, who mightily prided himself on being "a Whig of the Revolution," was looked on with suspicion by the younger Liberals of the parish, from having lately, in obedience to his ecclesiastical superior, the minister, refused them the use of the school-house to hold a meeting for Parliamentary Reform. This circumstance gave sting to young Elliot's speech, especially when he added—"It is just the auld story owre again then, dominie, as now—'Do as the laird and the minister bid ye, or else——.' Then it was the king and the curates:—it comes aye to the same thing—now it is, hereawa at least, the Deuke and the Chamberlin."

The dominie waved his hand, sawing the air with Ciceronian dignity; and, giving the go-by to this remark, held on—

"At a time when judgments were abroad, and the Malignants, in their blind and blood-thirsty rage, spared neither age, sex, nor station, tidings from the capital were, as I remarked, sorely waited for; and, in especial, the guidman of Elshieshiels—who likewise farmed the Mains of Redheugh, and had himself been out at Pentland with his auld maister, Rutherfurd of Redheugh—declared he would not stir till Robin appeared, though it should be broad daylight, and called for another bicker of ale, to help on the clatter, and also the graver discourse, which naturally ran in the subdued vein of a people quailing under oppression, yet stirred and excited in their minds by the many brave examples of steadfastness, even unto death, with which the period abounded. Among the remorseless and cruel characters to which that disturbed age gave birth, none were regarded, by the country people, with greater horror and superstitious dread than Sir Marmaduke Winram, whose patrimonial possessions in this neighbourhood had lately been increased by several forfeitures, and the gift of the fines he had levied in the course of his zealous service. He had been concerned in the arrest of Mr Donald Cargill, and had also been solemnly excommunicated by one of the preachers among the Covenanters—a circumstance deemed so awful that some of his own servants abandoned him as one set aside and sealed to perdition and to the Enemy of man.

'It is tauld, and I have good authority for believing it,' said the goodman of the Mains, 'that, the same night tidings came to his lordly dwelling of Randolph's Tower, that Mr Donald Cargill had lifted up his testimony at the Gallowlee

of Edinburgh, and laid down his precious life for the cause of Christ's crown and covenant—that the blasphemous wretch leuch loud out, and cried to his man, Sergeant Warrock, another wicked oppressor of God's people, and a spoiler and harrier of his heritage—'Fill me a cup of wine, Warrock, and we'll drink the Whig-a-muir's draidgie!' Whereupon the red wine in the cup turned in his hands into congealed blood! Yet he greedily drank it up!'

A thrill of horror crept through the circle then surrounding the ingle like ourselves; and many other tales were related of the cold-blooded butchery committed by the persecutors; of their dissolute and abandoned lives; and of the visible retributory judgments already visited upon them for their savage cruelties to the Covenanters, and all those emphatically named 'the Lord's people.'

'He is off to Edinburgh last Monday morning, to crave from the Privy Council a deed of gift of Redheugh's lands,' said the farmer of the Mains—your own great-grandsire, Mr Elliot, and a savoury Christian in his generation; 'but there will be words about that; for there are as greedy gleds before him yonder as himself—off, after attending ane of their Pandemonium Councils against us and ours, over at Thirlstane, where the hallowed rest of the blessed Sabbath was spent in cards and dice, drinking and damning, and blasphemies fit to have split the roof of the castle, and sunk it fathoms deep in the earth.'

While the honest man held forth, the dogs began to yowff, and a glaikit lassie threw over her wheel in her haste, and ran out, expecting the longed-for cadger.

'It's no Robin,' was her cry, on returning, 'but just Sikker Simmie, the packman, wha, guid be aboot us! when I speered for tidings, tauld me, the Malignants have burnt the Nor' Loch of Edinboro, and that the cadgers are selling the burnt fish for half naething!'

The laugh at the pedlar's joke was not general; and that small grey man, who had been stabling his pony, shortly afterwards appeared in person. Simon Sloan, or *Sikker Simmie*, as the itinerant merchant was named from the extreme caution of his dealings, had for many years plied at stated periods in this district—his beat being up and down the Gala, the Ale, and Leader Waters, and also other tributaries of the Tweed, before he annually traversed the valleys of Yarrow and Ettrick, making, that way, his exit into Moffatdale. It was also known that he statedly travelled the east of Fife, whence he made his transit across the Frith, and ranged the Lammermoors, before descending upon the Tweed and its feeders. But this was not Simmie's usual period of appearance at St Ronan's, which was never till after the bear-seed time; and surprise and questioning was added to that usual warm welcome to the Cleikum Inn, from the female part of the household, which the facetious pedlar always received. Wants of all kinds were now to be supplied to the females; but the cravings of the men for tidings were still more eager. Simmie heard all questions, and often parried them with jokes, sometimes at the expense of the Covenanters; for, strange as it might be for one in his rank of life, Simmie was loyal and a Malignant; and in Fife, where his principles were better known or more rigidly canvassed, he was even latterly suspected of using his calling to act as a spy for the curates and persecuting lairds. Some light remarks from Simmie provoked the displeasure of the grave goodman of Elshieshiels, who, shaking his head, said—

'I trow they did not wrong you far, friend, that put honest men on their guard against ye.'

The pedlar looked disturbed, but laughed it over.

'Against the length of my ellwand is it, guidman? Weel, it measured aff ten ells of Flanders lace this day week, and double that of French lawn, for the bridal gear of bonny Lady Lochkeltie, owre yonder at Lindores, who is coming to be your lady here at Redheugh; and, if she shall say I wronged her, let me abide it.'

Here was news—and twenty throats were opened.

'And will Sir Marmaduke ever let the lady and her gear past himsel' or his son?'

'Ay, that's a point for divines like you, guidman; but see here, lasses, saw ye ever rarer ribbons? That's ca'ed The Duke of York's darling.' And he threw a wreath of ribbon temptingly over his arm.

'Maiden of mine shall never wear snood o' that bloody hue,' said the old farmer. 'And I take blame to myself for clatterin' wi' a scoffing fool-bodie like ye, who, I have heard, partook, twenty and more years since, in the heathenish doings at Linlithgow, when Middleton and Dalyell, and other rotten-hearted Malignants, the magistrates of that town, burnt the Covenant, and put the Cause to open shame with their mocking devices, dancing around their big bonfire, while the public fountain spouted French and Spanish wine, in which the frantic wretches toasted the healths of the excommunicate apostate, Charles Stuart, and the enemies of the Kirk and of Scotland. No wonder ye blench, poor sinful wretch, and that the sweat breaks on your brow, come as ye are of pious Presbyterian parents, and allied to the blood of the Covenant. A present judgment was seen on him, my friends,' continued the speaker, as the appalled circle drew back, leaving the sacrilegious pedlar alone in his shame: 'he wasted in flesh, sirs, and pined in spirit, like a thing bewitched, from that day; never again could settle to his honest trade of a shoemaker, and so took to the pack, and to what other less honest trades lies between him and his conscience.'

'Simmie must have been but a stripling callant, then,' said the landlord, sympathizing with his guest. 'It will not do, Elshieshiels, in these times, to look owre strictly back to what ony o' us were aboot a score o' years syne. There has been a hantel changes o' beliefs and unbeliefs in our day, and there is like to be mair yet—so least

maid is soonest mended; but let the guidman try, Simmie, what temper your razors are o'.'

It was not a little remarkable, that, besides ballads and broadsides of all descriptions, for the lads and lasses who heard the curates, Simon never travelled without a secret assortment of such seditious and rebel tracts as '*Lex Rex*,' which boldly maintained the doctrine of the lawfulness of armed resistance, or 'The Causes of God's Wrath;' and such proscribed documents as 'The Lanark and Sanquhar Declaration,' 'The Ruglen Testimony,' 'The Torwood Excommunication,' and 'The Dying Testimonies of the Martyrs,' who were still suffering in numbers at Edinburgh, and in many parts of Scotland. 'What can the like o' me do,' he would reason, 'who am but a servant of the public, trying to earn a bit of honest bread at a season when the very giglet lasses, that wont to sing 'Gilmorice' or 'Kathrine Jamfrie,' affect mair these tragedies regarding the last hours of the virgin martyrs, Isabel Alison and Marion Harvie, than Vans Bentinck o' the Krames' best pinners and pearlins.'

As all was safe in the Cleikum at this time, in his estimation, Simon undid the contraband printed papers, which were concealed in a web of duffle; and, at very moderate cost, but under strict injunctions of secrecy, dealt out a supply of those wares, which were eagerly and instantly read.

'And this is what they mak' by their villanous tests and edicts, an' grievous burdens laid on tender consciences,' cried old Elshieshiels: 'their sin creatures, such like as that weirdless body, Simon Sloan, being, by a gracious, overruling Providence, turned into sharp instruments to work their downfall and destruction. Honest Robin Scott durst not hawk about the precious inditings which, for the lucre of pelf, the Council-curates' tools sell to us. No, no, sirs—all the soul-killing tests, and body-slaying murders, and all the finings, and hangings, and drownings, and racks, and thumbikins ever hell devised, and all the dragoons and troopers in the three kingdoms, will never extinguish that fire of love kindled in the heart of Scotland! For nearly twenty years they have tried to drown it in blood; but it will never be quenched. The fathers will be telling the bairns, when they are old men, that in their young years there were great days in Scotland; and that the faithful ministers—a Cameron and a King—a Wellwood, a Renwick, and a Kid—would not be silenced from preaching the truth, nor the Lord's people kept back from hearing of their civil and religious rights; and how the scaffolds ran owre wi' blood, and how gory heads of martyred saints were stuck on all the ports of Edinboro; but all would not do.'

This was the talk of auld Elliot of Elshieshiels. Some of his friends thought that his long keeping to the hills under hiding, after the business at Airmoss, and a sore imprisonment, suffered in Tantallon Castle, had given his brain a shake from the base of solidity; but it was remarked that his love waxed aye the warmer and more vehement as his worldly judgment failed; and he would find fault even with his landlord, Redheugh, and other old companions in arms for the cause of the Covenant, because of what he scrupled not to call a lukewarmness and defection. This made Elshieshiels the more anxious about the fact, when he heard from Simon an inkling of the marriage.

'Comely house-dames and rich heritages have long been among the Enemy's most effectual snares,' he remarked; and he strictly interrogated Simon as to Redheugh's project of matrimony with the young widow of Lochkeltie.

Though Redheugh was well stricken in years, the lady was yet a fair and buxom gentlewoman, on whom more than one or two suitors (even among the Cavaliers) cast eyes of regard, with maybe a *sklent* towards her fat dowry lands in the Howe of Fife, and some ulterior view of the custody and bestowal, in due season, of her only child Magdalen Leslie, to whom, though still in years but a babe, great wealth had fallen, both in lands and money-bonds held by her late goodsire, the Provost of Cupar, over the Laird of Winram's estates. Lady Lochkeltie, in her state of bereavement, sojourned for personal safety near the West Bow Port of Edinburgh; and, though carrying herself with marvellous discretion for one of the weaker sex, she could not altogether withhold her succour and solace from the persecuted and outed ministers then under flight and hiding; for which fact her dwelling had been repeatedly searched, and herself brought up before the Privy Council, to bide the gibing and jeering of Lauderdale anent harbouring sturdy trams of the Kirk in her very secret chamber. Her woman's wit, and maybe her comely countenance, helped her through; though it was alleged, by Elshieshiels and other highflyers, that her replies were not altogether so single-minded and ae-fold as became her pure profession. So she was dismissed skaithless, Lauderdale saying—

'Ye maun ware your widowhood upon a jolly Cavalier, madam, who will answer to us for your good conduct.'

At one of these targings she chanced to be seen by this said Winram, who had just come from Galloway, where the storm was raging, to give an account of his devil's stewardship, in shooting, and hanging, and fining, and plundering. His prodigal and dissolute life at the Court of Charles Stuart, and the maintenance of his riotous troopers, had long since brought Sir Marmaduke to a piece of bread, in spite of the plunder and fines he pocketed; and he was now clamouring for prey with the best of those ravening wolves. It was remarked that, when the widow was removed, whose daughter, if there had been justice in the land, might in right of bonds be said to carry his estate in her bib, he got into a rage with the whole Council which parried his demands; and, the Duke of York being in presence, he swore a blasphemous oath, by the rood, that he must have siller, if he gaed to hell and pawned his soul for it! upon

which either Lauderdale, or Rothes, or some of that pack—for they were all alike, and, to use the idiom of the vernacular, 'ae sow's farrow'—cried out—

'A God's name, man, take the Whig-a-muir Leslie's widow as the first instalment of thy unreasonable demands, and worry thy poor friends nae mair. The quean has a drop or two of gentle blood in her veins. If ye manage half, ye may, in due time, bestow her weel-tochered daughter on that hopeful youth, the Master of Winram, which will cancel all heritable bonds, and spare ye the lang journey ye may take soon enough. The wench ought in conscience to be made a ward of the crown, and bred up in honesty. But she will be safe in thy fatherly custody.'

Sir Marmaduke, who had the pride of the foul Fiend, winced at this frank project, but let himself be overruled; especially as it was expounded to him that there was no need whatever to part with his English concubine, Mistress Anne, who duly attended the curate's mass, and reigned my Lady Paramount, at Randolph's Tower, over the entire household, and the Master to boot; and never, it was said, did this woman forget or forgive this scheme, though it turned out of non-effect. But the matter got air, as, somehow or other, the friends of the cause of the covenant had a sharp ear even in Privy Council committees; and, that same night, the hand of the widow of Lochkeltie was, by the offices of godly Mr Blackadder, then under hiding in Edinboro, secretly bestowed in holy wedlock upon Rutherford of Redheugh; the little maiden, Magdalen Leslie, acting as her own mother's bride's-maiden, and James Rutherfurd, then a stripling of ten or twelve years, as his father's best man.

'I look upon us two,' said Redheugh, 'but as the proxies of our children, if it shall please the Lord to incline their young hearts to each other.'

There were divers reasons in operation among good friends. By the preachers then in Edinboro, the sudden union was considered a matter of needful carnal polity, (as Lady Lochkeltie was bent on wedlock,) to keep so rich a prize, in a temporal sense, from the enemy; and as a clear dispensation of Providence, to strengthen the hands of friends. Instead of 'the young folk' (as every pair is called when they marry, however well stricken in years they may be) travelling to Redheugh, to keep the honeymoon, as Sikker Simmie had foretold, they took boat for Fife betimes next morning, and had crossed the Frith lang before Sir Marmaduke, who had been drinking and diceing all night with Lauderdale, heard of the march which the Covenanters had stolen on him. Flinging his furred cloak over his gold-laced habit, that had never gone off his back after the debauch, he burst into the Privy Council chamber like a man possessed by the Evil One; and, the Duke of York being again in presence, first swore a deadly revenge against the Laird of Redheugh—of whose lands he demanded the instant forfeiture—and a deeper and more burning hatred than that, set on fire of hell, which already raged in his veins against the Lord's people. He even offered his dagger at his kinsman, Lauderdale, who could not keep from jeering at his disappointment; for such is the friendship of the wicked.

Though afflictions vexed and bruised the Kirk and commonwealth of Scotland more sorely than ever after these happy espousals, and though the ungodly trode down the vineyard like swine, and rioted in the goodly fruits thereof, there were quiet days and peaceful nights for Redheugh in his own peculiar; so that it was alleged by Elshieshiels, and other suffering brethren, that he was forgetting the afflictions of Zion in the calm couthiness of his wife's fireside at Lindores; where, if there was one member of the circle more dear to him than another, it was his step-bairn, the gentle and winsome Magdalen Leslie, who had at once gained for herself a daughter's place in his heart. The children, James and Magdalen, had also mingled the buds and blossoms of the affections of youth, and could not so much be said to have fallen in love, according to any worldly or carnal sense of the phrase, as that the tenderest affection and endearment had been the law of their young life, as far back as the memory of Magdalen reached. The children had together at Lindores shared the instructions of a godly outed preacher, until James had been sent to Holland to complete his education under the especial direction of Sir Patrick Home, an old friend and neighbour of his father. It was in his first absence that the golden-haired, mild Magdalen, with a skin of milk and an eye of softest blue, grew up into graceful maidenhood, unfolding her beauty beneath the fond eye of her stepfather, like a living flower, until the match of the maiden could not have been met with from Crail to Culross, in all the goodly kingdom of Fife. Magdalen had, in duty and love, cherished James Rutherfurd as a dear and only brother, and jaloused nae mair, until light broke in upon her maiden innocence, when she chanced to be scorned one day with the Master of Winram, and felt that she never could be the bride of any man by her own free choice, save her dear and early companion. Ye may be sure that a matter so desirable to all concerned, both in a public and in a private capacity, was not ill to manage; and, on James going back to Holland, after a visit to Lindores, he carried away her troth-plight; while, blushing in her secret chamber, with inborn modesty, and thrilling with innocent delight, the pious maiden blessed the Lord that those ties which had made so much of the happiness of her childhood did not preclude that closer, more rapturously-endearing connexion for time and for eternity, to which she tremblingly looked forward. For Magdalen Leslie almost grudged her own felicity, while Zion was in the furnace; and this had been a season of quiet for her parents, purchased, as I have said, by what was surmised a touch of lukewarmness, or some want of a fervent, fiery zeal, on the part of auld

Redheugh. Yet was he a man of great weight among the friends of the cause, and highly respected; and something was yielded to his grey hairs, which demanded ease and peace, and something more to the prudent policy of Lady Lochkeltie, who, from the time she had been handled by the Privy Council, was ever in deadly terror of fines, forfeitures, and pilnewinks. However, a time was now drawing near, when a double-faced or worldly policy would not longer suffice, and when the choice was to be made between the Kirk and the curates, between the Lord's service and Baal's; for now the soul-ensnaring edicts daily issued, were as a trap set upon Mizpeh, and as a net spread upon Tabor. To be brief, a crisis was drawing near within this ancient kingdom; for, as is said in the vernacular, when things are at the worst they mend. But the blackness of darkness was only lowering—the fiery deluge had not burst; and, such is the frailty of human nature in young and plighted hearts, that, maybe, Magdalen Leslie, as the appointed time drew nearer and nearer, thought but even owre muckle of her true-love in the Lowlands of Holland, and partly forgot the public troubles of Scotland; though the maiden could not be called wilful nor remiss in duty—as her purpose of wedlock had been fortified and hallowed by the consent of their common parents, and warmly approved by those godly ministers and leading elders among the Covenanters, who, it was thought, liked to assume a temporal as well as spiritual authority over the adherents of the mighty cause.

This marriage had long been the subject-matter of debate, and also of prayer, in the secret conferences of the Lord's people; and it was hoped that, young as they were, James Rutherfurd and Magdalen Leslie might live to prove a nursing-father and a nursing-mother of the afflicted Kirk; for the youth was of a generous, high-spirited nature, and of a singularly ripe judgment for his brief years—his understanding of matters of civil polity having been wonderfully enlarged by his residence in Holland. It was thought, moreover, that the son of Redheugh, who had suffered sorely in his worldly possessions by the oppression of his powerful and persecuting neighbour, Sir Marmaduke Winram, had a double title to the well-tochered heiress of Lochkeltie; and it was the merry saying of one of the preachers, maybe Samuel Rutherford—"Is not the house of Lochkeltie honoured in ministering of its substantial siller spoons to the toom aumrie of Redheugh, where Sergeant Warroch has left nothing better than horn cuttles?" It is, indeed, a well-known historical fact, that whatever of vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and ornaments, and gauds of gentlewomen, had been treasured in Presbyterian households, were freely cast into the public treasury. It was, indeed, a time of a singular awakening and opening of hearts, so far as the free communication of gear and substance went—and that same is a severe test of what spirit a man is of, in his zeal for a cause.

You are now, my friends, to suppose that ten years had elapsed from the marriage of Redheugh, during which time he had so ordered his walk, that, save refusing to hear the curates, for which his household suffered fine upon fine, it was next to impossible to fasten a quarrel upon him; and, by altogether avoiding this country-side, he had not roused the enemy in crossing Winram's path. As for the annual-rent on the late Provost of Cupar's heavy bonds, it was thought best to keep quiet about that, the Cavaliers' song being then as now—

"Instead of broad pieces we'll pay with broad swords."

But how was the young hot spirit of James Rutherfurd to brook this insolent injustice? The prudent Lady hoped, that, by submitting patiently to every injustice, save in matters affecting conscience, the grey and honoured head of her husband might descend to the grave in tranquillity in the bosom of his family; and—though his spirit still travailed in secret for the wrongs inflicted on the land of Scotland, and his heart yearned over those sufferings of glorified martyrs and persecuted saints which had, twenty years before, kindled his soul with burning zeal, and unsheathed his father's sword—it was alleged that he had set his heart, with an over desire, upon the completion of the marriage of his son and Magdalen, who was, indeed, the very apple of his eye—the light of his life. It was settled that young Redheugh should return to Scotland at Whitsuntide, and the marriage take place without a delay, which the broken state of the country forbade. Some of the ladies of those Cavaliers who were distantly connected by blood with Magdalen Leslie, had expressed a desire to take charge of the heiress in Edinburgh, and introduce her to society becoming her expectations and claims; and one or two matches had been proposed for her on the part of young and needy Malignants among the King's and the Duke's friends, and in especial by Sprinkel, and Douglas of Stenhouse, a Papist, and one who vowed that he would bring her back to the true church before she had been three months his wife. The family at Lindores were in great dismay at pretensions backed by men in power, who were then given up to work all unrighteousness with greediness; and the Lady of Lochkeltie would have sent her daughter abroad to be out of danger, had she not known that their enemies only waited for a pretext to confiscate her lands and gear. Wicked Winram was now, in the ways of Providence, made their stay; for, when he heard of the heiress of Lindores and Lochkeltie being given to any Cavalier save himself or his son, he raged like a bull of Bashan, and the plan was suspended to keep peace in their camps and councils. Still the overly-prudent Lady of Lochkeltie, foreseeing nothing but danger and mischief to the whole family while Magdalen remained single, wrote with her own hand to speed the return of her stepson; to whom she remarked, 'that, godless monsters as the Privy Council were, they durst not put asunder those united by the holiest of human

ordinances, and with the consent of parents and the next of kin.'

Under cover of her lady-mother's missive, Magdalen also wrote to him as her brother, which she yet called him, and for the last time in her single state; but also as to her long-beloved and early betrothed; and that—for the letter was carefully preserved among the family papers—in a strain of tenderness, and with the out-pouring of an affectionate spirit, which after circumstances made memorable. The lady of Lochkeltie's letter contained, no doubt, much sound and evangelical doctrine, though it touched more on certain bridal purchases of Flanders lace, and Holland linen, and Indian china, and posset-dishes, than Redheugh might altogether have countenanced, while so many precious saints, hunted like wild beasts to the hills, had not a meal of meat to sustain nature. The epistle of the maiden contained also an account of a remarkable and solemn public renewal of her covenant, and a devout casting of her betrothed and herself upon Providence, in their new relation, for time and for eternity, which was wonderful in one so young. Rutherfurd, the younger of Redheugh, who, by all accounts, was of a manly, loving, frank nature, had sometimes chided his young connexion for an over degree of maidenly coyness in her late correspondence; but he was now satisfied that his Magdalen's love far exceeded the giddy, flickering, light passion of ordinary women; and his heart, already rejoicing like a bridegroom's over his bride, he boune himself for Scotland, and was expected in the port of Dysart within fourteen days.

As evil fortune would have it—for so to short-sighted eyes it might at first have seemed—certain papers necessary to the completion of the nuptial contract with which Gideon Urie, a God-fearing clerk in Cupar, was then busy, were deposited in a secret hiding-place in the peel-house of Redheugh, of which no one possessed the secret, save the old laird, and which he did not judge fit to intrust to any one save those nearest and dearest to him; so it was agreed that he should make the journey accompanied by Magdalen, and be back again before the Malignants in Edinburgh would wot of their absence. For this purpose they were to take shipping at Largo, and, crossing at once into East Lothian, altogether shun the perils and snares of a city polluted with the blood of the saints. A dull, grey, cold February morning it was when they took horse, and the heart of Magdalen failed her altogether as they rode off, so that, leaping from her pony, sorrow overcoming her, she ran back and fell into her mother's arms, sorely sobbing in a passion of grief, while she cried out, 'O mother! dear, dear mother, there is a load on my heart this morning it will never get aboon!' And the mother chided and comforted in the same breath, as mothers will do, saying—'What ails my Maidline, my winsome bairn?'

Now the maiden had dreamed a dream; and, as they say in the vernacular idiom, 'Cadgers aye dream o' creels,' so young girls will dream of their sweethearts just as like as of anything else. [Upon this there arose the only titter among the spinners, carders, and knitters of the Cleikum, which the Dominie's tale had excited.] 'All this long drearie night,' said Magdalen, 'was my broken sleep haunted by a pale spectre, taking the form of our beloved James; and then the wan thing would change like the mist-wreath, till it brightened into the countenance of an angel, and then the haughty countenance and scowling brows, and the eyne that scorch me, of the wicked Malignant Sir Marmaduke Winram would come between us; and hundreds on hundreds of demon visages would cluster about and press on and suffocate me, like the fiendish faces that frightened me in my childhood, of Sergeant Warrock and the blood-thirsty murderers that paced past our window and down the West Bow on the day the innocent blood of young Isabel Alison was spilt like water.'

'Whist, whist, my child,' returned the lady, who was a careful dame, 'ye are bound on the path of duty, to secure your dower of widowhood over the lands of Redheugh, if it please Providence to afflict you, like me, with the same sore bereavement of an early separation.' There was a cold touch of a worldly spirit in this, which found no response in the leal and loving heart of the maiden.

'Mother,' she uplifted her voice, 'speak not to me of widowhood, who never will be blest to be the bride of young Redheugh—Oh, never, never!'

'Silly girl, these are your maiden fears,' replied the lady, kissing and soothing her child. 'And this is an unlucky back-coming,' she added; for a touch of superstition in those days mingled strangely with a strong religious faith in the minds of all classes in Scotland.

'I fear to see again that stone on which the Papist witch-wife of the Pathhead stood the morning we fled from Edinburgh, denouncing wrath, on our landing in our own country,' said Magdalen. 'How can I forget her eldritch scream, 'Ye think ye have made a braw escape this morning, Lady Lochkeltie—you and your Whigamuir bridegroom; but the *Weird of the Winrams* hangs owre ye yet—ay, owre you and yours.''

'I could chide thee, silly maiden,' said the lady, forcing a smile; 'but I must leave it to a blither companion to chase away these black vapours, bred of an idle brain and the public troubles; for I will not believe the Enemy has power over my Maidline. Blessings on my daughter!—far from her be doubt and temptation—near be faith and trust!'

'Mother,' said the maiden, 'I know the ground of my hope, and I have not been nurtured like those who trinket with witch-women and put faith in soothsayers; but the finger of fate is in this, as ye shall learn. Early this morning, when I had shaken off these ensnaring dreams, after seeking counsel and direction of Him in whose hands are the issues of life, I opened my Bible at that fearful Scripture—

Watchman, what of the night?—watchman, what of the night? And they fled from the sword, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the

grievousness of war. For thus hath the Lord said unto me within a year, according to the years of an hireling, and all the glory of Kedar shall fail.

'Is not that a warning of speedy judgment? And, again and again, my Bible opened as if an unseen hand held back the brods at the same threatening text.'

This was a species of appeal to fortune, a kind of heathenish *sortes virgilianæ*, in which even sober Christians, especially of the weaker sex, then indulged. And well might the awful response thus solemnly and not without sin invoked, have made the maiden quail; nor did her lady-mother altogether elude the contagion of a superstitious fear, though she strove to believe that the threatening Scripture bore the rather upon the public estate of this covenanted and backsliding land than on her own fire-side. And so with blessings and prayers they parted, and four hours' easy riding brought Redheugh and the damsel to Largo, whence they proposed to take shipping, by the dawn of next day, for Dunbar, and thence, traversing the Lammermuir, pass quietly down the Leader side, and on to the auld peel-house, which Redheugh had not visited for several seasons bygone. It so chanced that Andro Baikie's brig, a coglie bit craft, which the Laird intended to hire for his occasions, had been bespoken by the prelatic travelling merchant, Simon Sloan, of whom ye formerly heard; but this was the less matter, as he was bound on the same voyage with his packs, passing on his annual journey from St Andrew's to the Merse, Tweeddale, and the other regions he frequented in his traffic. He was naturally but overly happy and vogie to have ability to grant a passage to Redheugh and the young lady; but he would suffer no one else to enter the vessel, save, as it chanced, that singular Christian the guidman of Elshieshiels, who, his brain being more and more infirm with what he had suffered, had taken a craze to make a pilgrimage to Magus Muir—for, as he said, the refreshment of his spirit, in viewing the scene where righteous judgment had been executed once more before he yielded up his soul. There had also been some secret conference at St Andrew's of ministers and leaders, at which he had been present. Magdalen had often heard of this person, who was regarded by many as a half-crazed fanatic, by others as a saint of the first magnitude; and there was much in his physiognomy, and in the wild light which shot from his restless, gledging eye, to rivet attention. When, as the day broke, the group met together on the ruckle of sea-stones called Largo pier, ready to embark, and Elshieshiels joined them, his deep, unearthly voice, as he poured forth the words, 'Watchman, what of the night?' made the damsel involuntarily start, recalling the oracular text.

Redheugh, when on board, fell into close and private conference with his old companion in conventicles, prisons, hiding-places, and maybe battle-fields, and appeared deeply interested in the subject-matter of discourse; the pedlar trimmed his packs, and sat him down upon them, smoking a pipe, and humming what seemed the profane tune of 'Maggie Lauder;' and Magdalen, cherishing her own thoughts in a pensive heart, gazed into the hazy east, where the sun was wading in clouds, and dreamed of far-off Holland. She was again startled by the high tones of the Covenanter, who was thus addressing her stepfather:—

'How are the mighty in Israel fallen!—alack for sinful defections! for the putting the hand to the plough, and then drawing back!—Let those that abide by their bein firesides, toasting their shins, and eating, and drinking, and making merry in their tents, and come not out to the help of the Lord, remember Meroz' curse; for verily they shall not, when those things are inquired for, be guiltless of the blood of their brethren.'

The colour mounted to auld Redheugh's brent brows. 'If this is levelled at me,' he said, in a calm, but severe and constrained voice, 'I must say it bespeaks less than courteous civility, and far less than Christian charity. My fellow-sufferer even unto bonds ought to remember that the same command which enjoined glory to God, proclaimed good will to man.'

'I crave your pardon, Laird of Redheugh, and far am I from saying that the root of the matter is not in ye. But ye maun be tried, ye maun be sifted, ye maun be winnowed; the pure gold must be purged from the dirt and dross; ye have been ower lang at ease in Zion; ye have been practically saying, 'Soul take thine ease—there are goods laid up in store for thee for many days.' Yet will ye be a brand plucked from the burning, for the noble testimony ye bore in times past, against the covenant-breaking and idolatry of this perjured land, with which the Lord has a controversy; and through the breadth and length of which He will go up in judgment, and give the fowls of the air, and the birds of prey, a feast of flesh and blood. Yea, I see the sword is whetted for blood,' he exclaimed, in yet wilder tones, tossing up his arms, while his elf-locks streamed in the wind—'He will have a day of the blood of kings and of nobles. Blood has touched blood in this sinful land! Pentland Hills yonder, on which the mist is lowering, drank Mr Guthrie's blood; and Bothwell shook hands with Pentland, and the drowned in the sea touched Bothwell; and Airmoss the drowned in the sea; and the Grass Market and the Gallowlee swim red—ye may wade therein in the blood of precious saints knee-deep!—And will He keep silence for this?'

'The poor man is distraught with his long and cruel sufferings and solitary imprisonment in Tantallon Castle, with nothing but the German Sea sweltering below, and the mews and gulls screaming around him, my Magdalen,' whispered Redheugh to the trembling maiden, whose eyes were as if fascinated by the wild maniacal glare of the man's eyes; 'and, though I pity him, and sincerely respect what he has boldly done for the religious and civil liberties of Scotland, I wish we had had a quieter fellow-passenger.'

Magdalen's gaze had attracted the poor man's wandering eye, and he shouted—'Rise up, ye women that are at ease! hear my voice, ye careless daughters! give ear unto my speech!—for the spoiler has gone up; and think ye he will spare the little ones or the delicate women; or that the fair and ruddy countenance which may allure the soldier of Christ from commanded duty, and prove the same snare to the son that the mother's wiles have done to the father, will not be changed into blackness and ashes, and'——

'Halt there, now,' cried Sikker Simmie, interposing, 'I gave you a cast in the brig, mainly to keep you from running into worse mischief, and that is the jougs o' the Laird of Anster, or the Crail tolbooth; but ye are not to make a conventicle of this deck-head, which is but an ill return for my civility.'

'Your civility, apostate wretch!——But I scorn to bandy words with you; and, if I have infringed upon due courtesy in my expostulation with more honourable persons, I bear the signet and authority of Him who has honoured a poor worm with the mission I bear.' He flung himself upon the deck and unclasped his Bible, muttering what to the ears of Magdalen as much resembled imprecation as prayer, as he turned over the leaves.

'It would be a well-governed Kirk and State that had the like of your cock-brain at the head of it,' said the pedlar, aside; and Magdalen and her father were silent under the Malignant's jeer. Elshieshiels refused to partake of their refreshment at noontide, and spoke no more until, as it seemed, between sleeping and waking, he perceived the afternoon sun flashing upon the far-off Castle and the kirk spires of Edinburgh, when he arose, and, taking off his broad blue bonnet, pronounced a passionate anathema against the proud city whose high places had, for twenty years, reeked with the blood of martyrs, and again sank silent on the deck.

'To reflect on these things is enough to drive any man mad,' said Redheugh, who had been very taciturn and thoughtful all day, as if oppressed by the weight of railing accusation to which an overly-tender conscience gave sting.

'Now, with your leave, Redheugh,' put in the packman, 'these things, instead of driving men of sense and gumption donnart, should make them doubly wise, doubly cautious, doubly sure that they see to the end before they risk, not merely their own lives and the peace of their families, but the lives of thousands, and even the safety of the cause they so foolishly contend for.'

'This is a matter, friend, on which we are not like to agree,' returned Redheugh, drily, and drawing forth his purse; 'so ye will take the freight ye have paid for the boat, and we will be free and ready to part on landing. We push forward to my sister's house of Edgelaw before the sun go down.'

The money was at once accepted, Sikker Simmie remarking, 'that it never became a poor man to refuse a gentleman's siller.' It was now late in the afternoon; but the destined port was close in view, the weather clear, and the horses fresh, and Redheugh was satisfied with his progress hitherto, when an alarming difficulty rose. Andro Baikie, the Largo skipper, as a Fife-man, and, consequently, a Whig, was favourably inclined to the Covenanters; but still within the limits of discretion, and safety to the brig and its navigator.

'As we are within two bows' length of running into the harbour, ye'll better bestir ye, friend, and seek out your pass; for we will be all strictly looked after, gentle and simple.'

'The more especially as Andrew has an ill name, since a certain trafficking with a Dutch lugger off Eyemouth, whose cargo Hackstoun of Rathillet, and a wheen Whigamores, lying landward in your county of Fife, valued more than good brandy-wine or stout Geneva. I'm no saying, Andrew, it was either arms or ammunition.' And Simmie chuckled.

'And if ye did, Mr Sloan, it would be but one *lee* more to the diel's dozen was spread about that same auld nonsense, bringing honest folk into trouble.—But seek out your pass, honest man.'

Elshieshiels raised himself, and sternly demanded—'Am I then not also a free man of no mean city?'

'He'll be meaning Peebles or Jeddart, I'se warrant,' said Simmie, apart.

'Am I not a free-born Scot, at liberty to travel upon my lawful occasions the length and breadth of my native country of Scotland, without speering the leave of any malignant prelatic magistrate whatever?'

'Clean havers, man,' replied Simmie. 'But I need not tell *you* of not sitting in Rome and striving with the Pope; for ye would pick a quarrel with a whin-stane, though ye surely could not be so misleared as bring Redheugh into trouble, who has had fash eneugh already from the Privy Council, by travelling in his company and his freighted boat, without a lawful pass and warrant. But, if so, ye ken the remedy, Andro.'

'Ay, that do I—ye shall be able to satisfy the town-clerk and the bailies, friend, or stow away, neck and crop, behind those salt barrels, and be landed again safe on the pier of Largo, or my name is no Andro Baikie.'

The fugitive at first expressed violent indignation; but, becoming more calm, at length proposed that they should lie to until darkening, and then he would cast himself into the waters, swim on shore, and rid them of the Jonah in the bark. This was refused point blank. It was more than the brig was worth, or its owner's neck, to make such an attempt to elude justice in these severe times. Driven to extremity, the man called Redheugh aside, and communicated something which appeared to make a sudden and strong impression upon that gentleman.

'I cannot send back this honest man,' he cried, advancing, after a few seconds, spent, as it ap-

peared, in rumination. 'I will peril all ere that.' Sikker Simmie remonstrated.

'He *must* go forward,' replied Redheugh, with an air of vexation. 'Magdalen, my dear,' he whispered, 'life and death are on his journey—my word is plighted to the protection of my old friend.'

'Ye will sairly rue this interference, Redheugh,' said the pedler, impressively. 'But what do ye propose?'

'To lie to till darkening,' said Redheugh, 'go ashore in the boat, and take our chance.'

'Well, well, Redheugh,' said the skipper, doggedly, 'I have seen your money before now, and may see it again, and I would be loath to disoblige you; but, if ill befal the brig, which is the bairns' bread-winner, through that camstairie Whig carle, ye ken—and ye are witness to it, Simon Sloan, and so is the young lady—to whom I look, to make good the damage.'

Redheugh undertook all risks; and that the pedler might, as he said, run none, he also made the singular request, of being smuggled on shore with his pack, and along with the Covenanter.

The pass which Redheugh had procured from the government authorities at Cupar, for himself and his daughter, was undergoing rigid scrutiny from the zealous town-clerk and a magistrate in the town-house, when a couple of constables, or what were named sheriff-mairs, arrived with Elshieshiels in their custody. He had been apprehended a mile from the town, on his way southward; and upon the information of Simon Sloan the packman.

'Who has picked my pocket, the malignant villain, of a charge of private papers,' whispered the prisoner, 'and a small sum in silver coins.'

Redheugh went up to his friend, his countenance expressing deep vexation and alarm, which blackened into despair at a single word, whispered in his ear. 'What is this?—what is this?' cried the official, with dignity; 'no private communing there. And where is the aforesaid Simon Sloan? Let him be called into court.' But Sikker Simmie was nowhere to be found; he had put in leg-bail, and the prisoner was committed for a future examination. The only crime charged against him, was clandestinely landing from a boat, and travelling homeward without a pass; but that was enough.

Redheugh joined his daughter at the inn which was close by the jail and the council chamber, and proposed that, as the moon was rising, they should set forth instantly, if she were able for the journey. So Peter Cairns, the laird's man, who, by this time, had got the beasts landed, saddled them forthwith.

'Something—some unhappy thing has chanced to trouble ye, my father,' cried Magdalen, reading the laird's troubled countenance. He told her of the treachery of the packman, and of the arrest of his poor friend. She was lost in conjecture. 'Robbed him of a charge of papers!—Yet, spite of appearances, I cannot help thinking Simon a just man, and a very tolerant Prelatist, and one who has a clearer judgment than falls to the generality of those of his rank.'

Not a word passed between father and daughter until they had rode several miles; Magdalen fearing—she could not tell for what—that the gloom which hung upon her father's spirits partook of deeper concernments than the condition in which he had left the goodman of Elshieshiels. They gained a point where a bridle-track struck up into the hills, while the highway winded on nearer the coast. The moon was about the full; the sky starry, clear, and calm, with a light frost; and the prospect out upon the shimmering waters, and to the misty bays and capes, and up towards the hills, which might have seemed bare and tame in broad day, received that romantic charm from the magic of moonlight, which the flash of bright intelligence or the glow of enthusiasm is seen to communicate to the most ordinary features.

'It is a fair night, and a fair scene,' said the damsel.

'I have a boon to ask of my Magdalen,' said Redheugh, without direct reply, but drawing to her side. 'Two more hours' good riding up hill will bring her to the dwelling of my sister at Edgelaw, where she will be kindly entreated for her own sake, even more than for mine. My man, Peter Cairns, knows every foot of the way through brake and heather; and much, much this night demands from me, frail, feckless old man as I am—much, much depends on my pushing southward without stay—much that concerns the weal of the kingdom, and the safety of the best and truest friends of poor, enslaved, persecuted Scotland.'

'Father, do you think so meanly of me as that, in times which have made Scottish maidens martyrs and the fit companions of brave men and heroes, I should stand upon so small a thing as this?'

'Bless thy tender and courageous heart, my darling Magdalen! And it shall be blessed! Many of thy gentle kind have like generous impulses; but how few like thee the steadfast spirit that makes good the purpose! Bless thee, my Magdalen! Surely the Lord will prosper my journey but for thy sake, maiden. Let me but see thee the wife of our James, and freedom of conscience and peace within the borders of Scotland—and for what more does the auld man wait? Bless thee again, twin-lamb of my little flock!'

Magdalen felt that this was no ordinary leave-taking. The old man stooped as if to imprint a kiss upon her brow, when her spirited and restive pony sprung aside; and, though she kept her seat, carried her in an instant a considerable distance off.

'Ill luck precedes and follows this journey,' said the maiden. 'I am not even permitted to receive my father's farewell kiss.'

It was a saying of the younger Lady of Lochkeltie that she had aye found a good gallop the most exhilarating threshold-cup on parting with friends; and she now gave her palfrey, as such

beasts are called in story-books, the rein, and also the switch, which fell but as honey-dew from her light hand; so that Peter Cairns was put to his mettle to keep her in sight. Magdalen had slackened her pace to permit this worthy guardian to overtake her; and had dipped into a small hollow, into which the path cut, where a little rivulet trilled away and glimmered in the moonlight, below the shadow of a thicket of alders, hazel and bourtree bushes, and briers. From under these, the voice of Sikker Simmie suddenly addressed her with—

'A fair good even, Mistress Magdalen Leslie! Ye are boune, like myself, for the Edgelaw; for, to say the sooth, the air of a town-end, like yon of Dunbar, never agrees with me; while, in among the hills, I get a good supper and free quarters, instead of a lawin as lang as a Galston grace, for my breakfast, and never a plack gained in the way of trade to clear it with.' And, putting his interrogatory in a Scotsman's canny way, he added, 'Redheugh will be behind ye, it's like? As I will be stepping on before gentry's hours, I might let the housekeeper and the herd at the Peel ken the Laird is on the road.'

Before Magdalen could reply, the doughty Peter, still some yards off, took up speech:—

'Ye audacious knave! if, after your tricks of this day, ye set your impudent snout that gait, or the way of the Edgelaw, we'll hound the dougs on ye!' And Peter struck out with his heavy riding-whip, while Simmie parried with his ell-wand, and proved more than a match for his man—the agile creature having acquired a great sleight of such wanton pastimes, at the tilts and tournaments, or riding at the ring, kept up, until a late day, among the ancient fraternity of packmen.

'I command you, peace!' cried the damsel, made the unwilling spectatress of this unseemly tuilyie. 'Is it by hectoring with every varlet upon the road, that ye fulfil the orders of your absent master, touching my safe-conduct?' And the men were subdued and quieted to a pass that enabled the thick clatter of horse-hoofs on the frosty ground—implying a party of advancing riders, or what, in the old romaunts, was termed a plump of spears—to be heard, bearing down upon the place of rencontre.

'Tak' the muir, man!—tak' to the muir!' cried Sikker Simmie, kicking his pack into the bushes with the left foot, and with the right hand seizing the lady's bridle-rein—'Winram's sleuth-hounds are on us!'

I fear me this Peter Cairns was, after all, though in high credit and trust with the Laird of Redheugh, but a self-seeking loon, and a bit of a gomeril to boot; but the man's instincts were quick for self-preservation, and he took to the muir, heeding little of the young lady, whom the packman, helping from her steed, with all of ceremony the time allowed, prayed to take shelter in the thicket till the storm passed over; and, tying her hood and riding-skirt to his ell-wand, he set this apparition of a lady on the side-saddle, and gave it a scud off in the direction of flying Peter;—and laigh laughed Simmie as to outward sound but loudly and jeeringly in his sleeve, when the troopers, five in number, and led by Sergeant Warrock, fell into the snare, and off and away over the heather, in pursuit of the shellie-coatie and the knave. I need not dwell on the plight of Mistress Magdalen, whose heart flichtered like a snared bird, though her judgment remained clear and steadfast.

'Honest man, I believe ye mean me well,' she said. 'Conduct me safely to the house of Edgelaw, and it is not this gold alone shall reward the service.' And she offered her few broad pieces to the pedler's acceptance, who said—

'Keep the gowd—keep the gowd; ye may need it yet. It is not siller-service I am upon this night, but a work of atonement and a redemption of good name. This deed is but arles of my faithful service to the house of Redheugh, and the cause of Kirk and Covenant, if the trust put in me be equal to the strength given me.'

'This from you, Simon!' returned the young lady—'a Prelatist, a hanger-on of the curates and an apostate Presbyterian, if not something still baser—a spy of those malignant persecutors, Mackenzie and Middleton—besides this day's black business, by which a poor man is plundered and brought into trouble:—how can I help mistrusting you? I blame myself for thus parleying with one whose doings are so doubtful; though, when I remember your songs, and ballads, and merry tales, and drollery, and good-nature with my brother and myself in our childhood at Lindores, I cannot for my heart question but that ye mean me fair in this deliverance from that dreadful oppressor of our house and of the Lord's heritage, Sir Marmaduke Winram.'

'Weels me on the gentle-hearted maiden, whose eye aye carried blitheness and blessing in it! Weels me on her bonny face!—craving pardon for the liberty—wha thought so kindly of the Linlithgow apostate, and on the tongue that said it; and, if e'er Simon Sloan did man or woman a good turn in his born days, he meant one this night when he spulyied that fool-body of that charge of papers, and took—ye call it robbing—the bodle siller, to put a fair face on the deed. If I kenned not, Mistress Magdalen, that ye are of a steadfast spirit, and come of the blood of Leslie, I would fear to afflict you with needful tidings and warnings of near danger.'

'To my father!' cried Magdalen, gasping.

'And to his son!' whispered Simon—and the damsel clutched at his sleeve—and ye may be sure Magdalen listened to his discourse with more earnestness than if he had been a gospel minister. 'My name has become a reproach among my people,' said he, 'a shame and a hissing—yet there are captains in our Israel that put trust in me yet. Know ye the hand and seal of Argyle, madam?' And he produced a certificate to good character and trust-worthiness from his spleuchan, which, again, for greater safety, had been hidden in a clue of blue worsted yarn; and Magdalen could, in the clear

moonlight, recognises the signature and seal of that patriotic and God-fearing nobleman. Some Presbyterian gentlemen of the east, away by Fife and Angus-shires, had, it seemed, commissioned arms and ammunition from Holland, and by the very same ship in which Redheugh the younger was to return home; and the youth, as one well thought on for parts, and courage, and true principles, had been intrusted with divers papers by Baillie of Jerviswood, and Sir Patrick Home, and others, exiles for conscience and civil liberty, both touching their private affairs, the sufferings of the realm, and the dawn of a better day.

'It was my unworthy self,' said Simon, 'was deputed to meet young Redheugh at Dysart, and free him of his written charge, which lay snug in the core of sundry prime Gouda cheeses sent to my care; when all at once an inkling got to the Privy Council of shot, powder, guns, and conspiracies; and blank warrants were issued, the ports watched, and thus we abode all last week; when some, as great warlocks as himself, misdoubting me, placed power in the hands of the daft goodman of Elshieshiels. There is in these papers what would have hanged twenty gentlemen in one rope. But they are all mad together; and—partly from regard to their craigs, and maybe a wee thought that, if certain papers from the Hague, destined for the Earl's friends, fell into uncanny hands between Dunbar and the Tyne, the name of one Simon Sloan, a travelling merchant, might gain more bruit and blazonry than beseemed his station and humility, and the crazed member, Elshieshiels himself, get a walk down the West Bow some fine morning—I determined to ease him of his burden, and intercept the bark.'

'And this is the cause of my dear father's sudden journey!' cried the damsel. 'Oh, why might I not have been with him in his affliction! And how, then, kind and honest man, and true friend of thy country, is this dire wo to be averted?'

'That is just what I was ruminating. I maun back to Largo—round-about as Brownie did—and try to get Andro Baikie aff, and doun the Frith, and out on the coast, to warn off the Dutch bark; and that I meant to have concerted with Redheugh, for which purpose I waylaid ye here; but the poor demented gentleman is aff eastward, believing me a rampant rogue, no doubt.'

'And what can I do? Alas, alas! how little can helpless woman perform for friends in trouble!—our lot is to pine and suffer, and be silent. But go; every hour will seem an age until I hear of the success of your merciful enterprise. And lavish shall be your reward. Oh, what is all the dross of Redheugh and Lochkeltie, and of this dwelling of Edgelaw, to the safety of James Rutherfurd and the friends of Scotland! Go, go, then!—lose not a moment. The lives of many—the hope of kingdoms—are in your errand—which may our God prosper!' And she fervently clasped her hands in the attitude of prayer.

'Amen!' said Simon, raising his bonnet; and, having seen the damsel to the Mains of Edgelaw, he left her to make her own way into the dwelling. Ye may be sure her welcome was the blither for the narrow escape she had to recount. The Lady of Edgelaw—and guidwives of the better class were aye called lady in these days—was a wealthy and childless widow, who, as a Rutherfurd of Redheugh, and proud of her father's house, was thought rather to have demeaned herself by her matrimonial alliance with a thriving cattle-dealer. But that was all past, and the gold was to the fore; and, though a woman of spirit and discretion, Leddy Edgelaw was a true Presbyterian, as became a daughter of the house of Redheugh; and, moreover, a woman of a fervent piety; so that her fireside and her purse were ever open to the preachers who were sufferers for conscience.

Late on the evening of Saturday, which happened to be the third after Magdalen reached Edgelaw, and while she was anxiously looking out for her father, and pining and yearning after intelligence of that Dutch bark in which so many hopes and fears were freighted, a shepherd came down from the heights with tidings that Mr Richard Kidd, an ejected preacher, who had crossed from the mountain parts of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, was to feed the flock scattered in the wilderness, at a lone place among the hills on the Edgelaw grounds; and that persons had been sent out to warn the waters of an occasion now become rare and doubly precious, as the laws against field-preaching were more severe than ever. You are to know that the scanty inhabitants of this pastoral land, then, as now, pitched their tents—that is, their huts and cot-houses—in the pleasant valleys, and by the sides of brooks or streams like the Whitadder, the Leader, the Gala, and the Heriot, and what not; with a' their sprinkling of lone dwellings in the muirs. And, far and around, for scores of miles, would the soul-thirsty people of all ages and degrees flock to hill-side preachings for the refreshment of their languishing and parched souls—lying out all night on the heather, or at the lee side of a rock, sustained from the scrip and the brook. Lady Edgelaw and her household—who refused to hear either curates, or, what to them was worse, the indulged ministers, and had not been at public ordinances for months—gladly embraced the opportunity, and despised the cowardly counsels of Peter Cairns, who maundered aye on the fine of 1500 merks on the rigs of Edgelaw for the last outbreak, which he thought as much money out of his master's pocket, and so hinted that mercy was better than sacrifice, and that there were seasons when the dwellings of Jacob were seemlier for gentlewomen than the gates of Zion—and especially for Miss Maidline Leslie, now when Winram's blood-hounds were scouring the hills, and her grey-haired father a marked man. But the maiden—though not yet called to a personal grappling with the enemy, and trial of faith in the furnace—was of that high enthusiastic strain of nature which warms at the sight of danger when

planted in the path of duty, and who would have been steadfast unto the death—declared, that, whatever should betide, she had a call of Providence to accompany the pious family with whom she sojourned to the place of worship.

Lady Edgelaw superintended her maidens baking, brewing, and preparing divers dainties for the refreshment of the little flock in the wilderness, until the clock struck twelve, and by seven was on horseback behind her oversman. The place of appointment was a wild derned cleugh in the very heart of the hills, five miles from any human dwelling, and so remote and well fenced by mosses and quagmires that it seemed next to impossible the troopers could traverse the marshy broken ground, if the fact had been bruited that a remnant had gathered there. Holding upwards, crossing a shoulder of the ridge, and traversing wide, grey, up-lying muirs, where no vegetation was seen but the ling and the heather, nor voice of bird heard, save the plover and the curlew, Magdalen, ever ahead of her party, came sheer on the little dell where many small groups of families and neighbours, gathered from all the adjoining valleys, were in little knots, or clustered, picturesquely scattered about, sitting, standing, and lolling—the old talking in quiet tones of the state of the times, or on religious subjects, while the young read their Bibles, awaiting the beginning of the service. Such solemn gatherings were wonderful times of refreshment, when the living waters were poured forth like a flood. Cold, hunger, and fatigue were forgotten in the holy zeal of their spiritual exercises; and, if some had come up in perturbation of spirit, before the ending of the first psalm they would not have feared the face of thousands. There is, my friends, no courage like the courage of faith.

The first service was ended, the people had partaken of their repast, and the preacher was engaged in the duties of catechising the young, preparatory to the evening diet, when a shepherd stationed on the heights as a sentinel gave a signal of danger. Winram's blood-hounds, as the troopers were named, were out, scouring the hills; and the preacher, after pronouncing a short but powerful benediction, broke up the assembly and held a council with the elders and armed men. An hour or two later and the cloud of darkness would wrap the people of God from the eyes of their enemies, and the herds and those who knew the ground could lead them through the bogs and swamps in safety; so the women and little ones, with Lady Edgelaw and Magdalen Leslie, were placed in whatever shelter the clefts of the rocks and bushes of the cleugh afforded, while the men took post at the gorge of the dell, ready to defend their citadel if need were. But evening descended on the hills and no foe appeared, and soon the gloom of night prevented further observation of the sentinels; and it was judged safe to disperse, breaking up and dropping off in threes and fours as quietly as possible, till few, save the preacher and the household and herds of Edgelaw, were left. They, too, parted on the edge of the hill, the man of God meaning to return to the shepherd's hut, and the others wending downwards to the lower range of heathery heights. All danger was imagined past for the present, and Magdalen, ever a bold horsewoman, feeling chill in body and more chill and anxious in spirit, pushed onward at a brisk canter, not without hope that tidings of her father, or of one dearer still, might await her at the dwelling, which it was ordained she was not to reach. She had cleared a level rushy glen, from which a bridle track led up a narrow steep gully, opening upon the stretch of muir which sloped to the ridge named Edgelaw. The distance between the solitary farm-house—for, though a bein Lammermoor Laird's dwelling, Edgelaw house was little better—and the place where Magdalen put her pony to its speed, did not exceed a mile-and-a-half; so the more sober equestrians could not be many minutes behind her. When they approached the house, who should stand by the threshold to interchange greetings but Redheugh, who at once and earnestly demanded his daughter from his widowed sister, as he helped her from the pillion.

'Where is my Magdalen?' cried the old man, his voice quivering. 'She is not wont to be the laggard among blithe riders.'

Lady Edgelaw's heart misgave her.

'Within, surely, snooding her hair,' replied the lady, trying to put a calm face upon it. 'Her spunkie Fife creature far outstrips our heavy Merse cattle, and puts us to our speed too. Here, ye hussies, take in my riding-skirt, and summon Mistress Leslie to her father. And, O brother! but I am wae to see ye looking so ill!'

There was none to obey her summons; and a half hour, an hour, two hours elapsed, and the cóllies and men, with lighted lanterns, had been high and low, out and atowre the muirs, shouting and yelping, and routing on horns, to spread alarm, and communicate with each other how they sped in the darksome chase. And aye as one and another returned, old Redheugh's cry was—"My daughter—my Magdalen! What, sirs, have you done with my darling child—my last earthly comfort, now that the prop of my house is struck down? My son, my poor James—in imminent jeopardy himself—will be driven distraught when he hears of her plight. And her poor heart-broken mother"—— It so chanced that Redheugh had met the packman that same afternoon, travelling, as he pleaded, on matters of necessity and mercy. He had succeeded in warning the Dutch vessel off that part of the coast, by means of Andro Baikie, and also in apprizing young Rutherfurd of his danger. The youth had got off in spite of the waylaying of his enemies, in the guise of a packman, which Simon had recommended, and was supposed to have taken the way to the Peel-house of Redheugh, to abide his father's arrival with Magdalen, before taking further measures.

'It was my hope to have seen them united, and safe out of this distressed land, until the indignation be overpast,' said the bereaved old

man, who had now taken Simon Sloan as far into his confidence as was needful. 'But my hope is sunshine on water. Alas! I have been too lax in public duty, and my sin has been followed by speedy judgment. My bairns! my bairns!'

'Trust in the Lord and in the power of his might, brother,' said Lady Edgelaw. 'My nevoy can fend for himsel'; and the maiden has a spirit of courage and constancy far above her years and sex; strength will be given her in the hour of need. There is no a praying heart in all broad Scotland that, when this sad news flees abroad, will not be exercised in supplication for sweet Magdalen Leslie. A way of deliverance will be opened, never doubt it.'

'Then, too sure, ye believe her in the hands of that ruthless villain, who neither fears God nor regards man. My Magdalen! my Magdalen! my meek, innocent child!—Oh, to lie down beside her skaithless corpse in the blackest moss-flow of these hills, rather than think of her in that hardened man's custody! Make saddle my horse, sirs! If I can give her but little help, I may die in my duty. For what better use is this remnant of a miserable life? Make saddle my horse with speed! He shall taste Tweed water ere sunrise.'

'You are fitter for your bed, Redheugh,' cried his sister; 'there is fever in your blood and in your eyes. But many shall run and ride on this errand.' And she turned to her gaping servants. 'Dare ye parley with me, ye coward loons, and Magdalen Leslie torn from the very hearthstane of Edgelaw, and the prey of Winram's troopers? Mount and give chase! And do ye go also, Simmie, and try to warn my nephew. But, oh! bid him be wary—ye are a bodie for sense by the ordinary.'

'I need no biddin, guidwife, in this errand,' was Simon's answer; and he was already on his feet. 'Few ken the country better; and I will have speech or tidings of the young lady or four-and-twenty hours go by.'

'Save my child,' cried the poor father, clinging to the slenderest thread of hope, 'and I'll make you the wealthiest packman in all Scotland, if I beg my own bread at Christian doors.'

Withstanding all entreaties and persuasions, the Laird also mounted and set off, though it was with difficulty he kept the saddle; and that Peter Cairns got him to the desolate peel-house of Redheugh, after fever and grief had half turned his brain.

The Lady of Edgelaw only tarried the break of day to mount and send off her overseer and some of her neighbour farmers in different directions; and, as she ministered to them the stirrup-cup with her own hands, she cried briskly out—

'We have sought counsel and help from above; and now, if there be ruth or manhood, or the spirit of a true-blood Scot, left among us, ye will quit ye like men this day. Spare neither horse flesh nor man's strength; and, as ye ride, raise the waters! Make saddle my nag; I'll owre to Thirlstane."

Ill news fly fast. Long ere mid-day, or before any of the regular messengers had returned, a lad, sent back by Simon Sloan to Edgelaw, brought certain intelligence that Sergeant Warrock and a party of horse had rode through Earlston at day-break, with one or two prisoners, and a young female strapped to her saddle, and her horse placed between two troopers. She had struggled and shrieked for help to the few villagers abroad on early labour. The pedlar had no doubt but that this unfortunate person was Mistress Magdalen Leslie, and that she was by this time a prisoner in Randolph's Tower; whence, if she came out with life, it must be as the bride of Randolph Winram. Sir Marmaduke was not a man to be baffled twice. But this Simon kept to himself; and, hiring a horse, he rode back to Edgelaw, in furtherance of his schemes; the Leddy, he said, having routh of the sinews of war; and gold, above a' things, was the first good wanted, whatever was to be done. He found this good dame's queans buckling on her blue camblet riding-skirt, and giving her silver-mounted riding-whip to her hands, while she soliloquized in her own fashion.

'The wealthy heiress of Lochkeltie, whose portion is to redeem the captivity of my father's house'—for the old lady, though religious, had much of the pride of family of the Scots of that day—'the troth-plighted bride of my nevoy, the last of the Rutherfurds of Redheugh, now in sore circumstances himself—an innocent and virtuous maiden, and of gentle blood—torn from the fire-side of Edgelaw! I'm for Thirlstane, Simon Sloan. His godless Grace is at hame; and owes the house of Edgelaw a day in hairst, if the pledged word of a Duke is worth an onion peeling.—They shall all hear of this night's work; and that on the deafest side of their heads, and in the inmost chambers of their councils. All Scotland shall hear of it, and answer too! What care we for their headings and hangings, when driven to extremities like this! So go tell the excommunicate apostate at Thirlstane that, Simon Sloan, as ye are one of his Malignant kind. What has an auld wife like me, with one foot in the grave and the other fast following, to fear from the power the enemy may give the oppressors for a season to destroy the body? But I'll speak him fair first.'

'I wish I saw ye mounted!' cried the pedler—'an auld wife, saving your pardon, may blurt out a rash and a bauld word, and one that may find a mark, which a bearded man, however feckless, durst not venture; but be sure ye do not seek an audience with his Grace of Lauderdale till he has gotten his wame filled. Save and sain us! but they tell he can eat a horse behind the saddle, after clearing two sheep-heads, a bouk of lamb, a half-dozen kain capons, and a kebbuck of half a stone tron.' And, of a truth, it remains the burden of tradition," continued the Dominie, "that this rampant and wicked apostate and persecutor was possessed by a familiar evil spirit, ravening within his swollen and bloated carcase, like the daughters

of the horse-leech, and night and day crying, *Give, give!* This may, however, have been but the inordinate and furious false appetite which physicians reckon among the many ills that afflict the body; though our forefathers believed it an open judgment, and a sore one, on this brutal though ducal specimen of humanity.

Leddy Edgelaw might have been deemed a bold matron, to beard the wolf in his den; for this was a time of faint spirits and of great terror, when the nearest kindred feared to interpose in behalf of such of their friends as had offended the Government, by conscientious opposition to unlawful edicts and sinful compliances. She found the great man after one of his bestial banquets, and so in his best humour; and he even ordered her a seat and a cup of wine, which for courtesy she put to her lips, but took care not to dip in his dish; and then she began her tale; at which he jeered and leuch; the venom, churned by his lolling tongue, spurting from the blubber-lips for which he was noted, in his devilish mirth.

'The lass was on her travels without a pass, guidwife,' was his remark; 'but Winram will now be answerable for her safe conduct. An' if he let her slip through his lang fingers, as he did the widow, fiend take me if I ever put fair wench or tocher-guid in his reverence again!'

'Never fear, never fear,' cried the lady, frightened and angered out of all prudence. 'The butcher will not let the lamb twice escape his gully, let the innocent bleat as it list. But, oh, that ever this foul kite swooped on the gentle dove on lands of mine! Is there no remede, your Grace, for a wrong like this? An innocent maiden—the daughter of an ancient Fife family—the troth-plighted bride of an honourable young gentleman, my nevoy, and representative of the house of Redheugh—brought into trouble by false and wicked accusers. The stones of the causeway will rise in rebellion, let alone the folks of Scotland, for such shameless wrong to maidenhood and gentry.'

Lauderdale waxed very wroth, and sputtered and churned venom for a minute; but Lady Edgelaw, and other folks of the Edgelaw, were his old country neighbours, in a sense, though miles apart both from Dunbar and Thirlstane; and there was, besides, an ancient obligation anent hiding some of the race at the steading of Edgelaw, in the former troubles of the kingdom—and maybe, too, as it is sagaciously said in the vernacular strain, though somewhat savouring of profanity, 'The De'il's no aye so ill as he's called;' for Lauderdale nichered a loud horse-laugh, as if at his own passion, and, giving the guidwife of Edgelaw a push in his rough merriment, he says—

'Keep ye a calm sough, Luckie, and be off while it is fair weather between us. I have not forgotten certain services to my family, nor yet timeous refreshments for myself and my people from the thrifty aumrie of Edgelaw. And, hark ye! take care how ye go to the hill again, to hear these blatant beasts routing down the wind. Ye may not get so easily off from next conventicle, if Winram's hot fingers come over ye, even though ye be his aunt elect!'

'Me! the audacious villain!' interrupted Leddy Edgelaw—'me! kith or kin to the blood-dyed, doomed race!'

'Be off, woman, ere worse come of it! and see how ye try my patience again. The auld wife's mouldy pose, at Edgelaw, will bide another bang, in the way of fine or levy, if our friends are not mistaken; so, order your walk by your winning.' And he civilly, as if in mirth, pushed her out of his closet—having granted her a far more gracious reception, though refusing her petition, than he was in the wont of giving to such as dared gainsay him in his apostate wickedness. And who should have waited her coming forth of the castle but Simon Sloan, to whom, in the fulness of her heart, she told all that had passed at the unsatisfactory communing; and it was pactioned between them, that, if gold could ransom the young lady, it should not be wanting.

'I ken nothing gold will not do if ye make the dose strong enough,' said Simon. 'I do not despair but that the sma' key of the coffers of Edgelaw may be made pick the strongest locks in Randolph's Tower, whither I shall be ere I am many hours older, and see what is laid to my hand to do. If tidings are wanted of my speed, I may aye be heard of at St Ronan's; and I ken ye will lose no time in raising all your kin and allies in Fife and the Lothians.'

Simon's first stage was to Randolph's Tower—for his pack and his sly tongue made him free everywhere; and thence he proceeded to the Peel. No tidings had come of Mr James; and Simon feared that, notwithstanding his disguise and precaution, he had fallen into the snare of the enemy. So again, when the night had dropped into midnight, he returned to the Tower, where a glimmering light, high up, shining through an arrow-slit, pointed out the prison-chamber of Magdalen Leslie. This tower, long since dilapidated, was but an ancient pertinent of the residence. Though of no considerable dimensions, it was of great strength, both from building and position, and seven stories in height—the upper ones divided into two or three apartments, the smallest of which projected beyond the walls as if hanging over the cataracts of the stream. The old tower was connected with the more modern house by a long and arched stone passage, divided by two strong oaken doors, the keys of which were never out of Sir Marmaduke's or his leman's custody, save when of necessity intrusted to his right-hand man, Sergeant Warrock, as on the black Monday morning when he brought in his prisoners. The dreary side of the tower was turned to ordinary beholders, who saw only the massive grey walls, and a few arrow-slits.

The river, from whose rocky banks it sprang, was here unseen and scarcely heard; and, in front, the building looked a tame, flat hold, which, viewed in the rear, resembled more the eyry of a bird of prey, than a chosen human habitation. Access was given to the different

stages, by a narrow, spiral staircase, partially lighted by arrow-slits; and every separate flight of steps was jealously guarded by an iron-studded and strongly-bolted door; nor was it until the sixth floor was reached, that the light of heaven was admitted more freely into this den of darkness and evil deeds. Hither had Magdalen Leslie been brought, more dead than alive, on the morning following her abduction. Instead of at once approaching by the principal entrance, Warrock halted his party in a copse under, and almost behind Winram's Hall. He dispatched one of his men for orders, and only waited on his master when these were fulfilled. He found Sir Marmaduke Winram, the man whose name was a terror and a hate throughout the land, seated at the morning repast, consisting, in the fashion of the day, of a venison pasty, game, fish, and fowl, with wine and ale in cups and flagons; for the jovial Cavaliers were noted belly-gods and riotous livers. Sir Marmaduke was knitting his brows, and casting looks of anger and contemptuous reproach upon his companion, his only son, the representative of his proud house, who, early as was the hour, had sunk into the sottish sleep of intemperance upon his chair.

'The sot! the fool!' he exclaimed; 'he has not yet slept off his last night's drench. Even for a single morning he is unable to control his grovelling appetites. The hog! could not he be kept from the swill-tub, even when so fair an occasion offered of making a favourable impression on this distressed damsel, by playing the generous gallant, while his father was reckoned the desperate tyrant?'

'If Sir Marmaduke stood in the Master's shoes, the lady might be the easier wooed,' said Sergeant Warrock, with the hardihood of his privilege of confidant, and the skill of the rude flatterer.

It was not until Winram had far outrun his means in what he was pleased to call the King's service—though the Devil's would have been the apter name—that, notwithstanding his vices and crimes, he stooped to the sordid rapacity which was the law of the highest in rank among his Malignant associates. His old claim to the estate of Redheugh was now enforced by the desire of revenge, as well as avarice; for, though he affected to congratulate himself on having escaped the ignominious alliance of the rich Puritan's widow, his pride had never forgiven the slight, even when it revolted the most at the connexion. A sneering smile met Warrock's bold observation; but it took effect, nevertheless; and, pacing the apartment, the knight appeared to be revolving important interests. Though past the prime of life, Sir Marmaduke still possessed eminent personal advantages. His lofty presence and dark and haughty countenance bespoke one as familiar with courts and councils as with camps; and, when he chose to control his violent passions, from respect to his company, the suavity and dignity of his deportment were as different from the coarse brutality of Lauderdale as his powerful countenance was from the serpent-comeliness of the cruel Claverhouse, whose smooth and almost effeminate features made the cold-blooded atrocity of his nature the more repulsive and abhorrent to human feelings. Sir Marmaduke assumed as his model the Great Montrose, and, above all things, prided himself upon his devoted loyalty to his Prince, and his nice sense of honour as a Cavalier—that is to say, he paid his gaming debts when he could, and was as prompt to provoke to the duello as to accept an invitation to the field. I have never heard that this sort of honour, either in ancient Cavalier or modern gentleman, has proved any restraint whatever upon the most insatiable rapacity and the most unmanly crimes; such as that which this profligate man now meditated against an innocent maiden, whose only crime was the temptation of her great wealth. He chose to lay the flattering unction to his soul, that, in this particular alliance, great honour was conferred; and that the sufferings and oppression of Redheugh, and those of the gentry who embraced the cause of the Covenant, were either caused by their own stupid contumacy and fanaticism, or their canting hypocrisy. The rights of conscience and of freedom of worship claimed by the common sort, and, for a quarter century, asserted at the price of their blood, he regarded as insolent impertinence, to be summarily put down by whipping, branding, and cropping of ears. Their blood he considered as so much red puddle, in which the hangman might smear his hands, though it rather disgraced the blades of his troopers.

'So, Warrock, you have brought in the lady and the preacher, and some more vermin? Is it not so? Fresh from a conventicle—travelling without a pass?'

Warrock bowed in affirmation.

'A rough gentleman-usher; but it serves the turn. What sort of wench is it?'

'A brave lass and a comely, though not fit to hold the candle to Madam Anne.'

'Pshaw!—but the better luck thine, Warrock, on whom I have some thoughts of bestowing poor Nan, and a cantle of Redheugh, in part requitance of the services of both. But of that anon.'

Warrock looked more surprised than grateful at the announcement of one portion of the intended gift; but he seldom lost command of his bold countenance, and perceiving, as he fancied, how matters stood, he adroitly squared his speech accordingly.

'The Whig damsel is a fair wench, though of the slenderest, and a comely, though she has spoiled her pretty face for one day—first by whimpering at the outpouring of the Word by the gifted gentleman now safe in the dungeon; and next, so unreasonable are women, at passing into the wardship of your Honour.'

'Take order of your tongue, Warrock. This lady is the daughter of a good house, though a Whig one. She must be treated with respect. How have you bestowed her?'

'In the sixth stage—Winram's Wing—a decentish apartment—of which Mistress Anne

craves the keys, to give her needful attendance.'

'Humph!—tell Anne, with my service, that this lady, being a Puritan and country-bred, is unworthy the attendance of so accomplished a waiting-gentlewoman. Let one of your fellows take a horse and pillion, and bring up the Elshieshiels wench from Redheugh Mains.'

'Ailie Elliot is gone to her father in Dunbar Tolbooth, please your Honour.'

'That's unlucky. Then send up the deaf girl from St Ronan's who assists the cook; but be rigid in your duty; on no account suffer a word to pass between them, nor permit the keys out of your own custody. From the adjoining secret chamber you can hear and see all that passes in the apartment, and order yourself accordingly. Be in the way,' he added, carelessly, 'lest I take a fancy to examine the girl myself touching the late conventicle, and her disloyal practices.'

Warrock clattered off, muttering—

'Now, I see it all plain as a pike-staff. And the gentle Mistress Nan is to be my portion of the spoils. D——n them! it will be long before they think of any of the great windfalls for those to whose share the foul work falls; and the dead, white face of that silly wench, for all I have seen in my day, is ten times worse than slashing down a half-hundred Whigamores—that's but pastime. And how will she look on Warrock when Winram's dame? There's the rub. To whomsoever this bridal betokens good, it is scarce to Warrock; no, nor yet to that fractious dame prancing towards me.—Good morrow, Mistress Nan! It is Sir Marmaduke's pleasure to be custodier of yonder brittle piece of gear himself; so I cannot do your pleasure in that particular.' And the trooper escaped the angry remonstrance of the deposed empress of Randolph's Tower; and, speeding his errand, again returned to report to his master. Sir Marmaduke was still wrapped in rumination; and, while the servant waited his pleasure in silence, he continued to pace the room with unequal steps, as if his walk were measured by the speed of his thoughts. His eye, from time to time, fell upon his unhappy son, whose feeble character and low habits of coarse debauchery were the source of deep mortification; though the lad, a fool by nature, and a sot by indulgence, was much less a sinner than his godless and profligate sire. But then his vices were not those of a Cavalier and a gentleman.

'Clear the room of that carrion,' cried he, in bitterness, pointing with his toe to the youth. 'Lock him up, and see you keep brandy from him for one day, as you shall answer it. Fling him into the dungeon—no matter where.' Warrock, not over and above delighted with the duty, which was a frequent one, dragged off the dead weight of his young lord, who, once out of the reach of his father's ire, shewed, by disobedient mutterings, that he had not been so insensible as he feigned.

'I say, Sergeant Warrock,' he gulped, 'am not I a Cavalier and a gentleman—ay, and as good a Winram as himself? I'll be cursed ere I marry the Whig lass to pleasure either Sir Father, or his leman, Madam Nan. I'll be hanged ere I mix my gentle blood with Puritanic puddle. I say, Warrock'——

'Will ye be pleased to hold the swollen tongue o' ye, Master Randolph,' returned the Sergeant, who, having been his young lord's instructor and wet-nurse, assumed freedom with him most unlike the watchful deference which Sir Marmaduke's demeanour more than his commands exacted from all his dependants. 'She is even owre good for you; and, if ye brutify yourself in this guise another day, I would not promise but his Honour kicks both you and pretty Mistress Nan to the back o' beyond, and marries the lady or her lands himself, just to spite ye; leaving you the heritage of the auld Tower, and to his younger heirs this brave new conquest.'

'Will he, faith! Then have at him. I say, Warrock, what sort of gear is it—fair and bonny, like the maidens of Torwoodlee, or black but comely, like the proud Thirlstane dames?'

'Neither like one nor other, yet well enough favoured. Come along now—try your own long legs.' And he raised and steadied his burthen.

'So this Sir Father mine, who never said a gracious word to me since I was whelped, has ruled that I'm to have the fash of marrying the lass, and he is to spend the tocher. But I know a trick worth two of that. I say, Sergeant, what if Mistress Anne think the court ladies might fancy the lout of a son the properer man of the two?' And the handsome and imbecile youth complacently surveyed his own fine limbs. 'I'll be hanged if she did not say so. Old gentlemen do not live for ever, nor keep their galliard figures either.'

'Hush, Master Randolph!' cried the Sergeant, clapping his hand to the simpleton's mouth. 'As I'm a living man, Sir Marmaduke has overheard you. I saw his shadow glide back; his pride cannot brook my having heard what chance has led him to know. Simple sinner as ye are, ye have done for yourself now.'

They were here crossed by Mistress Anne, who again demanded the keys, that she might pay her respects to the imprisoned gentlewoman. The man pleaded his master's strict orders.

'Begone, fellow!' cried the haughty harlot—a woman of a bold though fair countenance; 'this order does not concern me.'

'I have shut up every other wench in the offices. Sir Marmaduke does not like prying eyes on his prisoners, however bright. The household has ta'en flight to hiding places, like a brood of linties when the hawk is abroad: I would advise you, Madam Nan, to be equally tractable till certain little matters are arranged. Here comes his Honour.'

Sir Marmaduke, without a word, waved the woman to follow him, and, instinctively bending her caprice to his more imperious will, she found herself confronting him in that stately hall where she had long reigned Lady Paramount,

and from whence she felt she was now to be for ever banished.

'I should have expected more discretion from a woman of your breeding and experience, Nan,' was his scornful speech, 'than to give every booby the power of boasting of the admiration of a lady of your refined taste. The Master of Winram, my son, Madam, is beholden to your flattering opinion.'

'Jealous, Sir Marmaduke!—and of your own son!' was her bitter exclamation. 'To what am I fallen! Destining me, as I learn, with the few hundred merks that may grace the gift to the pitch of acceptance, for the high honour of being housewife to your ruffian varlet—now that you would wed with the well-portioned dame whose beauty, it would seem, so much surpasses whatever poor Anne Clive could boast; ay, even in her first fresh youth, when the favourite attendant of the Duchess of Castlemain, and, as such, fancied good enough to mate with any poor Scottish knight.'

'Tush, Nan—my patience has limits, even with a fair lady. You meddle with matters above your concernment. Look to the household. There is the pedler in the court below, in whose books you tell me you are so deep dipped for paints, pinners, and Hungary waters—clear his score, and spend the balance as ye list.' And he chucked his purse contemptuously to the woman, who, struggling with passion, tossed it back, and, shrieking, fell into violent hysterics. He carried her himself to the apartments which she usually occupied, and carelessly left her to take chance of recovery, under care of a housemaid.

Simon Sloan had never found such profound silence as on this day invested Randolph's Tower. On his arrival, no one, not even a dog, was about. Every window was close, every door was shut. After a patient survey, he made his way to the back court opening on the offices, and gained admittance into the kitchen, where a solitary maid-servant was engaged in culinary affairs. Instead of the usual blithe jeering and jabbering which sets women's tongues agog when the packman arrives, her whisper was—'Gudesake, Simon, keep quiet, and hie down the water as soon as ye like; for this is nae place for decent folk.' She lowered her voice, and placed her lips close to Simon's ear—'There has been a sad stramash between his Honour and the Master; and Madam Nan has fallen into hicksterics, and Lily Liddle is holding brunt feathers to her nose, because Sir Marmaduke is going to marry a lady at last.'

'Ay, ay, Sarah, my doo, our Scotch lassies take no such qualms, or I suspect there might be a young gentlewoman about the Tower has more cause for the fits of the mother, and sic-like women's tantrums, whilk, when real and when feigned, I defy any man to ken, save when ye see them beyond the remedy of Hungary waters.'

The girl looked scared and alarmed. 'Whatever ye ken, or whatever ye dinna ken, keep it to yoursel', Simmie Sloan; here a' Winram's folk maun hear, see, and say nothing.'

'But have their ain thoughts for a' that,' said Simon. And, forgetting her own counsel in the pleasure of keeping her tongue going and obtaining vent, she proceeded—

'Every mother's dochter of the five of us was locked up for two stricken hours this morning, while the Whigamuirs were put down in the dungeon. Save us a'! They tell ye may hear the water roaring aboon it in a speat. It's in one hotter and crawl wi' asques, snails, and a' slimy, creeping, venomous things. Such a place for Christian folk!—it's just awful!'

'I heard, coming down the water, that Winram's hounds were out yesterday, and had struck the game; but they ne'er could put the Whig quean there.'

'Whig quean or Whig carle, ye might keep a civiler tongue in your head, Simon Sloan, for gentlefolks in trouble. The lady is a lady born, and no a Madam Nan. She's auld Redheugh's step-bairn, and the daughter of a good gentleman owre the way of Fife, with a grand portion, and a well-featured, setting maiden, wi' hair and complexion, they say, just the marrow o' mine.'

'I'll be sworn, reddish haired, and a thought fairny-tickled'—for the creature Simon could not aye bite in the gibe, even when it hurt himself. 'Surely so gallant a Cavalier as Sir Marmaduke could not throw so fair a damsel into the dungeon?'

'He is no sae dooms bad as thats: he is up in the Craw's Nest—what they call Winram's Wing, where wicked Sir William wi' the Blue Beard hanged his twenty wives by the hair of the head to cranks in the wa', in the riding-times, for drawing up with the Lord Warden o' the Marches. They have aye been a fell family.—And now Miss Leslie may take her choice; for the tower is twice as high as Melrose Abbey, and twice to that; and out of that she'll ne'er win (Jock Thrasher, the barns-man, is clear o' that, and he had it from Sergeant Warrock's man) till she be converted to Episcopacy, and wed either with the Knight or the Master; or else be hanged at Jeddart, for following the hill-preachers. She may take her choice; but life is sweet; and the Master, though a wee thought wild, a likely young gentleman, an' ye keep drink frae him; so ye may have a guess how the day will go.'

The pedler groaned at probabilities he could not controvert, and threw down his pack, as if in a paroxysm of despair.

'I have no time to look at your gear now, Simmie. Ye maun just bide a blink till I toss up these flams for the young lady's dinner. The patricks on the broche are for the tower, too. Sergeant Warrock puts them in a whirligig of a turnie-box i' the door, like what the Papist nuns used in the auld times, he says. It would just be a divert to see it; but he lets nane of us near but deaf Jenny.'

The pedler started to his feet, like a man that had been arrow-smitten. A chance was given him; and he was alert, ready-witted, and not easily put out.

'Speaking of brooches, Sarah, hinny, I have the beauty here—it might spit a laverock for size—set a' with Bristow stones and garnets.'

'Dinna tempt me with your nonsense, Simmie Sloan,' said the lass, as she whisked her pancakes, 'when ye ken we havena drawn a bodle wages for this three last half-years come Martinmas. I wish to peace Sir Marmaduke would marry the lady outright, and let his poor servants get their sair-won penny fee to buy duds to their backs.'

'But a look will cost ye nothing, Sarah, by a kiss, and a flam, or onything else ye like. I have a bit memorandum to draw out of sundries due me for five years bygane by Mistress Anne, against whom I'll need to get a fugie warrant, as she'll be soon flitting her quarters.'

Sikker Simmie, for one of the half-taught, who pick up uncertain knowledge against all rule, was a deft clerk. In less time than might have been looked for from a tutored clerk, he had indited a communication to the sorrowful captive of Winram's Wing, which, while playing some thimble-rig trick or another with Sarah, of pretending to swallow whole pancakes, he slid into the folds of the topmost of the tappy-tourie destined for the turning-box. It was a desperate venture, and Simon was too wise to await the event of his own experiment. He presented Sarah with a row of bodle pins, hoping for her custom when she was a sonsy guidwife, which such giglets aye titter to be joked about; and, hitching on his pack, said, as Madam Anne was in so evil a condition, no audience could be hoped for, or settling of accounts that day. As he set off, all the bells of the house were in a peal, and he almost fancied that his daring epistle, still on the trencher before his eyes, had been read by the dreadful Knight.

But how, all this while, ye may ask, was Magdalen Leslie sustained in her affliction? Her capture had been so sudden that she never could distinctly recollect how it had fared with her until she awoke from a long and deadly swoon, and found herself alone in her prison-chamber. She could just understand that great disappointment had attended the failure of the first attempt to make prisoners of herself and her father, whose movements must have been known, through the espials of the curates, before they left the shores of Fife. Warrock swore a desperate oath that she should not escape him a second time. Her shrieks, on being seized, were heard by some of the stragglers returning home from the preaching: and it was wo to her that two poor fellows had been made prisoners when bravely attempting her rescue from the troopers. During the first two hours of the night ride, her brain had been alternately whirling in wild excitement, or steeped in merciful oblivion, until the chill morning air, and the crowing of the cocks about Earlston—that hamely and pleasing domestic din—recalled her senses, and by voice and gesture she appealed, as I have told, to the cowardly loons abroad at early labour. But who durst cross Winram's path? The scared peasants could only pity the prisoners, and curse in their hearts the cruel oppressor whom they feared to resist. Tyranny, sirs, not alone fetters the body, but enslaves and debases the spirit of man.

As soon as Magdalen was borne to her cage by Sergeant Warrock, and was so far composed as to be capable of continuous and rational thought, her despair for a time increased to agony. She was in the power of that Sir Marmaduke Winram whose idea had, from childhood, filled her with shuddering, supernatural horror. She was in the very scene of those perhaps exaggerated tales of savage cruelty and sacrilegious outrage which had curdled her infant blood. But a mind like that of Magdalen Leslie can never find pause for sober reflection, without working itself clear, and resting on sure grounds of consolation. In her own peculiar she soon gained composure, recollecting that the worst that could be inflicted was the death in which it had been the fate of hundreds of precious saints in Scotland to participate. The oracular warning of her Bible, which had at intervals pressed so heavily on her spirit, was lightened in the contemplation of speedy release from all her sorrows; and her keenest grief was for others, and not for herself. Besides, my friends, what shall we say?—the grisly Phantom with which she strove to familiarize her mind—Death, whose terrors can quell the strongest—was yet in reality far off, dim, and in the back-ground; and returning reason told her that, allied as she was, a gentlewoman, and a prisoner of the King, at least in name, she could not be done to death without some form of public trial, mockery of justice as it might be. Her most agonizing anxiety was for the safety of James Rutherfurd; her most deadly terror for the approach of Sir Marmaduke Winram, which filled her with something bordering on the preternatural terror with which frail humanity shrinks from and quails before beings not of earth. A draught of milk and water to refresh her parched lips was all that she had taken of needful refreshment, until Sergeant Warrock ushered in the deaf maid-servant with her afternoon repast; which, instead of placing in the turning-box, as the gossiping quean Sarah had said, was served decently and in order; the man informing Miss Leslie that the platters would be withdrawn at sundown, when his master, who sent his respectful compliments, meant to wait upon her. Magdalen's heart sunk, and turned cold within her; although it had at times been her purpose either to address a letter to her jailor, or to request an interview. The dainty viands and the sparkling wine-cup stood untouched. Once more the maiden passed into the overhanging gallery or cabinet communicating with her chamber, and with eager eyes measured the dizzying depths below, and the impregnable strength of her place of confinement; and once again she threw herself upon her knees, and implored strength and succour, where alone they are to be surely found. A small psalm book, which she had

carried to the hill preaching, was still safe in the bosom of her dress; and the desolate maiden found unspeakable consolation, and the dawning of hope, in exercising her mind with divers of those devotional psalms which had soothed the Royal Shepherd in his sorrows, and which accorded well with her afflictions. Renewed and strengthened in her faith, and now clear in the course of duty, she compelled herself to adjust her raiment, as well as circumstances admitted, and then she tried to partake of needful refreshment. Her obedience was rewarded with the discovery of Simon Sloan's letter, precious in its matter, however imperfect in seemly calligraphy or true orthography. But the ink had been imperfectly dried, the flams hot; and the amusing incident, at which another might have smiled or laughed, brought tears of distress to Magdalen's eyes, half blinded in trying to decipher the obliterated lines, which, from the cast of the characters, she knew to be the packman's. All she could distinctly learn was, that she was exhorted to be hopeful and constant in spirit; for there were those now safe on Scottish ground who were able and willing to aid her, and who would peril all to ransom her captivity, either with the strong or the wily hand. Magdalen's thanksgiving was as lively as her supplications had been earnest; but her human longings and fond imagination ran more warmly than ever on the means of deliverance which must precede to meeting with her betrothed.

Again she surveyed her prison house. From her strongly-grated narrow window, the clumpy heads of the tall pine trees appeared far below, and the view was clipped in on all sides, affording no greater scope than the shrubs and beetling rocks on the opposite bank of the stream. Of it a few foamy glimpses were obtained through the thick dark foliage, as it chafed and boiled over the rapids, with din that stunned rather than soothed. The very crows winged their clamorous way far below her line of vision. There was no hope on this side. Her heart again fell into the melancholy fluctuation of spirits incident to the afflicted; and again rallied, when she thought of her more pitiable condition within the last half hour. 'Murmurer and doubter!' thought the maiden, chiding her unbelief and despondency. 'But now a ray of light is strangely darted into my thick darkness—and already I question and rebel? But now, I would have given my life to know that James Rutherfurd had escaped his enemies—and already I pine to be with him, and murmur because that cannot be. Oh, that we might all reach the quiet shores of Holland, a free and peaceful Protestant land, and, with only the loss of fortune, were safe in one of those humble homes of which my dear Grizzel Home writes so cheerily! Would that the dross which does so little contribute to our happiness, were in the possession of that dreadful man who ravens for it, and with whose fate mine is so strangely mixed, if its forfeiture might win us peace!'

While Magdalen revolved these matters, the sound of footsteps was heard; and, in a flutter of spirits, she thrust Simon Sloan's epistle deeper into her pocket. No one, however, appeared for some time, yet there came an oppression—a sense of suffocation—even upon her physical frame, as if some awful and invisible thing was in presence and beholding her; and her eyes involuntarily fixed upon a part of the dingy wall of the chamber opening from here, as if from thence some one was gazing upon her aslant the side of that cumbrous cabinet which formed part of the furniture. Her instinct, or her knowledge, as it might be—for there is knowledge too subtle for the detection of the chain by which it comes—was infallibly true; for, when she summoned courage to try the door of this inner room, she found it bolted within, though no one had passed through her apartment into this, with which, Warrock had falsely assured her, there was no outward communication. She shook the door, spoke, questioned those within, but to no purpose. Her fascinated gaze still fixed upon the part of wall where she could have sworn an eye had gleamed on her, like as of those shooting, spectral, hazy visages, seen in distempered dreams. From this stupor of horror, she was roused by well-ascertained voices; for now the huge key grated in the lock, and Sergeant Warrock, stepping forward, announced his master. Magdalen rose to her feet, fully aware that composure, fortitude, and self-possession were strongly demanded from her at this juncture: and Sir Marmaduke approached, with that air of high-bred ease and courtesy which he could assume at will, and which sat so well upon him. If there was surprise on either side, it was certainly not of a repulsive nature. Instead of the ferocious and sinister physiognomy which the fancy of the maiden had assigned to this profligate, malignant, and cruel oppressor, she beheld a gentleman of lofty deportment, whose expression of countenance, if bold and haughty, was not ruffianly; while, in the 'Whig wench,' as he had unceremoniously termed her, Sir Marmaduke saw a graceful and modest young woman, who returned his courtesy in silence, but without any sign of weak alarm or awkward embarrassment. There might be traces on her cheeks of the floods of tears which she had shed within the last twenty hours, and deep, though sudden sorrow had already changed her young bloom to pallor; yet the sensibilities and varied mental expression of her pale and eloquent features might, even as matter of taste, have, to some spectators, seemed more worthy of admiration than all the lilies and roses of brilliant, dimpling youth.

Sergeant Warrock, who, for many reasons, was a deeply-interested spectator, could only infer the impression which the daughter of the Covenant had made, from the softened and respectful tones in which his master requested her to be seated, while he stood with a deferential, courtier-like bend of his stately figure, as if waiting her pleasure to follow her example.

'This attitude best becomes a prisoner in presence of her gaoler,' said Magdalen. 'Excuse

me, Sir Marmaduke Winram; but I desire to stand during our brief interview.'

'Why so harsh a name, Miss Leslie,' returned Sir Marmaduke, smiling. 'for one who sincerely regrets this evil accident, and entertains the strongest desire to make your temporary detention as lightly felt as possible? Give me your parole of honour, madam,' he added, gaily, 'and permit me to lead you to the best and freest apartment in my dwelling. The seeming severity of last night—and my fellows durst not have shewn an atom of disrespect to a young lady, for whom and her family I entertain so much esteem—will be all properly explained in the apartments below.—Warrock, withdraw; but be within call.'

'Stay, I pray you!' cried Magdalen—'do not leave us. By this man, acting upon an authority of which I am still ignorant, I was forced, with violence, from the threshold of my kinswoman; dragged ignominiously through the country; and, for no cause assigned, I am now unlawfully detained a prisoner. For these acts, he pleads the authority of Sir Marmaduke Winram.'

'To arrest all persons unlawfully attending conventicles, my troopers have, I own, a roving commission. How was I to surmise that Miss Leslie might be found in such disagreeable and dangerous circumstances? Pray be seated, madam, until we reason out this matter. You will find me disposed to take the most favourable view possible of your awkward case.'

'If I may expect any favour or courtesy at your hands, Sir Marmaduke, I pray you let me be set at liberty, and restored to my friends. My father's dwelling of Redheugh cannot be far off, and I left him in evil condition: suffer me to go to him. You shake your head. If, then, I am really considered the true prisoner of the King,' she added, in a bolder tone, 'let me be at once transferred to fitting custody, in any tolbooth of the land, and not immured, in this lonely and unseemly way, in the private dwelling of a gentleman who, if I may be bold to say it, is of no good repute as the guardian of young women of honour.'

The profligate Cavalier smiled merrily, as if the maiden's last plea had been a compliment; and answered, jeeringly—

'I must ever lament that circumstances have given Miss Leslie so unfavourable an impression of the knight of Randolph's Tower, and his hospitalities to ladies. To be serious, madam, I charge myself with your safe custody; but I cannot so far outrage every rule of gentlemanly feeling as to transfer one so young, fair, and gentle-born to the filthy holes of our burgh jails, though these may be good enough for the common run of the canting crew.'

'Oh, rather consign me to the blackest hole in Scotland, than keep me longer here!' cried Magdalen. 'Let me share your dungeon with my fellow-captives, but keep me not here!'

'I admire the delicacy of your sentiments, Miss Leslie, even when they display your strong prejudice against myself. Your spirit and fine sense of honour are not lost on me. They place you higher in my esteem than even those eminent personal charms which have been the burthen of fame in Edinburgh circles, but to which fame has done imperfect justice.'

Magdalen did not suppress the slight curl of her lip which spoke her sense of these compliments; nor was her impatient contempt misunderstood.

'You are right, Miss Leslie,' he said: 'it will best serve us to come to immediate explanation. The terms are easy and honourable upon which you may dictate to me, and give me the felicity of converting, by one gracious word from those beautiful lips, the captive into the mistress of this unworthy mansion.—Withdraw, Warrock.'

'Nay, again I entreat your stay,' cried Magdalen. 'I can hold no private communing with Sir Marmaduke Winram, who might have spared an unfriended woman the mockery of his address.'

Warrock obeyed his master's haughty eye, and withdrew; while the latter exclaimed:—

'By my good faith, I am serious, madam, and you shall own it.' And with gentle violence, but still with violence, he led her to a seat. Her indignation was now effectually roused.

'Few words may suffice between us, Sir Marmaduke,' she said, with firmness. 'Release me at once from this unworthy thraldom, or I demand to be transferred to the nearest public jail. I am prepared for anything rather than remain another hour in this fearful place.' As her eyes glanced round, they fixed upon the corner of the indented cupboard, and an involuntary shudder passed over her frame.

'You have not yet condescended to listen to my proposal, Miss Leslie. It is such, I flatter myself, as merits your consideration. It is, moreover, fraught with advantage to those with whom you are most nearly connected. I will not expatiate upon the perils of your present situation, or the dangers which menace your relatives. I am not without influence in the state. It shall be my pride and pleasure to obviate whatever unpleasant consequences may arise from your late rashness, which I am willing to impute solely to a misguided education, and the example of your family, who, with their religion, have renounced loyalty to their prince and obedience to the laws.'

'My parents have neither renounced religion nor loyalty—pardon the presumption, sir—but I will not hear them maligned, and keep silence. My family are true Protestants, of the Reformed Prebyterian Kirk; who, not alone for wrath, but conscience's sake, follow peace with all men, and submit, in every lawful command, to the authority of the King and the Estates of Parliament—resisting only when such mandates are in opposition to those of the King of kings.—Alas! that their defence should fall to one so feeble and simple as myself!'

Tears now first sprung to the eyes of Magdalen, overpowered by the sense of her own helplessness.

'Nay, by my faith, my fair Puritan, you have fructified under the braying of the preachers. You are moving and eloquent, and that brings me to the true chapter. I must have you, Miss Leslie, take my case in hand. I long hugely, methinks, to be converted; gospel light never beamed with softer lustre from Anna Boleyn's eyes than from the lovely orbs on which I gaze.'

Magdalen started to her feet, her glance rebuking the bold, passionate gaze of her new admirer.

'You abuse the advantage which fortune has given you, Sir Marmaduke Winram, in directing such light speech to an unhappy woman, who has no power of gainsaying you. If my request is not to be granted, do me the courtesy to leave me to my own sad thoughts.'

'What has sadness to do with the thoughts of Miss Leslie—formed as you are to be the life and grace of society—the ornament of courts, whither it should be my pride to transplant you?'

'Stay, stay, Sir Marmaduke!—is this the boasted gallantry and generosity of Cavaliers?'

'Forgive me, Miss Leslie'—and the proud and scornful man almost knelt—'this is no time for trifling. Upon my sacred honour, I never was more in earnest in my whole life than at this moment. In proof of it, I came with the intention of soliciting your favourable regard for the suit of my son—of tendering you freedom and indemnity through an alliance with my house. It is but the natural influence of charms like those which I now behold, if I prefer a dearer claim. Let not your delicacy be wounded by the abruptness of the declaration, if I confess that I now aspire to this fair hand as the crown of my individual felicity.'

Magdalen withdrew the hand so boldly seized as if a serpent had stung it, and drew backward, eyeing her suitor for a moment with haughty surprise, while he advanced, and continued to press his claim with a mixture of the complimentary high-flown jargon of Courts, and the plain earnestness which demonstrated a resolute purpose of carrying the point he had condescended to start; for this violent man was of that resolute genius that never submits to the thwarting of the will, whether for right or wrong, good or evil. What he did he would uphold—what he began he would go through with.

'If I have used less ceremony than is befitting, the occasion must plead my pardon; as there is slender time for its observance between us. Your generosity, Miss Leslie, must take example of my frankness. Within a few days I must go to Edinburgh. Let me hope to make the peace of my fair prisoner, and obtain amnesty for her friends, by being enabled to present her as the bride of a man who, at need, can be as formidable to his friends as to his enemies.'

Magdalen was, for a moment, overwhelmed by the cool and determined air with which this was said. Sir Marmaduke had changed his tone from that of the suitor to the dictator. But, when she recollected that the man who stood before her in the plenitude of unlawful power, was perfectly acquainted with the circumstance of her betrothal, which was indeed patent to all the gentry of midland Scotland, his insolent proposal carried insult which would have roused one less firm and spirited. In a tone of mock humility, and perhaps with a rash touch of woman's waywardness, she replied—

'The Whigamuir's daughter ought doubtless to be overcome with gratitude for the honour proffered her; though she is still at a loss to guess whether, as a spoil of war, she is decreed to Sir Marmaduke Winram or his hopeful son. Were the matrimonial alliances of the Whig gentry worthy discussion by the Cavaliers, Sir Marmaduke Winram might by chance have learnt that the humble maiden he so far forgets himself as to distress with his insulting suit, is the affianced bride of his neighbour proprietor, Mr James Rutherfurd, the younger of Redheugh, the obscurity of whose family—though it is not of yesterday—must be greater than had been suspected, since his intended marriage is so profound a secret.'

Sir Marmaduke knitted his brows, while his eyes glowed with lurid fire; but the maiden quailed not, though she changed her tone of sarcasm and irony to earnestness.

'With the knowledge of my peculiar condition, which you cannot fail to possess, sir, to me, your proposal, whether for your son or yourself, is either cruel mockery or wanton insult; both equally unworthy of a man of honour, especially when offered to an unhappy woman, who has no means of escaping unprovoked outrage.'

'By Heavens! madam, you trifle with me,' bellowed the Cavalier, whose courtesy was but lip-service. 'For what do you hold me, that I would regard the beggarly connexion into which you have been trepanned, formed too with a vile traitor, whose head is the forfeit of his crimes, and who shall not, by G—!' and he struck his hand on his sword-hilt, 'much longer cross either your path or mine.'

It is not in woman's nature not to have felt some degree of trepidation at being exposed to violence flowing from a cause so interesting to her feelings. Alarmed for her lover, Magdalen gazed as if her eyes would have read the inmost heart of her persecutor. Twenty eager questions hovered on the tip of her tongue; but prudence and pride held her in check, and she dreaded to betray by her looks that she was aware of James Rutherfurd having reached Scotland.

'You best know whither your menaces point,' she said, after a mutual reflective pause—'the extent of your power I am aware of, though, thank Heaven! it is that which endureth but a moment; from your mercy I expect nothing—ask nothing; and, though discourse is lost between us, I will avow to your face, Sir Marmaduke, once and for ever, that the solemn engagement which it pleases you to deride was deliberately entered upon, and is ratified by my whole heart and soul, as the dearest hope of my life; and will be upheld by every faculty of my mind, while it shall

please God to sustain my judgment under your unmanly oppression.'

Magdalen turned away to struggle with her rebellious tears; while Sir Marmaduke, by strong constraint, subdued the outward violent expression of his boiling wrath, and said, in a low, sullen voice—

'You will think better of it, madam, ere I see you again—the curate of Earlsquhair will wait upon you, and make matters plainer to your excellent understanding than I can do.' And he went off, locking and bolting the doors outside, and consigning the afflicted young gentlewoman to sorrowful rumination.

The presence of her adversary had acted as a burning stimulant to Magdalen's spirits, which ebbed low enough when that was withdrawn. So she sat her down on the couch and wept bitterly; but, as she wept she prayed; and, where Faith is present, Hope cannot be far off; and where His presence is vouchsafed, Peace cannot be far to seek. It was with Magdalen Leslie in that strong prison; and, securing the doors as well as she could, she fell asleep, like a new-dropt lamb at the bosom of its dam.

On the same night the careful landlady of the Cleikum Inn, having looked well to her household, and fastened in the doors, the landlord and his guests, among whom was Simon Sloan, prepared to join in worship, as was then the beseeming practice of all serious victuallers and folks in a public line, with the stranger within their gates. The rites of domestic worship, which some consider the most solemn of all modes of social devotion, were not ended, when the thick trampling of horse-hoofs was heard, which set the hostler body and the servant queans a-fidgeting, as, I have often remarked, very little will do in time of prayers; and presently came the thumps of a riding-whip, smiting the door; and the hoarse, peremptory voice of Sergeant Warrock interrupted the psalm, as he and some of his cut-throat comrades swore they would lay the door on its back, and quell the conventicle, if it were not opened forthwith. These were alarming words at that era; and the landlady maybe whipped away the Bible and the Psalm-books as fast as was seemly, while the troopers came jingling ben to the kitchen, swearing and roaring for drink.

'My blackguards have no time to dally,' said Warrock; 'they are escorting the crop-eared lads we ran down yesterday to Edinburgh, where they will be taken care of.'

'Win near to the fire, noble Sergeant,' said Simon Sloan, rising hastily, and with officious observance, as the man of war strode in, looking as if his feather would brush the rigging of the house. 'Have ye with you the leddy and the minister?'

'The precious Master Kidd is tied a-cock-horse outby there; and, landlady, I must have your pacing nag. It is wanted on his Majesty's service, to fetch up Mess John Otter, the curate of Earlsquhair, to whom Sir Marmaduke has entrusted the speedy conversion of Mistress Magdalen Leslie, together with the lands of Lindores and Lochkeltie, and all parts and pendicles thereunto belonging.'

Simon Sloan often told how his heart leaped to his mouth at this black news, and sunk again. He was taken aback, thrown down, and totally discomfited; matters were pressed on by fate far too precipitately for his rectifying; he gave the lady up for lost, and could scarcely conceal his agitation under a forced laugh, while he said—

'Ay, ay, convert her from Kirk and Covenanter to King and Cavalier, nae doubt—frae Whig damsel into Tory dame.'

'Somewhere thereabouts,' said Warrock.

'Right—very right; and there will be braws needed,' returned Simon. 'I never had a levelier assortment of lawns, cambrics, grograms, paduasoys, pearlins of Valenshines, Dresden ruffles, and Barcelona neck-napkins.'

'Let us have a visy of some of these last,' said Warrock. And Sikker Simmie, ill as he liked the rough customer, durst not refuse his change. A half-dozen napkins were thrust into Warrock's pocket, who spake not a word of either price or payment; but he graciously did say—

'I dare to say you may drive a brisk traffic at the Tower to-morrow, if you bear a conscience. But stir your stumps, good folks—my fellows must have refreshment. Carry them out ale till they cry, Hold!—'tis on the King's service, d—— me!'

'And the Whigs would not be the worse of weeting their whistles either—that is, if they have siller to pay for't,' said Simon; 'though I care not, for the good of the house, to bestow a stoup of sma' ale on them mysel. We in the trafficking line should keep on the square with all sides. We kenna, Sergeant, what us Malignants may need yet, if the Kirk come up and the King gang down.'

The Sergeant, who had some sympathy with ale-drinkers, though no toleration for Whigs, made no opposition to this benevolence; and Simon accordingly stood paymaster for the copious draughts of which the prisoners refused to partake as his gift.

'Deil be in their sour, unsocial pride!' quoth Simon, returning in haste with the untouched liquor, which he took the freedom to place beside the Sergeant's tass of brandy.

The trumpet sounded to muster—the troopers set forward with their charge, as it was deemed safest to pass through the villages under night, rather than exasperate the discontented people with the spectacle of their fellow-subjects in bonds, and too probably going to death. As the packman's ale, handsomely qualified with brandy, flowed down the Sergeant's obstreperous throat, his discretion ebbed apace. The man was vain of the wicked trust placed in him, and of his power in his master's household; and Simon, being a wily body, with his own ends to serve, plied him well with flattery and drink; and he swallowed both greedily. It was not ill to see

that, notwithstanding his vaunting, Warrock was, at bottom, dissatisfied with the Knight or with the rewards of his service; and anxiously did Simon lie in wait for a season to insinuate that honesty might, for once, better suit his self-seeking purposes than villany.

'Hark ye, Simon!' he said, in a tone of drunken confidence. 'There's the devil to pay at the Tower, and no pitch hot. The Master fancies the Knight means him a souple trick—he is sulky. Madame Nan—the proud callet, whom his mightiness deserns to a certain bold fellow, that deserved an honest lass, and a tocher with her, too—is also on her high horse, and off at a gallop, because Sir Marmaduke is guessed to mean Lochkeltie's daughter for his own private picking, when we have wheezed up this snivelling subject, Master Otter, to whillie-wha the wench, and mumble the marriage mass over them. This is what Madam is like ill to bear; but Nan must conform, like her betters. Winram tolerates no recusants about him.'

'But is not Miss Leslie troth-plighted to young Redheugh, which is like the first loop thrown on the knot that is aye easy to tie, but kittle to loose? Sir Marmaduke would surely never marry another gentleman's wife?'

'And wherefore not, pray? His blade has slicked harder knots ere now; and I know who will back him—that is, if he make it worth my while.'

He had not well spoken, when a second messenger arrived in hot haste, to recall Warrock, and take his duty to Earlsquhair. An express had arrived from Thirlstane Castle; another from the magistrates of Dunbar; scouts had come in—something was in the wind more than ordinary, and every voice demanded Sergeant Warrock, who, drunk as he was, lost no time in obeying orders. To the messenger—a sort of butler, whose functions the Sergeant usurped—the agitated Simon proffered the residue of the liquor; and, as nothing was then to be done with the great without gold, nor with the common sort without drink, any more than now, he called for yet another stoup.

'Na, na—nothing can be done up yonder at the Tower, without our richt-hand man,' said the new-arrived, sarcastically. 'Where is Warrock?' cries the Knight for everything wanted.—'Send me Warrock,' says the Master, when he wants to smuggle a flask of brandy-wine from the cellar, out of the kennin of his father. And, as for Madam Nan, she's to get him a'thegither—joy go wi' the bargain they'll have of each other; for she is ae limb of Satan, and he is anither. What think ye, Master Simon, of the Prelatic harlot swallowing poison-draughts this afternoon, in her passion, because Sir Marmaduke trimmed his beard, and gaed up to the Craw's Nest, to court Redheugh's step-dochter—and is like to marry her; for, though she be a Whig, she's a bonny lass, and the biggest heiress in a' Fife or the Merse. My service to ye again, Master Simon. This house keeps up its auld character for pith o' maut.'

'Naething to the double ale o' the Tower,' whined the packman, his thoughts wandering and drifting.

'Ours good ale! We'll need to get the holms of Lochkeltie and the riggs of Redheugh, to bear the barley first. We're a ruined family, Master Simon, unless we get this gentlewoman to set us right—which never was so likely as now. There's auld Redheugh i' the deadthraws. Word came down the water he was gone; but he cannot put owre this night. Lady Edgelaw rode down to the Peel-house this evening—sent for express. Weel, he was a kind landlord and a good country gentleman; and the young Laird—it need be nae secret with me—for I found it out myself, and no thanks either to Sir Marmaduke or Warrock—is landed from Holland, about some trade of the rebel exiles, and is lurking about the country-side, in guise of a packman. Oh, hey! Ye are loupin mad at that, Simon; but sit ye still, man.' And he thrust him down on the settle. 'It's little he is like to take of your custom owre your head. There is a watch set at the Red Ford, below the Peel-house, and at Randolph's Pass, and scouts out everywhere, and three hundred merks on his head—so he behoves to be catched; as it is almost certain he will try all risks to get his father's blessing, and close his eyne.'

'An' mine will close o' themselves,' said the packman, making a fashion to yawn; 'so I must to my pease-straw i' the barn. Many a weary fit, I trow, a poor body like me, in the merchandizing line, maun travel to draw a penny. But I'll be your way in the morning.—Bridals are aye cannier than burials for packman billies.'

So saying, Simon retired; but, when the confidential myrmidon of the Tower, in a half-hour afterwards, proposed setting off for Earlsquhair by the light of a late rising moon, the pacing nag which had been waiting, ready saddled and bridled, had disappeared. Search was fruitless; and the landlady, who had sat up to see her house clear and her doors locked up a second time, made light of the accident, saying that, for companionship, the beast would have followed its stable-fellows, pressed into the King's service for the prisoners, and now far on the road to Edinburgh. The sagacious woman suspected something in the wind, and that Simon had a finger in the pie; but kept herself to herself, according to the idiom of the vernacular. And never, I wot, had the pacing nag on which our dame's great good-dame wont to amble to kirk, market, burial, and bridal, (for the Cleikum folk had gentle blood in their veins, both by father's side and mother's side,) been put to its mettle as that night between this dwelling and the Red Ford, now reckoned five statute miles, which Simon, who was a brisk eel of a subject, long threeped he trotted within the half-hour. However that might be, there was neither watch nor ward set, which both the strong drink in Warrock's head (who, as is spoken metaphorically, was half-seas-over) and the commotion in which he found the household, delayed; and the young gentleman

whose blood was thirsted for, as his living presence was a stumblingblock in the iniquitous path of Sir Marmaduke Winram, had put all to the venture, to receive the blessing of his dying parent. It pleased God to restore the aged man's judgment, which had wandered in his grievous sickness, before his spirit departed to the reward of the just; and he knew his son, who was kneeling in sorrow by the bedside, as Simon Sloan beheld, when he reverently slipped into the chamber of death.

'Bless thee, my son!' said the dying saint; 'I receive thy return as a token of good. But where is my Magdalen, my twin-blessing, whose smile is aye the bow of promise in my blackened sky?'

The old man wandered again, and recollection ebbed and flowed for a time like the wavering of an expiring taper, until to the prayer of faith it steadied, and he sent his dying farewell to his wife, and to his daughter his blessing ten times told. He was supported in the bed by his sorrowing sister; and, after a season of rest and quiet, he left it in the charge of his son to give way to wrath, and to leave vengeance to Him who will repay it, and to flee this land of blood, and tyranny, and trampling down—and go down unto Egypt, with all that was near and dear to him, and tarry abroad, until the wicked Herods had ceased from the land, and the indignation was overpast. Ye may be sure this was not the hour in which James Rutherfurd could say nay, or deny any request so made; but Simon could mark, in the agonized working of his features, the despairing thoughts that were rushing through his mind.

'Flee this dwelling, my dear son,' said the old man; 'take care for my living ones, and let the dead bury their dead; though I hoped ye might have laid the grey head in the grave in peace. And fear not for our Magdalen: it is borne in on my mind that she will find a speedy and a great deliverance. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death this hope comforts and stablishes me; and blessed be His name there are glad days coming for Scotland!—Lo! the day breaks and the shadows flee away! The virgin daughter of Zion raises her head from the dust. Ay, a season of peace is dawning for the persecuted household of faith; and every free-born Scot shall yet sit under his vine and under his figtree, and none shall make him afraid!'

The last breath, wafted on the wings of prayer, left the shattered clayey tenement as the clock struck the hour of one; and, following his father's injunctions, young Redheugh, now laird of all, and yet not daring to shew his head on his own land, rushed out in his sorrow, followed by Simon Sloan, who was, in a small way, the last faithful friend of this distressed family.

'Whither go ye, sir?' inquired the packman.

'Is that a question to be asked?' returned the young man.

And they held on the open road leading towards Randolph's Tower, though young Redheugh was at last persuaded to take needful precautions for his own safety, by being reminded of Magdalen's condition, and how necessary his personal liberty was if her enlargement was to be effected. They held on by by-paths on the side of the stream opposite to Randolph's Tower—for, with every holm, and cleugh, and bush, and brake here, young Rutherfurd was familiar from the days when he had been a gatherer of hazel nuts and a fisher of minnows—until they stood on the rocks over against its gloomy strength, now frowning in the moonlight.

'I could dash myself against these rocks,' exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, 'when I think of the prisoner within these walls and know myself powerless to give her help.—I will dally no longer. I believe, my friend, that your counsels are honest; but they are not for my desperate case. I will to Edinburgh—I will surrender myself—I will wrest the release of Miss Leslie from the hands of the Privy Council, or perish!'

'A bonny turn ye would do her!' replied Simon. 'Get her guidman's neck, that is to be, into the wuddie, and make Sir Marmaduke sure of her! Na, na—we have a better plea than that. There's a good hope Miss Leslie has got my bit scart of a letter. Even if Peter Otter, the vermin Prelatic creature, who was a Presbyterian minister but the other year, and would be a Papist the next, to keep the stipend—even if he should be willing to mumble a marriage, the lady has but to say, No—a thing all womankind have an aptness to from nature, or their mothers, when it strikes in wi' their ain humour. But it will never come that length; even if Sergeant Warrock could not be persuaded to forget his keys for a few minutes, if he found twenty bread pieces in his pouch, dropt by the fairies. Then, Madam Nan would think Miss Leslie's back the best view of her. So ye must not, Laird, give way to Giant Despair. I see it's vain for ye to try the pack—ye're found out there. Did I not warn you, in the sma' dealings with the guidwives that were forced on ye, aye to seek a good sikker price, to prig hard, and be rather scrimp than lavish of your measure, if ye wished to pass for one of our ancient fraternity?'

'Nothing could induce me to forego, for one hour, confronting this haughty oppressor, and rescuing Miss Leslie or perishing in the attempt, save the hope which arises from your having already been able to establish a communication with her, and my expectation of the immediate interference of powerful friends, even among the Malignant party themselves.'

It was finally agreed that, instead of exposing himself in his assumed vocation, the young gentleman should lurk in the woods opposite the Tower, until Simon Sloan, under cover of his pack and traffic, should again venture, like the dove of the ark, to go forth and spy if the waters had abated, and the earth raised her green, rejoicing head.

'The activity and zeal which you displayed in

warning off the bark, and your personal services to myself, leave me much your debtor,' said Redheugh; 'but the redemption of Miss Leslie were worth more than all I am worth in this world, or ever shall be.'

'Very weel, honourable sir, we can settle that short account afterwards; let us see the work done first. If I could but see you and the young leddy on board Andro Baikie's brig, that blithe sight would far o'erpay my small services. But I maun back to St Ronan's, and hear what is afoot. If Winram has seen through the flam, this is no country for me.'

The lassies of St Ronan's thought Sikker Simon was never to awake that morning; and, at long last, the mistress went to the barn to shake him up from his straw.

'Ye are snoring there, Simon Sloan, and the auld Laird of Redheugh's dead-deal sent for this morning—Mr Peter Otter away up to the Tower, to buckle the Knight to Miss Leslie—and our naig ridden all night by the witches or the wirricows! But ye'll ken naething about it?' And the shrewd landlady gave Simon a pawkie look that said much. 'Ye may trust to me, Simon Sloan, and a' the folk hereabout. Think ye our hearts are made of whinstones? I came out to the barn to speak privately to you. What *is* to be dune—for flesh and blood can thole nae langer this masterful oppression? The guid, kind, auld laird's grey hairs borne down to the grave with sorrow; and a price set on the stately head of James Rutherfurd! The cut-throat villain, Warrock, made tear the father's scarce-cauld corpse from the bed, this morning, searching for the son! That bonny, sweet, young thing, Miss Magdalen Leslie, led like a lamb to the slaughter!—Nay, never lift up your threatening finger to silence me, Simon; I carena who hears me, since it has come to this. If the men of St Ronan's can thole langer, then the women cannot. If they winna use their swords, we maun try our distaffs.'

Simon found this resisting spirit general throughout the village. Looms stood idle—smithy fires expired—the shoemaker's hammer and the carpenter's plane were silent; for the death of Redheugh and the peril of his son were severely felt in the neighbourhood, and the news of the forced nuptials, which Winram imagined his own profound secret, flew like wildfire, and excited universal, if stifled indignation. But, though there was the low growl of the coming tempest, our canny Scots folks are never rash of their hands—and, perhaps, it is just as well so.

Long before Simon Sloan reached Randolph's Tower, the worshipful curate had been called to minister spiritual consolation to that fair and penitent stray lamb of his Prelatic flock, Madam Anne Clive, with whom death was dealing hard, it was said in the household; though the reprobate, Warrock, remarked, 'that it was long ere the De'il died at a dike-side—and there would be more news of Nan before she let Sir Marmaduke so easy off, as just to slip away when it best suited him.' In her chamber of wassailry, the curate had often taken his pleasure at the cards and dice, and in dainty refections, and dyed his lips red in the blood of the grape; but it was a changed scene that morning. Instead of the wild paroxysms of the former day, this evil-conditioned, betrayed, and miserable woman affected great contrition, and sent petition after petition, beseeching that Sir Marmaduke would, for the last time, see and forgive her. He was in no humour of compliance, and, indeed, violently chafed at the escape of young Rutherfurd. He upbraided Warrock with treachery, and even threatened him with the dagger he usually wore, when the fellow replied with what he considered insolence. The friendship of the wicked, my friends, is a rope of sand, at best. Words waxed higher and ruder; and Sir Marmaduke, in his frantic rage, struck at the man, who, in defending himself, struck again, threw down his haughty lord, and rushed from the room like an incarnate fiend.

'Where was the Master of Winram?' was his eager question. And it afterwards was concluded that he had meditated the violent confinement of Sir Marmaduke, and the betrayal of Miss Leslie into the hands of the son. The Master of Winram had rode off alone, at daybreak, to a great hunting-match at Borthwick, which would detain him for a week; and, what was more wonderful to the household, Sir Marmaduke had put him liberally in funds. Warrock had probably formed no other plan when he was summoned back to attend his master, in whom low cunning for once took place of the vindictive rage and thirst of revenge which belonged to his character. He apologized for his violence, and declared that Warrock was justified in defending himself, since he had so far forgotten their difference of place as to have first lifted his hand. But there was a vengeful light in his puckered eye, a swarthy streak on the brow, a distension and contraction of the nostril, which betrayed the strife of inward passions, and which Warrock read aright, though he affected to receive the offered apology with much gratitude and humility.

'And your prisoner, Warrock, my good fellow—the fair recusant of the Tower—how fares it with Miss Leslie this morning? She must not be disturbed with news of the old man's death, nor yet with tidings of the cub, until we have hunted him down.'

'Of which I don't despair, if your Honour's but patient. For the lady, she carries herself bravely; and, if she looked beautiful yesterday, is far more lovely to-day. When I walked up deaf Jenny with the morning meal but now, we found her chanting psalms to herself like a lint-white.'

'Thanks, Warrock, for attention to my orders! Poor Nan, they tell me, is dying; but the remembrance of faithful service never dies with me. Other modes may be found to reward you.'

Warrock bowed. 'Simon Sloan, the travelling merchant, an' please you, is here,' he observed. 'He begs me to say that he is well provided with such commodities as may befit Miss Leslie's

change of condition, and that he shall be proud to shew the parapharnels.'

'For your life, no!—no one shall cross that threshold. But you may carry up his whole stock of trumpery for her inspection. Women are all fond of gauds, and they may serve to divert her thoughts.'

Simon, who afterwards told that he had been saying his neck-verse all the while he sojourned in this hold of violence, affected great reluctance to part with his goods in this unusual manner; and he stipulated firmly that they should not be exposed to the risks of any of the cutties about the place, who would think little of whipping out their shears and snipping off a suit of Mechlin pearlins—an article of choice delicacy, which he recommended to Miss Leslie, and of which he had sold the other half last week at Newark to the ladies there.

The pedler's commodities renewed Magdalen's hope of farther intelligence. They were searched over and over, until Simon became so clamorous for the restitution of his pack that Sergeant Warrock, fancying the lady ought to have made up her mind in four hours, ventured to hint as much when he carried up her dinner; and, farther, that poor Simon was peculiarly anxious about his Flanders lace, in which so much of his money was embarked, and of which he would let her have a great bargain, as he wished to send to Holland, by a sure friend going in a few days, for fresh purchases and on a clean new score.

Magdalen, trying to extract a meaning from this enigma, craved farther time for inspection, and again with trembling hands undid the lace card. How welcome was Simon Sloan's three lines—'Be of cheer, madam! Friends are not far off. If driven to extremity, crave to be publicly married, as befits your rank and fortune, in the neighbouring chapel of St Ronan's.' Magdalen was musing on this intimation, though resolved not to act upon it till driven to extremity indeed—when the finery and fal-als were again called for, and she directed some purchases to be made in her name, for which she said 'she knew Master Simon would give her credit until better times;' while Warrock gallantly protested all was at his master's cost, who, with her good pleasure, proposed to inquire for her health that same evening. Magdalen pleaded vehemently against this visit. She was sick and worn, she said, and entreated for one day to be excused.

'I verily believe she wishes to be dabbling by herself at these confounded pearlins,' said Warrock to his master, 'and I consider this a lucky whim, as nothing now prevents me from setting out to look after her spark.'

The duty was too pressing to be delayed. Permission was instantly granted, and he went alone, for Sir Marmaduke had sufficient occupation in writing letters and dispatches, and preparing his friends to bear him out in the criminal act he meditated. The long and secret view which he had obtained of his victim—for, as ye may guess, it was Sir Marmaduke who caused the preternatural tremours of Magdalen on the previous day, when his baleful eye first fell upon her—had quickened his purpose and fixed his resolution.

'This is a creature who, with three months' polishing, and a few weeks at Court, a gentleman may hold up his face for,' was his secret thought; and the high spirit displayed by the maiden at their interview, confirmed the impression made by her beauty and natural air of refinement. Opposition to that indomitable will which it was the madness of this violent man never to submit to any law, human or divine, whether of reason or justice—gave fresh zest to the enterprise. Nor was time to be lost; for already there were intimations from Edinburgh that Miss Leslie's friends and kindred were clamorous in demanding that she should abide the consequences of her alleged breach of the laws against conventicles in more decorous keeping.

'I'll woo her as the lion wooes his bride,' was the proud and swelling boast of this presumptuous spirit. 'I began with desiring her convenient fortune for my family—I am maddened with love for herself,' he said to Mr Otter, the time-serving priest. 'There is absolute fascination in her blushing, demure looks, and dove-like, downcast eyes. Her glances intoxicate like philtres and love-potions. You fancy me bewitched, Master Curate—it is verily so; but, by Heaven, the sorceress shall burn in the same fires that consume me! By Heaven and Earth, she shall be mine ere twenty-four hours elapse!'

'The damsel will be much favoured,' replied the priest.

Randolph, the degraded son of Sir Marmaduke, though so weak in intellect as to be sometimes deemed imbecile, was not without a spice of that spurious wisdom, low knavish cunning, in his mental composition, which just enabled him to perceive that his father had some secret object in sending him away at this juncture, and to guess it out. He felt instinctively that 'Madam Nan' could, if willing, prove an able ally. He sought her privately, and, while his father and the household supposed him at a distance, he remained secreted in the suite of apartments appropriated to her use. She was found in apt mood. Her severe indisposition had failed to move the pity of her sated paramour, who not only excused himself from visiting her, but ordered Warrock to close up the private communication which connected their respective chambers. This act of repudiation, as she considered it, the varlet performed with the arrogance by which mean and vulgar minds revenge the whips and scorn inflicted by such vicious usurpers as this Southron woman.

'Yes!' she exclaimed, when the simple youth unfolded his object in clandestinely seeking her aid to circumvent his father and the confidant, Warrock—'yes! thus does Sir Marmaduke Winram treat his only son. You, sir, he remorselessly makes over to poverty and contempt, while he riots in the wealth that should be yours;

and, by a refinement of unnatural villany, in marrying the woman destined by himself for your arms, raises up a new race to undermine your rights of birth! While me!—me!—he consigns, like a cast-off, worthless suit, to his insolent jackman!'

Her large, fierce, black eyes, whose brilliance had so often been toasted in the orgies and revels of this doomed house, dilated and contracted, scintillating with the fury of rage and revenge, the more frantic that it was felt impotent, until now that the folly of Randolph Winram had opened a new way. 'You have sometimes deemed me your enemy, Mr Randolph,' she said, with greater calmness—'put my devotion to the proof, now. Let me guess your purpose: you would marry the heiress destined for you. Is it not so?'

'To be sure I would, Madam Anne—my father himself said so. Miss Leslie must surely be the beauty of the world to have converted Sir Father o' the sudden to the Whigs, and made him forsake you.'

'You shall marry her still,' cried the woman, unheeding the close of his remarks.

'By my faith, I hope so!—but how or when?—My father will kill me.'

'This night or never you shall so woo her that she shall be fain to consent. Sir Marmaduke has ordered the banqueting-hall to be prepared for a solemn festival. His bridal cannot even be deferred until the corpse of Anne Clive is carried forth from her betrayer's floor. My charge of family jewels and papers has been reclaimed—wrested from me—me! the wronged, the scorned wretch his falsehood has made. I have been insolently warned, through a menial's lips, that I cannot remain beneath this roof for another day—consistently with *decorum*. The word comes gracefully from the lips of Marmaduke the bridegroom!'

'This is naught to me, Madam Anne,' interrupted the stolid person to whom the frantic woman appealed for sympathy.

'True—most true—naught to any one—and least of all to you. You cannot, however, marry this new paragon without seeing her. Think not, young gentleman, that I have for all these years been the domestic friend of Sir Marmaduke without sharing in his secrets—ay, even in the mysteries of Winram's Wing. I shall be your midnight guide; all unable as I am, I shall lead you to the secret chamber communicating with this girl's prison. It is for youth and gallantry to win and wed her.' If there were dark meanings in this speech, made tenfold more dark by the fiendish glance which gave it force, they were probably lost on the youth, who had been plied with wine, and stimulated by the flattery and sarcasm adapted to his rude nature. Two hours past midnight was the time appointed. Mystery, excitement, and a feeling of curiosity which rose in his breast, combined to blind Randolph to the perilous consequences of his daring enterprise.

'You have the Blue Beard keys, Madam Anne,' he said in surprise. 'Is it then true that you can so drug Sir Father's night-posset that he sleeps when you will? These are the secrets of Court ladies.'

'Master of Winram, pry not too closely into the nature of secrets which give the power of serving you. Be silent, and follow me.'

She took the dark lantern, and they cautiously proceeded. Her pulse throbbed with the intensity of fevered blood and strongly excited passions, while her enfeebled limbs shook under her; yet she paused not, save to recover needful breath. The lonely passages were threaded, the narrow winding stairs were scaled, locks and bolts gave way to her morbid strength, while her companion shrunk too late from the consequences of his rashness. They stood in the strong chamber.

'Hist!' whispered the maddened woman, and she guided the quailing youth to the aperture in the wall, which commanded a view of the adjoining chamber. A night lamp, burning feebly, shewed the forlorn girl, dressed, but apparently asleep, with her head reclining on the arm of her chair.

'Here I leave you,' whispered the demoniac. 'Yet methinks you scarce look the joyous wooer. Courage, Master of Winram! It is not with that cream-face and loutish air Sir Marmaduke wins or subdues women to his will. There, look—I have undrawn the bolt which divides you from this Sleeping Beauty. Now, good night! You shall be released anon. The same priest who has come to minister at my death-bed, and to pronounce the nuptial benediction of the father, waits the pleasure of the son.'

The feeble-minded Randolph would now gladly have retraced his steps; but his more energetic companion allowed no time for repentance. Like a spirit, she suddenly vanished, locking him into the chamber, in spite of his whispered entreaties; and, without a pause, she sought Sir Marmaduke. Her dire vow of vengeance was breathed over his sleeping head, while the candle, which waved about, glared in his unclosing eyes.

'Waken, Sir Marmaduke! and thank your stars, ingrate as you are, that fate has left you one watchful and faithful friend.'

'Pshaw! 'tis you, Nan. How dare you, wench, venture this foolish intrusion? Then your dangerous illness was feigned, as I supposed? Get you back to bed, Anne—I am not disposed for trifling; and beware how you task my good nature in this fashion again.'

'I scorn your insinuations, as I do your menaces. *Your* affairs—that which concerns your interest, your honour—has dragged me from my dying bed——Ay, you will listen now. Call up your faithful Warrock, Anne Clive's intended master—ay, for that, too, I rest your debtor. You would marry the heiress whose person you have imprisoned. Even on this your bridal eve, your happy rival converts your prison into the chamber of dalliance. For this, too, thank your faithful, your convenient Warrock.'

'Woman, you rave,' cried Sir Marmaduke, incredulous, yet perplexed.

'I speak the words of truth. Do you fear to abide the proof? If so, turn ye round and sleep again.'

'Though your tale is false as hell, I will be satisfied!' exclaimed the knight, and he snatched the huge bunch of keys which lay on the table by his bed-side, left there by Warrock before his departure. Sir Marmaduke found the first door locked; but another and another of those at the feet of the different flights of stairs was found open. He ascended with hasty strides. Magdalen's prison-chamber was locked, and so was the strong room. He applied the key to the lock of the latter. It gave way but his entrance was strongly opposed from within. He could distinctly hear the strong, quick breathing of the powerful person who resisted. He paused for an instant to form his plan. The powers of hell were busy with him then. The *Weird of the Winrams* was sealed.

'He shall perish in his guilt,' was the demoniac impulse; and suddenly Sir Marmaduke double-locked the very door he had just tried to force; and, unlocking Magdalen's door, violently dashing away whatever impediments her slender arms had raised against the inside for her protection, he stood in the middle of her chamber, half-dressed, and in great disorder, bearing a candle in one hand, and in the other his unsheathed sword. Miss Leslie had awoke in horror at the crash of the furniture piled against the door; and now, uttering piercing shrieks, she gazed on the terrible apparition, as if an incarnate fiend had started up before her. A minute dispelled supernatural terror, but recalled her wandering senses only to make her situation more terrible. She writhed and recoiled, as if she would have shrunk from him into the wall, towards which she crept backwards.

'Pardon me, madam, if I have too abruptly broken in upon your pious orgies—the tender moments of your religious courtship,' said her visiter, in a low tone of bitter sarcasm and ill-suppressed rage. 'Have I interrupted the innocent psalm-singing meetings of plighted lovers before the hour that the obliging go-between warned them to part?'

'You speak riddles which I care not to comprehend,' returned Magdalen, trembling, and yet affecting courage and calmness.

'I speak riddles, madam! Let me speak plainer: Where lurks the traitor that has suborned my servant to betray his trust? No wonder the villain, thus sheltered, has hitherto eluded me. Thanks, madam, to your tender care!'

'I seek not to know your meaning, sir,' cried Magdalen: 'Why am I thus subjected to indecent, to intolerable outrage? Why is my chamber entered at midnight in this rude fashion? For God's sake, Sir Marmaduke, leave me, if you would not kill me on the spot by your presence!' And tears of agony and wounded modesty and pride burst forth in floods.

'By my honour, madam, but the cool audacity of the godly is truly edifying! Have I indeed ventured to disturb your midnight assignations before your pious souls were satisfied?'

'This is surely the language of madness,' thought Magdalen; and, again clasping her hands, she said, in a soothing voice, 'For Heaven's sake, leave me!—leave me but till day breaks! I'll meet you in the chapel of St Ronan's; I will do anything—only leave me now. I am a poor helpless thing; not worthy your care, nor yet your anger. If you would not see me expire before you, leave me!' And she wept in silence, while Sir Marmaduke, bending his dark visage over her, whispered—

'Dare you affirm that this villain has not been here? That—see, madam'—and he snatched her hand, and pointed it in the direction of the aperture—'that he lurks not near you now!'

'What villain, Sir Marmaduke? Surely you are disturbed in mind? What shall I do for you? Let me ring the Tower bell, and summon Warrock?'

'Ha! Warrock—the faithful Warrock? No, madam, I will have no alarum sounded—no warning to auxiliaries. The traitor, James Rutherfurd of Redheugh, is concealed in my house, hidden here from my just vengeance—and you know it.'

Magdalen became fearfully agitated. Could James, indeed, be near. Had his affection exposed him to peril in an attempt to see or relieve her? She coloured and trembled like a guilty thing, and now dreaded to utter a word, lest she might do some irreparable mischief.

'I ask again, madam, has not that felon and traitor passed the night with you—yesterday—the former night—in this chamber? Verily 'tis wise to creep close to the fireside when the chimney smokes—all Scotland had not been so safe a place of refuge for that outlaw as this house.'

'You are distracted, sir,' said Magdalen, rallying, 'nor shall I permit this stain to rest on me for one moment, though coming from so foul a source. No man has entered this chamber, save one who disgraces the name of man. I know not where the gentleman to whom you allude may be. Him your opprobrious epithets cannot injure; but God forbid that he too were beneath your roof!'

A fiendish, exulting laugh burst from the half-maddened Cavalier, as he caught the struggling maiden. 'Then my charming Puritan is still my own! You swear, Miss Leslie, that you have not seen this person?'

'Let me go—for heaven's sake—for mercy's sake!' cried Magdalen. 'I will swear!' But, disengaged and pausing, she added—'I am not of those who can tamper lightly with the sanctity of an oath, or presumptuously appeal to Heaven.'

'You cannot then swear it?'

'I will solemnly affirm on my honour, if that will satisfy you, that I have not been so happy as to have seen the gentleman you speak of. Alas! how should I?'

The pathos of her tone of regret inflamed her tormentor.

'I will have you swear it!' he hoarsely whis-

pered; and, clutching at her arm, he looked in her face with an expression which made her shudder and shut her eyes.

'I swear I have not seen him,' she faltered out.

'That he is not here?' demanded Sir Marmaduke, fiercely.

'I swear it!' she again whispered; and overwrought nature could hold no longer—she sank on the floor in a swoon.

'Doubly traitress, his blood be on your head!' he cried. And he flung her slender, inanimate form under his arm, and carried her away, deliberately closing and locking every door in his descent. At the last—at that fatal iron door which cut off Winram's wing from the mansion, a distant yell was heard echoing through the stairs and long winding passages. Sir Marmaduke laughed aloud like an exulting demon.

He bore the still insensible girl into the banqueting room, and laid her on a couch. The windows of the apartment overlooked the cataract, and its boiling caldrons. He deliberately opened a casement, and dropped the fatal keys into the abyss.

'Sink like my foe! Neither heaven nor hell can now move me from my purpose. I take this bond of pride against relenting humanity.'

The household was roused, and a female domestic and the curate summoned to recover and prepare the maiden for her fate. She listened in stupor to the wily, supple, and flattering discourse of the priest, and passively suffered the woman to arrange her hair and her dress.

A sumptuous morning repast was meanwhile served in the banqueting room; and thither Sir Marmaduke, now attired in the gorgeous garbs of the period, conducted her through the marshalled servants, hastily attired in their best equipages. The family coach had been hastily prepared; every horse was ordered, and every man in attendance that could swell the number of bridal riders. Installing Magdalen in the place of honour, Sir Marmaduke, enacting the part of the gallant Cavalier and joyous bridegroom, took his seat by her side; and, if her pale features and distracted air betrayed inward discomposure, it might, to strangers and to the servants, have seemed no more than was natural to her condition.

When the repast was over, Sir Marmaduke, accompanied by the curate, again ostentatiously led the passive girl through the line of domestics, to a small apartment, fitted up as a chapel or oratory.

'Everything has been prepared,' he said, looking round—'ring, altar, books, cushion. Prying eyes and idle observances are, at best, a tax upon the felicity of a season like this. I fancied that in this privacy I might better consult the delicacy of your feelings, Miss Leslie; though my fellows shall have their gallop to church, nevertheless. Nay, a million thanks for that sweet, consenting smile! Proceed, sir, with your office. Every minute seems an age that delays my happiness.'

The expression of mortal agony which quivered for an instant on the features of the maiden, and which he chose to interpret into a yielding smile, gave place to stronger emotion, as he attempted to lead her forward, that the marriage service might commence.

'Either this foolish jest is carried too far, or you, sir, are strangely practised on,' said Magdalen, fixing her eyes on the curate. 'True, I am illegally detained in this house by Sir Marmaduke Winram; but there his tyrannical power over me ceases. I am neither so abject nor quite so helpless as he deems; nor can the crime he meditates be perpetrated with impunity, enslaved as Scotland is. Though you sir, have deserted the faith of our fathers, and follow the Prelatic doctrine, you profess yourself a Christian minister. In the name of your sacred office, and as you value peace of conscience, proceed no farther in this matter! I call upon you to succour me!—Against these unhallowed rites, I shall protest before heaven and earth, till the last breath leaves my body.' The curate was dismayed and silent.

'Proceed with your trade!' cried the knight, in his most imperious tones, and knitting his brows—'there will be time enough hereafter for the lady to play off those pretty airs and caprices.'

'Surely, madam, this matter has gone too far between my honoured patron and yourself, to permit retreat now,' whined the sneaking priest. 'I take it for granted, that, whatever young ladies may fancy it becoming and maidenly to pretend, they know their own minds ere the minister is sent for. My function is too grave to be trifled with.'

'Grave and holy, and not to be desecrated to the sanction of a crime so foul as marriage between me, the affianced wife of Mr James Rutherfurd, and him you call patron. No power on earth shall make me the perjured wife of Sir Marmaduke Winram. The very dross which he covets makes it needful that he should not at once take my life, were I his wife to-night; and, while I live, to all Scotland would I denounce the hypocritical wretch who, under the guise of religion, would act as the vile pander to the lust and rapacity of our tyrants.'

'Beshrew me, madam, but this passes!' exclaimed Sir Marmaduke. 'This virago is one of the meek, maidenly Whig damsels! But I shall find a way to tame the pretty termagant.'

The curate interposed; he pulled his patron aside, and whispered in his ear.

'Well, well,' returned Sir Marmaduke, 'I leave you five minutes for persuasion. I will, meanwhile, to see poor Nan, since you are sure she is really dying; and you say she has some secret for my own ear. I owe something to her devoted affection.—Strange caprice of women, that one should affect aversion where another dotes and maddens with despairing affection!' He locked the priest and the maiden into the cabinet; and, heated and chafed, but trying to look composed, he proceeded to the

darkened chamber of his paramour, whose sands were ebbing fast.

'How now, Nan?' he said, taking the clammy, yet burning hand, stretched out to greet him, more struck than melted by the expression of fretful pain and ghastly horror which alternated in the late beautiful countenance.

'You are come at last, Sir Marmaduke—thanks for the last kindness you can ever grant on the entreaty of the once idolised Anne Clive! Do I see in you a married man?'

'Tush, Nan!—of that hereafter. We must part—but be you wise and well, my girl, and you shall never lack a friend. Take your eyes off me, though—I don't like their expression; yet I never saw them more lustrous, nor your complexion more brilliant—you are, in sooth, a rare beauty, Nan—of the brunette species; and, though Warrock, whom the Devil confound! has proved traitor, we shall find you a good husband yet in Scotland.'

There is a coarseness and an obtuseness of moral sentiment in profligates and debauchees, which render them unfit to comprehend the feelings and pride of even a depraved and shameless woman. The fascination of the basilisk was in the glance of contempt and vengeful hate which the wretched leman darted on her companion in iniquity; but it fell unmarked. He was, as ever, absorbed in self.

'There was a secret, Anne, you wished to impart to my private ear—so says the curate—let me hear it now.'

'There was a secret, Sir Marmaduke; but first'—and she clasped his hand—'I have one last request to make—the very last. Our sins have been mutual; so let the expiation be. In humility and penitence let us receive together the purifying and reconciling rites of the church—you before you go to the altar, and I before I go hence, to be no more!'

Sir Marmaduke, reckless reprobate as he was, startled at this.

'No, no, Nan! In the farce of life, the time demands quite different parts from you and me; but I will pledge you, nevertheless, for auld langsyne—the rather that I am burning with thirst and devilry. I believe the wine will hiss in my throat.' He seized and raised a large silver goblet, brimming with wine, which stood on the table.

'Touch not that cup!' cried the woman. 'Profane it not—the wine is consecrated!'

'Tush, Nan! 'tis never a hair the worse of the priest's mumbling, as he meant not his mass for me.' He drank long and greedily. 'Ha! by my soul, generous liquor, though mine own. Come, Nan, now for your secret; but, ere I say farewell, you shall pledge to the bridegroom—you shall not bear malice.' He held the cup to her dry, quivering lips, and she greedily sucked rather than drank to the very dregs. The goblet dropped from her fingers, and rolled on the floor. She burst into a fit of shrill, delirious laughter, to which the chamber and the long vaulted passages rung in frightful echoes.

'I have pledged my bridegroom!' was her shriek—'the secret is out—the *Weird of the Winrams* is on you!' She fell back in strong convulsions, in the strife of which she died as she had lived.

Sir Marmaduke probably wished to believe her delirious; but a gloomy foreboding passed on his mind. He strove to shake it off—he drank more wine.

'The traitor in yonder tower is safe enough,' was his thought. 'Never again shall he cross my path, nor plot against his lawful prince. The stubborn girl who did it, shall bend to my will, and short space will reconcile a woman's vanity to a brilliant fortune. Hell itself cannot thwart my purposes. Even a public wedding suits me well. We will to church! No one shall dare whisper that her inclination has been forced in this matter.'

When he rejoined the curate and the lady, he abruptly announced his change of resolution.

'Miss Leslie shall be gratified. Our wedding shall be public. We will have no foul play.'

Instantly the household was in a tumult; and, in an hour, the cavalcade mustered. Sir Marmaduke lifted the forlorn maiden into the carriage, and the curate took his place beside her, and closed the windows; Sir Marmaduke mounted his high-blooded Arabian horse, the gift of the Duke of York, which pranced and curvetted in its pride, as if to give the Cavalier an opportunity to display his mastery in horsemanship before the eyes of his bride.

'Heigh! but ours is a blithe bridegroom, Simmie!' cried bleared Elspat Swinton, the henwife. 'And ye are mounted too—a fore-rider!' The old crone had hobbled to the gate, to see the gallant cavalcade issue from the avenue. 'Set up packmen bodies riding bluid-beasts as if they were gentle Swintons or Winrams! And he is off like a fire-flaught, to warn the folk o' St Ronan's, nae doot, o' our braw bridal's comin'.'

The train swept by.

'A blithe bridegroom, Elspat!' cried Simon Sloan's friend, Sarah Stobbie, who stood with Elspat; 'he is mair like a fey man, rampaging and caprioling round the coach that gait. I wuss, I wuss bonny Miss Leslie may have gotten fair play among them. When I helped to prin her and busk her, but e'en now, she was liker a cauld corp than a blooming bride.'

'An' is't true the breath is out of that painted Jezabel and harlot at last? Did ye try her with a looking-glass? It will be an uncanny thing to bring a new-married wife hame to her ain house, and a corp lying in't. Sergeant Warrock, when he comes back, will surely dispose o' the body before they return frae the kirk—unless the De'il or the wirricows flee away wi't. Heigh! heigh! heigh!' And the henwife half-choked with feeble spiteful laughter. 'Madam Nan was unco clever at counting the chickens and the eggs—she's gane to her lang 'count hersel. She threatened to tak Elspat's bit post owre her head

—let her look to her ain. Heigh! heigh! heigh, Sarah!—I never saw guid come o' them that crossed me—I aye got my wuss o' them.'

'Save us, Elspat! binna sae devilish, and you see auld; though I'm no believing you the witch-wife the countryside says.'

'Witch-wife say ye, lass? Na, I'm nae uncanny body; but I aye got my wuss o' a' them that crossed or contred me—I dinna ken how it's. And I'll hae't o' Randie Winram, too—the graceless young villain that killed my cat and scored me aboon the breath wi' his whittle; and black Warrock standing by laughing. I'll get my will o' them baith.'

'For Gudesake, Elspat, girn no that gait sae spitefu'! Ye shall put nane o' your cantraips on the Master. Do as ye like wi' the other blackguard. But it's time I were looking after the dinner. An' they ride that gait, helter-skelter, they'll be back frae the kirk ere the broche begin to spin, and Simon Sloan will win the bruse.'

As the riders came in sight of the chapel of St Ronan's, an ill omen met them. A long funeral train of country-people was seen leaving the burying-ground. Some were mounted, but many more were on foot, wrapped in their *maude*, as the checkered shepherds' plaids of the south were called then, as now in our day. The curate, leaving the carriage, beckoned his patron aside.

'I like not yonder gathering of Whigs, Sir Marmaduke. Your eyes are better practised in war and strategy than mine; but I should not wonder if there were both swords, carabines, and pistols under yon flutter of grey plaids. Are you quite well, my honoured patron? You seem evil-disposed. Had we not better turn back? The events of this morning have agitated you.'

'Armed!' cried the knight, carelessly. 'Why, the grey geese mean to give the bride a *feu de joie*, I presume, after having buried the Laird of Westercraft's grand-dame. It is the country usage; let us make haste. I do feel mortally unwell, and disposed for home.'

"Had we not better'——

'Out upon you, craven!' interrupted the knight, angrily; 'you cannot mean it. I would not turn back now if all the muirland Whigs in Scotland were embattled before me. I have been inactive of late—the churls have forgotten the terror of Winram's name. You'll see I'll but hold up my staff, and the bear broke loose shall take to his hind-legs and dance the saraband before his old tamer.'

So saying, he struck the spur into his horse and galloped to the church stile, his attendants pressing hard after him. Simon Sloan, who already stood there with two or three villagers, set up a cheer, which was gaily returned by the bridegroom's followers. The funeral train seemed to have dispersed; and the wedding party dismounted and followed Sir Marmaduke, between whom and the curate the bride was borne rather than led into the church. Her conductors recoiled for an instant. A coffin, covered by its wide floating pall, rested on trestles before the pulpit, and by it stood a tall, muffled, and armed mourner.

'This is an unpleasant rencontre,' whispered the alarmed priest—'let us retire until the chapel is cleared of the burial folks.'

'I will not retire,' said Magdalen, recovering from the apparent stupor into which she had fallen; 'this is the burying-place of the Rutherfurds of Redheugh. Oh, welcome the sanctuary of their sepulchre rather than the marriage-bed you would prepare for me!'

As she spoke the chapel-door closed behind them with a crash, and retreat was cut off; but Warrock had entered.

'Sir Marmaduke, you are a dead man!' was his violent exclamation, as he approached his master; and the Knight drew the pistols from his belt, one of which he levelled at the mourner, who was advancing—the shot had been drawn! with the other, he struck with the strength of madness into the hard skull of his liegeman, crying—'Hence to the hell which has rendered up this damned traitor!' With a last effort, he grasped the shoulder of Magdalen, as if to tear her away from the advancing stranger, into whose arms she sprung. 'James!' was the brief exclamation of momentary, indescribable rapture, ere Magdalen was claimed by her mother, and hurried into the vestry, while the confusion in the chapel rose louder and louder.

Sir Marmaduke had sunk, overpowered with the agonizing illness which had been dealing with him for the last hour, while young Elliot of Elshieshiels, and another stout yeoman—who had pinioned his arms behind—attempted to bind him. It was long laughingly remembered that Simon Sloan, at this time, whispered, 'I darena lay a finger on his Honour; but here's a bit gey teuch towie.' And he grinned, as he stretched it, to try its strength.

'Lay a hand on him, and I'll cleave you to the brisket!' said Warrock, who had been only stunned by his master's parting love-token, and who now raised him tenderly in his arms. 'His dead-ill is on him. Let him alone. See how he writhes and foams! He is poisoned, I tell you. That hell-bitch who has gone before him has been his death.'

The dying man muttered some inarticulate words, while his eyes rolled frightfully in their sockets, and his soul seemed to pant with anxiety to be understood. 'What said ye, my honoured master?—Winram's Wing! Alack! he is raving,' said Warrock. 'Ho, there, ye villains! If ever ye had good at Winram's hands, ride for doctors, as if grim Death were behind you. Send an instant express to the Master of Winram.'

The wretched man became dreadfully convulsed. He was carried out, and placed in the coach, to be conveyed home. It was said that the last breath went out of him as he was carried over his own threshold, and that the wind instantly rose, while dreadful yells were heard at the same time to issue from the old Tower. The

superstition of the vulgar long had it, that the Enemy of man had come to claim and bear away the soul of his vassal—the manslayer, and blood-thirsty persecutor. Part of the wild tale was soon too fatally explained.

Warrock looked the corpse of his master, now swimming in blood, into the banqueting-hall, and took horse himself to fetch home the Master of Winram. Need I tell ye how all that remained of the Last Winram was found, months afterwards, by the strangers into whose hands the heritage had passed? Thus the *Weird of the Winrams* was fulfilled—even while Magdalen Leslie was beholding her father's honoured head laid in peace in the grave, and had been, in the same hour, joined in marriage with his son, standing by his coffin, in the chapel of St Ronan's. She had yielded to the voice of her mother, who said—'It is now our duty not to lament the dead, but to obey his injunctions, and preserve the living ones, for whom his soul travailed. So says your mother, my Magdalen, and so enjoins the man of God, who is ready to perform the office—the friend of your father.'

'Dispose of me as you will, dear mother,' returned the maiden, hiding her face in her mother's bosom, and, at the same time, extending her hand to James Rutherfurd.

The activity of that nimble-witted creature, Sikker Simmie, had provided against all mischances. Fleet horses stood, ready saddled, in the Cleikum stables; and, although the present circumstances of the House of Winram afforded the lovers a small respite from pursuit, they were far from being in safety.

'Six hours of a good round gallop will bring us in sight of St Abb's Head, whereabouts Andro Baikie's brig is rocking, and the Flushing sloop no' that far off,' said Simon; 'and I'll back the young guidwife—that is, saving respect, the young lady o' Redheugh—at a hand-gallop, against Mary Queen of Scots or Katharine Jamfrie, when she has will to the road.'

Magdalen smiled, even then and there. There was brief time for grief at parting. James Rutherfurd tenderly drew her away, while her mother poured those blessings and prayers on both in which many joined. In a half-hour, they had lost sight of St Ronan's; and years elapsed before the exiles again saw old Scotland—though James Rutherfurd had been in London more than once, on secret business concerning the welfare of the kingdom and the coming over of the Prince of Orange.

They came home at last, in the train of that great bulwark of Protestant ascension and civil liberty; but a short time at court sufficed Magdalen. She returned to Lochkeltie to her lady mother, with her three bonny bairns; and James was not long behind. He sat for the kingdom of Fife, or else for Roxburghshire, in the first Parliament after the glorious revolution, and was the very champion of the liberty of the subject. They were still but very young folks; but trial and hardship had wonderfully ripened their judgment, without hardening their hearts. Magdalen Rutherfurd cared little to speak of her early adventures, save to her husband or her mother; nor yet of the judgment-like dealings with the bloody house of Winram; but Simon Sloan, when he got a choppin of ale in his head, would screed it off. His sojourn in the Lowlands of Holland had given the creature a great insight into his calling. He married Ailie Elliot, and became a bein merchant and bailie of Cupar, and supported the Whig interest, both in the council and convention of burghs, to the day of his death. The united family of Redheugh and Lochkeltie, no doubt, made so zealous and useful a friend some fitting propine; but what the amount might be was a dead secret; only Simon left his descendants as many acres in the haughs of Leven as makes a grand flourish on the brass-plate of a door in Edinburgh, and entitles his great-grandson to an esquire's dignity in the almanack. Though Elshieshiels was liberated by the glorious Revolution after an incarceration of nearly four years, he was never satisfied, to his dying day, that the Immortal William was the warm friend of a Covenanted Kirk that he should have been, nor much better than the Papist James VI. himself; but he got the mains of Redheugh at an easy rent, and fell calmer as old age drew on."

"And the vagabond Warrock?" inquired one of the Dominie's auditors.

"There was a kything o' good about that swaggering ruffian, too. He hung long upon the Border, countenanced by the Jacobite gentry, for his principles, and his skill in horse ills and training fox-hounds and harriers. If there had been such things as poachers in those days, Warrock would have been one. He was hanged, at last, at Jeddart, for stealing a horse from the Cleikum Inn, (where the ungrateful vagabond got many a meal of meat in his necessity,) which he sold at Carlisle. The worthy landlord and owner would have let the villain off, and strained sore; while our dame's grandmother swore it was aye believed that, since Sir Marmaduke gave him that clink in the skull, and he had identified the dead body of young Randolph, the Sergeant was not himself at full moon. But a dour Whig judge was on the assize, who had no mercy for Jacobites; so Warrock shared the *Weird of the Winrams*, and of all the violent and excommunicate persecutors—none of whom, according to tradition, came to a peaceful end, and few of whom died in their beds."

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—NO. I.

HAMBURGH, BERLIN, AND DRESDEN.

Hamburgh.

Hamburgh is the Liverpool of Germany; and, as you are familiar to satiety with the one, I shall not inflict on you many details of the other.

The banks of the Elbe are flat and uninteresting, till within a few miles of the city, when they assume some beauty on the Holstein side, which is prettily ornamented by the villas of the Hamburgh and Altona merchants. The right bank, or Hanover side, maintains the same low and unvaried appearance all the way up. One of the first things which must strike an English traveller who is familiar with the commercial depots of his own country, is the absence of docks. There are thousands of vessels lying in the Elbe at nearly all times, which are drifted against each other by every change of wind or tide, and must be frequently injured by the collision.

Exclusive of this, the expense of lighterage, delay, damage to goods, &c., must be enormous; and it is probable that the saving of waste thus incurred would, in a few years, amount to a sum adequate to the erection of spacious docks. The commander of the steamer by which we arrived stated that Hamburgh is peculiarly well situated for these, and that their erection would protect the city from the inundations to which it is occasionally liable. Their non-existence, therefore, affords a good illustration of the unspeculative disposition of the German people.

In Britain, acts are eagerly sought for the erection of docks at places where there is no trade, and little prospect that much will arise; while Hamburgh, with a commerce superior to that of any of the British ports, with the exception of two, carries on this department of business in the same manner in which it was conducted two centuries ago.

The city contains great wealth, which renders this and some other wants the more wonderful. Its streets are generally narrow, and without foot pavements; the houses high and of irregular architecture, excepting the modern and truly elegant district round the Alster basin. Gas-light has not yet found its way into the streets; but, as a compensation, there is an excellent police, and a total absence of beggars—indeed, it is a municipal offence to give money to mendicants, and renders the donor liable to a fine, the poor being properly cared for otherwise.

The population of Hamburgh consists of a greater proportional mixture of nations than that of any other commercial city in Europe—with the exception, perhaps, of Leghorn, where, from a little of the Greek and Turkish costume being blended with the mass, somewhat of a fancy-ball appearance is thrown over the popular assemblings. There are, it is stated, from three to four thousand British here, nearly all of whom are engaged in the various departments of commerce.

A considerable proportion of the Hamburghers speak English; but, as a specimen of the manner in which some of them do so, I may mention that, one day, having rung my bell in the Belvidere Hotel, the waiter, on coming to the door, asked, "Did you *bell de clock?*"

The river Alster, which flows through the centre of Hamburgh, reminds me of the Grand Canal at Venice; and some of the canals here also resemble the briny veins of that city of the sea in all but the purity of their waters. It is surprising that some of them should be allowed to remain in their present state of stagnation, while there is a large river at hand from which they might so easily be refreshed. There is little to be remarked in praise of the personal appearance of the inhabitants; but they seem obligingly disposed, and lead gay lives in their cafés, theatres, gardens, and promenades. In one of the new and elegant cafés, (which is illiberally exclusive as regards the numerous descendants of the tribes of Israel,) there are assembled every evening several hundred persons, all, excepting a few uninitiated strangers, smoking cigars. The state of the atmosphere may be imagined; yet, in the midst of this, there are generally to be seen a number of respectable females of the Hamburgh middle classes, assembled to evince their love of ice, smoke, music, and confusion.

On Sunday we went through half-a-dozen of the principal churches during the hours of morning service; and I may venture to estimate the number of persons in all of them under 200. A stranger might imagine the people to be in a transition state between Catholicism and Protestantism, having thrown off the ceremonious observance of the one without having attained the unostentatious devotion of the other. There are no paintings in any of the churches worthy of remark; but it is usual to have portraits of the deceased clergymen suspended on the pillars, though the large Luther ruffs with which they are decked have not a very clerical appearance. In winter the churches are understood to be better attended; and, on a few particular occasions, they are said to be crowded.

If Europe is destined to remain at peace, Hamburgh will become annually a great thoroughfare for travellers to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburgh, and Moscow; which places, with the assistance of steam-boats, are likely to become familiar to the migratory British, now that the rest of Europe has been exhausted. The projected railroad from Hamburgh to Lubeck would also assist to produce this effect, if his Majesty of Denmark would lend it the light of his countenance; but, as this improved

communication might injure his national revenue from Sound dues, that is unfortunately not likely to be the case. The same narrow policy is stated as a reason why the roads from Hamburgh to Lubeck and Germany, through the Danish territory, are allowed to remain in a state of almost impassable disrepair.

The fortifications of Hamburgh were, after 1814, thrown down, and the ground wisely laid out in pleasure-walks; the town is thus surrounded by a beautiful belt of wood and shrubbery, where the inhabitants enjoy their evening promenades—and, in this respect, no city can be better provided. The maid-servants here retain a singular practice of always carrying, when in the streets, a basket covered by a gay shawl; it is understood to be borne generally without contents, and seemingly as a badge indicating their position in life—indeed, the baskets are often more gaily adorned than even the necks of the fair domestics themselves.

The population of Hamburgh is about 140,000; and Altona, which may be called its Wapping, numbers about 20,000.

Hamburgh, Hanover, and Brunswick being, it is alleged, under British influence, and because it is clearly their interest, have refused to join the German commercial treaty; the operation of which will, it is supposed, injure the trade of this port. Hamburgh must still, however, continue to be a depôt for the exportation of the produce of that part of Germany which borders on the Elbe and its tributary streams, as well as for the supply of those districts with the unmanufactured productions of foreign countries.

The windows of all classes here are very generally ornamented by flowering shrubs; and there is nothing which tends more to throw an air of tasteful refinement over second-class dwellings—for cottages, by such ornaments, become in a manner poetical, and we have little hesitation in judging more favourably of the inmates where such objects of taste exist than where they are not found.

It is universally remarked that there are more human objects of deformity in Hamburgh than are usually to be met with in cities much more populous.

The *table d'hote* at Eppendorf, in the suburbs, is much resorted to on Sundays, and an extraordinary congregation of different classes is there to be met with—merchants and brokers of various countries, accompanied by their domestic partners; clerks, buoyant with youth, wine, sans souci-ism, and a holiday; ship captains, with their frans; and Jew-shopkeepers, pressing champagne on their dark-eyed Rebeccas. A considerable proportion of the visiters were, however, of respectability; and a young lady from one of the chief German capitals, though not possessed of any high claim to beauty, yet appeared to attract general admiration from the superior elegance of her demeanour. Hamburgh is, of course, not the Almack's of Germany for manners; but nothing could have better illustrated the difference between the refinement of a courtly capital and a city of commerce, than the sensation created by this lady's envied elegance.

Berlin, August 1836.

Many circumstances cause me to regret that you did not accompany us to Hamburgh; and, flattering myself with the hope that this feeling may be in some degree mutual, I feel desirous to furnish you with a *carte du pays*.

The first fifty miles from Hamburgh to Berlin is through a flat, sandy, uninteresting country; and a great part of the road is, owing to the negligence of the Danish government, all but impassable. Frequently during the night we were roused from our unavailing attempts at sleep by a crash which might have led us to suppose that the whole fabric of the Prussian schnelpost was going to pieces, in consequence of having got into one of the thousand ruts with which the road abounds. On getting into Mecklenburg, however, the road became good; and the Prussian roads are excellent. The appearance of the country, and the quality of the soil, also improved soon after entering Prussia.

The farmers, however, appear eminently unscientific: their fields are undivided, rye is the grain chiefly cultivated, and the system of agriculture is decidedly bad; for, notwithstanding the suitableness of the soil, not a field of turnips was to be seen between Hamburgh and Berlin. To atone, however, for these deficiencies, the people appeared a sturdy, healthy yeomanry, and their residences comfortable.

Passing by the fortress of Spandau, where the Prussian state prisoners are usually confined, and Charlottenburg, one of the King's summer palaces, we entered Berlin through a splendid gate, which is ornamented by a figure of Victory, seated in a car, drawn by four high-actioned bronze horses. These made an excursion to Paris during the war, to pay homage to the Conqueror of the day; but, on the return of peace, found their way back to Berlin; and Marshal Blucher may be said to have been "*le conducteur de leur retour*."

The linden-tree walk which leads from this gate to the centre of Berlin, is one of the finest promenades anywhere to be met with—being the evening resort of the citizens; and, on both sides, the public buildings and palaces are numerous and elegant.

Berlin is allowed to take a lead among the cities of Germany, and perhaps among those of Europe, for elegance; and, being modern, it is built on a system of regularity which contributes much to both its convenience and appearance. In the better parts of the town, the streets are straight, and cross each other at right angles; while one of them (Frederick Street) extends to two English miles in length. They are well paved, and kept lighted with gas, and a considerable number have side-paths for foot-passengers; but the sewers on either side are open, and full of offensive matter. It is indeed singular how these can have been so long

suffered to exist in their present state of offensiveness in such a capital. To an English eye, also, the absence of railed areas, and steps leading up to the doors of the various houses, detracts much from the appearance of this, as well as all the other cities of the Continent.

The sluggish river Spree flows through the city; and, at points somewhat distant from it, there are placed, as a resource in the event of fire, numerous tubs of slimy water at the corners of the various streets. The supply is, I conceive, too inconsiderable to be of much avail; and the effect on the atmosphere during hot weather is neither agreeable nor healthful. Iron cisterns placed in the same positions would be infinitely preferable, and might be so constructed as rather to be ornamental than otherwise.

The tastefully trimmed acacias which ornament the pleasure gardens in front of the Museum, appeared to my eyes more gracefully elegant than even the orange tree avenues which in France occupy similar situations. The Museum itself is an elegant modern building, and its colonnade may be dwelt upon with pleasure even by an eye familiar with the Bourse and the Madelaine Church at Paris. Though containing many hundred pictures, there are comparatively few of high merit.

The collection of the early Italian school is extensive; and there are two esteemed paintings by Raphael and Correggio, many good portraits, and a curious and well-executed picture of the Waters of Youth, into which old women are portrayed as entering covered with age and wrinkles, and emerging full of youth and loveliness. It is curious to observe the years that are flung away at each step towards the youthful side. This gallery is, perhaps, sufficient to create a taste for the fine arts, but scarcely gratifies one that has feasted on higher excellence. The sculpture department boasts a beautiful statue of Hebe, by Canova, besides some good antiques.

The arsenal, undoubtedly, ranks next in elegance; and the colossal armour-clad figures which surmount its walls, produce a fine and suitable effect. Among the cannon are some brass pieces, taken at Varna during the last Turkish war, and presented by the Emperor of Russia, which certainly appeared, to my eyes, in the light of a first-fruit offering.

The principal palace is very large and of handsome architecture, but is out of repair, as the King, with that amiable private-life taste for which he is remarkable, resides in one of a smaller description.

The Crown Prince occupies apartments in the Grand Palace, where we were gratified by an examination of some good busts and pictures, as well as many curious and elegant ornamental objects. The busts of Frederick the Great were peculiarly interesting, though the form of head is not what a phrenologist would expect in a king having a title of such distinction attached to his name. Dr Channing's essay on the character of Napoleon, shewing that a conqueror does not necessarily require a first-rate order of mind, seems the only solution of the difficulty; for, if Frederick had not been a victorious king and the friend of Voltaire, it is more than doubtful whether his philosophical productions would have distinguished him. His true claim to greatness, perhaps, lies in having laid the foundation of that system of national education under which Prussia has attained such a high state of intelligence; though it is possible that a mind such as his may have considered compulsory education merely as the first step in his system of military discipline.

In the principal street there is a colossal bronze statue of Prince Blucher—or Marshal Forward, as the Russians love to call him. The figure is bold, and the countenance expresses much energy of character; and, while surveying the bronze mustachios, I was amusingly reminded of an anecdote related of the warrior when in London with the allied sovereigns. Being in a crowded fashionable saloon, and inconveniently pressed on by ladies, all anxious to shake the hand of the lion of his day, the Marshal attempted a diversion in his own favour by kissing his fair assailants—no way doubting that this would cause them to retreat. His views, however, in this second "*Belle-Alliance,*" were not destined to be realized. The ruse proved unsuccessful; and it was quaintly remarked, that the Prince had never been farther wrong in his tactics, as the ladies proved less averse to this military salute than he had anticipated.

Immediately outside of the principal gate is the Thiergarten, where the inhabitants promenade, and spend their evenings in summer. Beyond this the gardens around the palace of Charlottenburg are also much resorted to on Sundays; and it is truly delightful to witness the enjoyments at these suburban retreats, where music, conversation, and cooling refreshments divide the time. The ladies are generally engaged in the unsentimental occupation of knitting, not purses, but veritable stockings.

"The *thread of* our lives would be dark, heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined."

So they gild it by carrying out their happiest looks, and an abundant supply of good-humoured smiles, for all their friends.

Berlin is one of the most celebrated among the cities of Germany for female beauty. The ladies are literally fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine delicacy, and are, above all, esteemed the most literary and high-bred of the German women.

I had one day the happiness to see one of these belles, opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art in the picture-gallery, and the rival claims were so equal, that it would have been difficult to decide on bestowing the palm, till the animated attraction, possibly imagining the comparison that could not fail to be made, was piqued into assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was no longer doubtful—

"Sit but at heaven's gate a while,
And you so like an angel smile,
They'll haste to let you in."

At Charlottenburg there is a beautiful marble monument to Louise, the much-loved and long-lamented Queen of his present Majesty. It is a full-length figure, representing her own lovely person; and it is singular that Professor Rauch, by whom it is executed, was originally an attendant on her Majesty, who, discovering that he possessed a natural talent for sculpture, was the means of his being sent to Rome for its cultivation. A higher feeling than professional fame thus excited the sculptor; and all who have seen the monument can attest how well it has succeeded in animating the marble.

Potsdam is twenty English miles from Berlin, and is pleasantly situated where the river Stavel swells itself into a succession of lakes. In addition to its being an elegant town, it is the first military school, and contains a multitude of handsome public buildings; while the immediate neighbourhood boasts several palaces belonging to the various members of the royal family. Some of these contain pictures of merit, as well as sculpture and other objects, which afforded us considerable gratification.

Near Sans Souci still stands the mill which its humble owner so long boldly and successfully litigated with the great Frederick, in the way of whose improvements it stood. The miller's independence has been immortalized; for, considering the anecdotes related of his Majesty's temper, few persons in humble life could have evinced such high moral courage.

In one of the churches the remains of the royal conqueror and philosopher are deposited, in a plain coffin, without either monument or inscription.

The Peacock Island, in this neighbourhood, is a beautifully ornamented summer fairy-land of the royal family, and is much visited. In addition to the high-plumaged exquisites from which the name is derived, it contains a considerable collection of the other descendants of the ark, scattered through its winding walks; and is in short a zoological garden on a large scale; while the ornamental woods, exotic plants, and imitated ruins, make it quite a gem.

To return to Berlin. The royal library contains 400,000 volumes; and it is gratifying to hear of the liberal principle on which the public have access to its contents. It is further pleasing to observe how well it is supplied with all the useful works that are published; and, though I naturally observed this chiefly with reference to English books, yet similar attention is doubtless paid to the literature of other countries.

The museum of natural history contains the usual *quantum suff.* of birds, beasts, minerals, and so forth; but to a person who has visited many of these, it becomes painfully tedious to survey stuffed tigers and alligators for the hundredth time. How different is this feeling of satiety from that which a picture gallery affords, even where the works are second-rate!

There appear to be numerous points of liberality in the Prussian government, for which justice is scarcely awarded to it. One of these is, that Catholics and Protestants are by law equally admissible to public offices; and, furthermore, that the clergy of both religions are equally paid by government. It may be that they are, according to English ideas, poorly recompensed—their stipends varying from 200 to 600 Prussian dollars—that is, from £30 to £90 a-year, according as their duties place them in town or in the country; and some, it is stated, combine the duties of teaching with those of their sacred calling. Divinity is thus, of course, not the profession of the aristocracy; and I am not aware that any inconvenience results from its not being so, unless that possibly the highest classes in society may miss the wholesome moral influence which is diffused in England by clergymen mixing among them on terms of equality.

In Britain we hear much of religious liberty; but the true feeling seems wanting—for the animosity between Irish Protestants and Catholics could scarcely be surpassed by the rancour of tribes living under a heathen dispensation. In Prussia, and throughout Germany, the state of opinion is widely different. A philosophical spirit of religious toleration generally prevails; and it is considered comparatively unimportant, for all the purposes of civil and social life, to which of the Christian sects a man may belong.

This happy state of feeling probably arises, in a great measure, from Protestant and Catholic children being educated in the same schools, and accustomed to associate as friends and companions, without reference to creed.

The good results to be anticipated from the pursuit of a similar course in Ireland, was happily illustrated by the Rev. Sidney Smith's quoting an answer elicited from the cage-keeper on Waterloo Bridge, who exhibits cats, dogs, rats, mice, and birds, occupying the same apartment, and living in harmony.

On being questioned as to how such a miraculous state of intercourse was produced, he simply replied, "I brings them up together."

This humble philosopher and his cage, might be advantageously sent round as a practical answer to Mr O'Sullivan and others, who preach against the national system of education in Ireland.

Berlin contains many elegant churches; and that which the king usually attends was well filled—not so the others. The army is here at present the chief profession for the sons of the aristocratic classes; but manufacturing and commercial interests are now arising, which, joined to the higher intellectual respectability of the professions and of commerce, will no doubt cause them shortly to attract more favourable attention from the Prussian youth.

The Prussian army is about 250,000 strong; which, to English ideas, appears a very unnecessary occupation of human energy, that might be better devoted to the useful purposes of civil life. This view appears still more striking, when we consider that Prussia has no colonies, that the King is much beloved, and his government well administered and popular.

Every competent male subject is obliged to serve three years, from about the age of eighteen to twenty-one—the only exception to this rule being in favour of those who are considered sooner perfect in their training, and thus escape by serving one year, without expense to the government. All these are termed the regular army.

After having served this period, these soldier-citizens are liable to an annual drilling, up to forty years of age, and are termed the landwehr. After that age, they are denominated the landstrum, and are allowed to enjoy a comparative military *otium cum dignitate.*

A considerable course of study is required before a commission can be obtained in the Prussian army; and, on mentioning to a lady, at Berlin, whose family were connected with it, that, in England, young men often purchased commissions, and frequently underwent no previous preparation, I believe she could scarcely have been more surprised had I stated that with us gentlemen commenced the practice of law or physic without study.

The sons of officers appear to be entitled to enter the military schools as a matter of right, and, in due season, are provided with appointments; by which means, military life becomes like an Indian caste in families.

The Prussian troops are reckoned, in point of discipline and appearance, equal to any in Europe; and the system of making every citizen a soldier, is probably the best that could be devised for the defence of a country, and the worst for purposes of foreign aggression. Citizens would, no doubt, defend their own country with enthusiasm; but it requires soldiers trained to the recklessness of a camp, to go through foreign campaigns, and the siege of cities, *con amore.* Whenever, therefore, the Prussian government may desire to carry on a war contrary to popular feeling, it will be powerless; as such soldiers are not military machines, but feel themselves entitled to think of the cause in which they are engaged. During the period of French dominion, the military reputation of Prussia became lost; and it was only after a long endurance of wrongs, that the national spirit was again roused to the performance of distinguished deeds, at Leipsic and Waterloo.

Being now a great military power, the Prussians are too apt to consider themselves as *la grande nation* of Germany; and this assumption of superiority causes towards them a certain degree of unpopularity, among the people of the smaller states. The fact seems now undeniable, that the people of this nation are the most universally educated of Europe; for all parents are, by law, obliged to send their children to school, and from those who cannot afford to pay them, no fees are taken. Thus, throughout the kingdom, nearly every person can read and write. The ultra-Toryism of England, which seeks to discourage popular education, certainly contrasts, in this respect, very unfavourably with the absolutism of Prussia; and it appears as though a minister of public instruction were necessary to secure an enlightened and uniform system of national education; for, without one, the modern improvements in teaching find their way very slowly into remote districts.

It seems generally expected that the new German commercial treaty, of which Prussia is the head, will do much for the industry of the country, as its principle is that of imposing such duties on foreign manufactures as must of necessity create an internal supply.

The treaty has been much commented on, and it is certainly an ungracious return to England for her free-trade concessions; but that it will prove advantageous to Prussia, appears beyond question.*

Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wirtemburg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfort, &c., with a population of near thirty millions, have thus united; so that all descriptions of merchandise may pass free from one of these states to any of the others. Their frontiers are planted with custom-house establishments, where the duties are paid; and these are, in due season, divided among the various governments, in the proportion of their population. The duties on manufactured cottons imported from England are such as virtually exclude all but the finer descriptions; and, in consequence, manufactories are now rapidly springing up along the Rhine, particularly at Elberfeld and Crofeld.

One advantage that will accrue from the attention of Prussia being more directed to commerce and manufactures, is, that such new and ramified interests and occupations will arise as must cause her people to be more than ever disinclined to war.

If an abundant circulation of paper be a legitimate proof of commerce, that proof is here met with; and it further appears that it is the quantity of a paper currency which vitiates its value, and not the small amount which the individual scraps represent; for, in Prussia, notes issued either by or under the authority of government, freely circulate for one dollar—that is, three shillings each. These have not, however, banished silver, which is, in fact, very abundant; but the paper circulation being, as I understand, a government concern, there is not the same inducement to carry it to a vicious excess as when the issue proceeds from bankers. England may possibly, at a future period, condescend to take a lesson on this subject from Prussia.

The Prussian noblesse are numerous, and generally poor, which is partly in consequence of an arrangement made by his present Majesty's government about twenty years since, making the rural tenantry independent of their landlords, on the payment of a small fixed rent. Those farmers, therefore, who are not free proprietors, may, nevertheless, be considered comfortably independent, the rent-charge not being burthensome. A rural population more happily situated cannot exist—

* *We* think it very questionable.—*E. T. M.*

" Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply them with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield them shade—
In winter, fire."

Prussia is, in this respect, an extreme contrast to the rural misery of Ireland, where the majority of the people are rack-rented by absentee landlords, and taxed for a semi-sinecure Church of another faith. There are few persons of large incomes in Berlin; and the complaint of poverty is so general, that, probably, of no other large capital could it with equal justice be said that it is fashionable to be poor. Nor could a stronger proof of the want of national wealth be adduced, than the fact that the capital of a kingdom of fourteen millions contains little more than 200,000 inhabitants.

Being in Berlin on the King's birth-day, we had an opportunity of observing the strong feeling of loyalty which exists; and it sufficiently proved to us that there is not a more popular monarch in Europe than King Frederick William. The gentlemen at the *table d'hote* were drinking his Majesty's health in detached groups; and, animated by the feeling around, we also drank it in our national manner, after our kind German travelling companion had intimated to the table that the "*Englanders*" wished to toast the King's health with three times three. It was well received; but the apparent novelty of our hurras created so much surprise that they were not sufficiently seconded. The King of Prussia has earned for himself the most honourable of human titles, in being called "The Preserver of the Peace of Europe;" and this first of blessings depends probably more on his life than on that of any other potentate.

His Majesty, some years since, married a noble and lovely lady, the Princess of Leignitz, without conferring the queenly title; and their united example is understood to be all that is amiable. King Frederick William, among his many estimable qualities, is understood to be exceedingly humane; so that capital punishments are seldom permitted. The Crown Prince is considered pious and moral, and is reputed to possess considerable quickness and conversational talent. "*Tout ce qu'il dit est bon*," said my fair informant. It may be so; but assuredly the people of Prussia do not look forward to his succession without the fear of military rule, as well as war and its attendant evils.

Much has been said of the strictness of the Prussian police; but, excepting that it might be concluded there was such an establishment from the good order of the city, I should not have known it by any other means.

A passport is, of course, necessary for travellers.

In the civil departments, the number of government *employés* is considerable; and it is understood that all persons so employed in Prussia are thoroughly competent to the duties of their situations; while, to the higher offices, talent is the chief recommendation. This, of course, produces an efficient government, and has tended rapidly to evolve the capabilities of the country.

The reputed talent of the Prussian *employés*, almost leads to the conclusion that absolute monarchs do, from the greater anxiety of their positions, secure higher official talent than constitutional kings.

It would be an unpalatable admission for an Englishman to make—but, when it is considered that, in countries governed by popular assemblies, a powerful speaker may often command place, be his habits of official business what they may, this view is not without foundation. Instances of eloquent men, devoid of business qualifications, have been numerous among us; but Sheridan is the most brilliant, and, all unfitted as he was for managing anything but an audience, yet more than once was he on the eve of obtaining very high official station.

A polite and respectable bookseller here informs us that the English language and literature are becoming daily more attended to in Berlin.

Besides Scott's novels, those of Bulwer and Captain Marryat are much read; while Washington Irving and Cooper are the American writers in highest esteem.

In deprecating the polluted modern French literature, our informant stated that he had latterly also found much objectionable matter in the new English dramas, and was obliged to be very careful in his translations. He is, doubtless, correct; and, if so, it is a melancholy instance of the national aptitude to evil. The Germans, being prejudiced against French morals, this kind of pollution is not likely to be received direct from that country; but their feeling towards English literature is so favourable, that, if it becomes tainted, the poison is more likely to reach them through that channel. The English press is thus charged with a double duty of watchfulness. The German drama appears to be maintained by the various governments as a vehicle of refinement and rational amusement; while a large proportion of the British stage panders to the feelings of the lower classes, by an exhibition of coarseness, instead of endeavouring to create a higher standard of taste. The opera-house and theatre here are handsome buildings; and the performances, under the King's especial patronage, are of the first order.

The University of Berlin, though one of the most modern in Germany, has already a reputation perhaps higher than that of any other. Students from all the other states resort here, as a place where the highest intellectual and social polish which Germany offers, is to be attained. The professorships are probably more valuable than elsewhere in Germany; and it is understood that nothing short of the highest qualifications can lead to such an appointment. Some of the professors are persons of somewhat more liberal political views than can be altogether agreeable to the court, and have generally been chosen as being the most distinguished of the private lecturers.

Several of the roads leading out of Berlin are, for a mile or more, lined with beautiful villas, having neatly kept gardens, rich in flowers, and balconies overflowing with exotics. Among these, the eye had frequently to wander some time before discovering the more interesting human family groups, sipping their evening coffee, *al fresco*, and nearly eclipsed by their own hydrangias and geraniums.

The country around Berlin is sadly deficient in beauty; and it is by no means libelling nature to describe the neighbourhood as a dreary plain. At the Tivoli Gardens, three English miles from the city, we found ourselves on the top of a mole-hill kind of mountain, which seems maliciously placed, in order to enable the censorious to spy the nakedness of the land more extensively than they otherwise could have done. These gardens, with Russian mountains, dancing saloons, and other *agrémens*, were, a very few years since, created at a great expense for public amusement, and opened with éclat; but either the quietness, the economy, or the fickleness of the Berliners, has already caused them to be entirely deserted. At the termination of the gardens, stands a handsome iron monument, in honour of some of the heroes of the last war. In form, (though less ornate,) it somewhat resembles the Norman Cross proposed to be erected at Edinburgh in honour of Sir Walter Scott.

Dresden, August 1836.

For one from the far distant *Ultima Thule*, to discover in central Germany a colony of near and previously unknown relatives—speaking another language, and scarcely understanding that of their fatherland—was a circumstance sufficiently singular, and well calculated to lend further charms to a foreign country, by endowing it with the associations of home, and the sympathies of kindred. I know not how it is, but one is always predisposed to feel an interest in persons who speak imperfect English; possibly because it is gratifying to our *amour propre* to be in some point superior to those who may justly claim superiority in all others.

The road from Berlin to Leipsic is lined with ungraceful poplars, after the usual manner of the Continent. The hedges and varied windings of the English roads are both wanting; but, towards Leipsic, the country certainly assumed some appearance of agricultural richness.

The Schnelpost passed through Wittenburg, where Luther resided, and where a monument has been erected to his memory. Our German fellow-travellers here endeavoured to amuse us, by repeating some couplets which are attributed to the great Reformer; breathing more strongly of the spirit of worldly enjoyment than in England we should be willing to recognise as the sentiments of the father of our church.

Leipsic is an old town of much business and wealth, containing about 40,000 inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in commerce and the operative departments of literature.

The walls of the city were taken down on the return of peace, and the ground having been laid out in walks, and planted with shady trees, forms delightful boulevards all round.

This town contains some curious old buildings, and is not deficient in good specimens of modern architecture, including an elegant university and a recently built hospital.

The immediate neighbourhood of Leipsic is famous for the final destruction, as an army, of Napoleon's vast Russian expedition. The dreadful combat continued, with much obstinacy and uncertain result, for four days. Half a million of men are said to have been engaged; and 50,000 French, and about the same number of the Allies, were left dead on the field. On one side were present the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and several princes. On the other, Napoleon, the maker of kings and the conqueror of half the world. In less than two hours after he left Leipsic, the allied sovereigns entered it in triumph. One of those pieces of callous selfishness which have been often remarked in the French Emperor, when his personal necessities required them, was practised on this occasion. After having taken to rapid flight, with a few of his guards, he ordered the bridge, by which he had passed, to be blown up, in order to delay the pursuit of the Allies, thus also preventing the escape of his own troops, thousands of whom were drowned in the river Elster. It is understood that the French soldiery were much exasperated by this piece of selfish barbarity; but their chief continued his flight too rapidly to be overtaken by their reproaches.*

In a gentleman's garden in the suburbs, there are two monuments to the memory of Poniatowsky, the Polish commander, who was severely wounded, and finally drowned in the river, on this occasion, in October 1813, fighting in the French cause, at the head of his brave Poles.

The new German commercial treaty will, it is here (perhaps erroneously) supposed, prove favourable to the commerce of Leipsic, which has hitherto been a grand depôt of manufactures for the supply of Germany, Russia, Poland, and Turkey. Foreign manufactures, which are intended for those latter distant countries, may be deposited and sold at Leipsic, without paying the duties chargeable on goods to be consumed within the limits of the confederation.

The present prosperity of this town may be satisfactorily inferred from the number of fine houses erecting in the suburbs; but its continuance as a great commercial depôt is, I conceive, more than doubtful.

A railroad connecting it with Dresden is in a very forward state, and it seems probable that, ere long, it will be continued to Vienna; in

* Such was the intelligence communicated to us on the spot; but, having since heard that the bridge was blown up through the mistake of a corporal, I shall leave you to decide between these opposite views.

which case, taking steam-vessels on the Elbe and Danube into account, travellers may be enabled, at no distant period, to reach Constantinople within a fortnight from Hamburgh.

The Rosenthal is a finely wooded avenue of five English miles in length, and is much resorted to as a promenade, while few English parks can boast finer specimens of the giants of the forest, or more lovely openings than are here to be met with.

The excellent hotel De Saxe is all that a traveller could wish, and boasts one of the most delicious gardens in which a person could desire to seek shade on a sunny day.

The country between Leipsic and Dresden is very rich in corn; and, after passing Meison, the vine-olad hills assumed much of the Rhine character. The white ornamental summer-houses scattered along these hills, dedicated to the fruit of conviviality, shone brightly in the morning sun as we passed, and conveyed the assurance that pleasure and tastefulness are not unknown to the proprietors.

Before entering Dresden, we crossed by a beautiful bridge our old friend the Elbe, which had landed us at Hamburgh 300 miles lower down, and is here still a broad and very respectable river, navigable by the usual description of vessels.

Dresden contains 50,000 inhabitants, and is an elegant and peculiarly quiet city.

The Japanese palace boasts a considerable and esteemed collection of sculpture, and Egyptian antiquities; on the latter of which the professor who kindly became our cicerone took particular pleasure in descanting.

The gallery contains an excellent bust of Melancthon, to which one feels more disposed to attach the idea of authenticity and resemblance, than had it been met with elsewhere. The form of the head is peculiarly fine, as well as that of an antique bust, (of, I believe, Julius Cæsar,) which is generally remarked as bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon.

In the same building is an extensive collection of the Dresden porcelain, arranged so as to shew the progress of the art, from the first rude production up to its present perfection; and above it, is situated the royal library, containing 250,000 volumes, open to all persons desirous of knowledge.

Dresden exhibits probably the best historical museum of arms and armour that anywhere exists; and, to a person sufficiently conversant with German history, each of the more distinguished coats of mail would recall a thousand recollections and tales of heroism and chivalry. Exclusive, however, of this, which is the higher object of the arrangement, the gallery is wonderful from the variety and splendour of its specimens, from the rude, antique battle-axe, till we reach the period of civilization in which killing was facilitated by the capacious blunderbuss and many-barrelled fusee.

The Dresden collection of crown jewels has quite a European celebrity. Its value is estimated at four millions of dollars; and the effect of the diamonds on the eye, even by subdued daylight, was quite dazzling. This is, undoubtedly, the finest gem exhibition in Europe, and the green diamond is considered unique both for size and lustre. The then King of Saxony, having been the most faithful and attached of Napoleon's allies, none of the treasures of his capital were removed.

Dresden is the Florence of Germany, and its picture gallery is universally admitted to be the first north of Italy. In quantity, though containing about 1500, it is not perhaps quite equal to the Louvre; but much more *recherché*, and infinitely richer in the treasures of Italian art. The Flemish, French, and Italian schools are separately arranged; and the latter is also divided into its earlier and its more perfect periods.

There is such variety that every visiter may fix upon his favourite subjects and luxuriate accordingly—from the exquisitely-finished domestic realities of the Dutch painters—where it is almost possible to reckon the hairs in a mustachio or the twigs in a broom—up to the poetry of the art, as displayed by the Italian masters, in illustrations of the ancient mythology, traits of historical sentiment and heroism, or the more sublime and elevating mysteries of religion. Of the first, there are exquisite specimens by Dow, Netcher, Denner, Micris, &c.; while the judgment of Paris, and two or three more similar subjects by Vanderwerf, appeared to combine the elegance of form and perfect colouring of Titian with the delicacy and exquisite finish of enamel. A lady with whose party ours had some conversation, was so enraptured on coming opposite to one of these, as to be compelled to exclaim—"Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!"—the feeling of admiration being for the moment too powerful to enable her to maintain that reserve which the subject might otherwise have commanded.

The gallery contains a number of the most eminent productions of Rubens; but, as I delight not in the robustness of form and feeling which his pictures too often display, I shall not particularize them, notwithstanding their brightness of colour and vigour of action. The exquisite portraits of his sons are, however, free from the general fault; and his Hercules Drunk is peculiarly striking. The Pitt diamond of the gallery is the Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael. This picture did not at first sight make its full impression; but, after going round the gallery several times, my admiration was increased on each return, till at last it seemed to shine forth as the moon among the stars. The dignified and benevolent holiness of the Madonna's expression must be seen to be conceived. In the infant Saviour, the expression of quiescent divinity is also beautifully conveyed; and the two seraphs looking up from the bottom of the picture are beyond praise—their large, dark, lustrous eyes being quite heavenly. Raphael has, in the spirit of compliment, introduced in this work a portrait of the Pope of his day, offering homage. Here his imagination could not take wing; and the common countenance of his Holi-

ness contrasts unpleasantly with the heavenliness of the others. Near this picture is a beautiful one on the same subject, by Sasso Terrato, in which the head of one of the angels is equal to anything that art has produced or the imagination can conceive. Three Carlo Dolcis also enrich this treasure-room of the gallery; and of these St Cecilia playing on the organ is altogether lovely. The Tribute Money, by Titian, is perhaps one of the most faultless pictures here; and, though the countenance does not possess so much expression of divinity as is elsewhere to be met with, yet it abounds in a placid benignity, the effect of which is scarcely inferior. Many fine portraits and historical pictures, as well as beautiful landscapes by Claude, Both, Berghen, and Ruysdael, call for admiration at every step taken through this interesting gallery. A room, devoted to portraits in water colours, has many charming specimens of that which may be called the sister department of the art, conveying the softened charms of a hundred celebrated beauties to those who love to view "the human face divine." Dietrich, who has many pictures in the great gallery, astonishes by the variety of his styles, while some of his figures almost approach to Vanderwerf's perfection of form and finish.

(*To be continued.*)

BACON'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN HINDOSTAN.*

THIS gentleman's book appears upon the old principle. His friends admired and praised, and he printed, that all the world who were of like mind might also admire and praise. Nothing can be fairer. Lieutenant Bacon takes a course nearly similar to that steered by Miss Roberts in her entertaining work on Anglo-Indian society; but he claims for his strictures, sketches, and information, newer, if not better authority. Some of Miss Roberts' reports would seem to be obsolete. There have been vast reforms in manners since her time. One of her semi-barbarous dinners, for example, could no longer be seen in India. Half-batta has had the happy effect of exploding them. The wonder is that they endured so long. Mr Bacon is a gentleman of too lively and unsubdued a fancy to be altogether a model of pure taste in composition; he has, moreover, a young, or a raw affectation of the harumscarum in his style of observation and expression, sometimes assumed to veil real acuteness; but, saving these faults of manner—and some readers will consider them beauties and felicities—he describes his impressions pleasantly and vividly. It is a pity that he has intermixed what seem fictions with his facts, since the latter are infinitely preferable. Our author handles the pencil as well as the pen, and with fully as great mastery. Many sketches of Indian ruins, and river and mountain scenery, beautifully illustrate his pages; while his skill as a draughtsman has evidently improved his word-pictures. As a specimen of his style, we may give a young man's day in India, where the climate compels all classes to rise with the sun:—

The moment rosy-fingered Aurora is seen peeping over the mango-grove, or the top of the cook-house, up comes Bolaki Dass, the sirdar-bearer, and arouses his lord from his morning slumbers. First he assays a gentle call, "*Sahib! Sahib!*" but, receiving no reply, good Bolaki is convinced that his master is lazy, and, approaching a step nearer to the bed, he again endeavours to "quicken into life" his sleeping lord, with a gradually increasing emphasis, as he finds his repeated efforts unavailing—"*Sahib! Khodawund!! Ouiea Ap!!! Ub top duggega:*" "Sir, great Sir, chosen-of-God, be pleased to arise—presently the morning gun will fire." And so on the praiseworthy Bolaki perseveres in a regular *crescendo*, until a faint impression is effected upon the sluggish senses of the sleeper, of which he takes advantage and brings him to the knowledge of a new day.

Buxoo, the *khidmutgar*, (table attendant,) now makes his appearance with a cup of smoking coffee and light for a cigar, and in the rear comes Kurreim Buccus, the *sais*, (groom,) to know upon which horse it will delight the protector of the poor (*Gurreebpurwar*) to take his morning ride.

Master turns out of bed, still more than half disposed to slumber on; he throws himself into a large easy chair to discuss his coffee and a whiff of choice Virginia or Manilla; while the assiduous Bolaki employs himself in gently brushing to and fro his master's hair, and Gungoo carefully indues the stockings, after having performed the office of a grateful ablution upon the nether members of his luxurious lord. Thus gently and deliberately proceeds the business of the toilet, until the gentleman is completely equipped for parade, or for a gallop across country. In the latter case, perhaps Boxer, Shigram, or Rattler may be permitted to take an airing also; for every young man in India retains, as a part of his fixed establishment, at least half-a-dozen rips of the canine tribe.

Ere the sun has been half-an-hour above the horizon, the rider is glad to return to some less violent pursuit, and, taking Gungoo, the mate-bearer, carrying a large *chatta*, (umbrella,) to protect him from the ripening rays of the sun, he will probably saunter for an hour to inspect the compound and stables; this pleasant occupation is performed in a most comfortable dishabille, which would not a little shock the delicacy of a visiter fresh from England.

Perhaps the beauty of the morning, or the humour of the individual, may suggest a bath in the tank, for the sake of a swim, or a ride upon a *mussuk*, which is a bag used by water-carriers to hold water; it is formed of an entire sheep-skin, and, when inflated, may be bestridden in the water like a horse by one expert in the management of it. Should the rider, however, through want of skill or other cause, lose, in the least, command of his equilibrium, he is instantly immersed, mouth foremost, in the water.

The languor induced by this exercise will render a couple of hours' repose upon a couch exceedingly fascinating, and then more coffee and more tobacco will possibly be consumed, and bachelor-visiters, habited in a style shewing a special disregard of vulgar prejudices, will from time to time drop in, to hear or circulate the latest news, or the most recent scandal. Parties thus formed of idle bachelors, are termed levees, and are undeniably the pools in which are spawned and brought to life all the countless varieties of tales and scandalous reports, which form a breed of animalculi indispensable in the element which supports life in the Anglo-Indian community.

At about ten o'clock, a second and more elaborate toilet is performed, and breakfast is usually taken at eleven o'clock, or before noon; unless a court-martial, committee, or other military duty, should require earlier hours, in which case an effort must be made, as business is usually commenced at ten o'clock. The occupation of the time from breakfast until tiffin, must necessarily depend upon the taste or inclination of the individual; music, drawing, reading, or the like, will have attractions for the one, while the other will prefer a rubber of billiards, or a stroll to the dog-kennel and the stables; perhaps a round of visits may be made the order of the day,

* First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan. By Thomas Bacon, Lieutenant in the Bengal Horse Artillery. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

more especially if there be any fresh bit of scandal to retail, or minutes of recent English news to propagate, or, surest attraction of all, a newly-arrived spinster to be exhibited; such inducements as these will lead men to run from house to house, all over the station, gossiping and dropping mischief at each dwelling they enter.

Tiffin is usually brought on table about two o'clock, and consists principally of light viands, or at most a curry moistened with a glass or two of good claret or Madeira; after which meal, smoking, a few glasses of weak brandy and water, and, perhaps, a nap, conduce much to the supposed happiness of many. As the sun approaches the horizon in the west, good Bolaki again summons his master to the duties of the toilet, and parade perhaps must be attended, or the sparkling eyes of some pretty coquette may by chance invite the young rider to caper beside her equipage, and chatter for her amusement. As the shadows of evening lengthen, the several carriages and equestrians assemble round the band, to barter the occurrences of the day, and sell without price the characters of their dearest friends. At half-past seven or eight o'clock, the bugle calls to mess, and here good cheer and excellent wines allure the fastidious palate, and the lazy appetite is sometimes tickled into good humour by the variety of piquant dishes covering the table.

Then comes the reformed dinner, which, with sleep and other amusements, occupies the time until *Bolaki* comes again to his master's bedside, with his execrable "*Sahib! Sahib!*" Deep drinking and gaming, and late hours, are now generally exploded, along with cumbrous repasts. Mr Bacon does in no case magnify the pleasures of Anglo-Indian life. He represents it in the true light, as one of suffering and privation—as a probationary period. From a very lively picture of the late Begum Sumroo and her court—of which Davy Dyce, a canny Scot, was prime minister, and the late Julius Cæsar, a jovial priest, whom Miss Roberts has canonized, Archbishop—we borrow the portrait of the latter:—

I have saved him as a *bonne bouche*—"Och! sure he is patthern of a praist, so he is"—comes the Begum's father confessor, Bishop of Amatorita, Vicar Apostolic of Sirdhana, Julius Cæsar, commonly called the *Padri Sahib*; the very essence of a Papistical priest; the expression of whose handsome countenance is a mixture of sensuality and good-humour; the outward semblance of whose person is an union of coarse cloth, and "bringing forth the fruits of good living;" whose conversation is a mixture of superstition with *double entendre*; whose music is a combination of sacred chant and *chansons a boire*; whose devotions to the fair have obtained him a just notoriety, and whose soft attentions are ever assiduously paid, with the most feeling discrimination, to the more delicate members of his flock.

As Miss Emma Roberts has truly remarked, "Bishop Heber seems scarcely to have done justice to this excellent man, in ascribing his popularity to the smoothness of his manners, and his tact in administering to the self-love of his associates." Certainly not; and there is little doubt but the Bishop could have given a more complete idea of the Padri's character had he been inclined to say all he knew. Miss Roberts seems to have heard of Julius Cæsar many years since, when he was at Patna, and where she describes him as "realizing the most beautiful ideas which could be formed of a Christian minister;" doubtless she would imply that he embodies in his own proper person all those amiable qualities which have ever been considered as characteristic of the Popish clergy. She says, "He is a Franciscan friar, wearing the garb and practising the self-denial enjoined by his order." He certainly does wear the garb of his order before strangers over both his person and his mind; and, as for his self-denial, the practice of that, too, is indisputably the more meritorious when he exercises it, in proportion to his habitual indulgence in the common course of his life.

He has a fine musical voice, well adapted to the chanting of his church service; and I have often heard it at our Merat Beefsteak Club—where he was a frequent guest—pouring forth his favourite song, "The Battle of the Nile," in right gallant style, at the top of a roaring chorus. It is this accomplishment, possibly, to which Miss Roberts alludes, when she says, "his talents and amiable character render him a welcome and an honoured guest at the houses of the British." Where good wine, good stories, and good songs are to be had, there Bishop Julius Cæsar will undoubtedly be a ready and a welcome visitor.*

Our author made an excursion to the Himalaya mountains, in which he had the following adventure:—

When about a couple of miles from Mussoori, I overtook a young *Paharri* damsel, driving cows; my attention was caught by her graceful figure, and her highly picturesque costume. Her hair was gathered into a knot upon the crown of her head, and thence fell in the fashion of a horse's tail down her back; across her shoulders a bright red scarf was loosely thrown, and from her waist a short, grey petticoat descended to her knees; below which a finely-rounded leg and well-turned ancle gave a finish to the figure, and formed by no means its least attraction. As I passed, the girl, instead of screening her face from observation, as do the modest females of the plains, looked innocently up in my face, exclaiming, "Do not drive my cows, I pray you, sir, for they may scramble off the road, and then I shall have much labour in collecting them again."

I was surprised at the freedom and simplicity of the damsel's address, and more so at her comely countenance and sparkling eye, the *Paharris* being characterised by the broad cheek-bones and small twinkling eye of the Chinese.

"Well, then, my pretty lass," I replied, "you must let me amuse myself by talking to you as far as our journeys may lie upon the same road."

"Very well, sir; but what can a *Feeringhi Sahib* have to say to a poor girl of the mountains?"

"Why, you see, I am a stranger in these parts, and wish to pick up information respecting your beautiful country. Young and artless as you appear to be, you will be able to tell me much of which, though a traveller through many countries, I am yet in ignorance."

"Alas, sir!" replied she, "is it for the infant to instruct its parent? or for the young kid to direct the steps of the goat? I am but a child in knowledge, and do you bid me shew you what our wise men call their own? Shall I tell you of my cows, or of the butterflies which sport over the flowers, or of the eagles sailing aloft yonder?"

"Yes, even there you could tell me much which I do not know. But have you no family or home to talk to me about? There I cannot enter, and can only learn by hearsay. Are you married?"

"Married!—certainly, I am married, and have seven handsome husbands, the finest men in the village; but I cannot say they are such tall straight fellows as the servants who follow you gentlemen from the plains."

"Seven husbands, did you say? What! all your own?—or did I misunderstand you?"

"Ay! truly, seven husbands; what else should I say? We are not like the unfortunate women in the plains, who, it is said, have but one man, good or bad, belonging to them. But I am wrong to say seven; I have only six now; one of them I discharged yesterday; he was an idle, useless fellow, with only one eye and a crooked back."

"What! do you send them away if they have any defects, or if you do not love them?"

"Certainly; or if a man should be idle or poor, a woman could not be expected to keep him, when she might have fifty better. Go your way, sir; my cows go up this turning to the right."

"But tell me before you go, my pretty girl, if all the women in your villages are as fortunate as yourself in the number of their husbands; and if it be usual with them to turn their goodmen off with as little ceremony as you appear to have done?"

"Why," said the woman, "all my sisters are not considered so handsome as I am; but some have two husbands; some have three or four; few are so poor as to have only one."

"And would you have more than seven if you could find them to please you?"

"No; if I have more than seven it is impossible that they should be all good. Seven is a happy number."

"Then, I suppose you will get another to supply the place of the seventh, whom you discharged yesterday?"

"When I find one whom I can love."

"But do not your husbands quarrel? are they not given to jealousy one towards the other?"

No; why should they? are they not treated according to their deserts?"

* The reverend gentleman arrived in England in November last, for the purpose of seeing our lions.

"Have you any children?"

The girl drew her red scarf over her face, and, turning abruptly away, followed her cows.

Mr Bacon chanced to be at Dehli when the Nawab Shumsh-ud-deen was executed for the murder of Mr Fraser, the British resident. The account of this affair possesses much interest. What strikes us most forcibly is the sameness of manners and habits of all human beings, placed in similar periods of civilization. The Nawab might have been the Highland chief of Mr Fraser's native land, only fifty or sixty years back—the young Glengarry or Lochiel.

On account of his high birth and his many agreeable qualities, Shumsh-ud-deen had been admitted to a free and familiar intercourse with many of the European officers and gentleman in and around Dehli. He was not more than three-and-twenty years of age; in person, he was handsome, possessing an air of superiority and good breeding, as infallibly distinctive of high birth and education among the natives of India, as it is with the more polished nations of the Occidental world. His *jaghir* at Ferozepore was rich, being valued at from ten to fifteen *lakhs* per annum; he was particularly hospitable and generous, and appeared never so happy as in the exchange of good-offices with his English acquaintance. Mr Fraser, the commissioner and agent to the government, who fell a victim to his treachery, had been his chief and foremost friend, and had rendered him many essential services; and it was proved, in the course of the Nawab's trial, that he was professing the warmest esteem and devotion for his kind patron, while, in his heart, he was concerting schemes for his destruction.

On the 22d of March, Mr Fraser having to pay a visit of ceremony to a native of high rank residing within the city walls—Kullian Singh, the ex-Rajha of Kishenghur—quitted his residence, as was his habit, with no attendants beyond a single *sawar* (armed horsemen) and his *sais*. It was about sunset when he set forth, and entering the city by the Lahore Gate, he proceeded to the house of the Rajha; here he remained in conference about an hour, and when he again mounted his horse it was nearly dark. He returned by the same gate, and with only the same number of attendants; why he did so, it is difficult to conceive, as the way leading through the Cashmere gate would have been both nearer and more pleasant, and was, moreover, his usual route. Just as he arrived at that part of the road, without the city, where it joins a similar one leading to the Cashmere Gate, a disguised horseman overtook him at a gallop, who, wheeling his horse suddenly upon him, presented and discharged a matchlock at him, the contents of which entered his side and killed him on the spot, before he comprehended the man's intention. The assassin, then putting spurs to his horse, which was evidently one of very superior speed and mettle, dashed past Mr Fraser's attendants and galloped back at full speed, entering the city, it was supposed, by the Lahore Gate. The *sawar* gave chase; but the murderer had got too much the start, and rode too fleet an animal to be overtaken, and, as he was already lost in the increasing dusk, the man returned in the hope of being able to afford assistance to his fallen master. He found him, however, without a sign of life, his head resting in the lap of the *sais*, who continued to bewail his death with loud lamentation and curses upon the murderer, which soon brought in the assistance of passengers. A *charpahi* was immediately procured, and the body was carried back to the house which it had so lately left in the enjoyment of health and vigour.

The clearest evidence brought home the instigation to the murder to Shumsh-ud-deen; but the young chief had entrusted the management of the affair to his father-in-law, Mogul Beg, and his head-servant, Kurreim Kahn—the very names sound Celtic—"than whom," says our author—

Two more appropriate instruments could not have been selected; the former particularly remarkable for his duplicity and subtle invention; the other for his cold-blooded hardihood and tried secrecy and devotion to his lord.

Kurreim Kahn was sent over to Dehli by the Nawab about six weeks previous to the murder, with the ostensible commission of purchasing greyhounds for coursing; but from papers and correspondence found upon his person after apprehension, there can no doubt remain as to the real object of his visit. The design of the murder was sufficiently brought home to him, even without the testimony of Unnia, who affirmed that Mr Fraser had frequently before his death escaped destruction by the most narrow chances; such as returning by some other route than was expected, or by the fact of some friend joining him on the road, Kurreim Kahn having been in wait for him more than a month before he could find an opportunity to effect his object.

Unnia further acknowledged having been in the neighbourhood when the shot was fired, and he directed the magistrates to a well, in which they discovered the matchlock which the ruffian had used in the accomplishment of his bloody design; he also pointed out a place in which was secreted about three inches of the end of the barrel, which had been cut off by a blacksmith in the bazaar, by order of Kurreim Kahn; this the smith confirmed, and the barrel was found to correspond with the fragment. Every point of the evidence was satisfactorily supported, and the murder was fully brought home to the assassin.

It was further elicited from this man, that, if not actually the instigator, and supposing Mogul Beg to have been such, Shumsh-ud-deen must at least have been privy to the conspiracy; for, immediately after the consummation of the affair, he despatched a second *sawar* to look after the safety of Kurreim Kahn, and to give him intelligence of the search which was instituted; but the scout came upon the ground just in time to witness the apprehension of the villain to whom he was deputed, and with this news he returned to his master.

The Nawab, finding his myrmidon in custody, and fearing that his guilt might be wrung from him, and that he himself might be involved in his confession, appointed a secret agent to communicate with the prisoner, and used all possible means to stifle the case, but without avail. This emissary was also seized, and afterwards assisted greatly in exposing the Nawab's plans.

In brief, the whole affair might, with slight alteration of names and dates, have occupied a few pages of Mr Gregory's "History of the Highlands." Impolitic timidity was evinced by the British authorities in pursuing the murderer to justice. Mr Fraser was shot in March; the Nawab was tried in July; but was not executed until October.

When the Nawab was first made aware of his sentence, he was so completely astounded by the intelligence as to be quite unmanned, and to receive it as a calamity which he never anticipated. In the agony of his despair, he dashed his head against the wall; and, unless he had been prevented by his guard, he would have destroyed himself. For many days he watched an opportunity to commit suicide; but again becoming calm and collected, he took refuge in his pride, and behaved with the most perfect indifference, as though his existence was worthless in his estimation. . . . . .

Soon after the officer on guard had answered the summons to the gate, the Nawab, having alighted from his palki, entered the room where our party were assembled. His deportment was natural and easy—I might say it was cheerful—but I was much struck with the change that had taken place in his person. Instead of the hale, powerful, man I once had known him, he appeared cadaverous and sickly, owing to the effects of confinement upon one accustomed to incessant exercise and activity. Previously to his imprisonment, I had met him at the table of Colonel Skinner and elsewhere; and he had frequently invited me to pay him a visit at Ferozepore; this, however, I never had an opportunity of doing. He recognised me instantly upon his entrance; and first salaaming to our party generally, he advanced towards me and shook hands in the English fashion. We offered to retire and leave him in undisturbed possession of the room; but to this he objected; saying, that he had been so long without society that our presence was a relief to him, and he would enjoy it by smoking a *chillaum*, and in joining in our conversation before he went to rest. He then ordered his *charpahi* to be brought in, and upon this he seated himself cross-legged, with his *hookka*.

"It was not kind," said he, "to disturb my rest to-night; the last sleep which I can enjoy in this world should, for decency's sake, have been unbroken by such an intrusion. I had eaten a dinner more than usually hearty, and, after smoking my *chillaum*, had fallen into a most comfortable slumber, when I was awoke and taken

from my rest to be brought here, under a guard strong enough to have taken the city by storm. I think, at least, they might have left it till the morning."

Soon after this, he said to me, "Do you think that Metcalfe Sahib will allow me to wear the costume of my rank to-morrow morning? I cannot bear the idea of being hanged like a dog by the neck in a common white muslin dress, such as my own slaves wear; they do well enough for dishabille, but for a public execution such as you will witness to-morrow morning, I should certainly prefer something better suited to my rank."

To this I could only reply, that he had better speak to Mr Metcalfe in the morning, as I could give no opinion. He said he had already made the request, but that it had hitherto been denied him: he would, however, renew his petition in the morning. When he had finished his *chillaum*, he bade us good night, and, turning himself round upon his *charpahi*, he was *mulled* to sleep by two of his servants. We also retired; but, although the Nawab, with a certain prospect of death before him, slept soundly, I confess I found it quite impossible to rest while thinking of the dreadful fate which awaited him.

When gun-fire announced the dawn of day, we arose, and found the Nawab also performing his toilet; this he did with more than usual care; and, as soon as it was finished, he seated himself upon his *charpahi*, with his *padri* opposite to him, and commenced the recital of his prayers, which appeared to exist more in form than in petition; for, while still muttering the words after the priest, he saluted us cordially, and soon found an opportunity of inquiring if Mr Metcalfe had arrived, and of putting other questions regarding the movements without. He was habited in a spotless suit of fine white muslin; and when Mr Metcalfe made his appearance, he again sued to be permitted to wear the costume of his rank, but this it was deemed expedient to refuse; and the question was once again put to him if he confessed himself guilty of the crime for which he was condemned to die? In reply, he still adhered to his affirmation of innocence.

After expressing to Mr Metcalfe his last wishes with regard to his family and the disposal of his affairs, he returned to the occupation of his toilet, dressing and combing his beard with great care, and examining himself, again and again, in a small looking-glass, as if he were really sorry to part with that which in a few short minutes would be corruption.

Twice or thrice, he inquired impatiently if the preparations were not concluded; and at last he begged that a message might be taken to the Brigadier, requesting him to form up the troops with as little delay as possible; but all this was done deliberately and with perfect self-possession. Eight o'clock was the hour appointed for the execution; and, as the city clocks struck, the Brigadier sent word that all was in readiness. The Nawab, without bidding farewell to any about him, but simply giving to his servants and his priest a few articles of dress from his own person, such as the scarf, *kummerbund*, &c., quietly got into his palki; and, attended by Mr Metcalfe and two other civilians, was carried to the scaffold.

From the ramparts, I had an uninterrupted view of the scene. At the distance of about three hundred yards, in the open green, the fatal tree was erected, around it the troops were drawn up, forming three sides of a square, the rampart completing the enclosure. On the west, were a regiment of native light cavalry, and one of native infantry; on the east were three regiments of native infantry; and the north side was occupied by a battery of foot artillery, and a squadron of Colonel Skinner's irregular horse, constituting altogether a very spacious square.

Very few spectators had assembled, not more than about two thousand in all; this was attributed to various causes.

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Among those present were several chiefs, men of high rank and consequence, who had attended the trial throughout, and who considered it due to the British Government that they should thus exhibit their concurrence in the finding and the sentence. These were bedecked in all the glitter of their most costly equipages and costumes, as though they came to a gala. . . . .

When the Nawab arrived at the foot of the gallows, he stepped out of his palki, and, with an air of dignified indifference, asked Mr Metcalfe if he should ascend. Mr Metcalfe bowed: and, with a firm step, he mounted the ladder, at the top of which he was received by two men, his executioners. With perfect calmness, he at first submitted his neck to have the rope adjusted; but suddenly, from the low *parria* looks of one of the men, he felt that his person was defiled, and for a moment he became apparently agitated. "What!" said he, "are you a *mehter*?" with an intonation which it was not difficult to construe into its true meaning:—Am I to be polluted by the touch of this foul wretch at the very moment of death?—a filthy, degraded monster, who could not have stood in my presence formerly! The pang was a short one; the noose was quickly tied; and the cap—a red one, by-the-by—was drawn over his face; the next moment the drop fell, and Shumush-ud-deen was no more. He died without a struggle; his slippers even did not fall from his feet. . . . . .

The body being left suspended for the usual time, I mounted my elephant, and entered the crowd. I was accosted by Hindu Rao, with whom I was acquainted. "Ah! Sahib! I see you everywhere; that is, whenever there is any *tamasha* (fun) going on. He behaved very well—did he not? Will you come to my *nauch* this evening? Punna, whose singing you so much admire, will be there. Besides, I can offer you another inducement; you shall have something more substantial than our usual style of refreshment. I have just got a new cook from Calcutta, and will give you a first-rate oyster pâté with your wine. Ha! ha! I know how to tickle the over-refined taste of you English."

This last barbarian is of royal blood. His *rout* or *nauch* is exceedingly characteristic of demi-civilization. Before parting with the Lieutenant of the Horse Artillery, we must say that we like him better and better as we go along with him; and that his ending far exceeds his beginning. His elephant-hunt is magnificent, his tiger-hunts all that can now be made of that pretty child's play; and his picture of Anglo-Indian life, if somewhat superficial, is truthful and vivacious, and such as both ancient East Indians and young aspirants may peruse with profit and pleasure; while, to the general reader, it is replete with various and entertaining information.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Union of Church and State Antiscriptural and Indefensible. By the Rev. W. Thorn, Winchester.

THIS volume contains nearly everything that has been urged, or that can be argued, upon the momentous topic of which it treats. It is almost overloaded with citations of opinions and of facts; with the arguments of Churchmen and of Non-conformists. It is remarkable how much Mr Thorn has been able to extract from the opinions of very eminent Churchmen favourable to his own views of the interests of truth, and of uncorrupted Bible religion. If he has gained strength from rivals, he has borrowed much more from friends. He at once acknowledges that his aim is "to reduce the established religion, with regard to its freedom and support, to the model of the New Testament;" and he has developed, with much perspicacity, what he considers that model. This quotation makes the object of the book plain, and also enforces it:—

The question with most cautious Churchmen is not, What say the Scriptures?—for on this head their agreement with us is remarkable—but whether the kings of the earth have a right, derived from competent authority, to cast aside, as imperfect or inexpedient, the measures of the Almighty, and to substitute for them opposite and conflicting arrangements of their own? We say decidedly, that they have no such right, and that the assumption of it is an impious usurpation of Jehovah's prerogatives—an impeachment of his wisdom and benevolence—and a species of rebellion against his most righteous enactments. Under this impression we con-

tend, that every honest Dissenter, and every consistent Protestant, is warranted, by his avowed principles of obedience to Christ, and his faith in the perfection of Scripture, to employ all lawful means for dissolving this unholy alliance of Church and State. Yea, more, if the Bible, and the Bible alone, be our religious guide; if Christ alone be our spiritual head—doctrines which lie at the basis of Protestantism—and if the union under review be evidently opposed to divine revelation; every Nonconformist and every practical Churchman in the kingdom cannot fail to exert himself for effecting this great and beneficent reformation, without sinning against his creed, his conscience, and his God. The removal of what is termed the grievances of Dissenters will be hailed with gratitude by that body of British subjects; but, while the Alliance of Church and State is preserved, there can be no recurrence to primitive examples, nor ought there to be satisfaction in the minds of good men.

Among numerous other reforms, to approximate religion closer to the New Testament model, Mr Thorn—in common, indeed, with many Churchmen—would prohibit all ministers of religion from filling offices in the legislature or the magistracy of the country, and, accordingly, bishops from sitting in the House of Peers. He cites Tyndale, the celebrated translator of the Bible, in reference to the bishops of his age:—

"Wo to the realm where prelates are of the council! As profitable are the prelacy to the realm with their council, as wolves to the sheep, as foxes to the geese; for there is no mischief or disorder, whether it be in the temporal regiment or the spiritual, whereof they are not the chief causes, and even the very foundation and spring; so that it is impossible to preach against any mischief, unless thou begin at them; or set up any reformation in the world, except they are first reformed. They are as indurat as Pharoah, and therefore persecute God's word, and the preachers thereof. They stir up mischief in the world, setting princes to war; they get into the consciences of kings, and persuade them what they list—neither can any king have rest for them. They pretend they are for God and the church, but their secret intent is to bring all under their power; and when they are once set up on high, then they are tyrants above all tyrants."

It becomes a question of grave consideration whether Catholics, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, Socinians, Quakers, &c., should not have *ex officio* members in the Upper House as well as Episcopalians—proportioning their numbers to the relative magnitudes of their several communions? The Established Church of Scotland should send at least half-a-dozen, the Catholics as many as the Church of England; the Independents, Wesleyans, and Baptists, six or seven each; and all other sects in proportion. But, if this be inexpedient, and surely it is highly so, the next step in equity is to summon to Parliament the heads of no one religious party in the nation.

Though there is no fear of Independents and Baptists being received as spiritual auxiliaries, we should not be surprised if the Kirk of Scotland, were she to put forth the claim, might not have it considered favourably, were it but in requital of her new-born zeal for the sister establishment; and the Synod of Ulster might also be permitted to think of a representative or two, in virtue of the grand qualification of receiving State pay. Among the other objects for which Mr Thorn contends, is throwing open all colleges and universities, and every national institution, to all denominations, upon a footing of equality. He remarks—

It is our firm conviction that, if all the property left in many ancient towns and cities—and in our own, among the rest—for the education of the young and the support of the poor, were but properly applied, it would be found amply sufficient, without any poor's-rate or quarter-pence. Ought not these matters to be investigated and rectified? This would soon be done, were the whole not monopolized by one denomination, and every other kept at a distance, and as much as possible in the dark.

Another object is abolishing, or greatly altering, all ecclesiastical courts, and placing all the ministers and members of religious societies on a footing of legal equality. But the volume is too bulky and comprehensive to admit of our even pointing out the subjects of which it treats. It seems to have been the object of the writer, after stating his own case, to leave no argument of his opponents unanswered: and the industry with which he has reinforced his own opinions by the authority of the best writers upon the question, whether of former times or contemporaries, is almost carried to excess. Mr Thorn considers the difference between Churchmen and Dissenters to have gone far beyond compromise, were such desirable. Dissenters, with

Their principles, are bound to go forward, though the Red Sea raged in their front, believing that the "rod of God" will ultimately divide the waters, and make a highway for them. "Perseverance" is inscribed on their banner; nor will they ever desert their colours. We are far from being dispirited with our difficulties. Our object must be attained; and, perhaps, sooner than we anticipate. With all the existing obstacles distinctly recognised and maturely appreciated, our case is by no means hopeless. A few years back, the repeal of the Test Acts, the emancipation of the Catholics, a Reform in Parliament, and the Freedom of the Slaves, appeared more improbable than the Reduction of the National Church to a level with voluntary persuasions, appears to us at the present moment.

He considers the prospects of the Dissenters encouraging; and the reasons he adduces for this belief are cogent. Among other causes of encouragement is the consternation of the High-Church party. Some of his examples are curious:—

Men of business have generally observed a penuriousness and hard kind of dealing in the clergy of late; which have led them to think that they are laying by for a rainy day, or for a season when supplies might be cut off. This, to a certain extent, cannot be condemned, and we only mention it as indicative of the alarms of the cloth. It is said the evangelical minister is generally found the most close-fisted of the priesthood, being probably endowed with a greater gift of fore-knowledge than his brethren. A venerable gentleman recently said to his friend—"It is all over with us—I shall save the little I have realized."

It has been further remarked, that the high-church party is making every effort to secure the interest of the poor; clothing societies are very generally established; coals are given away; the ladies, in particular, are busy in visiting the cottages of the needy, distributing alms, tracts, books, and speaking most condescendingly, that the Church may be thought well of by the humbler classes.

It suits best with our limits to allow Mr Thorn himself to state what he claims to have established:—

I. That the Church of England is the creation of the civil power, and depends on it for support and even existence.

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II. That the Church of England, in its constitution, orders, and operations, is antiscriptural; the word of God affording neither precept nor example for such a system, nor presenting us with any premises which will warrant deductions favourable to such a scheme of government and discipline; and that is highly impolitic, as its influence on society is adverse to the welfare of the nation.

III. That the separation of the church from the dominion of the state would be highly beneficial to the Christian cause, elevating it to the voluntary principle of the New Testament, operating advantageously on its ministers and members, relieving Dissenters from unmerited marks of inferiority, saving the country a large amount of expenditure, and tranquillizing the public mind, now in a state of high feverish excitement.

IV. That the arguments adduced by the advocates of the hierarchy, when narrowly examined, are found to be destitute of validity, being really based neither on the word of divine truth, nor on any other solid foundation. And that, as people become conversant with the sacred writings, and seek their own best interest, they will be more and more dissatisfied with an institution which does not rest upon the testimony of heaven, nor adequately promote their temporal and spiritual prosperity.

V. That the reduction of the state-church to the apostolical model is and will be stoutly resisted by various ranks and classes of the community, and as strenuously contended for by others, who, being the most numerous and powerful, and having scripture and reason on their

side, will ultimately carry the measure. A severe contest, however, may be anticipated; but, to Church Reformers, the issue is by no means doubtful.

VI. That Church Reformers will carry their point only by peaceful and constitutional means—by enlightening the minds of the public, and by rightly employing their political influence. They are for wronging no man, defrauding no man, nor inflicting pain on any man. They seek only justice, equality, and the glory of Christ; and those who assert otherwise do but grossly malign them.

Thus he concludes a volume, embracing the whole length and breadth of the question:—

Let Church Reformers then take courage, and play the man and the Christian in this bloodless struggle. They may and will be misrepresented and abused; their doctrines and purposes will be grossly perverted by their interested opponents; and many of them will be called to make considerable sacrifices in this noble cause; but let them keep in mind, that a patient perseverance in well-doing will give them an honourable and a glorious conquest over error, superstition, and selfish domination.

The eyes of the people are opening to the importance of the question; many of the clergy have already forsaken the state-church, and many more are struggling to "come out of her," in a manner which reminds us of a scene in Milton's Creation:

"The grassy clods now calved; now half-appeared
The tawny lion, PAWING TO GET FREE
His HINDER PARTS; then springs, as broke from bonds,
And, rampant, shakes his brinded mane."

It must be for Mr Thorn to consider if a cheap compendium of his meritorious volume, a selection from his ample store of valuable materials, would not be desirable for the mass of readers, who are in danger of being lost in the ocean of contemporary tracts, sermons, and pamphlets upon this subject, and in the sea of controversial periodicals devoted to its discussion—were they even to embark in this endless course—to whom a succinct restating of Mr Thorn's arguments and the forcible illustrations, would be invaluable.

Excursions through the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in 1835-1836. By the Rev. Jesingham Smith, Fellow of Cambridge, &c. &c.

This author, like every sensible tourist, kept a regular journal of his rambles. His friends read and admired, and he extended and printed. One sentence of his preface may aptly characterise his work:—"That which would appear insignificant in Savoy, may assume the character of greatness in Skye." We of Scotland are of Savoy in relation to Mr Smith's novelties and marvels, while his friends are in England or Skye; and the book which is admirable and fraught to them with novel information and deep interest, is unluckily all commonplace enough to most Scotch readers. We say unluckily; for, were we reading for the first time of what we had never before seen, heard, or understood about, we should probably have read with interest. Mr Smith, as a traveller, is exceedingly accommodating and good-natured; and, moreover, a warm admirer of Burns, Ferguson, Loch Lomond, and Edinburgh. His good-nature even slides into philosophy, if it be not based upon it. It was sometimes sorely tried, as at the Stafford Arms, a house of entertainment on the seamy side of the Stafford improvements—Rhicornich Inn, to wit. "The Stafford Arms consists of exactly two rooms," says Mr Smith. "In the one, all the travellers who arrive have to eat, drink, and sleep; in the other the presiding couple, with their host of children, perform the same operations, with the additional one of cooking the meals." But few guests arrive, and few meals are needed, which is meanwhile so much the better. "The partition between the rooms is so much cracked rotten boarding; so that the smoke of the kitchen, instead of ascending its own *lum* or chimney, takes the liberty of coming *ben*, and absolutely darkening the room with its dense, pungent vapour. But, though there is a plentiful provision of smoke, scarce a spark of fire could be coaxed into existence for hours, because the rain had so damped the peats that they would not burn. Neither bread [Mr Smith will not call oat-cakes bread] nor biscuit, nor potatoes, nor meat, could be procured." Unfortunate guests of the Stafford Arms! But this is not the worst of it. "'I'll bring a bit carpet,' says the landlady, 'to put over the floor; for it was all in holes, and a few days ago I was obliged to have it fresh done with clay and heather, and it is very damp still. Oh, and I should tell you, sir, that we have a great many rats here, and, if you are not aware of them, they may frighten you in the night. They'll come into the room and jump all over the furniture. . . . . I should not mind their taking provisions, but they ruin our clothes. Last night they ate up almost half of my husband's best black coat.'" Near the Stafford Arms there is an inscription, "recording the exertions and liberality of the late Marquis of Stafford, in constructing 130 bridges and 400 miles of road!" There seems a general impression that all the roads and bridges in Sutherlandshire, and the adjoining parts of Caithness, have, together with the Mound of Fleet, been constructed, not at the expense of the public under the Parliamentary Commissioners for roads and bridges, but solely out of the pocket of the nobleman whose property they have so immensely improved. The late Marquis was, however, a large contributor to what must so largely benefit his northern principality.

Theory and Practice of Cotton-Spinning. By James Montgomery. Third Edition, greatly enlarged. Glasgow: Niven, jun. Royal 8vo., pp. 348; with numerous appropriate Illustrations.

We have here a *practical* work, which is demonstrated to be excellent of its kind, since it can only be useful to the class competent to judge of its merits, and there has been a demand for three editions. In France, Germany, Switzerland, and America, or wherever cotton-spinning is carried on, there must be a demand for such a work, as it minutely and clearly details the processes at present pursued where cotton-spinning first arose, and where it has been, we may say, almost perfected. Previous to the publication of this edition, the author visited the manufacturing districts of England, for the purpose of collecting the latest and most important information; for every month is adding something valuable to the processes of cotton-spinning. The work is, of course, devoted solely to details of these processes, and subjects connected with this branch of manufacture. We have frequently noted a remarkable discrepancy in the estimates of the wages of the men employed in cotton-spinning and weaving factories. Mr Montgomery gives an estimate of the expense of erecting an establishment which may contain 4500 mule and throstle spindles, and which weaves in proportion to the yarn produced. We shall not interfere with the expense of building and machinery; but here is the rate of wages—first, in the preparative departments, and, secondly, in the spinning:—A hand for willow and scutching machine, 12s. per fortnight; spreaders, 13s.; card tenters, 8s.; topers, 15s.; a hand at lapping machine, 12s.; drawers, 14s.; fly-frame hands, 15s.; assistant to fly-frame hands, 9s., &c. &c. &c.; carding master, 42s. We had fancied the wages higher even in this department; and have been still more deceived in our idea of the rate of wages to the spinners. It is to the piecers, 9s.; to slippers and sweepers, 12s.; the spinning-master, 50s. The half of this shews the wages, as each sum is for a fortnight's labour. The wages of the spinners cannot be given, as they appear to be paid by the quantity of yarn spun.

Woodland Gleanings. By the Author of the "Sentiment of Flowers."

We have here an elegant little work upon trees, well fitted to engage the attention and cultivate the taste of young persons. It is a book for any one, in a popular sense; but is especially adapted for the young. Numerous illustrations are given in trees, with the foliage and fruits, which are, however, very inferior to the letterpress. The work is, no doubt, cheap; but fewer plates and better, is a rule we like in such productions.

Family Library. No. 63. *Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity.*

Here is scope enough; and a very curious chapter of human nature is accordingly furnished by the multifa-

rious and amusing contents of this volume. It is intended as a supplement to Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology," and Sir David Brewster's "Letters on Natural Magic." It begins with the ancient oracles, and extends to Johanna Southcote, and Mary Toft, the rabbit breeder. Astrology and Animal Magnetism afford curious elucidations of human credulity. Perhaps a few more sciences now on trial, may be added to this work in a future edition.

Carpenter's Peerage for the People.

This work, which we noticed when it was in progress of publication, is now completed in one sturdy volume, which affords abundant rich pickings for the Radicals. The book is certainly not flattering to the pride of British nobility; yet it deals in sterling facts, and is really not very uncandid in spirit. Some of the free translations of the mottoes of the peers of recent creation are good hits. Thus, Lord Abinger's motto, *Fortes, fortuna juvat*, is rendered *Fortune favours the shameless.* Baron Ashburton, late Alexander Baring, has chosen for his inscription, *Quarenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos*, which is freely rendered, *We must first be rich before we think of being virtuous.* Baron Carrington, late Smith, has chosen *Tenax et fidelis*, which is given, *Covetous and sure.* This popular peerage notes the emoluments and family connexions of all the peers, the pensions and places possessed by them and their relatives, and the church patronage they enjoy. It should lie at the elbow, ready for the reference of every Radical editor who would satisfactorily account for the votes of the Peers.

Account of the recent Discoveries for facilitating the Education of the Blind.

This is an extremely interesting little work, detailing Mr Gall of Edinburgh's discoveries for facilitating and extending the knowledge of the blind. We should consider our pages well occupied in giving an analysis of it; but the book is cheap in price, and the profits are to be given to that excellent and interesting institution, the Edinburgh Asylum for the Blind; so we stop short, recommending it to general attention.

Three Letters to the People,

Are written by a bold, downright Radical, who tells strong truths in homely language, and raises some startling questions. He does not appear to consider the Whigs much better than the Tories. His remedy for existing evils is penny-a-week societies all over the country, which may enable the working people to send Liberal Members to Parliament, and to support them there independent of party. The author is a religious man, and would not object to the means of religious instruction to all being furnished from the public revenue, though he would establish no one sect in connection with the state. If he has any political leader, it is Cobbett. In short, he appears an honest, plain man, whose warm and honest sympathies go powerfully with the hard-working and over-taxed labourers. "Why," he demands, "should the people of Holland pay about fifty per cent. less for all the comforts of life than the poor labourer of our own country?" It is a rude question, pressing for answer at the foot of the throne, the door of the cabinet, and in both Houses of Parliament.

Opinions of Lord Brougham.

Mr Colburn has published, in a handsome and substantial volume, the pith and marrow of Lord Brougham's opinions upon many of the important subjects that have, through life, engaged the attention of this acute thinker and eminent man. The selections are, in general, given in brief sections, pregnant with matter of a kind that supplies abundant materials for thought. It is a book which no man who takes an interest in public affairs in Great Britain, or in the improvement and well-being of the human race, would choose to be without. We shall not cite from a work which is made up of quotations, save one sentence which comes pat at this moment, though spoken in the House of Commons in April 1823. We give it as a text or an oracle. "Let it not be said, when Ireland complains of grievances, that the best way of allaying heats, of quelling dissensions, and of diffusing satisfaction through the country, is not to remedy those grievances. Let her voice be heard, let her wrongs be redressed, let her just demands be conceded, and we shall hear no more of turbulence and dissension with regard to Ireland."

NEW NOVELS.

Gentleman Jack, by the author of "Cavendish."

Is another of those lively nautical romances which have of late found especial favour with the public. If not a tale of real life, it possesses considerable truth of resemblance. The adventures are stirring and vivid; and the salt-water characters, in low station, are well conceived and supported. The humour of Pipes and his lady may sometimes become a little too gross for modern nicety; and "Gentleman Jack" himself, though a dashing, gallant fellow, is quite as free, in certain points of morality, as becomes a hero; but really those polite English readers who daily regale themselves with the fashionable morning and Sunday prints, need not be too fastidious about fictitious pictures of sea-life.

The Hussar, by the author of "The Subaltern,"

Is a novel in name only. It is the memoirs of Sergeant Landshiet, a German, who came to England in the early part of the war, in which he served to its close. The Hussar, in the course of his long military life, visited the Peninsula, of course, and also the West Indies and South America. The gentleman who, by the grace of Lord John Russell, is now Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, intended to include Sergeant Landshiet's adventures in the "Traditions" of that place; but, insensibly, they swelled into a book, which will have considerable interest for the veteran's old companions in arms. The chaplain does not miss the opportunity of dealing, at second-hand, sundry hard hits against the Catholics. Some of his anecdotes explain, if clearly, yet rather unsatisfactorily, why British soldiers are not very popular among the Spanish people, whose religious, or call them superstitious feelings, they so wantonly outrage.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

It must now be obvious that the Reform Act has turned out a complete failure, and that few of the benefits which were so confidently anticipated from it are likely to be realized. The Corn Laws, the Pension List, the enormous expenditure of the Army, the Church of England, the Church of Ireland, and the numerous other abuses, the removal of which it was supposed the Reform Act would ensure, remain untouched at the end of five years of a Reformed Parliament; and the probability of any effectual reformation of these abuses is daily becoming more slender. Being disappointed in all their fond anticipations of this measure, the people have sunk into a state of apathy and indifference, feeling and seeing that, since they are to be ruled either by the one or other section of the oligarchy, it is really a matter of indifference by which section the exercise of power and the emoluments of office are enjoyed. No man of sense, indeed—as long as the Ballot is withheld—would run the slightest risk of injuring himself or the prospects of his family by supporting the Whigs rather than the Tories. That this is the general and increasing feeling throughout the country, the result of the late elections shews. At Westminster—notwithstanding the utmost efforts of all parties, Whig, Tory, and Radical—little more than one-half of the electors could be induced to come to the poll; and many of those known to entertain Liberal opinions voted for Sir Francis Burdett. Unless

reforms of a more sweeping nature than the milk-and-water measures now before Parliament are introduced, the Tories will soon have the ascendancy in the House of Commons; and a general election at the present moment—apathetical as the people from disappointment are—would triumphantly reinstate the Tories in power. Nor do we think that it would be any great evil if they were. They would probably again pretend to be Reformers; and, having opposed to them a strong minority in Parliament, and the general feeling of the country, we believe they would actually carry some useful measures. This would, at all events, be some gain; for we do not see that, with the present Ministry in power—pusillanimous, if not dishonest as they are—any other use will be made of Parliament than taxing the people. It is quite plain that the House of Peers is paramount—they may do what they like—the Whigs have neither the inclination nor the courage to oppose them; for, whatever may be said about stopping the supplies, that step is far too bold and decided for a Whig Ministry.

That Ministry has, ever since the Reform Act was passed relied—and not in vain—on the support of the Tories for crushing every liberal measure, and for tyrannizing, in the true Tory fashion, over the people. There is no doubt that the general feeling among the Whigs of every degree is, that which Lord Stanley alone had the boldness and honesty to announce—that the Reform Bill closed accounts between the people and the government—that is to say, that the people had obtained a right, but were not to use it; and the Whigs having got into office, that section of the oligarchy were to compensate themselves for their long exclusion from power, by plundering the people and by pensioning on the country, in one form or another, the hungry herd of their retainers and dependants. The Whigs introduced the Reform Bill for no other reason than because without it they saw no means of maintaining their places for any length of time. They counted the rotten boroughs, and found the great majority of them were in the hands of their opponents, and hence the necessity of an abolition of their privilege of returning members of Parliament. They imagined that the people were to do with the Reform Act what the good boy was bidden do with his drum—to take good care of it, but not to make a noise by playing upon it; but they have so tired and disgusted the people by the insufferable slowness of their motions and their more than questionable proceedings on many points, that the drum seems in the fair way of being altogether thrown aside, and not even occasionally exhibited to the Tories, for the same purpose as the Whigs parade the soldiers through the streets, to shew the people what is ready for them.

We cannot help regretting that the Reform Act was ever passed. It has merely proved the means of protecting a vicious system of government—the rule of an oligarchy—which, had not that safety-valve been made use of, would long ere now have been annihilated. But whether it will be again possible for many years, and until much more oppression and misery have been sustained by the people, to raise them to make another exertion to obtain good government, is exceedingly doubtful. Indeed, the great body of even the educated classes have no notion what government ought to be. They are told, and feel, that they are his Majesty's subjects—that is, the slaves of the head of the government; and they think that they have no more right to interfere with the conduct of their rulers than their own sheep and cattle have to control theirs. They do not see that the King's ministers should also be their ministers—that is, servants; and that they should be well paid, encouraged, and supported, when they do their duty, but, like other servants, dismissed and punished when they act improperly or assume a superiority over their masters.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the House of Commons during last month are not such as to redeem its character, but rather to shew the necessity of another Reform Bill.

REPEAL OF THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.—On the 8th of May, Mr Tennyson D'Eyncourt made a motion for the repeal of the Septennial Act, chiefly on the ground that septennial parliaments were not in accordance with the ancient law and practice of the realm, but were an innovation which had proved injurious; and that it was advisable to revert to the former period of three years. He reminded Lord John Russell that, in bringing forward the Reform Bill in 1831, he had expressly reserved the Ballot and the duration of Parliaments for future settlement; and advised his Lordship to give way in time, and not wait until, as in the instance of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform, a change was forced upon the House. The mode in which this motion was treated shews decisively the character of the House. Instead of being, as it so well deserves, dispassionately and calmly discussed, the first speech after that of the seconder was no sooner terminated than the House shewed the utmost impatience to divide, without further deliberation on the subject; and the other speakers were evidently heard with the utmost impatience. Not more than forty members were present during the debate. Mr Hume expressed his opinion that the proper time for the duration of parliaments was three years, as that was a period short enough to enable a member to become acquainted with his duties. Lord John Russell did not deny that he had reserved the question under discussion, when the Reform Bill was passed, for deliberation at a future time; but he said he added, immediately after, that he hoped the House would never come to any decision that would affect the stability of our institutions. The Triennial Act, when in force, had created greater heats and animosities than ever had been known before. Among other consequences of the House of Commons not being a body subject to continual change and fluctuation, a greater degree of weight and consideration was attached to their deliberations. It was the nature of things, when there were two bodies—a House of Lords and a House of Commons—that the members of a House who always continued to belong to one body, would have, to a certain degree, more weight and authority than that whose members were constantly changing. From the Revolution to the passing of the Septennial Act, the persons who had the chief weight and leading authority in the country were Peers; but, since the passing of the Septennial Act, the persons who had the greatest influence in the state were members of the House of Commons. The superiority of the weight and authority now enjoyed by the House of Commons was attributable to the Septennial Act. The result of annual or triennial parliaments would be to make our institutions unstable; and there did not exist among the people any great desire for changes of this description. The argument of Lord John evidently proves too much; for, if it is correct, the members of the House of Commons ought to be elected for life; a very convenient arrangement for those who happened to hold the reins of government at the time. Mr Wakley reminded Lord John Russell that, in 1819, he had said he would vote for any measure that would restrict the duration of Parliament for three years; he pointed out that the people had the remedy in their own hands, by pledging their representatives when elected to resign within three years. Mr Roebuck observed, that the best way to preserve the stability of our institutions was to enact that every parliament should last three years, and that it should not be dissolved till the elapse of that period. We doubt this proposition: it would afford a certain period of three years for corruption, instead of a precarious and uncertain one of seven. Only 187 members—about one-fourth of the House—thought it worth while to vote on this question, of whom eighty-seven voted for, and ninety-six against the motion. The Tories, of course, voted with the Ministry; but, excluding the officials, only twenty-one Whigs and Reformers; so that the "Reform Government" is indebted for their victory solely to the Tories. With Bentham, we hold that Parliaments should be annual. Mr Hume's objection, that a member cannot become acquainted with his duties in less than three years, Bentham demolishes in a single sentence. If the representative has given satisfaction to his constituents, he will be re-elected; if not, the sooner they are enabled to get rid of him the better. Perhaps a more efficient measure than shortening

parliaments would be to empower a majority of the constituencies to dismiss their members at pleasure; for we cannot comprehend why the electors should be represented, even for one year, by a person who has deceived them, or in whom they have lost all confidence; and it is now demonstrated—Mr Andrew Johnston for instance—that the mere sense of honour is, in most cases, insufficient to effect a resignation.

VOTE BY PROXY.—The question of abolishing voting in the Peers by proxy was debated in a House of 210 members. Why do not the electors ask the other 448 what they think they were sent to Parliament for? Mr T. Duncombe, in making the motion, went into a detail to prove that the practice of voting by proxy was of modern origin; and that, in the earlier periods of our history, down to the time when George III. became insane, it was with great difficulty that leave of absence was obtained by the Peers. But, at that time, it was decreed that the King's permission might be dispensed with, and the last protection of the people against blind legislation was removed. [Mr Duncombe might have said, what is the fact, that almost all the abuses and bad practices in state affairs have sprung up since the vaunted Revolution of 1688, an event which rendered the aristocracy the masters of the king and the people.] The principle on which the absurd practice of voting by proxy had been defended was, that the Peers were not responsible, as they represented no one but themselves. Lord Stanley defended the proxy with some dexterity, by retorting on the members of the House of Commons their own conduct; for not only do they pair off for any period they think proper, but are in the constant practice of voting on questions, not one word of the debate on which they have heard. He declared that, though 186 had voted on the question of repeal of the Septennial Act, only 40 had listened to the debate. This was rather a serious argument, and no answer to it was given. Sir R. Peel followed it up, and recommended to the House, before taking away the privileges of a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, to look at home—to take the beam out of their own eye before attempting to take the mote out of their brother's. The vote was—for the motion, 81; against it, 129. Tory-Ministerial majority, 48.

RATE-PAYING CLAUSES.—Next day, another exhibition of the scandalous conduct of our Reformed Parliament, took place on the occasion of Mr Duncombe's motion for the second reading of the bill to abolish the rate-paying clauses in the Reform Act. Lord John Russell having opposed the bill, was asked by Mr Hume whether he meant to cheat the people when he gave them the Reform Act? Immediately shouts of "Divide!"—"Question!" arose, the members having evidently now come to the conviction that their duty is not to deliberate but simply to vote. Mr Grote, however, expressed his determination not to be put down by clamour and noise; and stated that, throughout all the town constituencies, a very strong feeling existed against the rate-paying clauses. Mr Duncombe, in reply, said that Lord John Russell, when he introduced the Reform Bill, had told them that he proposed to increase the constituency to half a million; but the returns shewed that it was at present only 300,000. This deficiency he attributed to the rate-paying clauses. Lord John had said, in 1831, that no constituency should have fewer than 300 electors; but there were 12 of 200, 30 of 300, 86 under 500, and no fewer than 217 boroughs having fewer than 3000 voters, in every one of which he felt confident that the Reformers would, in a short time, be beaten by bribery and intimidation. The division was—for the second reading, 73; against it, 166—Tory-Ministerial majority, 93.—After defeating this measure, Lord John Russell succeeded also in throwing out Mr William Williams' bill for repealing the stamp-duty on the admission of freemen.

LAW OF LIBEL.—Another nuisance the Ministry have succeeded in rescuing from abatement, is the law of Libel. In moving the second reading of the bill for securing the liberty of the press, Mr O'Connell said that, as the law at present stood, he defied any one to give a definition of a libel. Anything was a libel. Lord Ellenborough had held that it was a libel to call Lord Hardwicke a sheep-feeder from Cambridge, and Lord Redesdale a stout-built special pleader. The only attempt to define libel that he had ever heard of, was to say that it was anything which hurt the feelings of any human being. He proposed to confine an action for libel to the case where it would effect anything injurious to the party of whom it was spoken. In all cases of libel he would allow the defendant to give the truth in evidence, not as an answer to the charge, but as a fact for the consideration of a jury. He thought that, in cases where not more than £20 of damages had been given, no costs should be awarded; and where £50 was given, full costs, as between attorney and client. He would enact, that a person, before bringing an action for a libel, should call upon the accused party for a retractation; and the retractation should be a bar to the prosecution, or, at any rate, go as a fact to the jury. Sir John Campbell opposed the bill, not because the law of libel did not require amendment, but because it would make the law worse than it was at present. There was no definition in the bill of what was a libel, (can Sir John define it?) nor how far a man might go in proving the truth. He opposed the proposal of Mr O'Connell to free the publisher of a libel from punishment, if he only gave up the author; for might not a scapegoat be procured to stand author for anything that might be published—a person who would consider the jail his home? Sir F. Pollock said that the law of libel required amendment on many points, and that the present system of awarding costs was monstrous. Mr Sergeant Talfourd opposed the bill, on the ground that every provision in it appeared to be designed for the immunity and protection of those who disseminate slander, while not one tittle of protection was afforded to that private character and private reputation which he was sure Mr O'Connell would feel to be one of the dearest possessions any individual could enjoy. The bill, after some farther discussion, was lost by a majority of 55 to 47—another instance of the manner in which the members of the Reformed House attend to their duties.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.—A victory was, on the motion of Dr Bowring, gained over cant and hypocrisy, by the expunging of the clause prohibiting Sunday travelling on the Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Greenock Railway Bill. Mr Roebuck maintained that the strict observance of the Sunday was contrary to the Christian religion—it was nothing more than an ascetic and Jewish usage, having no relation to the morals of the people; it was a mere matter of hypocrisy in some people, and ignorance in others. He challenged the Lord's-Day gentlemen to produce Christian authority for human legislation in regard to the Sabbath. He not only quoted Archbishop Cranmer and Archbishop Whatley, but, at great length, St Paul himself, to prove that the command to keep the Jewish Sabbath was not binding on Christians. Mr Roebuck read his Scripture quotations so impressively and seriously, that Sir Robert Inglis honestly expressed his obligation to him for making them. Mr Labouchere, Sir John Campbell, and Lord John Russell all opposed the clause; and the motion was ultimately carried by 118 to 83. What will our long-faced neighbours of the west say to this?

ENGLAND.

NECESSITY OF ADDITIONAL PARLIAMENTS.—We have long been of opinion that one Parliament is quite inadequate to transact the affairs of this country; and we predict that, ere long, this will be generally admitted. Sir John Campbell, in a late debate, said that he would have brought in an act for the amendment of the law of libel himself, "*were it not for the lamentable state of the business in the House, which made him despair of getting any measure carried through.*" On the first day of the session, he introduced his Imprisonment for Debt Bill; and, up to that hour, he had not been able to get it through the Committee. He had five or six other measures for the improvement of the law ready; but, when honourable gentlemen speculated in such questions as the meeting of the convocation, it was impossible that

the real business of the House could be attended to." Mr Peter Borthwick—who, since he left off bookselling at Dalkeith, has taken the Church of England under his special patronage—retorted, fairly enough, by asking Sir John "whether, by practical legislation was understood the discovery of an imaginary surplus, in the pursuit of which so much time had been wasted." We may tell Sir John, that, in all assemblies, will be found a number of men who, merely for the satisfaction of hearing their own most sweet voices, and seeing their speeches in print, will speculate on all manner of subjects, although they may not take the slightest interest in the subject on which they talk; and, besides that, it is impossible to prevent such useless talking; so that the real business of the House must, as it, indeed, seems already to be, brought to a stand still, unless some remedy be obtained. Lord Brougham, on another occasion, remarked, that no measure, except the Resolutions against Canada, had made any progress during the Session; and he is to make a motion on the subject.

What we suggest is, that the functions of the present Parliament should be assimilated to those of the American Congress; that it should confine its attention exclusively to those questions in which the whole United Kingdom, as a nation, and in which every individual in it, are interested. All local and private bills—such as those for roads, railways, harbours, and those in which particular estates or persons are concerned, such as bills for the sale or exchange of entailed estates, and others of a like nature—we would leave to local legislatures, or rather Parliaments to sit in Edinburgh and Dublin, and in two or three of the English towns the most conveniently situated. This is the American system, and it works admirably. A railway bill, if it run through only one state, can be obtained for £30, whereas £30,000 is probably not too much to expect that such a bill will cost in Britain. All the questions we have enumerated are not only much more cheaply, but much more efficiently, as well as expeditiously investigated on the spot, than at the distance of 400 or 500 miles; for the expense of taking agents, engineers, and witnesses such a distance, and keeping them away from their business and their homes, is of itself a great grievance, and attended with an almost insupportable expense.

The number of local and private bills annually brought into Parliament, is about 300; and many of them, such as canal and railway bills, almost always occasion much trouble to the members, and consume, in committees especially, much valuable time; for they are almost always keenly opposed. No one will pretend, after the exposures which have been made within the last few months, that the present Houses of Parliament transact such business with more impartiality than a local Parliament is likely to do. Every one, indeed, must know that the bill that is supported by the greatest influence, and not the most beneficial measure for the public, has the greatest probability of being carried. Witness, for example, the Granton Harbour and the Trinity Harbour Bills—the first carried through with such breathless haste, that the petitions against it were always found to be too late; the other meeting with a protracted opposition, and obliged to be brought into Parliament year after year, at a ruinous expense, and most injurious delay, though, at last, it appears that the promoters of it are as well entitled to have their bill as even the Duke of Buccleuch himself.

Had Parliament not been sitting, we would have explained what are the means used by the adepts in such matters, for carrying through such bills; but the fear of a visit from the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Speaker's warrant, restrains our pen.

The canvassing, solicitations, and annoyance to which members are exposed, and the loss of time occasioned by local and private bills, are a serious grievance; for thereby the attention of members is distracted from the great interests of the nation, and wasted in the adjustment or compromise of petty local squabbles. Hence much of the public business is done in the most slovenly and careless manner, occasioning trouble, loss, and expense to those affected by the law, and creating more labour to the legislature in botching bungled work, by "acts to amend an act;" "acts to explain an act;" and all these other supplementary acts with which the statute book is filled. No one could believe the obvious blunders which are constantly committed, who has not had frequent occasion to peruse it. We have often wondered who were the persons who drew up acts of Parliament. A statute was passed two years ago, relative to patents, allowing a patentee to disclaim any part of the invention claimed, which he might discover, after he had obtained his patent, not to be original. Now, all the applications are ordered to be made through the "Clerk of the Patents in Scotland," though there neither is, nor ever was, any such officer in Scotland. In the present Scotch Bankrupt Act, a meeting of the creditors is appointed to be held the day after the last examination of the bankrupt, and another fourteen days after that examination; but the appointment of the first meeting is an error, the clause having been copied inadvertently from the former statute, and so it is known by the name of the "nugatory meeting," and nothing is ever done at this meeting except adjourning it for a fortnight. Yet, although half-a-dozen of acts have been passed to keep the bankrupt act in force from year to year, this obvious and admitted blunder, and many equally obvious in it, have never been corrected. To give another out of the innumerable instances that could be pointed out, an act was passed last year for paying medical men for their attendance on coroners' inquests. The want of payment, in such cases, had long been complained of. The doctors chuckled when they got their act; but, at the first coroner's inquest which took place, it was found there was no fee for the doctor, simply because the act specified no fund out of which the payment was to be made.

The remedy for all this slovenliness, is to give the members less work to do, and not to keep them constantly sitting in committees on matters of mere local concern.

SCOTLAND.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—All the noisy and turbulent scenes which the political meetings in Edinburgh have of late years exhibited, were completely thrown into the shade at the first meeting of the General Assembly, on the question of choosing a Moderator. Dr Welsh, who proposed Dr Lee, was interrupted repeatedly in the most rude and disgraceful manner; and the noise and confusion which prevailed exceed description. The cant and hypocrisy spouted forth were so perfectly insufferable, that Dr Welsh was forced to tell Dr Ferrie—a pluralist and rabid Tory—that, although he thought it unnecessary to have the words "glory of God" continually on his lips, he trusted he was as much actuated by a religious spirit as any member of the Assembly. Is is unnecessary to state that Dr Lee was defeated by a majority of five to one; and Dr Gardner, of Bothwell, was elected Moderator.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—We have not space in the present Register to shew how clearly the evidence laid before the Commissioners proves that there is no want of church accommodation in Edinburgh. We will at present only direct attention to the hint given to Lord Haddington by Lord Melbourne, that, before applying to the consolidated fund for money to endow additional clergymen, it would be proper to have recourse to certain tithes and rents which belonged to the bishops in Scotland before the Revolution, now, under gross mismanagement, yielding £2717 a-year, and also to the *unexhausted teinds*. This hint alarmed the Scottish nobility in the House; and Lord Aberdeen declared, that, taking the unexhausted teinds for any other purpose than the support of the minister of the parish whence they were derived, was nothing else than plunder—that is to say, that, if the Earl's ancestors acquired a parish a century and a half ago, with a rental of £1000, and a population of 1000 persons, for which one clergyman was paid out of the teinds, (which in truth are never paid for by a purchaser,) and now the rental is £15,000, the population 6000, and three clergymen are required, it is plunder and robbery to call upon the Earl to support any more clergymen out of the £15,000 a-year

than his ancestors did out of their £1000. The above are the proportions in which population and rents have increased in the period specified. We predicted long ago that the veil would be torn off the hypocritical Church-Extensionists, when the unexhausted teinds came to be touched. We have some doubts whether the whole scheme was not got up to save these teinds. At least we know that one of the most zealous of the Church-Extensionists, who gave £50 to build churches, draws upwards of £400 a-year of this sort of church plunder. He perhaps does not know he is so much indebted to the Church; but the Commissioners, in their next report, will clear up this matter in a way very little to the satisfaction of the landowners. We suspect most of them now regret the raising of the cry of "The Church in danger!"

LAW REFORM.—The outcry raised against Mr Wallace's Law Reforms is most amusing. It proceeds exclusively from one quarter—from a set of young, briefless advocates; and the front of Mr Wallace's offending—although this is kept out of view—is his proposal to abolish the useless sinecure office of Sheriff-Depute, of which we have thirty-three with salaries varying from £300 to £800 a-year. These advocates are at present earning by political prostitution a right to these snug offices. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

IRELAND.

DUBLIN APOTHECARIES' COMPANY.—Of the privileges and monopolies so numerous in the United Kingdom, none so loudly calls for the interference of Parliament as those of the apothecaries of England and Ireland. They possess powers which are extremely injurious to the public, to the physicians and surgeons of those countries, and are peculiarly oppressive to the graduates of Scotland; so much so that we are convinced, that, if a proper representation to Parliament were made, the members of all parties would agree in abolishing these privileges. It is now nearly half a century since the Irish Parliament passed an act—and, about twenty years since, a similar act was passed in England—by which no person can practise as an apothecary in those countries who has not served a seven years' apprenticeship to one of their own body, and passed their examination. Many physicians and surgeons who have served apprenticeships to apothecaries in Scotland, and who have obtained a surgeon's diploma and the degree of M.D., are debarred from practising in England or Ireland by these privileges. If any one practises as physician or surgeon, he is at the mercy of those apothecaries, because they, being always first called in to visit the sick, they will consult only those physicians whom they find most ready to order many useless but expensive drugs; and so far is this carried, that the physicians often bargain to have a per centage on the whole prescriptions at the end of each year! To shew the absurdity of the monopoly, it must be remembered that the pharmacopoeias are drawn up by the physicians, the whole directions for the compounding and exhibition of the medicines are written by them, from which the apothecary dares not deviate; yet the physician is declared incapable of putting the rules which he himself laid down into execution. There are no such absurdities in Scotland. Any person, without apprenticeship, without examination, or anything to recommend him, may commence when he pleases as apothecary, and no mischief results from this system; yet we admit some education would be desirable; but no one would dream of preventing a physician or surgeon from practising as an apothecary. These observations have been written in consequence of a petition to Parliament from Mr John Stevenson, surgeon in Limerick, wherein the tyranny and gross oppression of the apothecaries of Ireland is shewn in strong colours; but similar cases are often met with in England. Mr Stevenson served an apprenticeship to an apothecary, obtained a diploma from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and has practised as apothecary and general practitioner for twenty-four years; but yet he has been prosecuted and annoyed by the Company of Apothecaries of Dublin, although their governor, in 1834, wrote him that it would be "extremely oppressive" to interfere with him. This gentleman has a large and valuable laboratory in Limerick; yet, after twenty-four years' experience, they want him to begin his profession anew, by serving a seven years' apprenticeship to one of their own body! Such acts of injustice and absurdity cannot be much longer tolerated; and we call on the Scottish press, the members of the profession, and the public, to make known the hardships under which the medical practitioners of this country labour, more especially the graduates of Scotland—a body of individuals well worthy the protection of the public; who, by their enthusiasm and learning, have raised the fame of the medical schools of Scotland to be the envy and admiration of the world. Public wrongs are often remedied at the expense and sacrifice of an individual, and we think the public and medical profession are deeply indebted to Mr Stevenson for the bold and decided manner in which he has come forward and appealed to Parliament for protection for himself and others.

THE CONTINENT.

The firing at Louis Philippe has done much good, as making the rulers uneasy always does; and he has, in consequence, liberated several hundreds of persons imprisoned for political offences.—Our absurd conduct in keeping ten ships of the line in the Tagus, ready to fire on the people of Lisbon, in order to keep a useless, fat, dumpy girl on the throne, has been requited as such a piece of service deserves—by the Portuguese raising the duties on the importation of British goods to a prohibitory rate. Well might Oxenstiern exclaim, "*Quam parva sapientia gubernatur mundus!*"

CANADA.

The resolutions for coercing and plundering the Canadians, have passed both Houses; and a bill founded on them has been brought in by Lord John Russell. This was a measure quite to the taste of the Lords, and they had not even the decency to go through the form of debating it; and so certain did all parties in that honourable House feel that a measure for plundering and punishing the subject had no chance of being defeated *there*, that only about a dozen of them attended. Lord Brougham, with a spirit which we regret to see he has of late years so seldom exhibited, opposed the resolutions, giving to each, as it passed, an emphatic "Not content." He declared himself in favour of most of the demands of the inhabitants of Lower Canada. He did not believe that the Canadians would take up arms; but it was impossible to see the result of the present policy of the government. His Lordship afterwards entered a long and able protest in the journals against the resolutions. What is to be done, after all, is not so obvious. The Duke of Wellington asked the question; but got no answer. He said, that if, by virtue of the 8th resolution, they intended to seize on the money in the Canadian Exchequer, he would say there was no authority for such a proceeding, than which nothing could be more improper. Why did his Grace vote for it then? What is the use of the resolutions or of the bill to follow on them, unless the money is to be seized?

We think it exceedingly unlikely that the Canadians will tamely submit to the insults and injuries offered to them by the oligarchy of this country. They may be forced for a time, through weakness, to submit; but, ere long, these resolutions will put an end to the connection between Canada and the mother country; and no colony had ever a more justifiable cause for dissevering the connexion. The grievances are positively greater than those which drove the United States into successful revolt; and it is impossible that the inhabitants of these States cannot feel sympathy with the Canadians, to say nothing of the obvious advantage of having their northern frontier protected from attack.

Of the spirit with which the resolutions will be met in Lower Canada, we may judge from what is going on in Upper Canada, where all are British, and no "aliens." Governor Head, finding the last Legislative Assembly nearly as troublesome as that of Lower Canada, dissolved it; and, to secure a return of a majority of those he could

rely on, imitated the example set him at home, and created, by grants of the public lands, as many fictitious votes as overwhelmed the real constituency. He then thought all was right; but the consequence has been, that the people, being, in this unfair manner, excluded from their House of Assembly, have summoned a Parliament of their own—delegates from every township having, by this time, met at Toronto. The Colonial Office is likely to have plenty of work for some time to come.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

The greatest distress prevails in all the manufacturing districts; and thousands of operatives are in a state of starvation. Now is the time to agitate for the repeal of the Corn-Laws; for that is a measure which will never be got in a period of prosperity. The black flags and processions which carried the Reform Bill, by shewing the aristocracy they might lose something else than the rotten burghs, must again be resorted to; and cheap bread, cheap meat, and a fair competition with the foreign artisan, whose bread and meat are not taxed, must be demanded with a voice of thunder. No concession is ever made, until the ruling power—that is, those who ride on the backs of the people—are made uneasy. They never yield, till decided symptoms of an intention of those ridden lying down and giving them a roll in the dirt are shewn. All that is necessary is, the demonstration of a fixed purpose to lie down. The aristocracy, stupid as they are, are not so ignorant as not to know that the people can unseat them when they please.

What right have the 100,000 landowners of the United Kingdom, that they may be pampered in luxury, to enslave the 24,000,000? What right have they, we ask, to keep millions of skilful operatives in idleness and misery? Foreign nations would most willingly take our manufactures, if we would take what they have to give us in exchange—corn and cattle; and that is precisely what our operatives want. How can we compete with foreigners in the markets of the world, when the food of an operative in this country costs double what it does in any other country? Let therefore the cry of the distressed manufacturers, be the "Repeal of the laws against the importation of food of all sorts;" let there be large meetings and processions in every town and parish, to frighten the landowners; and the Repeal will be obtained, and this present distress quickly disappear.

AGRICULTURE.

In exposing the pernicious effects of the corn-laws, we shall now proceed to shew how they diminish profits, under which term we include not only the profits of mercantile men, but the emoluments of all professions, trades, and employments, not excluding the agriculturists themselves. We also comprise under the term profit, the interest of money, and consequently the incomes of the stockholder, monied-man, and capitalist, however their money or capital may be employed. All these classes have one common interest, the labouring classes have the same—that profits should be high. There is one class, and one class alone, the landowners, interested in having profits low. In order to raise within this country the quantity of food necessary for its continually increasing population, foreign supplies being excluded, it has been necessary to resort from time to time, to land of lower and lower quality, till at present hardly anything but the tops of the highest hills and the most barren heaths are left uncultivated. The capital and labour, which, when expended on the best soils, will produce five quarters of wheat, will on the next quality produce only four, on the third three, and so on, till we arrive at soils which barely return the seed, and repay the expense of labour upon them, without leaving almost any profit. But the rate of profit must be regulated, by the return, not from the best, but from the worst soils cultivated; for, if the return from the worst did not repay the capital and labour expended on them and a small profit, they would cease to be cultivated. Hence the price of grain rises in proportion as it is found necessary to resort to the cultivation of the inferior soils. But it may be said, that, if soils producing three quarters an acre may be profitably tilled, those producing five quarters—especially as good land is cultivated at less expense, and with less labour than bad—must yield an exorbitant profit; and so they would, if there were no landowners; but the landowner steps in and pockets whatever exceeds the minimum produce—that is to say, in the case supposed, one or two quarters from each acre, according as his land is of the first or second quality, and the proportion he thus receives is rent. It is evidently the same thing to a farmer, whether he cultivates a soil yielding three quarters an acre without rent, or cultivates a soil which will yield five quarters, and pays two quarters as rent. Hence rent arises, and owes its creation to the necessity—as the population of a country increases—of having recourse to inferior soils; and *the smaller the return which the farmers who cultivate the most inferior soils receive for their capital and labour, the more advantageous is it to the whole body of landowners.* This may appear paradoxical; but it will be admitted that the landowners at least consider high rents beneficial to them; and the less a farmer obtains in cultivating an inferior soil, the more rent will he be inclined to give for the permission to cultivate a better soil.

That the landowners are interested in keeping profits low, is obvious from another consideration. The whole produce of a farm is divided into rent, wages, and profits. In most farms the wages consist of a quantity of grain, given to each ploughman, which quantity continues for a long period of years, with little variation; hence the fluctuation is confined to rent and profits. But, when profits in a country are low, the farmer—being forced, by the competition constantly going on, to content himself with the average rate—is compelled to give a higher rent than he would do were profits high. We thus find that *the interest of the landowner is opposed to that of every other class;* for no other stands in the same hostile position to the general welfare. The farmers are obviously interested in high profits, so are all who buy and sell. If these numerous classes are in prosperous circumstances, professional men have abundant employment and ample remuneration. The labouring classes are in like manner deeply interested in having the profits of their employers high. When this is the case, capital rapidly augments; to employ that capital, new fields of enterprise and industry are laid open—hence an increased demand for labourers; and the price of labour, like that of commodities, being regulated by the supply and the demand, wages rise, and the comfort of the working classes is increased. To exhaust the subject, the only other class to be adverted to is the stockholder, monied-man, or capitalist, not himself engaged in business, but living on the interest—that is, the profit of his money. But it is needless to insist on what is sufficiently obvious in itself, and is corroborated by all history—viz., that the rate of interest is regulated by the rate of profit; for the interest the borrower can afford to give can depend on nothing else, in general, than the profit he can realise by its employment. It is, therefore, clear that the landowners, as long as there are corn-laws, have an interest adverse to that of every other class, and that their proceedings ought at all times to be watched with the utmost jealousy.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1837.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

SINCE the subjoined remarks upon the aspect of public affairs were put in types, the reign of VICTORIA has commenced. May it be as long and happy as to the country its opening is auspicious! May future ages and young nations, sprung from the parent-stock of England, have cause to pronounce it blessed! How glorious a destiny awaits this young Princess, if, well-instructed, affectionate, and docile, as she is said to be, she takes those only into her counsels who, instead of offering that corrupting homage by which Princes are sunk below the dignity of moral intelligence, will impress upon her youthful mind, that the first and last duty of Kings, and their sole glory—that for which alone they reign—is the happiness of the People! The circumstances attending the education of the youthful Queen have been much more favourable to the formation of a firm and virtuous character than those in which the inheritors of thrones are usually placed. She has been bred in privacy, and in uninterrupted love and family peace. She cannot hitherto have been corrupted by gross flattery, or that more intoxicating incense which continually exhales in Courts. Her self-will has not been fostered by the pernicious indulgences to which all Princes are exposed. She is, moreover, still so young that it would augur unfavourably of her character and the prospects of her reign, were she not submissive to the guidance of her mother. To withdraw herself from the confidence and counsels of the best and most disinterested friend she ever had, or ever can have, in the world, would at once throw a fatal blight on her bright prospects] as a good, beloved, and therefore a great Princess. Such unwise and unnatural conduct in the Queen, is not in the least probable. The tender mother to whom she has been so anxious and proud a charge, may now, with confidence, look forward to the rich reward of all her cares and sorrows—borne with so much equanimity and dignity, that they have passed nearly unmarked—in the glorious career opening to her daughter. Never has any Prince ascended the English throne under fairer auspices than Queen Victoria, nor with so many good feelings and generous prepossessions enlisted in her favour. Never was any reigning Prince more personally independent, or less fettered by family connexion and private influences. Her fate is absolutely in her own hands. She may be as popular and as beloved as she chooses. Her natural guardian, her wise and intelligent mother, has ever kept herself and her child free from faction. The Duchess of Kent is identified with no political party; and the Earl of Durham, who is believed to be much in her confidence, has, with equal propriety, held aloof from party, conceiving that a great statesman, like his Prince, can have no feelings and no interests to which, the whole People do not respond. At the present momentous crisis, the People cannot and ought not to be satisfied with less than the formation of a vigorous and united Administration, which, heart and hand, will join with their representatives in energetically, and without any delay, working out his recorded principles of Reform. What obstruction now exists? The era of shuffling and pretext is past. The time has arrived to try what the Whigs will really do—what they sincerely wish. We cannot suppose Lord Durham privy to the formation of any Government, and much less forming a part of one, that is not pledged to HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE, TRIENNIAL PARLIAMENTS, and the BALLOT. Are the Melbourne-Whigs disposed to go as far? The temptations of place, at such a time, may prove powerful convertors; yet the country will only bestow its confidence where it has previous reason to believe in sincerity. Many snares will be laid for the youthful Princess: but she has been trained above the sphere of petty court intrigue, and, we trust, taught to consider magnanimity, frankness, and unswerving good faith, the especial, though the least common virtues of Princes. The wisdom and affection of her watchful mother, is her safeguard. We could almost rejoice at the torrents of unmanly abuse which some of the exasperated Tory prints, in the impotence of rage and disappointment, are pouring out upon this lady. Their hatred is most encouragingly significant to Reformers. It is then true, that the Duchess of Kent is aware of what the time demands; and that she has instilled into the mind of her daughter, and acted herself upon those ideas which alone can render the reign of Queen Victoria a blessing to the country, and glorious and happy to herself. She has, it is rumoured, summoned Lord Durham; and the nation waits in hope for the developement of the next act of the drama. The Melbourne Government might fancy that it could shuffle on with little, if any change; but Lord Durham's day has come.

ASPECT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Public business seems as much at a stand-still as if an interregnum had actually occurred. The public mind partakes of the stagnation. The People have turned their thoughts from the incorrigible Peers and dilatory Ministers, to the more immediate causes of distress which are pressing upon them, and their still darker prospects. Tory misrule or Whig mismanagement are felt alike to leave the masses the sufferers. On this point, the thoughts of the labouring classes are gloomily, and, we fear, sullenly concentrating; nor can they be diverted to any other subject. The Bill, though it has not lost its virtue, has lost its charm. The People are indifferent to what the Lords are about, and careless of the result of elections. They know themselves to be the most ingenious, and by much the hardest-working people in the world; yet the blessing of increase is not on their toil—their labour profits not: and why? They are ground to the dust by a system of taxation, so rigorous, so cunningly hidden, and so artfully complicated, that they are unable to trace its working; so, like the child who strikes at the table against which it has hit itself, they wreak their vengeance upon the first object that comes in their way. They are directing their fury against the new Poor-Law—overlooking the Corn-Laws, the taxes on imported food of all kinds, and the load of debt contracted to support the system which crushes them. We have never been the advocates of the new Poor-Law. It was framed upon imperfect and, in some respects, inhuman views of human nature; and is, at best, a small compensation for a great wrong—a paltry privilege to those to whom justice is denied. The true friends of the labourer will first secure to him every iota of the price of his labour, and then talk of a supplementary law, assuring him a share of the national accumulation. Many of the Tories—who, as a party, were abettors of the Poor-Law Amendment Act—are now hypocritically joining in the popular outcry against it, and doing all they can to inflame the minds of the people upon this, the Factory Question, and the increase of commercial distress, and to drive them into insurrection for these secondary causes; artfully keeping out of view what has, in the gradual operation of injustice for above half a century, made the People victims. They, philanthropic souls! would graciously give back one farthing in charity, as atonement for a system of perpetual plunder, commencing from the moment the little child begins to totter to the factory, and continuing until the toil-worn man drops at untimely age into a welcome grave. Can there be any class of Englishmen so besotted as to listen to those flattering hypocrites, who will give them everything but justice, and who refuse to recognise the right that the People have, by their freely-chosen representatives, to demand and obtain it? The truth is, the Tories begin to fear that the insulted and injured People, if not soothed with a sop, will rise and demand their full share of the feast their labour has created. There is reason for the Tory fears, and for the advocacy of a system of Poor-Laws, which may keep the helots quiet—since helots, to all time, they would have them remain. We must, at the same time, believe that those pretending to be friends of the People, who consented to the stringent Poor-Laws, while they made no attempt first to relieve the labourer and the artisan from the pressure of the taxes on food, are either gross deceivers, or secretly cherished the after-thought—"Our law shall grind them so that they shall be goaded on to wrest justice from the oppressive aristocracy." To the Tories who are inflaming the People, we would have the latter manfully say—"Since you are become our friends, secure to us the fruits of our labour, by repealing the Corn-Laws, and then we shall not need to try the tender mercies of even *your* improved work-houses, nor yet to send our little children to pine in the factories you are telling us about."

The Tories, meanwhile, have at present their own distresses. They are in deep anxiety about their forlorn hope—court favour. The Whigs are not less excited: they were almost despairing; a change so delicately timed must be regarded as a god-send. The Reformers, deeply sympathising with the distress of the body to which they nearly all belong—the People—are quietly abiding their time, and the result of those decisive events which cannot be distant. We spare ourselves the humiliation of looking back upon the session fast slipping away. It is sealed, so far as it has gone, to shame and oblivion. We cast it behind us. Hope, if there be ground of hope, is now all in the future; and, chilled as the spirit of Reformers has been by repeated disappointments, arising quite as much from the equivocal conduct of allies as from the open hostility of the common enemy—they are hopeful still. According to very recent accounts, Lord Durham was to sail from St Petersburg on the 10th June, and may now be in England. A few more weeks will test the professions of all parties, shew where obstruction really lurks, and how far the faith which the Radicals shall put in any Government is justified by the line of policy which, if untrammelled, it may adopt.

It is not, in the meanwhile, easy to conjecture what the policy of the Tories may be, unless the demise of the King take them rather suddenly at fault. Were his Majesty to rally but a little, the bolder genius of the phalanx would, we are certain, be willing to seize the reins—*nock or nothing*—and abide all hazards. Lord Lyndhurst knows well, that possession is, in law, nineteen points in twenty. Failing the opportunity of such daring achievements, for which courage may be wanting among the most imposing section of the

Tory leaders, the Whigs have certainly gained what for them is a seasonable respite. We trust to see it improved for the good of the country, and in making up for time lost and opportunities unseized. All the good done in the present reign originated in improving a few auspicious hours at its commencement. The great fear is, that a new Ministry will look too much to court favour—forgetting the broader base on which the stability of all governments depends. Under the circumstances supposed—and which may be realized before this sheet is abroad—a general election will cease to be that cause of apprehension which it has been to mere Ministerialists for some time back. It is easy to imagine causes, at the commencement of a new reign promising to be popular, which would once again rouse the country in the resistless might of 1831, and drive back the Tory party to the position from which they have been creeping, by insidious degrees—by a steady but cautious policy, advancing to power. In plain terms, the death of George IV. made the Whigs, as a ruling party; the accession of his niece may save them, at least for a time. Court favour, were it desirable that so essentially fleeting a thing should ever become permanent, may grace a government, but cannot long be its support. If government be for the People, it must be in conformity to the People's wants and desires. These are pressing and large. Notwithstanding blame, and causes of blame, and mutual recriminations, carried too far by Whigs and Radicals, the latter would still rejoice to see their allies gain so fair an opportunity to redeem themselves, and prove the sincerity of their professions. The lucky Whigs may, for aught that appears, be going a third time upon their trials before the country, and under more favourable circumstances than ever, as they may obtain a needful accession of Radical vigour and honesty in the Cabinet. Was ever a government more favoured by chance, or more bound to the suffering people, who have supported them without reservation, and, with unexampled patience, waited the fulfilment of their promises, until all the obstacles of which they complained had been removed? If, contrary to expectation, his Majesty should be restored to the enjoyment of permanent health, it is almost certain that, secured of court favour, and in the hope of what they call reaction, the Tory party will not now needlessly delay the time of assuming power. The country is far, indeed, from wishing for their accession; but, if not concurring, it is supremely indifferent, and more supine than at any period since the passing of the Reform Bill. We lament to hear, on every hand, enlightened men, neither blassed by interest nor intimidated by power, declaring that they care not a straw whether a Whig or a Tory represent them. They will not take the trouble to register, nor to vote in any struggle between mere Whigs and Tories: the former, unable to carry even their half-and-half, listless, put-off-the-evil-day measures; the latter able and willing, from whatever motives, to carry some beneficial reforms. This class of thoughtful, though at present somewhat sullen Reformers, begin to view with suspicion that mechanical consolidation of power in the hands of the Whigs, which long continuance in office must give to any set of men in a country abounding in patronage, and rich in all sorts of profitable abuses, dispensed by the Government. The whole offices of the country filled by party Whigs—Whig judges, Whig jobs, Whig magistrates, Whig clergy—which we would soon have, if Whiggery throve—Whig *cliques*, managing the constituencies for Whig objects, and interfering in all elections—are not seen by sulky Reformers to be many shades better than the similar Tory organization under which we have groaned for a half century. They are considered equally a nuisance, which gathers force by duration. The last thing, as they imagine, upon which the Whigs choose to rely is the People, drawn around them by confidence in the purity of their intentions, and in the liberality and excellence of their general policy. The Radical grumblers are not altogether wrong. It never can be desirable to see any party whatever become rooted and *hefted* in office, upon merely party views; or what are peculiarly liable to degenerate into such. This much we frankly concede to those Radicals who justify their supineness on principle; but, on the other hand, those who stand scowling aloof, disdaining to make the best of the worst, fail in their duty, and injure a cause which they are bound to promote by every means in their power, small as well as great. Tory domination is not to frighten us into acquiescence in Whig dishonesty; but neither must we treat their invidious attempts with indifference. This indifference, among other things, has begotten the prevalent idea of reaction, and of the actual progress of Tory feelings. We deny the possibility of such retrocession. The highest waves of a flowing tide may break into a hundred wavelets, which, to the spectator, appear to eddy backward to the sea; but does any one for this, imagine for a moment, that the tide is not rising? Democracy, in the present state of society, is a tide which must flow on. Of this, a few Tories are quite as well aware as the most far-seeing Radical Reformer. They are devising bulwarks to check its progress, which may dash aside the waters for a time; but its course is felt to be as irresistible as the laws of nature.

It is not wonderful that the more sanguine Tories indulge the expectation of very considerable reaction, since they mistake, for change of opinion, the present apathy of the country about nearly every public question. The Irish are discontented with the tinkered and botched Tithe-bill; the Dissenters of England with the clipt measure for abating the Church-Rate nuisance. The Irish regard their Tithe-bill, and with justice, as a measure to guarantee to the clergy a handsome proportion of their excessive incomes, on paying the landlords a very liberal rate of insurance. Of what benefit is such an arrangement to Catholic and Presbyterian Ireland?—of what advantage to the United Kingdom? Why

change in the law of tithe, *changing the name* of that impost, calling it by the name of *composition*, or calling it by the name of *acreable tax*, will give satisfaction to you, and, as far as you can judge, to the Catholic people of Ireland, unless the application of the fund so raised shall be very materially altered?" To this, that Roman Catholic Prelate replied—"I am convinced of that—I am so convinced of it, that I know you have it in your power to make Ireland a desert; but that, until you do proceed to that extreme, you will never prevail upon the Catholic people to pay tithes, *or a substitute for tithes*, until the application of that substitute is altered from what it now is. I should rather have the last chair and table in my house seized on, and sold by the auctioneer; nay, I would go so far as to say, *I would suffer my life to be sacrificed*, rather than voluntarily pay money that it might be applied as the produce of tithes has hitherto been applied." This was nobly said. But what would the good Bishop say, were he now alive? In what words of power would he expose the present project for rendering tithes permanent, without changing the "application," except so far as seems necessary to secure the impost? He foresaw some such scheme; and he left, on record, his reprobation of it. We doubt not but he truly stated the feelings of the Catholic millions of Irishmen. "Changing the name" is not what will satisfy them; and, although they are now partially quiescent, they will bestir themselves, with their wonted daring, when they find that the blood of Rathcormac has cried to Heaven, and that their rulers, on earth, have only "changed the name" of "the accursed thing."

MISS MARTINEAU'S SOCIETY IN AMERICA, AND GRUND'S AMERICAN SOCIETY.

A REALLY good book upon America will never want readers in Europe for half a century to come. The Old World, and especially England, is ever earnestly watching the doings and progress of society in the New World. We are like a decaying shopkeeper of the olden time, who jealously watches his young aspiring rival over the way, affecting doubts of his solvency, or contempt of his method of doing business, yet becoming alive to, and envious of the skill with which the active, and undeniably thriving interloper, adapts himself to change of times and circumstances, prospering by his superior energy and his knowledge of trade. Some, and, we fear, a good many of the English spectators of American advancement are envious, some jealous, many ignorantly contemptuous, and many more hopeful and full of sympathy; but all are anxiously watchful, from the statesman to the day-labourer, of the issues of the grandest experiment that ever was tried upon the face of the globe. Either with fervent hope or increasing dread, the great divisions of civilized men—the democratic and the aristocratic—wait to learn whether human beings are, by the constitution of their nature, capable of governing themselves—of being unto themselves King, and Prophet, and Priest; or whether they are constrained by some unknown law to remain contented with a state of perpetual pupilage; voluntarily surrendering their noblest personal rights, to insure the safety of the subordinate advantages requisite to the existence of the rudest and lowest forms of society. That there is penury as the common lot of the many in the Old World, while plenty blesses and promises long to bless the masses of the New, is a more immediate and pressing cause of popular interest in the working of American institutions. The most important of the recent writers upon this teeming, and ever-fresh subject, are Miss Martineau, who is already generally known by a series of lively tales illustrative of Political Economy; and Francis J. Grund, an intelligent and remarkably clear-headed German, who has lived so long in America as to have made the country and its language his own. Both writers are decided democrats, and warm admirers, if not enthusiastic admirers of American society in almost all its aspects. They are alike hopeful of the stability of republican government. There the resemblance closes. Miss Martineau perceives many imperfections, and not a few absolute blemishes, and a long course of probation and progress still to be made by what she nevertheless considers the most advanced human society which the world has yet seen; while Mr Grund fancies that a great deal is already accomplished, and that much less remains to be done. Miss Martineau perceives the vigorous germ of the greatest possible improvement; Mr Grund the developement or realization of all that can rationally be looked for, and the assurance of stability to whatever of good has been attained. There is another striking difference. In strict consistency with her democratic faith, Miss Martineau is a decided enemy to slavery—and we presume that she considers the Negro race quite as well entitled to political rights as women; while Mr Grund, on what appears sincere conviction, is the open advocate for the continuance of slavery in the South, or, as we take it, for whatever other form of tyranny the whites may find it most expedient to exercise over the blacks. No man professing liberal opinions dares defend slavery in the abstract; nor does our sensible and practical German advocate of the Southern slaveholders venture so far. The introduction of slavery he execrates as an abomination and an evil; but one that it is now impossible to remedy without destruction to the institutions of the country, and injustice to the slave-owners.

Mr Abdy's late excellent work exhausted this topic; and Miss Martineau corroborates his facts and opinions. Save in as far as her opinions, published at home, may react advantageously upon

American society, and rouse it more earnestly to a sense of cruelty and injustice, her generous and warm appeals on the subject of slavery are to us the least important part of her work. On the justice of Emancipation, the mind of Europe is made up; the trial is ended—the verdict pronounced. In America itself, it is declared that the question is now become but one of time. The mode is still in the power of the whites: it may not always remain so. Apart from the one fatal heresy of slavery, we consider Mr Grund a competent and candid, though favourable, witness in every matter that regards the actual condition and political prospects of America. His publication is prior in date, and his material long prior in collection to that of Miss Martineau. She went to America in the summer of 1834, filled with a lively curiosity to witness the actual operation of democratic institutions, and to learn how the people are governed who really govern themselves. She went "as nearly as possible unprejudiced about America; with a strong disposition to admire democratic institutions, but an entire ignorance how far the people lived up to or fell below their own theory." From the public press, and the numerous preceding travellers, it might be presumed that she could have gathered very considerable information; but she declares that she could not satisfy herself, that, "with all that had been written about America, she knew anything whatever about the condition of the people;" so she closed her Halls, Trollopes, Hamiltons, Stuarts, Butlers, de Tocquevilles, Abdys, &c. &c., went on board a New York packet, and, exactly in two years from her departure, returned to England, to supply to others that information which she had not been able to find in books for herself. We are therefore to infer that Miss Martineau considers her own work more original and complete than its host of precursors. Miss Martineau has certainly added to the sum of English information about the condition of the American people; but, so far as the work is original, she has been chiefly occupied, and far more successfully, in proclaiming what she thinks they should aim at, and hopes they may become, than what they are. She disclaims the office of a censor, but assumes that of a moral indicator and teacher; certainly without arrogance, yet with abundant confidence, or what, in her peculiar phraseology, is called faith in her mission. Instead of the common form of travels, her book and also Mr Grund's are composed in the fashion of Bulwer's "England and the English," his brother's "France," or Lady Morgan's "Italy;" but the strictures are interspersed, and, as we think, greatly and pleasantly relieved, with snatches from the personal narrative or journal of the authoress. She travelled wide and far; saw all sorts of people; observed acutely, and often profoundly; and, as her chief merit, has reported fearlessly—

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

We might perhaps except some small contempt or impatience of the anti-abolitionists, and of the cautious, cowardly neutrals, into which she is sometimes unconsciously hurried. Her most intimate friends—those whom she admired and loved the best—seem to have been zealous abolitionists and persecuted confessors to the truth; and a little generous warmth in a good cause, is quite as natural, and fully more graceful, in a woman, than the most philosophic impartiality to which lordly man ever pretended. She also appears to cherish a little spite at certain individuals in the transatlantic Athens, (as the city of Boston is styled by Mr Grund,) or rather at its conceited, vain-glorious coteries.

Miss Martineau has collected a body of statistical information from various quarters; and so has Mr Grund, to a yet greater extent. The facts and information of many kinds which he communicates will be more useful to emigrants; and, in particular, we have never before learned nearly so much about the German sections of the population; but the lady assumes a much wider range of disquisition, and altogether a more ambitious and bolder tone. Mr Grund is generally eulogistic; Miss Martineau is free in condemnation. From the gravest questions of religion and morals, to the trivial details of domestic business, she testifies, and preaches, and teaches—unhesitatingly pronouncing judgment, but only on what appears fair and conclusive evidence. She frankly states the drawback of her deafness as a disqualifying circumstance to a traveller, who requires sharp ears as much as quick eyes. But this infirmity is not without attendant compensation. As we remarked of Holman, the blind traveller, the want of sight became to him a positive advantage. The well-informed and the most capable, ever the most benevolent, delighted to become eyes to the blind, as they have done to become ears to the hard of hearing. Besides, though one's own ears might be indispensable in some countries, in the native lands of probity and good faith, in Germany or in America, they may more easily be supplied.

Miss Martineau goes direct, and without preface or circumlocution, to the main feature which distinguishes American society from the old communities of Europe—namely, the democratic form of the government; the grand experiment, which is to be proved, or rather which, she says, has been proved—that all men are capable by nature of governing themselves; and that what is possible with one set of human beings cannot be impossible with another. This once granted, no one will avowedly question the equal right of every other branch of the great family to participation in the same immunities. Upon this the aristocrat takes his stand; denying not only the ascertained success of the experiment in America, but the possibility that it can succeed. According to Miss Martineau, the matter is, in one sense, clearly proved, while in another it is altogether dubious. The women—a full half of those that she considers should be included in the representative body, by the theory of the constitution—have hitherto had no voice in the government; and with this important element

excluded, and also all the coloured people, how can she safely affirm that the experiment has been fairly made? Who can say what, in other circumstances, might have been the will of the majority?

Miss Martineau believes that, if the women had enjoyed those natural rights, recognised substantially in the fundamental principle of the constitution, that foul blot of society—"the anomaly," as she terms the existence of slavery in America—might have been rubbed out; but the adversary is as free to assert, that, if female suffrage had been in full activity, the results might have been quite different, and that America might have been a monarchy. The spirit of caste is so active, according to her representations, among women, and their idolatry of the clergy so powerful, that who can tell whether a King or a Pope of Protestant principles might not, long before now, have been installed by the will of the majority, either at Philadelphia or Boston?—We cannot imagine a king in Washington.—For our own part, we believe that matters would have been pretty much as they are, although the women had voted every year since the first Congress was elected; or, at most, that the customs would only have fallen somewhat lighter on French millinery. We therefore consider the objection which may be raised by those cavillers who take advantage of Miss Martineau's tacit admission, as unfair, and the experiment of democratic government proved, although two-thirds of the proper elements, women and coloured people, have been excluded in making it.

The first gentleman who greeted Miss Martineau on reaching the United States, informed her that the institutions of the country would be in ruins before she could leave it; and, more wonderful still, that America was upon the verge of—of all things in the world!—a military despotism! It was scarcely worth the pains of so shrewd a person as our author to note the twaddle of this croaker; but it served to point a question put to a statesman at Washington some months afterwards, who told Miss Martineau, with a smile, what she must have been tolerably assured of long before she left England, that the United States had been on the eve of such a crisis for fifty years past, and would for fifty to come. She was not again alarmed by those frequent and woful predictions. In adverting to the two parties in America—the Federalists and Republicans, or, more widely, the two parties that must exist under every conceivable form of government, while men are human, and society liable to chance and vicissitude—Miss Martineau claims genius as "essentially democratic." Does the history of genius bear her out? We fear not; but she might have pitched higher, and asserted that the something mightier and nobler than what men call genius, but which is sometimes found in alliance with it, is ever essentially democratic:—Christian might be the more definite term.

Early in her work, indeed in its opening pages, Miss Martineau remarks—

> Throughout the prodigious expanse of that country, I saw no poor *men*, except a few intemperate ones. I saw some very poor *women*; but God and man know that the time has not come for women to make their injuries even heard of. I saw no beggars, but two professional ones, who are making their fortunes in the streets of Washington. I saw no table spread, in the lowest order of houses, that had not meat and bread on it. Every factory child carries its umbrella; and pig-drivers wear spectacles.

Now, we cannot conceive of no poor *men* and very poor *women* existing in the same community; and that one in which female labour is in great demand, charity liberal, and poor-laws existing. The spectacles of the pig-drivers, which she cites in proof of prosperity, are an equivocal sign of wealth; and so is the child's umbrella—as such luxuries are used, she tells us, by those who are, at the same time, without shoes. The bread and meat on every table is the substantial sign, or symbol and substance in one; and the spectacles themselves, if used for ornament, and not from defective vision by the pig-drivers, may be accepted, though surely more significant signs of the universal prosperity and diffusion of comfort might have been found. A late traveller in America tells us of the girls employed at the Lowell factories wearing, on a holiday, nice white dresses, and carrying parasols to shade their unbonnetted but neatly-dressed heads from the sun. The costume is pretty; but, as an indication of substantial comfort, worthless. The girls of our home factories wont to use rouge and wear silk stockings; and probably some of them do so still. At all events, they are exteriorly fine enough. Cobbett better knew the substances of comfort, when he told how many shirts and how much family linen a French peasant had in store. Yet there is much comfort diffused in America.

With the many indications of prosperity and intelligence which Miss Martineau perceived in the schools, village libraries, and newspapers, she feels tolerably assured of the safety of the state, notwithstanding the late excesses of the gentleman-mobs of Boston and Charleston, and the atrocities of Lynch law. The latter, Mr Grund ingeniously palliates, as a transient ebullition of wild justice, such as might have been enacted in Ireland before the law got into Cunnemara, or in Scotland, when it had only reached Tain on its march to Sutherland. The same good sense which has put down lotteries and masonry in America will, Miss Martineau trusts, restrain Lynch law; and what she describes as "the imaginative political character of the American character," will accomplish the rest. We do not exactly apprehend her meaning in saying that the Americans are the most imaginative people she ever happened to have heard or read of, and that this quality is to aid in their salvation. Again, she says, "There is the strongest hope of a nation that is capable of being possessed of an idea." This will, however, depend on the nature of the idea. France long held that of the Grande Monarque, and next took up Napoleon and Glory. The *idea* of the young nation of Washington and Franklin was nobler.

The latter philosophic statesman, by the way, scarce seems a favourite with Miss Martineau. He does not, so far as we notice, enter into her catalogue of American regenerators.

The second chapter is devoted to a description of the machinery of government. It opens thus:—

Though it be true that the principles of government are to be deduced more from experience of human nature than experience of human governments, the institutions in which those principles are to be embodied must be infinitely modified by preceding circumstances. Bentham must have forgotten this when he offered, at sixty-four, to codify for several of the United States, and also for Russia. He proposed to introduce a new set of terms. These could not, from his want of local knowledge, have been very specific; and, if general, what was society to do till the lawyers had done arguing?

As a part of Miss Martineau's book, this chapter possesses no original or particular interest. She closes with the fervent hope that the Union of the States is secure. She has a high idea of the importance of political morality. It cannot be too high. The people, everywhere, abroad and at home, in Europe and America, are gradually rising in pitch; nor is England behind the United States, though the free citizens lag rather from ignorance and supineness than a mean appreciation of political duty and probity. Though the public men they trust and support may be really small, they fancy them great. Office in the Republic, it would appear, is beset with snares, troubles, and perplexities, quite as much as in this out-worn world. It seems, too, to be often purchased at a price which the best men will not willingly pay. The first election to Congress puts an end to all individual quiet and content. A man might, we fancy, as well be a Member of Parliament; save that he is grumblingly and slenderly remunerated for his trouble of attendance, and keeps better and healthier hours. These drawbacks keep back the chosen spirits of the Republic from office.

The modest men (says Miss Martineau) shrink from thus committing themselves. The most learned men, generally speaking, devote themselves, in preference, to professions. The most conscientious men, generally speaking, shun the snares which fatally beset public life, at present, in the United States.

No wonder this is felt as a misfortune. It is impossible to estimate its magnitude of evil. We have never been able to perceive the use of canvassing—bad in all countries, and surely entirely superfluous where the vote is by ballot—though we know something of the arts used by candidates in cajoling and flattering the people in America. This seems carried to the unblushing height which might put our hustings eloquence to shame, in its worst times, when Sir Francis Burdett went to insult the electors of Westminster by *descending* to their supposed low tastes and mean capacities. This is, indeed, a strange anomaly to exist in a country so intelligent as America. It cannot long co-exist in Great Britain with the Reform Bill. A candidate capable of the stupidity and implied insolence of addressing a constituency after the fashion of either the flattering or the Merry-Andrew mob orators, merits to be disqualified by that circumstance alone. He stamps his incapacity of either understanding their wants, or managing their interests. Miss Martineau heard none of the electioneering harangues; but the orations to which she listened from popular speakers, members of, or candidates for Congress, were a sufficient specimen. A pompous harangue appears to be as essential to the celebration of a festival in America as a band of music. Some of the American festivals are noble and affecting memorials of past times, keeping alive whatever is loftiest and most inspiring in the history of the country. One, the commemoration of the Declaration of Independence, is celebrated on the 4th of July, over all the States, and wherever the starry flag flies; and never, we trust, will it be forgotten. Another is Forefathers' Day, or the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, in the bay of Massachusetts, which is probably only local. All the festivals are not in this pure and ennobling taste. An occasional one, which Miss Martineau witnessed in Connecticut, might, on a small scale, rival our own 5th of November, or Gunpowder Plot; or the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. It was intended to keep alive—what had much better be forgotten—the memory of a fearful outrage committed by the Indians on the inhabitants of the villages of New England, when many of the whites were killed and scalped. The entire scene is characteristic of the country and of its describer. In spite of all her philosophy, Miss Martineau was diverted with the awkwardness of Yankee soldiers. The Old World will break in upon the wisest.

One of the then candidates for the highest office in the State is renowned for his oratory. He is one of the most accomplished scholars and gentlemen that the country possesses. It was thought, "by his friends," that his interest wanted strengthening in the western part of the State. The people were pleased when any occasion procured them the *eclat* of bringing a celebrated orator over to address them. The commemoration of an Indian catastrophe was thought of as an occasion capable of being turned to good electioneering purposes. Mr Webster was invited to be the orator, it being known that he would refuse. "Not I," said he. "I won't go and rake up old bloody Indian stories." The candidate was next invited, and, of course, took the opportunity of "strengthening his interest in the western part of the State." I was not aware of this till I some time after heard it on indisputable authority. I should have enjoyed it much less than I did, if I had known that the whole thing was got up, or its time and manner chosen, for electioneering objects; that advantage was taken of the best feelings of the people for the political interest of one. . . . .

On descending, we went to the Bloody Brook Inn, and saw the strange and horrible picture of the slaughter of Lothrop's troop; a picture so bad as to be laughable, but too horrible to be laughed at: every man of the eighty exactly alike, and all looking scared at being about to be scalped. We saw, also, the long tables spread for the feast of to-morrow. Lengths of unbleached cotton for tablecloths, plates and glasses, were already provided. Some young men were bringing in long trails of the wild vine, clustered with purple grapes, to hang about the young maple trees which overshadowed the tables; others were trying the cannon. We returned home in a state of high expectation.

The afternoon of the 29th we went to Bloody Brook, the fearfully named place of disaster. . . . . .

After having accomplished our drive of three or four miles, we warmed ourselves in a friendly house, and repaired to the orchard to choose our seats, while the ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument was proceeding at some distance. The platform from which the orator was to address the assemblage was erected under a rather shabby walnut-tree, which was rendered less picturesque by its lower branches being lopped off for the sake of convenience. Several men had perched themselves on the tree; and I was beginning to wonder how they would endure their uncomfortable seat, in the cold wind, for three hours, when I saw them called down, and dismissed to find places among the rest of the assemblage, as they sent down bark and dust upon the heads of those who sat on the platform. Long and deep ranges of benches were provided; and on these, with carriage cushions and warm cloaks, we found ourselves perfectly well accommodated. Nothing could be better. It was a pretty sight. The wind rustled fitfully in the old walnut tree. The audience gathered around it were sober, quiet; some would have said dull. The girls appeared to me to be all pretty, after the fashion of American girls. Everybody was well-dressed; and such a thing as ill-behaviour in any village assemblage in New England is, I believe, unheard of. The soldiers were my great amusement; as they were on the few other occasions when I had the good fortune to see any. Their chief business, on the present occasion, was to keep clear the seats which were reserved for the band, now absent with the procession. These seats were advantageously placed; and new-comers were every moment taking possession of them, and had to be sent, disappointed, into the rear. It was moving to behold the loving entreaties of the soldiers that these seats might be vacated. I saw one, who had shrunk away from his uniform, (probably from the use of tobacco, of which his mouth was full,) actually put his arm round the neck of a gentleman, and smile imploringly in his face. It was irresistible, and the gentleman moved away. It is a perfect treat to the philanthropist to observe the pacific appearance of the militia throughout the United States. It is well known how they can fight, when the necessity arises; but they assuredly look, at present, as if it was the last thing in their intentions, as I hope it may long be.

The band next arrived, leading the procession of gentlemen, and were soon called into action by the first hymn. They did their best; and, if no one of their instruments could reach the second note of the German Hymn, (the second note of three lines out of four,) it was not for want of trying.

The oration followed. I strove, as I always did, not to allow difference of taste, whether in oratory or in anything else, to render me insensible to the merit, in its kind, of what was presented to me; but, upon this occasion, all my sympathies were baffled, and I was deeply disgusted. It mattered little what the oration was in itself, if it had only belonged in character to the speaker. If a Greenfield farmer or mechanic had spoken as he believed orators to speak, and if the failure had been complete, I might have been sorry, or amused, or disappointed, but not disgusted. But here was one of the most learned and accomplished gentlemen in the country, a candidate for the highest office in the State, grimacing like a mountebank before the assemblage whose votes he desired to have, and delivering an address which he supposed level to their taste and capacity. He spoke of the "stately tree," (the poor walnut,) and the "mighty assemblage," (a little flock in the middle of an orchard,) and offered them shreds of tawdry sentiment, without the intermixture of one sound thought, or simple and natural feeling, simply and naturally expressed. It was equally an under estimate of his hearers and a degradation of himself.

Miss Martineau witnessed the celebration of Forefathers' Day in the same year. Its date is so late in the season as December, and on the previous day there was snow on the ground and ice in the bay; but the people hold a cheerful superstition that neither rain nor snow will fall on Forefathers' Day, and it actually proved bright and mild—the ice and snow melted, and the verdure reappeared. The extreme hardships endured by this noble-spirited and inexperienced band are matter of mournful history. They are thus alluded to:—

We went to the Registry Office, and saw the earliest records of the colony—as far back as 1623—in the handwriting of the Fathers. Among them is a record of the lots of land appointed to those who came over in the Mayflower. (Little did the builders of that ship dream how they were working for immortality!) Sometimes a cow is appointed, with a lot, to six families. Sometimes a black goat. The red cow is ordained to be kept for the poor, to calve.

The rock on which the pilgrims first landed, has been split, and the top part, in order to its preservation, removed within an iron railing, in front of Pilgrim Hall. The memorable date of the landing, 1620, is painted upon it; and the names of the Fathers, in cast-iron, are inserted into the railing which surrounds the rock.

Within the Hall—a plain, spacious building, erected within ten years, to serve as the scene of the festivities of Forefathers' Day, and also as a Museum of Pilgrim curiosities—is a picture, by Sargent, of the Landing of the Pilgrims. Samosat, the Indian chief, is advancing, with English words of greeting—"Welcome, Englishmen!" Elder Brewster, and the other Fathers, with their apprehensive wives and wondering children, form an excellent group; and the Mayflower is seen moored in the distance.

All Plymouth was in a joyous bustle, with lines of carriages and groups of walkers. After breakfast, we proceeded to the church to await the orator of the day. We were detained on the steps for a few minutes till the doors should be opened; and I was glad of it, for the sun was warm, and the *coup d'œil* was charming. There was one long descent from the church down to the glittering sea; and on the slope were troops of gay ladies and lines of children, with here and there a company of little boys playing soldiers to the music of the band, which came faintly from afar. Of real soldiers, I saw two during the day. There might be more; but none were needed. The strangest association of all was of a Pilgrim Ode sung to the tune of "God save the King!" an air which I should have supposed no more likely to be chosen for such an occasion than as an epilogue to the Declaration of Independence. It did very well, however. It set us all singing, so as to drown the harmony of the violins and horns which acted as instigation.

The oration was by an ex-senator of the United States. It consisted wholly of an elaboration of the transcendant virtues of the people of New England. His manner was more quiet than that of any other orator I heard; and I really believe there was less of art than of weakness and bad taste in his choice of his mode of address. Nothing could be imagined worse—more discordant with the fitting temper of the occasion—more dangerous to the ignorant, if such there were—more disgusting to the wise (as I know on the testimony of such)—more unworthy of one to whom the ear of the people was open. He told his hearers of the superiority of their physical, intellectual, and moral constitution to that of their brethren of the middle and southern States, to that of Europeans and all other dwellers in the earth—a superiority which forbade their being ever understood and appreciated by any but themselves. He spoke especially of the intensity of the New England character as being a hidden mystery from all but natives.

There was a dinner in the afternoon, followed by a ball, universally attended. The admission is as general as at the President's levée. The aspect and conduct of this promiscuous assemblage is declared highly creditable to the intelligence and manners of the community.

There were families from the islands in the bay, and other country residences, whence the inhabitants seldom

emerge, except for this festival. The dress of some of the young ladies was peculiar, and their glee was very visible; but I saw absolutely no vulgarity. There was much beauty and much elegance among the young ladies, and the manners of their parents were unexceptionable. There was evidence in the dancing, of the "intensity" of which we had heard so much in the morning. The lads and lasses looked as if they meant never to tire; but this enjoyment of the exercise pleased me much more than the affectation of dancing, which is now fashionable in the large cities. I never expect to see a more joyous and unexceptionable piece of festivity, than the Pilgrim ball of 1835.

Miss Martineau fancies that it is the vain-glorious flattery of the orators which has drawn upon the Americans the imputation of boasting of their country and its institutions. The contempt of foreigners, and, in particular, of a certain class of English, who have the idea that a republic must, of necessity, be a vulgar thing, provokes this boasting. She imagines that it is confined to the rostrum; but we would not be so sure of this. And why should the Americans not speak of their country as they think—nay, boast, if they will, of their democratic institutions—the source of so much of their happiness and social prosperity? According to Miss Martineau, the newspaper editors contribute as powerfully to the corruption of the public understanding and taste as the eloquent candidates for office. Her condemnation is comprehensive and severe.

The profligacy of newspapers, wherever they exist, is a universal complaint; *and, of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst.* Of course, this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances. The causes are various; and it is a testimony to the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment in the country, that the republic has not been overthrown by its newspapers.

This is so fearful that we can scarcely admit the entire scope of the testimony. Either the newspapers are not quite so profligate, or "the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment" is of less force than is supposed. Newspapers, we presume, are managed in the United States pretty much as at home, so as best to promote the pecuniary and party interests of their proprietors; and they will vary in their character with their editors. We wave the discussion. Editors in America distinguish between personal falsehood and lies told in a newspaper. The distinction is factitious, but it is exactly that of the bar. A lawyer of irreproachable honour in private life, claims of right, and in duty to his client, to make the most false and juggling representations even of simple matters of fact. The newspaper and its proprietors are to the editor exactly in the stead of the client. Both may be morally wrong, but the one not more than the other. In this grave accusation, Miss Martineau has done more to make thinking people reconsider their ideas of existing American society than all previous travellers. A free people, with what she somewhat fantastically terms its *utterance*—its public press, namely, its clergy, and its public orators—so radically perverted, must be tainted to the core. This belief we will not hastily adopt, however much we may be inclined to regard the unbiassed opinion of the witness.

Another grave charge is brought against the American people, which is probably more justly founded—their apathy in citizenship, their indifference to their public duties or total disregard of them. This is the very opposite of our English ideas of the bawling, bustling, vociferous patriots of America, continually overwhelmed in politics. We should hope that it only applies to a small section of the people, though that is one of great importance. Professors, naval officers, and clergymen are among those mentioned who decline to come forward to discharge the duty of citizens. Many are apathetic among the better instructed classes; some shrink from the turmoils of canvassing and elections; and "some are afraid to vote!" The description of persons afraid to vote, notwithstanding the safeguard of ballot, and in a country where electors have neither landlords to intimidate, nor customers to overawe, may be easily divined. They cannot, we imagine, be numerous; they are, it is said, "the feeble aristocracy." We should, at this distance, fancy them to be mainly the class depending on precarious professional incomes. The farmers, who are generally land proprietors, the mechanics, and the shopkeepers, are all independent. The latter are in America remarkably so for for their particular vocation.

A third enormous evil of American society, upon which our author dwells at great length, and to which she continually returns, is the moral cowardice of those who ought above all others to set the example of honesty and boldness. This cowardice is begotten of that tyranny of Opinion which she thinks the besetting weakness or the reigning vice of the New World. Other travellers have asserted that wealth, vulgar accumulation of dollars, is the idol which prostrates and debases the human will in America; Miss Martineau declares that the worship of Mammon is mitigated and secondary in the new world, and that the first object of idolatry is Opinion. She probably generalizes too far. Wealth, we dare say, may be as much either over-estimated, or estimated by purely European ideas among one portion of society, as opinion is unduly exalted among another. How the tyranny of opinion can be stronger in a democratic, than in a mixed, monarchical, and aristocratic state, is not easily understood; unless there be a large class who have a direct influence in upholding the idolatry. Such are the established clergy in other countries; but in America the influence of clergymen, where hurtful, is broken and counterbalanced. Miss Martineau remarks—

In a country where the will of the majority decides all political affairs, there is a temptation to belong to the majority, except where strong interests, or probabilities of the speedy supremacy of the minority, countervail. The minority, in such a case, must be possessed of a strong will, to be a minority. A strong will is dreaded by the weaker, who have so little faith as to believe that such a will endangers the political equality which is the fundamental principle of their institutions. This dread occasions persecution, or at least opprobrium; opprobrium be-

comes a real danger; and, like all dangers, is much more feared than it deserves, the longer it lasts, and the more it is dwelt upon.

But in England the virtual majority possesses much more power of the kind which influences and overawes. It is the large and extravagant dispenser of immense patronage and emolument —it rules the empire of fashion; yet, with all these appliances, it is not, and has never been able, in the worst of times, wholly to subjugate or suppress the expression of the will of the minority. She concludes mournfully:—"The infant nation, which was expected to begin a fresh and higher social life, is acting out in its civilisation an idea but little more exalted than those which have operated among nations far less favoured than herself in regard to political freedom."

Opinion may be as omnipotent as is alleged in its tyranny in limited circles, and among particular classes in the older States of the Union; but it cannot have established its unaided supremacy among the new and scarcely coherent social aggregations of Cincinnati, Columbus, and St Louis. To this tyranny of opinion, Miss Martineau imputes many of the blemishes of social life, and especially the retention of those false ideas of honour, which linger in Europe. Thus, a man may kill another in a duel, and be no worse. He may be shabby in his money transactions, but may not steal. Few rise superior to these conventional ideas.

In a chapter entitled, "Idea of Honour," Miss Martineau contrasts opinion in the south and north.

In the north there can be little vanity of retinue, as retinue is not to be had: but there is, instead of it, much ostentation of wealth, in the commercial cities. It is here that the aristocracy form and collect; and, as has been before said, the aristocratic is universally the fearing, while the democratic is the hoping party. The fear of opinion takes many forms. There is fear of vulgarity, fear of responsibility, and, above all, fear of singularity. There is something more displeasing, at the first view, in the caution of the Yankees than in the recklessness of the cavalier race of the south. Till the individual exceptions come out from the mass—till the domestic frankness and generosity of the whole people are apparent—there is something little short of disgusting to the stranger who has been unused to witness such want of social confidence, in the caution which presents, probably, the strongest aspect of selfishness that he has ever seen.

The Americans of the northern States are, from education and habit, so accustomed to the caution of which I speak, as to be unaware of its extent and singularity. They think themselves injured by the remarks which strangers make upon it, and by the ridicule with which it is treated by their own countrymen who have travelled abroad. But the singularity is in themselves. They may travel over the world, and find no society but their own which will submit to the restraint of perpetual caution, and reference to the opinion of others. They may travel over the whole world, and find no country but their own where the very children beware of getting into scrapes, and talk of the effect of actions upon people's minds; where the youth of society determine in silence what opinions they shall bring forward, and what avow only in the family circle; where women write miserable letters, almost universally, because it is a settled matter that it is unsafe to commit oneself on paper; and where elderly people seem to lack almost universally that faith in principles which inspires a free expression of them at any time and under all circumstances.

"Mrs B.," said a child of eleven to a friend of mine, "what church do you go to?"—"To Mr ——'s."—"Oh, Mrs B., are you a Unitarian?"—"No."—"Then why do you go to that church?"—"Because I can worship best there."—"Oh, but, Mrs B., think of the example—the example, Mrs B.!"

When I had been in the country some time, I remarked to one who knew well the society in which he lived, that I had not seen a good lady's letter since I landed; though the conversation of some of the writers was of a very superior kind. The letters were uniformly poor and guarded in expression, confined to commonplaces, and overloaded with flattery. "There are," replied he, "no good letters written in America. The force of public opinion is so strong, and the danger of publicity so great, that men do not write what they think, for fear of getting into bad hands: and this acts again upon the women, and makes their style artificial." It is not quite true that there are no good letters written in America: among my own circle of correspondents, there are ladies and gentlemen whose letters would stand a comparison with any for frankness, grace, and epistolary beauty of every kind. But I am not aware of any medium between this excellence and the boarding-school insignificance which characterises the rest.

With this extreme caution, carried to singularity, this diplomatic and political circumspection observed by the very children, it is not easy to reconcile the idea of a free people in national circumstances highly prosperous; nor yet Miss Martineau's own account of the delightful frankness, candour, and open-hearted spontaneousness of domestic intercourse. Ladies' letters at home, we apprehend, very much resemble those of America. They are only good when, having something to write about, the "familiar epistles" are sent off-hand to those whom the writers have long known, loved, and confided in. A stranger can scarcely expect to see a good lady's letter, and has at least no right to expect such indulgence. What Miss Martineau terms *sectional prejudice*, is another blemish on the fair face of American society. It is marvellous to find this Cockney feeling, the result of ignorance and self-conceit, so powerful in so stirring and fresh a country, abounding in railroads, and in all manner of facilities for travelling. This sort of prejudice, which exists more or less in every country and neighbourhood, has become peculiarly fierce, from the exasperated feelings generated between the southern and northern States, by the discussion of the question of Abolition of Slavery and the Tariff. For the rest the features belong to human nature at large. The men of Yorkshire are shrewd and keen up to roguery in the estimation of their countrymen, and those of Somersetshire simple or stupid. The inhabitants of every market town have their jokes against the dwellers in the adjacent villages. Miss Martineau herself quotes Charles Lamb's opinion of the dulness and literal understanding or matter-of-factness which incapacitates the Scots from apprehending anything like play of fancy or illusion in talk. So far Lamb was a true Cockney; and the principle may be traced all over the world. It has been discovered in Otaheite and the Shetland Islands—it flourishes in the United States. Miss Martineau says—

I have scarcely known whether to laugh or to mourn when I have been told that the New England people are all pedlers or canting priests; that the people of the south

are all heathens; and those of the west all barbarians. Nay, I was even told in New York that the Rhode Island people were all heathens, and the New Jersey folks no better. Some Baltimore ladies told me, that the Philadelphia ladies say that no Baltimore lady knows how to put on a bonnet: but that the Philadelphians have something worse the matter with them than that; for that they do not know how to be hospitable to strangers.

. . . . . .

One may laugh at the contemptuous amazement of the Boston lady at my declaration that I liked Cincinnati; that wild western place, where she believed people did not sit down to dinner like Christians. All mistakes of this kind, it is clear, might be rectified by a little travelling. But it is a serious matter to see the travelled gentlemen, the professional men of such a place as Cincinnati, setting up their sectional prejudices in one another's way.

One of Miss Martineau's finest set pieces of description is of this, the city of Mrs Trollope. Though not exactly in place, it follows the above in the original work, so we may as well borrow it here—nor need we affect nicer arrangement than our author.

Cincinnati is a glorious place. Few things can be conceived finer than the situation of this magnificent city, and the beauty by which she is surrounded. She is enthroned upon a high platform—one of the rich bottoms occurring on the Ohio, which expand the traveller's notions of what fertility is. Behind her are hills, opening and closing, receding and advancing; here glowing with the richest green pasturage, and there crested and ribbed by beeches which seem transplanted from some giant land. Wherever we went among these hills, we found them rounding away from us in some new form of beauty; in steep grassy slopes, with a running stream at the bottom; in shadowy precipices, bristling with trees; in quiet recesses, pierced by sunset light, shining in among the beechen stems, which spring, unencumbered by undergrowth, from the rich elastic turf. These hill-sides reminded me of "The Castle of Indolence," of "The quiet paths of Eden," of "The shades that Una trod," of Windsor Forest—of all that my memory carried about undulating wood-lands; but nothing would do; no description that I am acquainted with is rich enough to answer to what I saw on the Ohio—its slopes, and clumps, and groves. At the foot of these hills runs the river, broad and full, busy with the commerce of the wide West. A dozen steam-boats lie abreast at the wharf, and many more are constantly passing; some stealing along, unheard so far off, under the opposite bank; others puffing and ploughing along the middle of the stream. Fine, level turnpike-roads branch off from the city among the hills, which open so as to allow a free circulation of air over the entire platform. Cincinnati is the most healthy large city in the United States. The streets are wide; and the terraces afford fine situations for houses. The furnishing of the dwellings is as magnificent as the owners may choose to make it; for commerce with the whole world is carried on from their port. Their vineyards, their conservatories, their fruit and flower gardens delight the eye in the gorgeous month of June. They have a native artist of great genius, who has adorned the walls of their houses with, perhaps, the best pictures I saw in the country. I saw their streets filled with their thousands of free-school children. "These," said a lady to me, "are our populace." I thought it a populace worthy of such a city. There is no need to speak of its long ranges of furnaces, of its shipping, of its incredible commerce in pork, of its wealth and prospects. Suffice it that one of its most respected inhabitants tells, that, when he landed in Ohio, less than fifty years ago, it contained fewer than a hundred whites; and buffalo lodged in a cane brake where the city now stands; while the State at present contains upwards of a million of inhabitants, the city between thirty and forty thousand; and Cincinnati has four daily, and five or six weekly newspapers, besides a variety of other periodicals.

The most remarkable circumstance, and the most favourable, with regard to the peopling of Cincinnati, is that its population contains contributions of almost every element that goes to constitute society; and each in its utmost vigour. There are here few of the arbitrary associations which exist among the members of other societies. Young men come with their wives, in all directions, from afar; with no parents, cousins, sects, or parties about them. Here is an assemblage from almost every nation under heaven—a contribution from the resources of almost every country; and all unburdened, and ready for natural association and vigorous action. Like takes to like, and friendships are formed from congeniality, and not from accident or worldly design.

In short, Miss Martineau sets up this new city as a sort of vigorous young rival to the American Athens, the classic city of Boston, out of which she takes the conceit, as the Yankees say, "handsomely." She declares it the most self-sufficient and vain-glorious town in the whole world—"a vain, vulgar, aristocratic city"—so described by what it calls "its first people." In America Miss Martineau distinguishes two kinds of aristocracy—the conventional and the natural. The first, from their ostentatious display of wealth, she imagines to have given foreign travellers the idea of American vulgarity; and she continues—

The traveller who chooses industriously to see for himself, not with European or aristocratic merely, but with human eyes, will find the real aristocracy of the country, not only in ball-rooms and back-parlours, but also in fishing-boats, in stores, in college chambers, and behind the plough. Till he has seen all this, and studied the natural manners of the natural aristocracy, he is no more justified in applying the word "vulgar" to more than a class, than an American would be who should call all the English vulgar, when he had seen only the London alderman class.

We fear even Miss Martineau may have received unconsciously a taint of the "sectional prejudice"—that of Westminster, if not of May Fair—when she refers to the "alderman class." But against the Bostonians also a prejudice of some kind must lurk. Their city must be an odious one indeed, if it deserve the half of her reproach. Yet there are a few righteous to be found, though they have no influence on the general tone of the society.

With men and women enough on the spot to redeem society from false morals and empty religious profession, Boston is the headquarters of Cant. Notwithstanding its superior intelligence, its large provision of benevolent institutions, and its liberal hospitality, there is an extraordinary and most pernicious union, in more than a few scattered instances, of profligacy and the worst kind of infidelity, with a strict religious profession, and an outward demeanour of remarkable propriety. The profligacy and infidelity might, I fear, be found in all other cities, on both sides the water; but nowhere, probably, in absolute co-existence with ostensible piety. This is not the connexion in which to speak of the religious aspect of the matter; but, as regards the cant, I believe that it proceeds chiefly from the spirit of caste which flourishes in a society which on Sundays and holidays professes to have abjured it.

Duelling is cherished in idea, though the practice is abandoned in Boston; and a few insinuate, while one gentleman boldly proclaims, admiration of a monarchy. The feelings of caste flourish as vigorously in all the leading cities of the Union, as if the monarchy had been long established. Indeed, it is to be feared that the spirit of caste, like the Cockney feeling or sectional prejudice, belongs more to our present imperfect nature,

than to any particular form of political institutions. The purest democracy will not remove it. Miss Martineau's fair exclusive friends in Arch Street, Philadelphia—which is, we presume, a tip-top quarter—knew nothing, nor might, should, would, or could know anything of her hospitable and equally beautiful friends in Chestnut Street. The main reason of this pre-determined ignorance, was, that the fathers of the low "set" had made their fortunes, while the grandfathers of the other had enjoyed that advantage. Thus, we infer that Arch Street is, by a whole generation, more patrician than the other locality. Caste exists in full annoyance at Boston, though veiled; and the children betray, as in other cases, what is passing in the minds of the elders.

Gentlemen (says Miss Martineau) may disguise their aristocratic aspirations under sighs for the depressed state of literature and science; supposing that wealth and leisure are the constituents of literature, and station the proximate cause of science; and committing the slight mistake of assuming that the natural aristocracy of England, her philosophers and poets, have been identical with, or originated by, her conventional aristocracy. The ladies may conceal their selfish pride of caste, even from themselves, under pretensions to superior delicacy and refinement. But the children use no such disguises. Out they come with what they learn at home. A school-girl told me what a delightful "set" she belonged to at her school: how comfortable they all were once, without any sets, till several grocers' daughters began to come in as their fathers grew rich; and it became necessary for the higher girls to consider what they should do, and to form themselves into sets. She told me how the daughter of a lottery-office keeper came to the school, and no set would receive her; how unkindly she was treated, and how difficult it was for any individual to help her, because she had not spirit or temper enough to help herself. My informant went on to mention how anxious she and her set, of about sixty young people, were to visit exclusively among themselves, how "delightful" it would be to have no grocers' daughters among them; but that it was found to be impossible. Here is an education to be going on in the middle of a republic!

The exclusives are, from the nature of things, continually baffled in their object; nor can they do much mischief in the Republic, where it is impossible to consolidate their fluctuating empire. The conventional aristocracy

Cannot choose its own members, restrict its own numbers, or keep its gentility from contamination; for it must be perpetuated, not by hereditary transmission, but by accessions from below. Grocers grow rich, and mechanics become governors of States; and happily there is no law, nor reason, nor desire that it should be otherwise. This little cloud will always overhang the republic, like the perpetual vapour which hovers above Niagara, thrown up by the force and regularity of the movement below. Some observers may be sorry that the heaven is never to be quite clear; but none will dread the little cloud.

There is another consolation. None of the American citizens, under their laws of inheritance, are very likely to become enormously rich. Mr Grund states that not a fourth of the citizens derive fortunes by inheritance; and Miss Martineau repeatedly affirms that there are not 500 persons worth 100,000 dollars in all New England.

Europe, but especially Great Britain, is the head-quarters of the *uneasy classes;* but America is not all paradised. It abounds in individuals and in whole classes of the *dissatisfied.* The professional men are dissatisfied. Some have too little employment; and others, too much employed, have not enough of leisure.

The best of them complain that professions rank lower than in Europe; and the reasons they assign for this are, that less education is required; and that every man who desires to get on must make himself a party man, in theology, science, or law. Professional service is not well paid in the United States, compared with other countries, and with other occupations on the spot. Very severe toil is necessary to maintain a respectable appearance, except to those who have climbed the heights of their profession; and to them it has been necessary.

The system is "mercenary and competitive"—just as at home.

The Republican merchants are as much dissatisfied as the lawyers and physicians; but with less real cause. Why are they so?

If money, if success, apart from the object, could give happiness, who would be so happy as the merchants of America? In comparison with merchants generally, they are happy: but in comparison with what men are made to be, they are shackled, care-worn, and weary as the slave. I obtained many a glimpse into the condition of mind of this class; and, far superior as it is to what the state of large classes is in the Old World, it is yet full of toil and trouble. In New York, some friends, wishing to impress me with a conviction of the enviable lives of American ladies, told me how the rich merchants take handsome houses in the upper part of the city, and furnish them splendidly for their wives: how these gentlemen rise early, snatch their breakfasts, hurry off two or three miles to their counting-houses, bustle about in the heat and dust, noise and traffic, of Pearl Street all the long summer's day, and come home in the evening, almost too wearied to eat or speak; while their wives, for whose sake they have thus been toiling after riches, have had the whole day to water their flowers, read the last English novel, visit their acquaintance, and amuse themselves at the milliner's; paying, perhaps, 100 dollars for the newest Paris bonnet. The representation had a different effect from what was expected. It appeared to me that if the ladies prefer their husbands' society to that of morning visiters and milliners, they are quite as much to be pitied as their husbands, that such a way of consuming life is considered necessary or honourable. If they would prefer to wear bonnets costing a dollar a-piece, and having some enjoyment of domestic life, their fate is mournful; if they prefer hundred dollar bonnets to the enjoyment of domestic life, their lot is the most mournful of all. In either case, they and their husbands cannot but be restless and dissatisfied.

I was at a ball in New York, the splendour of which equalled that of any entertainment I ever witnessed. A few days after, the lady who gave the ball asked me whether I did not disapprove of the show and luxury of their society. I replied, that of whatever was done for mere show, I did disapprove; but that I liked luxury, and approved of it, as long as the pleasures of some did not encroach on the rights of others.

"But," said she, "our husbands have to pay for it all. They work very hard."

"I suppose it is their own choice to do so. I should make a different choice, perhaps; but, if they prefer hard work and plenty of money to indulge their families with, to moderate work and less money, I do not see how you can expect me to blame them."

"Oh, but we all live beyond our incomes."

"In that case, your pleasures encroach on the rights of others, and I have no more to say."

Miss Martineau might have added that these pleasures encroached still farther: upon their own peace of mind, health, conscience, and that blessing which can only be perfected in heaven—leisure to pursue the highest happiness, and to enjoy it. We do not know if Miss Martineau,

once imagined an ultra-economist, now fully recognises the benevolent theories of Godwin or Owen; but there are evidences of a hankering after some of the anticipated results of what they consider a rationally-constituted society. This comes out strongly in her lament over the dissatisfied classes of America.

Besides the professional men and the merchants, she queries if the mechanic and farming classes are satisfied:—

No: not even they, outwardly blessed as they are beyond any class that society has ever contained. They, too, are aware that life must be meant to be passed far otherwise than in providing the outward means of living. They must be aware that though, by great industry, they can obtain some portion of time for occupations which are not money-getting, there must be something wrong in the system which compels men to devote almost the whole of their waking hours to procure that which, under a different combination of labour, might be obtained at a saving of three-fourths of the time. Whether their thoughts have been expressly turned to this subject or not, almost all the members of society are conscious that care for their external wants is so engrossing as to absorb almost all other cares; and that they would most thankfully agree to work in their vocation for the community for a short portion of every day, on condition of being spared all future anxiety about their physical necessities. They who best know the blessings inseparable from toil—who are aware that the inner life is nourished by the activity of the outer—yet perceive of what infinite consequence it is to their progress that this activity should be varied in its objects, and separated as far as possible from association with physical necessities and selfish possession. The poor man is rightly instructed, in the present state of things, when he is told that it is his first duty to provide for his own wants. The lesson is at present true, because the only alternative is encroachment on the rights of others; but it is a very low lesson in comparison with that which will be taught in the days when mutual (?) and self-perfection will be the prevalent idea which the civilization of the time will express. No thinking man or woman, who reflects on the amount of time, thought, and energy which would be set free by the pressure of competition and money-getting being removed—time, thought, and energy now spent in wearing out the body, and in partially stimulating and partially wasting the mind—can be satisfied under the present system.

Miss Martineau proceeds to argue, not only of the necessity, but of the inevitable and rapid regeneration of American society—of that great moral revolution which philanthropists love to contemplate. Nor does she despair of England, though its millennial period must be far more distant. This is doubtful. We confess ourselves rather at a loss to know her precise opinions, or whether they go the full length of a community of property. So we shall leave the reader to judge. Having cited Godwin's advocacy of leisure, as the birthright of every human being, she says—

Leisure, some degree of it, is necessary to the health of every man's spirit. Not only intellectual production, but peace of mind, cannot flourish without it. It may be had under the present system, but it is not. With community of property, it would be secured to every one. The requisite amount of work would bear a very small proportion to that of disposable time. It would then be fairly seen how much literature may owe to leisure.

In reference to the condition of property in England, she adds—

Though clear-sighted persons perceive that property is the great harbourage of crime and misery, the adversary of knowledge, the corrupter of peace, the extinguisher of faith and charity; though they perceive that institutions for the regulation of outward affairs all follow the same course, being first necessary, then useful, then useless, pernicious, and finally intolerable—that property is thus following the same course as slavery, which was once necessary, and is now intolerable—as monarchy, which was once necessary, and is now useless, if not pernicious: though all this is clearly perceived by many far-seeing persons in England, they can do nothing but wait till the rest of society sees it too. They must be and are well content to wait; since no changes are desirable but those which proceed from the ripened mind and enlightened will of society. Thus it is in England. In America the process will be more rapid. The democratic principles of their social arrangements, operating already to such an equalization of property as has never before been witnessed, are favourable to changes which are indeed necessary to the full carrying out of the principles adopted. When the people become tired of their universal servitude to worldly anxiety—when they have fully meditated and discussed the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of social offences arise directly out of property; that the largest proportion of human faults bear a relation to selfish possession; that the most formidable classes of diseases are caused by over or under toil, and by anxiety of mind; they will be ready for the inquiry whether this tremendous incubus be indeed irremovable; and whether any difficulties attending its removal can be comparable to the evils it inflicts. In England, the people have not only to rectify the false principles of barbarous policy, but to surmount the accumulation of abuses which they have given out: a work, perhaps, of ages. In America, the people have not much more to do (the will being once ripe) than to retrace the false steps which their imitation of the old world has led them to take. Their accumulation of abuses is too small to be a serious obstacle in the way of the united will of a nation.

It is objected that the majority of society in America would have a horror of any great change like that contemplated; and that, though in bondage to worldly anxiety, they are unconscious of their servitude, or reconciled to it. Well, as long as this is the case, they have no change to dread; for all such alteration must proceed from their own will. There is no power upon earth from which they have any compulsion to fear. Yet it may be allowed to their friends to speculate upon the better condition which is believed to await them. When we look at a caterpillar, we like to anticipate the bright day when it will be a butterfly. If we could talk about it with the caterpillar, it would probably be terrified at the idea, and plead the exceeding danger of being high up in the air. We do not desire or endeavour to force or hasten the process: yet the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, without any final objection on its own part.

If we understand Miss Martineau aright—and her meaning is not intended to be hidden—we fear the bright, auspicious period which she contemplates, is not so much nearer in America than in England, as to render us envious. Among those blemishes of American society which speak forcibly of the backwardness and error of its internal structure, there is one insisted upon by Mr Grund which Miss Martineau has not noticed, though she has characterised the system of education as faulty and inadequate. The best-instructed community in the world, is not alone the most niggardly to its teachers, but the most contemptuous of them. Mr Grund states, that New England furnishes most of the American schoolmasters. Sixty thousand teachers—New Englanders—are annually employed in the different States. This drain, emigration to the west, and the sea, leave that great disproportion between the sexes to which Miss Martineau alludes as the cause of poverty among

women, the numbers of unprovided single women, and unequal marriages in point of age. Mercenary marriages, another growing vice of the Republic, which she warmly deprecates, are still confined to the leading cities, and to the "first people," as "the higher orders" are termed by themselves. To return to teachers. Mr Grund says—"Much as the Americans appreciate the services of a teacher, they neither reward nor esteem him according to his merits, and are hardly ever willing to associate with him on terms of fair reciprocity and friendship." The schoolmaster may be admitted to a *family* dinner, as a sort of bribe for indulgence or reward for attention to his pupils; but "the fashionable gentlemen of the large cities would not introduce him to a party, nor be seen with him on 'Change." Nor is this the worst. School fees and the salaries of teachers, are wretchedly low. Grund continues—"The salaries of teachers of the public schools, in most of the States, are mere pittances, when compared with the remuneration of professional men, or clerks in the counting rooms of respectable merchants." The average pay of schoolmasters in the State of New York, by an official report, dated January 1835, is about 9s. a-week, in a country where the common unskilled labourer may earn from 50 cents. to 4s. 6d. a-day. The wages of even female servants in the cities, is higher than this miserable remuneration to those who train young American citizens. The clergy are often ill-paid, and, what is more humiliating, their stipends are eked out by vails, under the name of presents.

Although Miss Martineau be a philosopher, whose opinions are not modified by many of the ordinary circumstances of female life, one still feels peculiarly curious to learn an intelligent woman's opinion of the boasted condition of women in the New World. On this important subject, although her powers of observation had not been very superior to those of ordinary British travellers, her opportunities must have been larger, from the circumstance of her sex. She was, as she says, admitted into the boudoir, the chamber, and the kitchen, where no gentleman could have found a way. She has made a sharp but not unhandsome use of these opportunities. The great beauty of the American women is acknowledged by all travellers. Miss Martineau says they have beauty, and wit also. Mr Grund is an enthusiastic admirer of their fugacious charms. "An American lady, in her teens," he declares, "is perhaps the most sylph-like creature on earth. Her limbs are exquisitely wrought; her motions light and graceful; and her whole carriage at once easy and dignified." But, alas! it is added—"Those beauties, it is painful to say, are doomed to early decay. At twenty-four, a certain want of fulness in her proportions is already perceptible; and once passed the age of thirty, the whole fabric goes seemingly into decay." He imputes this premature decay to the assiduity with which the American ladies discharge their maternal and domestic duties; while Miss Martineau ascribes much of it to improper modes of living, too much hot bread and meat, too many pickles and preserves, and too little air and exercise. Mr Grund eulogizes the system of female education in America; Miss Martineau sees many faults. He considers the distinction between female education in America and England very slight, and he is probably right; but this does not recommend it to his contemporary traveller. He remarks—

> The principles of revealed religion and a sound moral philosophy constitute, in America as in England, the foundation of all female instruction; and it is (with the exception of the fashionable circles) a rare case, in either country, to see the mere *agrémens de société* preferred to the more substantial acquirements which qualify ladies for their future stations as wives and mothers. Female dignity is ever more the result of character and principle than of mere outward grace and refinement; and I cannot, in this respect, imagine the women of any country equal to the English or American. In the United States, where there are no classes of society debased in the estimation of the people, and consequently none degraded in their own, this distinction extends even to persons in the humblest walks of life, and is there productive of a species of pride which Europeans have often mistaken for presumption; but which, in fact, arises from a consciousness of moral worth and unexceptionable behaviour, which can lay just claims to our consideration wherever we find it. I have seen nothing among the lower classes of Europe at all to be compared to it; and it has certainly given me the highest opinion of the general morality of female Republicans. . . . .
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> Music and drawing are, in America, less cultivated than they are in France or Germany; but there is quite as much parlour-amusement as in England, and certainly no lack of the graceful accomplishment of dancing.
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> The society of Boston, especially, is distinguished for its unusual number of clever women, and a certain literary taste is perhaps on this account diffused even amongst the merchants. The influence of this intellectual refinement is strikingly visible in the manners of the Bostonians, and has created an honourable distinction in favour of their city, which, by the common consent of Americans, is called the Athens of the United States.

Miss Martineau never saw but one good drawing in America; and only twice heard good music. Both agree in the low estimation in which the drama and all public amusements are held; but, although the Americans have not patronised the Italian Opera, Mr Grund will not allow that they have no sensibility for music. They support operas performed in the language they understand; and it is saying much, yea going to the very root of the matter, so far as the growth of a national taste for music is involved, to aver that their strongest predilection is for sacred music. There are societies, he states, for the cultivation and enjoyment of music, in Boston, and also in Philadelphia, extremely well organized, and directed by able and scientific leaders. A better feature is "the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston," consisting chiefly of mechanics, who cultivate music for no other end than because they are really fond of it. The ladies of Philadelphia and Baltimore are, according to Mr Grund, the most accomplished musicians of the union; for they not only cultivate it assiduously, but enjoy the advantage of the best German instructors. He concludes—

> On the whole, I should judge the musical talents of Americans superior to those of the English, especially

in the middle and southern States, where they have been constantly improving by emigrants from the continent of Europe. The English will *hear* the best music as long as they are willing to *pay for it*; but the Americans will soon be able *to make it themselves*. The English will always remain great consumers of musical talent; but the Americans will produce it.

But we have diverged from Miss Martineau's strictures on the actual condition of the women of America. She has some "stout notions" upon the thraldom, political and moral, in which even Republicans hold the sex. She sets out by remarking—

The Americans have, in the treatment of women, fallen below, not only their own democratic principles, but the practice of some parts of the Old World. The unconsciousness of both parties as to the injuries suffered by women at the hands of those who hold the power is a sufficient proof of the low degree of civilisation in this important particular at which they rest. While woman's intellect is confined, her morals crushed, her health ruined, her weaknesses encouraged, and her strength punished, she is told that her lot is cast in the paradise of women; and there is no country in the world where there is so much boasting of the "chivalrous" treatment she enjoys. That is to say—she has the best places in stage-coaches: when there are not chairs enough for everybody, the gentlemen stand: she hears oratorical flourishes on public occasions about wives and home, and apostrophes to women: her husband's hair stands on end at the idea of her working, and he toils to indulge her with money: she has liberty to get her brain turned by religious excitements, that her attention may be diverted from morals, politics, and philosophy; and, especially, her morals are guarded by the strictest observance of propriety in her presence. In short, indulgence is given her as a substitute for justice. Her case differs from that of the slave, as to the principle, just so far as this; that the indulgence is large and universal, instead of petty and capricious. In both cases, justice is denied on no better plea than the right of the strongest.

She continues—

The intellect of woman is confined. I met with immediate proof of this. Within ten days of my landing, I encountered three outrageous pedants, among the ladies; and in my progress through the country, I met with a greater variety and extent of female pedantry than the experience of a lifetime in Europe would afford. I could fill the remainder of my volume with sketches; but I forbear, through respect even for this very pedantry.

The evils of which Miss Martineau complains, are not peculiar to America, though they appear quite as active there as in our own degenerate soil. In eloquently elucidating her favourite text, that the morals of women are crushed, she concludes—

How fearfully the morals of women are crushed, appears from the prevalent persuasion that there are virtues which are peculiarly masculine, and others which are peculiarly feminine. It is amazing that a society which makes a most emphatic profession of its Christianity, should almost universally entertain such a fallacy: and not see that, in the case they suppose, instead of the character of Christ being the meeting point of all virtues, there would have been a separate gospel for women, and a second company of agents for its diffusion.

However important is the consideration of things as they might be, it will, in our narrow limits, be more amusing to contemplate them as they are. That all is not gold that glitters, we are well aware; but we participate in Miss Martineau's shock, in first discovering the state of manners to which she alludes.

It is assumed in America, particularly in New England, that the morals of society there are peculiarly pure. I am grieved to doubt the fact; but I do doubt it. Nothing like a comparison between one country and another in different circumstances can be instituted; nor would any one desire to enter upon such a comparison. The bottomless vice, the all-pervading corruption of European society, cannot, by possibility, be yet paralleled in America; but neither is it true that any outward prosperity, any arrangement of circumstances, can keep a society pure while there is corruption in its social methods, and among its principles of individual action. Even in America, where every young man may, if he chooses, marry at twenty-one, and appropriate all the best comforts of domestic life—even here there is vice. Men do not choose to marry early, because they have learned to think other things of more importance than the best comforts of domestic life. A gentleman of Massachusetts, who knows life and the value of most things in it, spoke to me with deep concern of the alteration in manners which is going on: of the increase of bachelors, and of mercenary marriages, and of the fearful consequences. . . .

I was struck with the great number of New England women whom I saw married to men old enough to be their fathers. . . . . .

I rather think that married life is immeasurably purer in America than in England; but that there is not otherwise much superiority to boast of. I can only say, that I unavoidably knew of more cases of lapse in highly respectable families in one State than ever came to my knowledge at home; and that they were got over with a disgrace far more temporary and superficial than they could have been visited with in England. I am aware that in Europe the victims are chosen, with deliberate selfishness, from classes which cannot make known their perils and their injuries; while in America, happily, no such class exists. I am aware that this destroys all possibility of a comparison; but the fact remains, that the morals of American society are less pure than they assume to be.

Miss Martineau justly denounces the unnatural system of married couples and whole families living in large boarding-houses; which practice has arisen from the difficulty of obtaining servants, and the impossibility of married women, of a certain condition, helping themselves. Before adopting, wholesale, this idle and perilous manner of living, we would take at once to Mr Owen's parallelograms, as something immeasurably better. With the system of Paris there is no comparison. If people dine at a *restaurant*, they have yet a home, with all its sanctities and security. Young married people, before they set up house, are the leading inmates of the boarding-houses, in which Miss Martineau concludes that no sensible husband would risk his wife, or, in other words, his domestic peace.

I saw enough when I saw the elegantly-dressed ladies repair to the windows of the common drawing-room, on their husbands' departure to the counting-house, after breakfast. There the ladies sit for hours, doing nothing but gossiping with one another, with any gentlemen of the house who may happen to have no business, and with visiters. It is true that the sober-minded among the ladies can and do withdraw to their own apartments for the morning; but they complain that they cannot settle to regular employments as they could in a house of their own. Either they are not going to stay long, or they have not room for their books, or they are broken in upon by their acquaintances in the house. The common testimony is, that little can be done in boarding-houses: and, if the more sober-minded find it so, the fate of the thoughtless, who have no real business to do, may be anticipated. They find a dear friend or two among the boarders, to whom they confide their husbands' secrets. A woman who would do this once would do it twice, or as often as she changes her boarding-house, and finds a new dear friend in each. I have been assured that there is no end to the difficulties in which gentlemen have been

involved. both as to their commercial and domestic affairs, by the indiscretion of their thoughtless young wives, amidst the idleness and levities of boarding-house life. As for the gentlemen, they are much to be pitied. Public meals, a noisy house, confinement to one or two private rooms, with the absence of all gratifications of their own peculiar convenience and taste, are but a poor solace to the man of business, after the toils and cares of the day.

Our author believes the American women spoiled and petted, to their own injury and the general annoyance, by the degree of chivalrous attention which they receive—though the manners of America might still afford a good lesson and example to some Europeans who have a high opinion of their superior civilization. The stout English gentleman lolling within the carriage, and the delicate lady's-maid exposed on the outside, is the ridicule of the whole Continent; but, on the other hand, Miss Martineau considers that American chivalry is carried to a preposterous length:—

I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting place for the feet,) for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done anything rather than allow five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are anything but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon: but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of everything, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the south and west, without a word or look of acknowledgment. They are as like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them; in the inn parlour, while waiting for meals or the stage; and in the cabin of a steam boat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steam-boats. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you shew to the contrary. The suspicious side-glance, or the full stare; the cold, immovable observation; the bristling self-defence the moment you come near; the cool pushing to get the best places—everything said and done without the least trust or cheerfulness—these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humoured as they are.

Mrs Trollope was not more severe; nor are these sketches solitary instances. The irrational indulgence of ladies has another bad effect—

One consequence, mournful and injurious, of the "chivalrous" taste and temper of a country with regard to its women is, that it is difficult, where it is not impossible, for women to earn their bread. Where it is a boast that women do not labour, the encouragement and rewards of labour are not provided. It is so in America. In some parts, there are now so many women dependent on their own exertions for a maintenance, that the evil will give way before the force of circumstances. In the meantime, the lot of poor women is sad.

American society is blotted with the rankest forms of vulgarity.

Nothing (it is said) can exceed the display of it at watering-places. At Rockaway, on Long-Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady, with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomena of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and drawing-room at Rockaway, she might be a useful censor of manners. But the task would be too full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part, I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down on a kind of debatable land between the whole imaginary society of the so-called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen-life given by Madame D'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies tricked out in the most expensive finery, flirting over the backgammon-board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstasy at the entrance of a baby; the mothers as busy with affectations of another kind; and the brothers sidling hither and thither, now with assiduity, and now with nonchalance; and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement, or tone—I almost doubted whether I was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast:—the mirthful wedding, the waggon-drives, the offerings of wild-flowers to the stranger; the unintermitting, simple courtesy of each to all;—and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could both be existing in the same republic.

Miss Martineau gives a long account of the President's levée, at which she was present, and to which, in the spirit of republican institutions, every description of the people, save the blacks and the browns, are admitted, who choose to appear. The levée was formerly annual—now its recurrence is more rare. She regrets this, and hopes it will not be discontinued, and that there may be always some place where the chief magistrate and the people may meet to exchange their respects. We fear the original spirit of the meeting has evaporated; if so, the shadow may safely follow the substance. One class go to the splendid reception rooms, because they have a right to admission for one night; and the others to amuse themselves, and perhaps to laugh at them. The President's levée may, we fear, now be classed with the Emperor of China's ploughing match, or the Pope washing the feet of beggars. If its spirit be not enlarged by much more frequent recurrence, it were better abolished. Miss Martineau lets out the secret. There was much facility for ridicule; but no bad manners, save on the part of a silly, swaggering Englishman; but then "*The great people were amused at the aspect of the assembly, and the humbler at the novelties that were going on before their eyes.*"

If Miss Martineau rates female accomplishments very low in America, the literature of the ladies fares no better.

Readers are plentiful—thinkers are rare: and it follows that languages are much cultivated. If ever a woman was pointed out to me as distinguished for information, I might be sure beforehand that she was a linguist. I met with a great number of ladies who read Latin—some Greek, some Hebrew, some German. With the exception of the last, the learning did not seem to be of much use to them, except as a harmless exercise. I met with more intellectual activity, more general power, among many ladies who gave little time to books, than among those who are distinguished as being literary.

She is "apt to teach." We wish the ladies may be as docile in receiving her instructions on the subject of their food and drink, the management of their children, and of their unruly

helps, and, above all, of their health. Here she only repeats the lessons of the native teachers, able physicians, and popular instructors; but the stranger may be listened to when the neighbour is neglected, else we should have thought much of this might safely have been left to Caldwell, Brigham, and the rest. One extraordinary and deplorable failing of the American women, which the world was disposed to believe that Miss Fanny Kemble had exaggerated, if not invented, is much more seriously noticed by Miss Martineau—gravely, and as in duty bound.

It is no secret on the spot, that the habit of intemperance is not infrequent among women of station and education in the most enlightened parts of the country. I witnessed some instances, and heard of more. It does not seem to me to be regarded with all the dismay which such a symptom ought to excite. To the stranger, a novelty so horrible, a spectacle so fearful, suggests wide and deep subjects of investigation.

We are inclined to hope that Miss Martineau may sometimes have listened to the gossip of boarding and other houses; yet there is no getting rid of the damning fact, since she formally states—

Lest my mention of this very remarkable fact should lead to the supposition of the practice being more common than it is, I think it right to state, that I happened to know of seven or eight cases in the higher classes of society of one city. The number of cases is a fact of comparatively small importance. That one exists, is a grief which the whole of society should take to heart, and ponder with the entire strength of its understanding.

This practice is ascribed to vacuity of mind. Perhaps vacuity of stomach, the consequence of modern late hours of eating, to delicate females, should bear some part of the blame. The ladies of America indulge quite as much in what we may at once frankly call religious dissipation as any class of European females, and are quite as much devoted to the clergy. Under the voluntary system, as under establishments, ministers look for rich wives fully more anxiously than any other class of wooers; and are successful in finding them. In a wealthy family, one daughter, where there are several, is, as "a matter of course, married to a clergyman." The clever, worldly men of America regard the clergy as an order especially intended for the solace of ladies. "A liberal-minded religious father of a family" warned our author against believing the uncorroborated statements of clergymen, from their ignorance of what was going on around them. His speech was equally complimentary to ministers and to women. "You know the clergy are looked upon as a sort of people between men and women." She says—

I cannot enlarge upon the disagreeable subject of the devotion of the ladies to the clergy. I believe there is no liberal-minded minister who does not see, and too sensibly feel, the evil of women being driven back upon religion as a resource against vacuity; and of there being a professional class to administer it. Some of the most sensible and religious elderly women I know in America speak, with a strength which evinces strong conviction, of the mischief to their sex of ministers entering the profession young and poor, and with a great enthusiasm for parochial visiting. There is no very wide difference between the auricular confession of the Catholic church, and the spiritual confidence reposed in ministers the most devoted to visiting their flocks. Enough may be seen in the religious periodicals of America about the help women give to young ministers by the needle, by raising subscriptions, and by more toilsome labours than they should be allowed to undergo in such a cause. If young men cannot earn with their own hands the means of finishing their education, and providing themselves with food and clothing, without the help of women, they may safely conclude that their vocation is to get their bread first; whether or not it may be to preach afterwards.

This is admirably well said. We wish we had Cobbett alive, to truss up the lazy young fellows, for whom the poor spinsters of New England half starve themselves, and work their fingers to the bone—all the while fancying they are doing God service. A native anonymous writer is cited in the appendix, who puts the matter in the true light. We should be tempted to quote him for the benefit of excellent if mistaken religious women at home, save that the substance of his exhortations is given above in Miss Martineau's words. We wish to exhaust the faults of the Americans before we quit the subject. Miss Martineau does not consider them so lucre-loving as they are sometimes described; or she compounds for the object being the pleasures of the chase, rather than desire of the game. This is her rationale of American accumulation:—

Some—many are deplorably ostentatious; but it seemed to me that the ostentation was an after-thought—though it might lead to renewed money-getting. Money was first gained. What was to be done with it? One might as well outshine one's neighbours, especially as this would be a fresh stimulus to get more still. This is bad; but it is not sordidness. Instances of accumulation are extremely rare.

She confirms the worst that has been said about the frequency of bankruptcies in the United States, and the extreme indifference with which they are viewed. A clergyman in a commercial city declares, that almost every head of a family in his congregation has been a bankrupt since his settlement. In Philadelphia, from six to eight hundred persons annually take the benefit of the insolvent laws; and numerous compromises are made which never become public. Miss Martineau says—

On seeing the fine house of a man who was a bankrupt four years before, and who was then worth 100,000 dollars, I asked whether such cases were common, and was grieved to find they were. Some insolvents pay their old debts when they rise again; but the greater number do not.

Speculation, or gaming with other people's funds, is a common practice; and Miss Martineau considers it disgraceful to American society that speculators are thus allowed to game, "and, after ruining those who put trust in them, to lift up their heads in all places, just as if they had, during their whole lives, rendered unto all their due." Miss Martineau has surely changed some points of her economical creed, and we think for the better; but she forgets that the innocent sufferers, in the cases instanced, lend their money, not altogether in faith and charity, but with the expectation of that enormous rate of interest which counterbalances great risks. Yet another minor vice which deforms social intercourse in America, is gross flattery—a strange fault certainly in proud, self-sufficient

Republicans. We should hope that this mark of bad taste may be found above average in the literary circles in which she has mingled. It was the besetting vice of our own small literary coteries until a very recent period—it lingers among them still :—

"What a commerce was that while they got and they gave!"

How much of this *fudge* is to be found in all published female correspondence, and in all literary correspondence! The Americans carry it to excess. She says :—

It is to me the most prominent of their bad habits; but one so likely to be cured by their being made aware of it, that I cannot but wish that some of the English vituperation which has been expended upon tobacco and its effects had been directed upon the far more serious fault of flattery. It will be seen at once how the practice of flattery is almost a necessary result of the combination of a false idea of honour with kindliness of temper. Its prevalence is so great as to tempt one to call it a necessary result. There is no getting out of the way of it. 'A gentleman who was a depraved school-boy, a fiendish husband, father, and slave-owner, whose reputation for brutality was as extensive as the country, was eulogised in the newspapers at his death. Every book that comes out is exalted to the skies. The public orators flatter the people; the people flatter the orators. Clergymen praise their flocks; and the flocks stand amazed at the excellence of their clergymen. Sunday-school teachers admire their pupils; and the scholars magnify their teachers. As to guests, especially from abroad, hospitality requires that some dark corner should be provided in every room where they may look when their own praises are being told to their own faces. Even in families, where, if anywhere, it must be understood that love cannot be sweetened by praise, there is a deficiency of that modesty, "simplicity and godly sincerity," in regard to mutual estimate, which the highest fidelity of affection inspires. Passing over the puerility and vulgarity of the practice, I think, if the Americans were convinced of its selfishness—of its being actually a breach of benevolence—they would exercise the same command over their tongues that they do over their tempers, and suppress painful praises, as they rise to the lips. It was pleaded to me that the admiration is real, the praise sincere. Be it so: but why are they to be expressed more than any other real thoughts whose expression would give pain?

To be set against all their social faults and failings, is the sweetest temper pervading all ages and classes, and universal good manners. They are never angry or irritable, and no degree of provocation can render them even impatient. Miss Martineau wonders what they make of some of the peevish, capricious characters depicted in English novels. She ascribes the prevalent good temper of the whole people to the rational system of freedom and kindness with which children are treated from infancy; and to the practice of mutual forbearance, necessary in a republic, where no man can infringe another's rights. Some peculiarities of manners are noticed; but more striking differences might, we believe, be found to exist between London and many provincial English towns. The word "handsome" is of nearly universal application, and is used exactly in the signification that the Irish employ "elegant." The phrase, "a fine woman," "a fine girl," is used, though Miss Martineau seems not aware of it, in the same sense as in Scotland. Pedantry, and a species of affectation, are more striking peculiarities. But they rather mark a certain progress in society than the character of a people. One gentleman solemnly remarked upon the weather having been "uncommonly mucilaginous;" another pointed out a person on board a steam-boat as a blue-stocking of the first class; and a lady, who must have read Mrs Butler's fantastical rhapsodies, inquired of our author, if, on seeing the Falls of Niagara, "she did not long to throw herself down, and mingle with her mother earth?" In brief, many things were said to her exactly akin to the nonsense daily distilled in all quarters at home. Woman is a being or rather a name reckoned vulgar in America. They know only *ladies* and *females*, like all genteel people :—"A lecturer, discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus: 'Who were last at the cross? Ladies. Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies.'" This is, by the way, a plagiarism from Barett's poem of "Woman," who speaks of those gentle creatures as

"Last at his cross, and earliest at his tomb!"

Miss Martineau fancies that the men of America will be much more amiable or loveable when they give up the use of tobacco, and the consequent habit of spitting; and the women when their voices are better modulated. She quite coincides in the opinion of their reedy voices with as competent a judge, Mrs Butler. But may not both ladies be setting up her own standard of female speech too exclusively as that of perfection? How do English female voices sound in American ears?

It is incredible, (says Miss Martineau,) that there should not, in all time to come, be any other alternative than that which now exists, between a whine and a twang. When the health of the American women improves, their voices will improve. In the meantime, they are unconscious how the effect of their remarkable and almost universal beauty, is injured by their mode of speech. The peculiarity is less remarkable in manly conversation. The conversation of the gentlemen strikes one at first as being dull and prosy. They converse with much evenness of tone, slowly, and at great length; so as to leave the observer without any surprise that the Americans think English conversation hasty, sharp, and rough. I found also a prevalent idea that conversation is studied as an art in England; and many of my friends were so positive on this point as to make me doubt the correctness of my own conviction that it is not so. If there be any such study, I can only say that I have detected no instances of it; nor did the idea ever enter my mind, except in reading of Lady Angelica Headingham, in "Patronage."

This being the case, Miss Martineau, we apprehend, has still something to learn at home. There certainly are regular, studied conversers, or talkers, in this country, not a few of them—and very great bores they are. She says :—

The most common mode of conversation in America, I should distinguish as prosy, but, withal, rich and droll. For some weeks, I found it difficult to keep awake during the entire reply to any question I happened to ask. The person questioned seemed to feel himself put upon his conscience to give a full, true, and particular reply; and so he went back as near to the deluge as the subject would admit, and forward to the millennium, taking care to omit nothing of consequence in the interval. There was, of course, one here and there, as there is everywhere, to tell me precisely what I knew before, and omit what I most wanted; but this did not happen often; and I presently found the information I obtained in conversa-

tion so full, impartial, and accurate, and the shrewdness and drollery with which it was conveyed so amusing, that I became a great admirer of the American way of talking before six months were over.

One singular feature of American society is the precocity of children. Mr Grund, in contrasting them with the Germans, says:—

A German boy knows often more than he can express in his abstract and unmanageable language: an American says at least as much as he knows; and is seldom embarrassed except with the difficulty of the subject.

. . . . . .

An American boy of ten or twelve years of age, is as much of a young man as an European at sixteen; and when arrived at that age, he is as useful in business, and as much to be relied upon, as a German at twenty-four, or a Frenchman at fifty. Something similar to it may also be found in England; but neither climate nor education promote it to the same extent as in America. From the earliest period of his life, a young American is accustomed to rely upon himself as the principal artificer of his fortune. Whatever he learns or studies is with a view to future application; and the moment he leaves school he immerses into active life. His reputation, from the time he is able to think, is the object of his most anxious care; as it must affect his future standing in society, and increase the sphere of his usefulness.

As a school-boy he has his opinions on politics and religion; which he defends with as much ardour as if he were a senator of the republic, or a minister of the gospel. By the time he is able to read and write, he is already forming the plan of his future independence; and I have heard boys from ten to twelve years of age enlarge on the comforts and advantages of married life, with as grave an aspect as if they had been reciting a mathematical lesson, or discussing the merits of an essay on politics. They were calculating the prospects of domestic happiness, as a merchant would the profits of a mercantile speculation, or a banker his commission on a bill of exchange.

American children study the foibles of their parents and teachers, which they are sure to turn to their own advantage, and at the age of twenty-one are better judges of characters, and human nature in general, than many an European at the age of fifty.

Miss Martineau was delighted with those very clever, frank, *diplomatic*, small people, "when they had not been overlaid with religious instruction."

There are instances, as there are everywhere, of spoiled, pert, and selfish children. Parents' hearts are pierced there, as elsewhere. But the independence and fearlessness of children were a perpetual charm in my eyes. To go no deeper, it is a constant amusement to see how the speculations of young minds issue when they take their own way of thinking, and naturally say all they think. Some admirable specimens of active little minds were laid open to me at a juvenile ball at Baltimore. I could not have got at so much in a year in England. If I had at home gone in among eighty or a hundred little people, between the ages of eight and sixteen, I should have extracted little more than "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am." At Baltimore, a dozen boys and girls at a time crowded round me, questioning, discussing, speculating, revealing, in a way which enchanted me. In private houses, the comments slipped in at table by the children were often the most memorable, and generally the most amusing part of the conversation. Their aspirations all come out.

In the chapter headed *Utterance*, Miss Martineau sets out with this dogma:—"If the national mind of America be judged of by its legislation, it is of a very high order; so much less violence to the first principles of morals is exhibited there than in any other social arrangements that the world has yet seen. If the American nation be judged of by its literature, it may be pronounced to have no mind at all." She labours to reconcile this immense discrepancy; and expatiates, in the safe, oracular style, about some wondrous advent of Genius, or of a Genius, for which all men are longing, and which is to amalgamate the infinite diversities of the heterogeneous population, and create a national mind, by producing the first work worthy of the nation. This sounds mystical to ordinary persons; but probably Miss Martineau, from some cloudy tabernacle or other, may have heard such revelations as the following:—

The faith that America is to have an artist of some order is universal: and such a faith is a sufficient guarantee of the event. Every ephemeron of a tale-writer, a dramatist, novelist, lyrist, and sonneteer, has been taken by one or another for the man. But he has not come out of his silence yet; and it is likely that it may still be long before he does. Every work of genius is, as has been said, a mystery till it appears. What its principles and elaboration may be, it is for one man only—its author—to conceive: but it is plain what it will not be. It will not be, more or less, a copy of anything now existing. It will not be a mere delineation of what passes before the bodily eye, unillumined and unvivified by the light and movement of principles, of which forms are but the exponents. It will not be an exhibition of the relations which conventionalisms mutually bear, however fine may be the perception, and however clever the presentation may be.

No one, in short, can tell what it will be. This is what it will not be:—"The tuning for the concert has begun; some captious persons are grumbling at the discord; some inexperienced expectants take a wail here, and a flourish there, to be music; but the hour has not struck. The leader has not yet come to his place, to play the chord which shall bring the choral response that must echo over the world." The foreshadowing of this great prophet cannot fail to gratify American vanity. In the meanwhile, she has seen some of the great spirits of the land, though the individual whom she considers the most remarkable and the greatest man that she saw in that country is a foreigner. He is Dr Follen, late of Boston; with whom, we presume, and his wife, a lady of Boston, and his little son Charley—"an eternal smart boy," who figures quite enough in Miss Martineau's journal—she made the tour of the Northern Lakes, and was domiciled for some weeks in a farm-house. After mentioning Mr Madison—an infirm man of eighty-four, but still a sprightly talker—and Dr Channing, whom she eulogizes in a general strain—she proceeds with her own especial discovery:—

There are persons whom it seems to myself strange to name in this connexion, when there are things in them which I value much more highly than their eloquence. But, as eloquent beyond all others, they must be mentioned here. I refer to Dr and Mrs Follen, late of Boston. Dr Follen is a German: well known in Germany for his patriotism; as troublesome to its princes as animating to their subjects. He has been thirteen years in America, and seven years a citizen of Massachusetts. His mastery of the language has been perfect for some years; but, as he brought a rich and matured mind to the first employment of it, he uses it differently from any to whom it is the mother tongue. It is an instrument of extraordinary power in his hands, as a mere instrument. But he is a man of learning which I do not pretend to estimate in any department. The great mass of his knowledge is vivified by a spirit which seems to have

passed through all human experiences, appropriating whatever is true and pure, and leaving behind all else. With not only a religious love of liberty, but an unerring perception of the true principle of liberty in every case as it arises, with an intrepidity which excites rage where his gentleness is not known, and a gentleness which disarms those who fear his intrepidity, he is the most valuable acquisition that the United States, in their present condition, can well be conceived to have appropriated from the Old World, in the person of an individual citizen. I certainly think him the most remarkable and the greatest man I saw in the country. Dr Follen has pledged himself to the anti-slavery cause; and declared himself in other ways in favour of freedom of thought, action, and speech, so as to make himself feared —(or rather his opinions, for no one can fear himself)— by some of the society of his State in whom the idea of honour most wants rectifying: but, as he becomes more known to the true-hearted among his fellow-citizens, he will be regarded by them all with the pride and admiration, mixed with tender affection, which he inspires in those who have the honour and blessing of being his friends.

This gentleman is, or was, a Unitarian clergyman, and has sacrificed much to the cause of emancipation. It gives us a true picture of the state of public feeling, to find great merit in his having had the courage to pray in church for "the miserable, degraded, insulted slave, in chains of iron and chains of gold."

Considering that she does not profess the craft of a reviewer, and that the works of the first and most popular American writers have been long well known, Miss Martineau expresses her opinions with very great freedom indeed, and with what some may regard presumption. In the first place, "the American nation, if judged by its literature, has no mind at all." A few exceptions are found among, we presume, her personal acquaintances. Miss Sedgwick receives her due, and so does Bryant, and in him, after the lament and the prophecy, it is amusing to hear, "America *has a poet*." A few tale-writers, whose names have seldom been heard of, are praised, and those esteemed in Europe are very summarily dismissed. Miss Martineau does not suppose Washington Irving so unreasonable as to imagine he has done anything remarkable. "If any of his works live, it will be his 'Columbus;' and the later of his works will be the first forgotten." This is pithy and epigrammatic. "*Cooper has a very puny vitality.*" Miss Martineau opines that the author of "The Pioneers" and "The Pilot," and of many an animated page, knows not how "to present human life." More wonderful still, "his female characters are far from human." There is nothing like a good, sweeping, general condemnation. Periodical literature, it would seem, is at as low an ebb in America as the newspaper press. Both are the worst possible of their kind; but a sort of indirect prospectus of a work, under the editorship of Dr Follen, gives promise of what Miss Martineau styles "the best education in the art of free and distinct utterance."

Of English writers, Hannah More is the greatest favourite in America. It is asserted that "she is much better known than Shakspeare." We should doubt this as an universal fact. It may hold of what calls itself, by eminence, the religious world. "Scott is idolized, and so is Miss Edgeworth; but no one is so much read as Mr Bulwer." This may be quite true, and for the simplest of all reasons—Bulwer is fresh, and the others have been read long ago. Mrs Jameson is another favourite, from her "Characteristics of Women;" and so is Mrs Hemans, though at a considerable distance. Now, we had understood that Mrs Hemans was the first-rate favourite of America. With these facts before us, it is unaccountable, it is inexplicable, that the admirers of Hannah More and Mrs Jameson, and Mr Bulwer and Mrs Hemans, should have been smitten with a sudden admiration of their very antipodes.

Mr Carlyle's remarkable work, "Sartor Resartus," issued piecemeal through "Fraser's Magazine," has been republished in America, and is exerting an influence proportioned to the genuineness of the admiration it has excited. Perhaps this is the first instance of the Americans having taken to their hearts an English work which came to them anonymously, unsanctioned by any recommendation, and even absolutely neglected at home. The book is acting upon them with wonderful force. It has regenerated the preaching of more than one of the clergy; and, I have reason to believe, the minds and lives of several of the laity.

We are, however, glad to hear it; and that a work which has as yet found only "fit audience, though few," in Britain, has become so popular and influensive in America.—A long section of the work is devoted to the state of religion, and its administration in America; in which the author is far more successful in shewing what religion is not, than what it is. No sect satisfies her, and the pastors are further astray than their flocks. In few words, Miss Martineau wholly disapproves the principle of any order of men being set apart for priests. It is her opinion, that "the exclusively clerical are the worst enemies of Christianity, except the vicious." "No man," she says, "will be a priest in those days to come, when every man will be a worshipper." Although the Quakers find no more grace in her eyes than Presbyterians, Methodists, and all other sects, including the Unitarians, to which she states that she belongs, she holds their tenet of no class usurping the spiritual guidance of their fellow-worshipers. Theology she would place upon the same footing as any other science. It is, at present, very imperfectly studied in the United States; so great is the demand for preachers throughout the Union. The Catholics, who, under the force of virulent persecution and other causes, are rapidly increasing, especially in the south, have shortened the period of study to meet the demand for priests. Many enlightened and religious persons in America, according to Miss Martineau, think that now is the time when the "dogmatical system" of theological training might, with advantage, be broken up, and that all who feel and can speak religiously, should be permitted to minister to their brethren. Miss Martineau herself thinks that—

There is no near prospect of the clergy having such faith [in the religion they profess as to leave it to the

administration of Him who sent it, free from their pernicious and arrogant protection.

. . . . . .

Meantime, the religious world is in one aspect like an inquisition; in another, like a Babel. The religious world: not by any means the intercourse of all religious persons. Some of the most religious persons are quite out of the religious world; voluntarily retreating from it, that they may retain their reverence; or driven from it, because they are faithful to convictions which are prescribed to them only by God, without the sanction of man.

Is it thus that religion should be followed and professed in a democratic republic? Does it carry with it any dispensation from democratic principles? any authority for despotism in this one particular? any denial of human equality? any sanction of human authority over reason and conscience? Is it not rather "the root of all democracy; the highest fact in the Rights of Man? America has left it to the Old World to fortify Christianity by establishments, and has triumphantly shewn that a great nation may be trusted to its religious instincts to provide for its religious wants. In order to the complete following out of her principles, she must leave religious speculation and pursuit of knowledge and peace as open as any other; and beware of making the ascertainments of science an occasion for the oppression of a single individual in fortune, name, or natural inheritance of spiritual liberty.

She considers that the religious periodicals of America afford no fair view of the state of religion, because they are entirely in the hands of the clergy, "who are, in no country, fair representatives of the religion of the people. These periodicals," she adds, "are almost, without exception, so far as my knowledge of them goes, extremely bad. . . . . Arrogance and uncharitableness, cant, exclusiveness, and an utter absence of sympathy with human interests and affections, generally render this class of publications as distasteful as the corresponding organs of religious bodies in the Old World."

However perverted and misdirected the sentiment may often be, there is no decay of religious feeling in America. It breaks forth in endless ways; its wildest extravagance at camp-meetings and revivals proving its exuberant vitality. Churches, and funds for their support, are abundant; ministers alone are wanting. A tabular view of the number of ministers and congregations, given among much more valuable statistical information, by Mr Grund, exhibits this great want of ministers. The Presbyterians have nearly twice as many congregations as pastors: the Universalists the same, and also the Calvinistic Baptists, which last is by far the largest sect in the United States. It has 5888 congregations, and 3110 ministers. This table, which is not given as complete, makes the total number of clergymen in the United States, 12,127; of churches, 15,477; and the number of communicants, 1,723,222. Out of the entire population, including slaves, children, and Quakers, and those sects which do not take the communion, there are five communicants out of every thirty-nine souls. There is a church for every 840 persons, and a clergyman for every 1100. Mr Grund entertains a more favourable opinion of the clergy generally than Miss Martineau. He thinks that the free or voluntary system ties them down to their duty, and compels activity. She, on the contrary, says, that not a few pastors in the north "grow more sleek than they ever were saintly, and go through two safe and quiet preachments on Sundays as the price of their week-day ease." Not a few clergymen in the south, who began poor and honest, obtain by marriage the means of becoming planters, and, of course, the holders of slaves. Of all the timid slaves to that tyranny of opinion which she considers the dominant evil of American society, the clergy are the most grovelling. As a class they are described as the least morally independent, the most timid and backward. "They are the least informed with true knowledge—the least efficient in virtuous action." "Abolition" is the Shibboleth of Miss Martineau; and, as a body, the clergy have not yet begun to stir in it, while many of them are as fiercely hostile to the Abolitionists as the slave-holders themselves. According to Mr Abdy, Channing discovered anything rather than promptitude in this matter, or even decision of opinion. But he has since stirred with good effect.

The speculations on the tendencies of religion in America, in which Miss Martineau has indulged, have at least the merit of boldness. Whoever may, she does not truckle to opinion, nor conceal what she believes truth. She has no fears for Christianity—nor have we. How, indeed, is it possible to imagine that a highly civilized and instructed people, to whom the pure doctrines of the gospel have once been made familiar by individual research, can fail to appreciate them? But she sees, with many, an end to the reign of "spiritual persons," as a class hired to minister. There is nothing startling in this; the doctrines of Milton, and of many enlightened and religious minds, are merely repeated.

Miss Martineau sums up very favourably for America; yet we are constrained to believe that she has experienced disappointment in finding the New World so essentially the same as the Old World, and so vast a discrepancy between democratic institutions and their anticipated results. In discussing the state of parties, she makes the following mortifying admission.

The great theory presumes that the majority not only will the best measures, but choose the best men. This is far from being true in practice. In no respect, perhaps, are the people more behind their theory than in this. The noble set of public servants with which the people were blessed in their revolutionary period, seems to have inspired them at first with a somewhat romantic faith in men who profess strong attachment to whatever has been erected into a glory of the nation; and, from that time to this, the federal party has, from causes which will be hereafter explained, furnished a far superior set of men to the public service than the democratic party. I found this fact almost universally admitted by the wisest adherents of democracy; and out of it has arisen the mournful question, whether an honest man with false political principles be not more dangerous as a ruler than an unscrupulous man with true political principles. I have heard the case put thus:—"There is not yet a sufficiency of real friends of the people willing to be their servants. They must take either a somewhat better set of men whose politics they disapprove, or a somewhat

worse set of men, to make tools of. They take the tools, use them, and throw them away."

We have hitherto noticed what is most important in Miss Martineau's work, and omitted the variety of entertainment afforded, by long extracts from her diary, while travelling in the western States, by the lakes, and in other situations. Descriptions of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and of the Falls of Niagara, are to us less attractive than her in-door domestic sketches; nor does a fashionable watering-place in Virginia differ so much from the vulgar resorts of England, as to present much character or novelty. In preference, we select this engaging sketch of a summer retreat, in a New England farm-house.

Nothing can be quieter or more refreshing, after a winter's visiting at Boston or New York, than such an abode in a country village as I made trial of last May. The weeks slipped away only too fast. Dr and Mrs F., their little boy, six years old, and myself, were fortunate enough to prevail with a farmer's widow at Stockbridge, Massachussetts, to take us into her house. The house was conspicuous from almost every part of the sweet valley into which it looked; the valley of the Housatonic. It was at the top of a steep hill; a sort of air palace. From our parlour windows we could see all that went on in the village; and I often found it difficult to take off my attention from this kind of spying. It was tempting to trace the horseman's progress along the road, which wound among the meadows and over the bridge. It was tempting to watch the neighbours going in and out, and the children playing in the courts, or under the tall elms; all the people looking as small and busy as ants upon a hillock. On week-days there was the ox-team in the field; and on Sundays the gathering at the church door. The larger of the two churches stood in the middle of a green, with stalls behind it for the horses and vehicles which brought the church-goers from a distance. It was a pretty sight to see them converging from every point in the valley, so that the scene was all alive; and then disappear for the space of an hour and a half, as if an earthquake had swallowed up all life; and then pour out from the church door, and, after grouping on the green for a few minutes, betake themselves homewards. Monument Mountain reared itself opposite to us, with its thick woods, and here and there a grey crag protruding. Other mountains closed in the valley, one of which treated us for some nights with the spectacle of a spreading fire in its woods. From the bases of these hills, up to our very door-step, there was one bright carpet of green. Everything—houses, trees, churches—were planted down into this green; so that there was no interruption but the one road, and the blue, mazy Housatonic. The softness of the scene, early in a May morning, or when the sun was withdrawing, could not be surpassed by anything seen under a Greek or Italian sky. Sometimes I could scarcely believe it real: it looked air-painted, cloud-moulded.

It was as a favour that the Widow Jones took us in. She does not let lodgings. She opened her house to us, and made us a part of her family. Two of her daughters were at home, and a married son lived at hand. We had a parlour, with three windows, commanding different views of the valley: two good-sized chambers, conveniently furnished, and a large closet between; our board with the family, and every convenience that could be provided: and all for two dollars per week each, and half price for the child. She was advised to ask more, but she refused, as she did not wish to be "grasping." It was a merry afternoon when we followed the waggon up the hill to our new abode, and unpacked, and settled ourselves for our long-expected month of May. Never was unpacking a pleasanter task.

The blossomy cherry-tree beside my chamber window was the first object I saw in the morning when I threw up the sash; and beneath it was a broad fallow, over which the blue jay flitted. By this window there was an easy-chair and a light table, a most luxurious arrangement for reading. We breakfasted at half-past seven on excellent bread, potatoes, hung beef, eggs, and strong tea. We admitted no visiters during the forenoon, as our theory was that we were very busy people. Writing and reading did occupy much of our time; but it was surprising how much was left for the exercise of our tongues. Then there were visits to be made to the post-office, and the crockery store, and the cobbler; and Charley found occasion to burst in, a dozen times a-day, with a bunch of violets, or news of the horse or cow, or of the ride he had had, or of the oxen in the field.

We all dined together at two. One of the daughters absented herself at breakfast, that she might arrange our rooms; but both were present at dinner, dressed, and ready for their afternoon's occupation of working and reading. One was fond of flowers, and had learned a great deal about them. She was skilful in drying them, and could direct us to the places in the woods and meadows where they grew. Some members of the family, more literary than the rest, were gone westward; but there was a taste for books among them all. I often saw a volume on the table of the widow's parlour, with her spectacles in it. She told me, one day, of her satisfaction in her children, that they were given to good pursuits, and all received church members. All young people in these villages are more or less instructed. Schooling is considered a necessary of life.

In the afternoon we rambled abroad, if the weather was fine; if rainy, we lighted our wood fire, and pursued our employments of the morning, not uncheered by a parting gleam from the west; a bar of bright yellow sky above the hill tops, or a gush of golden light, burnishing the dewy valley at the last.

The American ladies do not practise walking; Miss Martineau, therefore, astonished the natives by her pedestrian feats. From this place she chose one afternoon to walk five miles to Lenox, while her friends went in a waggon.

The widow's son watched me along the road, and then remarked, "You will see no more of her till you get to Lenox. I would not walk off at that rate, if they gave me Lenox when I got there."

In the evenings, we made a descent upon the village, or the village came up to us. In the latter case, our hostess was always ready with a simple and graceful welcome, and her best endeavours to provide seats for our many friends. If we staid below till after nine, the family had gone to rest on our return. We had only to lift the latch, light our candles, and make our way to the milk-pans, if we were thirsty. For twenty-five years, the widow has lived on the top of her hill, with only a latch to her door. She sleeps undefended, for she has no enemies; and in her village there are no thieves.

Life in the west is of a more romantic and picturesque cast; and it is thus prettily painted:—

I staid for some weeks in the house of a wealthy landowner in Kentucky. Our days were passed in great luxury; and some of the hottest of them very idly. The house was in the midst of grounds, gay with verdure and flowers, in the opening month of June; and our favourite seats were the steps of the hall, and chairs under the trees. From thence we could watch the play of the children on the grass-plat, and some of the dreleries of the little negroes. The red bird and the blue bird flew close by; and the black and white woodpecker with crimson head, tapped at all the tree-trunks, as if we were no interruption. We relished the table fare, after that with which we had been obliged to content ourselves on board the steam-boats. The tender meat, fresh vegetables, good claret and champagne, with the daily piles of strawberries and towers of ice-cream, were welcome luxuries. There were thirty-three horses in the stables, and we roved about the neighbouring country accordingly. There was more literature at hand than

time to profit by it. Books could be had at home; but not the woods of Kentucky;—clear, sunny woods, with maple and sycamore springing up to a height which makes man feel dwarfish. The glades, with their turf so clean, every fallen leaf having been absorbed, reminded me of Ivanhoe. I almost looked for Gurth in my rambles. All this was, not many years ago, one vast canebrake, with a multitude of buffalo and deer: the pea-vine spreading everywhere, and the fertility far greater than even now.

Here Miss Martineau took a lesson in rifle shooting, and saw a buffalo, and went a bee-hunting. From the new city of Columbus she and her party went to Montgomery, passing through the Creek territory. At different places she saw Indians; but they must all have been the corrupted and degraded creatures, hovering between death and life on the frontier, and not the Red man of the primeval forest. Here is another mode of life.

Our friends, now residing seven miles from Montgomery, were from South Carolina: and the lady, at least, does not relish living in Alabama. It was delightful to me to be a guest in such an abode as theirs. They were about to build a good house: meantime, they were in one which I liked exceedingly: a log-house, with the usual open passage in the middle. Roses and honeysuckles, to which humming-birds resort, grew before the door. Abundance of books, and handsome furniture and plate, were within the house, while daylight was to be seen through its walls. In my well-furnished chamber, I could see the stars through the chinks between the logs. During the summer, I should be sorry to change this primitive kind of abode for a better.

It is not difficult to procure the necessaries and comforts of life. Most articles of food are provided on the plantation. Wine and groceries are obtained from Mobile or New Orleans; and clothing and furniture from the north. Tea is twenty shillings English per lb.; brown sugar, threepence-halfpenny; white sugar, sixpence-halfpenny. A gentlemen's family, where there are children to be educated, cannot live for less than from seven hundred pounds to one thousand per annum. The sons take land and buy slaves very early; and the daughters marry almost in childhood; so that education is less thought of, and sooner ended, than in almost any part of the world. The pioneers of civilization, as the settlers in these new districts may be regarded, care for other things more than for education, or they would not come.

The wives of the planters may truly be termed the slaves of the slaves. Attention to their wants, which is an important department of the economy of the estate, occupies much of the time of the ladies, and is a bitter source of anxiety and trouble.

From a picture of the Michigan and the other northern lakes, which occupies a great breadth of canvass, we have derived entertainment, though not much information. In a sailing vessel on the Lakes, Miss Martineau, for the first time in America, found bad manners prevalent; but her transatlantic friends were as much taken by surprise as herself.

This is the newest city which Miss Martineau appears to have seen. It is a picture wholly American.

While Dr F. went on shore, to see what was to be seen, we had the cabin cleaned out, and took, once more, complete possession of it, for both day and night. As soon as this was done, seven young women came down the companion-way, seated themselves round the cabin, and began to question us. They were the total female population of Milwaukee; which settlement now contains four hundred souls. We were glad to see these ladies; for it was natural enough that the seven women should wish to behold two more, when such a chance offered. A gentleman of the place, who came on board this afternoon, told me that a printing-press had arrived a few hours before, and that a newspaper would speedily appear. He was kind enough to forward the first number to me a few weeks afterwards; and I was amused to see how pathetic an appeal to the ladies of more thickly-settled districts it contained; imploring them to cast a favourable eye on Milwaukee, and its hundreds of bachelors. Milwaukee had been settled since the preceding November. It had good stores; (to judge by the nature and quantity of goods sent ashore from our ship;) it had a printing-press and newspaper, before the settlers had had time to get wives. I heard these new settlements sometimes called "patriarchal;" but what would the patriarchs have said to such an order of affairs?

Dr F. returned from the town with apple-pies, cheese, and ale, wherewith to diversify our ship diet. With him arrived such a number of the towns-people, that the steward wanted to turn us out of our room once more; but we were sturdy, appealed to the captain, and were confirmed in possession. From this time began the delights of our voyage. The moon, with her long trail of glory, was magnificent to-night; the vast body of waters on which she shone being as calm as if the winds were dead.

In conclusion, those who desire to add to their knowledge of American society, ought to read both these works. It is even proper to hear whatever can be said in favour of slavery by the most eloquent of the advocates of the planters. Mr Grund's strongest argument is the inferiority of every race to the whites. The negroes he places at the very bottom of the human scale. The necessity of maintaining an abominable and iniquitous system, so completely interwoven with American society as to be in his opinion essential to its existence, is, however, his ostensible reason. In the acquisition of Texas, he perceives a strengthening of the southern division of the States, and greater security to the Federal Union, lately threatened by the domination of the north, and the consequent continuation of that "necessary evil," slavery. Could we take one decided step with Mr Grund, and once thoroughly believe in the intellectual and physical inferiority of the race, an opinion entertained by many enemies of slavery, we should participate in his horrors at the idea of the possible amalgamation by marriage. He believes amalgamation impossible, and deprecates it as the worst of evils to the superior race. He says—

Any attempt to raise the condition of the negroes in this manner, would not only not benefit the individuals who might be selected for the experiment, but be the absolute signal for the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes against society. It would undermine every principle of morality, and destroy the very foundation of society, without advancing the cause of the negroes. I consider the doctrine of amalgamation as abominable and brutal as the first introduction of slavery; and the injury which would be sustained from it, by the white race, infinitely greater than that which was inflicted upon the Africans by exporting them from their country as slaves.

The Americans are indeed in a very singular predicament. Their position, opposed to the rest of the civilized world, is most perplexing and unjust. No nation proposes to take charge of the civilization of the Africans; but the Americans are called upon to emancipate and educate their slaves, and to raise them to an equality with themselves. Their institutions are purely democratic, and the execution of the laws entrusted to the voluntary submission of

the people who enacted them; yet several millions of another race are to be let loose amongst them, and entrusted with that voluntary submission. Their institutions, it is believed, would not be adapted to any other state of society, yet they are to invite two and a half millions of negroes to participate in its advantages. And all this they are charged to do for the sake of humanity, without inquiring whether that race is capable of enjoying those privileges, or even made happier by their acquisition. And what have the Americans done that justifies such a demand? They have continued the institution of slavery, introduced by another government, of which their forefathers availed themselves before its moral injustice was established; and which their sons have since been labouring to shake off, without finding the adequate means. In the northern States, where it could be abandoned, it was done; but the south is obliged to pause, lest by an awful retribution of justice they should themselves become the victims of their slaves.

> This even is the curse of evil deeds,
> That, ever propagating, they engender evil.

The transportation of the slaves to Africa he considers a safe and just, but impracticable remedy. During twelve years, two thousand five hundred negroes were sent to Liberia, and seven hundred thousand were born in America! Colonization is a drop in the bucket—no more adequate to the remedy of the existing evil than the proposed emigration from Ireland, to the relief of Irish misery. Besides, the blacks, whether free or slaves, are naturally unwilling to leave their fatherland. Mr Grund strips the emancipationists of the north of some of their pretended merit.

The northern states, in emancipating their negroes, shut but the doors on unprofitable servants, without fearing their entering by force. They were too strong within, and their enemies too feeble without, to give the negroes a chance of success. Their former masters may now see them die in the streets, and behold them writhing with despair; and yet not fear their revenge. It is not so with the southern planter: he cannot abandon his negroes and expose them to want, without dreading the awful consequences. He cannot with impunity make a friendly race his enemies, and mock them with the title of freemen.

Mr Grund uniformly argues as if the negroes, in their debased and wretched condition, exhibited the fullest developement of intellect of which they are capable. This is insulting as well as unfair. His description of the ease, gaiety, and comfort in which the negroes live in the south, under the *protection*—gentle word!—of their white lords, is darkly contrasted by the shadings of Miss Martineau, and, above all, by the damning facts of Stuart and Abdy. With all this, Mr Grund is a decided democrat. He denies that the spirit of aristocracy exists in the United States, or ever can exist. He recognises the spirit of family; but avers—

Aristocracy, in America, must first be created, before it can exercise its influence; but all the institutions of the country are totally opposed to its birth.

Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear Americans themselves aver that "there is a great deal of aristocracy in their country, of which Europeans generally are entirely unaware." Now I have remained nearly fifteen years in the United States; but I have never been able to discover this aristocracy; nor its trappings, power, influence or worshippers. I have, assuredly, known a variety of fashionable coteries—at least what in America would be called fashionable;—composed of highly respectable merchants, literary and professional men, politicians and others, who, it was evident, considered themselves the nobility and gentry of the land; but they never had the courage of avowing their sentiments and pretensions in public; and have, of late, been as much excluded from the government of the country, as they avoided being confounded with the rest of their fellow-citizens. On the other hand, I have had an opportunity of observing a class of society, again composed of highly respectable merchants, literary and professional men, politicians and others, who never exhibited the least symptom of imaginary superiority over their countrymen; but always acknowledged themselves to be public servants, paid and provided for by the people; and who, in fact, possessed considerable more power and influence than their aristocratic neighbours with the exclusive sentiments. One party was always dreaming of influence and distinction; the other actually possessed them. This is all the difference I have ever known between the aristocracy and democracy of America.

Universal suffrage has been decried as leading to anarchy, and thence to despotism. General Jackson had already been represented as the future dictator of the republic. How have these predictions been verified? The democratic party have developed more union and strength than any previous one in power. . .

Democratic institutions, as they exist in America, are without a precedent in history. The ancients never dreamt of a government similar to that of the United States; and its very existence was precluded by the ignorance of the masses, and the absence of a periodical press. Never, before, have the people at large participated in, or assumed, the government of a state. All the arguments in the world in favour or against democracy must, therefore, remain conjectures till time shall have solved the problem. The question, in America, is no longer, *whether democracy is to be established*; but *whether it is to be changed*. It exists there already, and cannot be abolished without a most dangerous and violent revolution. The Tories are the Revolutionists in America; the Democrats are the Conservatives, and adhere to the government.

To speculative Republicans in Europe, this is convincing and highly satisfactory. Indeed, there is so much that is liberal, rational, and progressive in Mr Grund's general opinions, that we the more regret his slavery heresy, or rather that he cannot see the practicability of emancipation. His work, the publication of which we announced some months back, with a hope of being able to notice it at greater length, is especially worthy of the attention of emigrants, whether continental or from the British islands. He describes America, its institutions, and the tendencies of its society: Miss Martineau expatiates upon these topics; and, as we have seen, with occasional severity. Her last words are not so cheering as her first—"THE CIVILIZATION AND THE MORALS OF THE AMERICANS FALL FAR BELOW THEIR OWN PRINCIPLES."

PASSAGES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED NOVEL OF "TERRY-ALT."

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

[In the sketch of Terry-Alt Tactics, published in our May Number, it must have been evident to the reader, that Major Fortescue and his sons were influenced by private motives, distinct from the considerations of political prejudice and magisterial duty. Therefore, ere we detail the movements of the Hurlers subsequent to the onslaught, it will be expedient to narrate events which had previously occurred; whereby a picture may be exhibited to the reader, not resident in Ireland, of the scenes that have been enacted in that unhappy country, during the LOCAL DISTURBANCES by which its peace has been distracted—scenes more vivid in *reality* than *imagination* could depict, and over which it may be feared the curtain has not yet been drawn.]

CHAPTER I.

PERCHED on the box-seat of the Galway stage from Dublin, a young man, of about twenty years of age, appeared to be intently examining the antiquated and still formidable castle in the town of Shannon Bridge; a position celebrated during the wars of James II. and William of Orange—under the *distinct* auspices of whom we enter on our story.

By the sudden stopping of the stage at the door of the chief hostelry, our young lover of the antique was nearly thrown from his centre of gravity; and, while he was endeavouring to recover his balance, a burst of joyous laughter reached his ear. Looking down, he beheld his friend Gerald Fortescue and a companion, indulging their merriment at his expense.

Who was Gerald Fortescue, thus unceremoniously introduced?—who his companion?—and who the object of their laughter? In Parliamentary phraseology, we beg permission to *explain*.

The system of the Dublin University, differing from those of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in allowing a student to obtain his degree by answering a certain number of examinations, without compelling him to reside throughout the terms; it follows that young men, dwelling in the western parts of England, or in the midland counties, find it more convenient to enter their names on the books of Queen Elizabeth's University than on those of either of the "Twin Sisters."

At the period, however, of the occurrences hereafter to be related, the number of the young Englishmen entered as students in Trinity College, Dublin, was much more confined than it has subsequently been; the advantages being then less generally known, and the course of studies very complex, and consequently difficult.

Of this number was Henry Burton, the son of a private gentleman in one of the midland counties of England. Destined for the bar, it was supposed that the time not devoted by him to his collegiate studies might be more profitably employed in the society of his father—a man of extensive reading and considerable knowledge of the world—than in the dissipation of an English university. Accordingly, for the three first years of his college course, he visited the Dublin University—preferred for the reason assigned above—only for a few days in every quarter, to attend the examinations; but, in his senior sophister year, being desirous to graduate with credit, he rented chambers for the purpose of applying solely to his studies, and bade adieu to his parental roof, till the commencements in the following year.

Among the number of his fellow-students with whom, by this change in his college life, young Burton became more intimately acquainted, there was one in particular to whom he had found some opportunities of doing service.

Gerald Fortescue was the eldest of a large family of sons and daughters. His parents were connected with statesmen and prelates; and it was, therefore, expected that the younger brothers would be provided for, either in the Church or by transplanting them to offices under government. For the education of the sons, a resident tutor had been engaged; and the eldest born of the family was the first specimen of the pedagogue's abilities that was transmitted to *Alma Mater*.

Like young Burton, Gerald Fortescue had taken advantage of the regulations of the university, by residing at home during the terms; and also, after the manner of the English student, he found it more expedient to become a resident within the college during his senior sophister year.

Hitherto, he had experienced much difficulty in saving a sufficient number of terms to avoid the necessity of "dropping a class"—that is, of losing a year in his college course; for the distractions of a country life in Ireland present a considerable obstacle to the pursuits of literature and science.

The *non-resident* student, after he has *saved* his term, returns to the vacancy of a country life—that is, a moral vacancy—occupied, indeed, in hunting, and fishing, and shooting; and, when the mother's eye is not watchful, beating the covers for other game than partridges. If a large river or a lake lie in the vicinity, there is an additional inducement for abandoning the dry study of the college course, by the practice of fresh-water navigation; and thus the time steals on insensibly, until the approach of another examination, when dogs, and guns, and boats, and fishing-tackle must be relinquished, by a desperate effort of self-privation, and the attention brought to bear, if possible, on abstruse science and ancient literature. In this, however, success is not always to be attained; and it sometimes happens that the young student travels up to town at the appointed time, to obtain no other

trophy of his expedition than Lord Antrum's premium*—that is, a *caution*.

As Gerald Fortescue was not gifted with either talent or application, and more particularly as his attention had been diverted from his studies by events producing strong excitement—which will be explained in the following pages—it was after many hair-breadth escapes that he arrived, without the *Antrum honour*, at the fourth or senior sophister year of his college course. There, however, his good fortune would have abandoned him—the mass of studies having accumulated—had not his class-fellow, the young Englishman, volunteered his aid, and, by taking the young squire into training a few days previous to each examination, prepared him sufficiently to save his distance.

Thus the intimacy between the class-fellows had increased during several succeeding terms; and, consequently, on the approach of the long vacation, Gerald Fortescue invited the English student to pass some portion of the holidays with him at his father's residence on the banks of *Lough Ree*.

The invitation was accepted—the more readily because Henry Burton was particularly desirous to become acquainted with the manners of the Irish in the interior of the island; for, having heard so many contradictory reports of the conduct of the peasantry, both political and moral, he was glad of an opportunity that might enable him to form a judgment for himself. It was not, however, until the month of September that he found sufficient leisure to bid adieu for a time to his rooms in Botany Bay.†

CHAPTER II.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Gerald Fortescue, as Burton descended from the box seat. "Look at the Englishman trying to learn whether Shannon Bridge is peopled by Yahoos or Brobdingnagians, without regarding two good fellows who have been waiting here this half hour to bid him welcome!"

Burton alighted as the word "welcome" was pronounced; and found, at the instant, that the action was suited to the word, for both his hands were in the friendly grasp of the young squire.

"By Jove! I am glad to see you, Burton," said the latter—"and so, I'll answer for him, is my brother Arthur, whom I beg to introduce to you. He will tell you that we have prepared *fireworks* at home, to celebrate your arrival."

While the Englishman returned, in a calmer fashion, the Irish greeting with which he was received, he observed that a man, whose appearance was indefinite—seemingly half domestic, half peasant—turned away abruptly from behind the young men, with a marked expression of impatience. His manner was so peculiar, that Burton almost instinctively demanded—"Who is that man?"

"What! he of the one eye?" said Arthur Fortescue. "That's one of our cottiers, of whose skill as a charioteer we avail ourselves when our more regular domestic cannot be spared. Watty Cox, our footman, coachman, and butler, is preparing to do honour to your arrival; so Danny Kiernan, the one-eyed gentleman, has been summoned to supply his place. But come, you have not dined. We have ordered dinner, to get a good word from the landlady."

The party entered a private room, where a table was already laid for dinner. Burton would willingly have stretched his travel-tired limbs upon a sofa which occupied the upper end of the apartment, were it not already in the possession of a formidable array of fire-arms, that seemed to forbid invasion. The stories with which Gerald Fortescue had frequently entertained him, in their College rooms, of the proceedings of the Terry-Alts and Carders, were brought immediately to his recollection by this display of warlike preparation. He, therefore, was not surprised when the younger brother observed—

"You see, Mr Burton, that we never venture abroad without a good supply of powder and shot, in case of need. It is not always a partridge or a hare that crosses our path unexpectedly, in this quarter of the country. We sometimes run the hazard of becoming the sport of others; and nothing but the general belief among the peasantry that none of our family go from home unarmed, could have protected us so long from assassination."

"Assassination!"

"Even so. My father has been most active as a magistrate against the disaffected; and, therefore, the most diabolical threats have been frequently pronounced against himself and all belonging to him."

"Are they bold enough to utter threats?"

"Not openly; but he receives, among his letters on the breakfast table, notices, written in *blood*, calling on him to desist from his magisterial duties, and warning him of the consequences of his zeal."

"Then, surely, you can trace the authors of such notices?"

"Impossible. When we inquire from the servants how such papers were received, we never obtain a satisfactory explanation."

"Why not discharge such domestics, and get others?"

"Gerald, who is so profitably employed there with his black bottles—for he seldom lets a waiter decant the wine—he would tell you, in his College jargon, that *that* would be falling from Scylla into Charybidis. In fact, such a proceeding would never answer; for, although we *know* that every domestic in our house is *sworn*—that is, bound by oath to the most implicit obedience to the secret orders of the Terry-Alts—yet we prefer retaining those whose attachment and gratitude may neutralize the ferocity of bigotry and disaffection, rather than engaging strangers, who, perhaps, would only gain admission to our hearths one day, for the purpose of admitting a lawless

* *Antrum*, the Latin for a *cave*. *Cave*, (beware,) supposed to be addressed to men not considered entitled to the term.

† A square, so called, in the Dublin University.

band to our massacre the next. In any other country than Ireland, it would appear an act of folly or insanity to ride or drive about in the daytime armed with gun and pistol. But so far is this system of defence necessary here, and more particularly in *our* family, that we cannot pass from one apartment to another without conveying our fire-arms at the same time. When we enter the dining-room we bring them with us, piling them at a distance from the door; when we pass thence to the drawing-room, the same precaution is adopted; and from this system one salutary result follows, that, as our domestics are in constant observation of our movements, they know it would be impossible for those with whom they are confederated to surprise us. If, then, they are not attached enough to give us warning of an attempt upon our lives —which, indeed, they dare not do, in violation of their oaths—they are acute enough to feel assured that, whatever might be the ultimate success of such an attempt, the most daring of the aggressors would meet with certain death."

Here the speaker was interrupted by the presence of the waiter bringing in the dinner.

"You have given Burton a most luminous exposition, Arthur, of the *agreeable* life we have invited him to share with us," said the elder brother, seating himself at the table. "Come, let us see what our landlady has provided for us. There, my boys, what say you to that salmon? We have capital fish, Burton, in this little stream of ours. Shannon Bridge, you know, is famous for its eels; and our lake abounds with pike, and trout, and perch, which will afford us good sport in our boating expeditions."

"To be candid with you," replied Burton, "I find more amusement in eating your river fish than in catching it. I have not patience to become an angler."

"By Jove, Gerald, I *will bet you anything* that Mr Burton takes after Mr Lowe, who, you remember, used to sit in the stern of the boat, with his fishing-rod in one hand and a book in the other. How we used to laugh at him, until he thrashed us into good behaviour! Lowe was our late tutor, Mr Burton—a good fellow, after all. We will tell you more of him another time. Let me take a glass of wine with you!"

"Come, Arthur, there are only three of us; you are not going to leave me out of the fraternity."

As the young men drank to each other, the door was abruptly opened, and Kiernan, of the one eye, entered.

"What do you want, Danny?" asked the elder brother. "Have you had your dinner?"

"I have, yarr Honnur, an' thank you. Bud I was thinkin' as how it would be as will to start afore the sun goes down; for you know, Masthur Girald, we have a long way to dhrive, and up hill into the bargain. Will I put the baste to the dog-cart?"

"Not yet, Danny, my man; we have not had our wine. Tell the landlady to give you a glass of punch, and keep yourself cool and comfortable until we send for you."

"As fur the whishky, I'm behoulden to yurr Honnur for that same; bud you know, sir, the mare tuck up a nail on the road, an', unless we start airly, mayhap we'll get back late."

"Go, go, Danny—we shall be time enough for supper."

"Well, you know best, to be sure, Masthurr Gerald; bud the road's a *bad* road, anyhow."

Saying this, Kiernan left the room, evidently dissatisfied at the delay.

"Gerald, I think that Danny is in the right," said the younger Fortescue. "We have seven miles of road, Mr Burton, made difficult by several steep and tedious hills."

"Pooh! pooh, Arthur!—it is not eight o'clock; let us finish our wine, and we shall reach home before the warder makes his round."

"What! do you keep watch and ward?" asked Burton.

"As there are four of us old enough to perform garrison duty," replied Arthur Fortescue, "we take it in turn to accompany a policeman, who sleeps in the house, in his inspection of the premises at nightfall; and, having seen that all the doors and windows are properly barricaded, and the domestics assembled in the servants' hall, the warder, as we call him, on duty, brings the keys and lays them on the supper-table, near my father's chair. In the winter, our duty commences at an earlier hour. Doors and windows are barricaded before we sit down to dinner; and the policeman takes his station so as to observe the motions of the servants. Our cook we know to be disaffected; and, as she has latterly seemed to increase in her fair proportions, we suspect that, if her bachelor were to promise to make an honest woman of her, she might be easily induced to play us false."

"You give a most frightful picture of the morals of your peasantry. Does not the priest exert his influence to instil into their minds sentiments of gratitude towards their employers?"

"I know nothing of the conduct of priests in the other parts of the country; but he of our parish, Father Mike, as we call him, is not one of those divines of whom the Popish hierarchy may be proud. You will see something, perhaps, of Father M'Caul during your stay with us. Were I to give you my opinion of him, you might pronounce me to be uncharitable."

"I should not accuse you," replied the young Englishman, "of any voluntary want of charity; but permit me to observe, that I fear the *prejudice of the Protestants* in the disturbed districts of this unhappy country equals the bigotry of the Papists; and I very much suspect that the deadly enmity entertained by the oppressed is excited by the unconciliating illiberality of the oppressors."

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it, brother," observed the elder brother, with good humour. "I told you that you might prepare for many a tough debate with Burton. Many a time and oft have I been called to order by him in our

college rooms, when I have only been repeating the sentiments that we hear every day from my father, and uncle Chateaufort, and the Sankeys. But now you are both of you well matched, and I expect much amusement from your political encounters."

"What! again, Danny!"

"*Does* your Honnur intind to sturr this blissid night? I tell yez oncet fur all, Masthur Girald, it is time fur us to be movin."

"Well, Danny, bring round the dog-cart, and put Mr Burton's portmanteau into it."

"Danny seems particularly impatient at our delay, Gerald. Is there anything wrong in the wind, think you?"

"Bah!" replied the brother; "you are always *croaking*."

"Well, mark my words, Gerald!—there *is* something which makes Danny uneasy. I observed in his manner a mixture of anxiety and constraint."

"*Nous verrons*," said the other, using one of the few French phrases with which, as he laughingly observed, he "was accustomed to *puzzle the natives*."

Many a man has acquired the reputation of a linguist with claims not much better founded.

The waiter appeared to say, that the dog-cart was ready. The fire-arms being then conveyed into the vehicle, the party mounted—Gerald Fortescue taking the reins, and inviting Burton to sit beside him, while, on a back bench, were seated Arthur Fortescue and he of the one eye.

CHAPTER III.

The party proceeded from the town at a rapid pace; Gerald Fortescue encouraging the mare by calling her his "beauty," or enjoying an occasional jest directed against his brother, who seemed thoughtful and uneasy—at one time appearing to reconnoitre the road, as if he expected danger, and at another time looking searchingly on Kiernan's countenance, whose eye always fell beneath the scrutiny.

"That," said Arthur Fortescue, addressing Burton, and pointing to an old tree peculiarly situated on the roadside—"that used to be the haunt of a celebrated robber—a fellow whose adventures were of a most romantic kind. He was accustomed to lie in wait within the hollow of that tree, and watch for travellers approaching the town, whom he could observe as they descended from the brow of the hill before us. He had thus an opportunity of ascertaining their number, and whether it would be prudent to attack them. Do you think, Danny, that we shall meet with any companions like him on the road to-night?"

This question was evidently intended as a *feeler*.

"Not *so near the town*," was Kiernan's unsatisfactory reply.

Arthur Fortescue seemed anxious and ill at ease.

"There is no fear of meeting robbers, at all events," observed his brother. "Such fellows always know whom to attack. Go it, my beauty! That's a pet! We have nothing to lose but powder and shot!"

"An yurr arrums an yurr blued, Masthur Girald," said Kiernan, aiding the force of the expression with the most ominous tone, and shaking his shoulders, as a Frenchman would shrug up his in anticipation of some unpleasant occurrence.

The brothers made no reply. A silence ensued; during which each man seemed engaged with his own thoughts—those of the young Englishman not being of the most pleasing nature.

The lawless condition of the country had often been the theme of conversation and debate among his associates in college. The newspapers were daily filled with reports of outrage and conflagration; and, when Henry Burton declared his intention of visiting Westmeath, at that time reckoned among the most disturbed districts in Ireland, his acquaintances raised their hands and elevated their brows in amazement at his rashness. He believed, however, that a great majority of the reports respecting deeds of midnight atrocity, said to have been perpetrated by the peasantry, were either invented or exaggerated to advance party purposes, or to promote political designs, or even, occasionally, to fill up a vacant space in a newspaper.

When, however, he found himself exposed, as has been shewn, to the chance of becoming a participator, perhaps a victim, in those scenes of outrage and bloodshed, he felt as if prudence whispered to him, though too late for the warning to be of use, that he would have acted with more wisdom had he remained in his college chambers, preparing for the coming term. But it was too late for reflection. He found himself, as he augured from the manner of his companions, advancing headlong in the way of danger; but to return to Athlone would have been an act of equal cowardice and rudeness. He determined, therefore, to abide the issue.

The dog-cart soon arrived at the foot of the hill seen from the robber's lair. Gerald Fortescue pulled up, saying, as he looked steadfastly at Kiernan—

"We had better alight, Danny, and relieve the mare by walking."

"*You may* do that same," replied he of the one eye; "an' it would be just as will to take yurr goons wid you too—that will make the load on the baste the lighther."

The brothers again exchanged glances with each other, and alighted; taking the fire-arms with them, and handing Burton a carabine and a brace of pistols, provided, as they said, for his especial service.

The English student followed the example of his companions, by buckling a black belt about his waist, and sticking the pistols into it, and then proceeded in a line behind the dog-cart, driven now by Kiernan, who had resumed his office of charioteer.

Burton's attention was first directed from the train of foreboding thoughts that occupied his

mind, by hearing the brothers engaged in earnest conversation in a language that was unknown to him. He could not suppose it to be Irish, because Kiernan was within hearing, and yet appeared not conscious of the subject of their discourse. They seemed to understand each other perfectly; and, while their tones were deep as if from deliberation, their utterance was rapid from the excitement which they found it difficult to control. Burton felt ill at ease at not being a party to the consultation, and he began to be somewhat piqued at the idea of being a partaker in their perils without being likewise made a sharer in their confidence and counsels. But the apprehension of approaching danger soon removed from his mind all minor considerations.

At stated intervals along the hill they were ascending, deep recesses had been formed for the purpose of containing stones for the repair of the road. As the party approached one of these, Gerald Fortescue called to Kiernan, who was in advance—

"Danny, send your eye into that devil's punchbowl."

"An' iv I did, Masthur Girald, I should have to ax yurr Honnur to go fitch it back to me; furr you know the sorrow a stim can Dan Kiernan see wid its fellow. But all's right *there*, anyhow. It's too airly *yit*"—he dwelt upon this word—"furr the rovin' boys to be abroad."

"Had you not better, Gerald," said his brother, with a laugh, "when we come to the next recess, send a bullet *round the corner?*"

"My gun's not crooked enough for that feat, Arthur; I should have one *made for the purpose.*"

"An' mayhap, if you war to thry yoursilf, Masther Arthur, you might furr oncet be successful."

There was something in the *manner* in which Kiernan pronounced these words, unmeaning though they seemed to be, which made the brothers again exchange looks of mutual intelligence.

"It would be unwise to do so, Danny," said the elder—"we might cause alarm in Anna by the report."

"Och, the sorrow resave the danger of that at all, at all!" replied Kiernan, in a still more expressive tone.

The party were at this time within a short distance of another recess similar to the first they met.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Arthur Fortescue. "Danny, hold the mare by the head."

While the younger brother took aim for the purpose of *shooting round the corner*, Gerald stood ready to repel any attack from the spot at which Arthur's rifle was directed. But it was in vain that the latter pulled the trigger—the gun missed fire, and, upon examining the pan, it was discovered that the priming had been removed. This led Gerald Fortescue and Burton to make the same examination, and the same result followed. Kiernan, in the meantime, had gained the brow of the hill, and was awaiting the approach of the deliberating party.

"There's no immediate danger, at all events," said Gerald Fortescue—"we are now close to Anna, and there we can consider what is best to be done."

"Let us proceed, then," replied his brother, "and don't lose a word of what Kiernan shall further say to us."

From the summit of the hill where they remounted the dog-cart, an extensive prospect appeared in view, on which the shadows of the coming night were beginning to spread a veil. No time, however, was allowed Burton to pause and dwell upon the landscape; but the brothers pointed out to him the various features of the scene as the party wound rapidly along.

"To the right," said Arthur Fortescue, "lies the domain of Chateaufort, where our uncle, Lord Dunshannon, resides. Its woods are scarcely perceptible in the gloom that gathers over them, and the castle is completely concealed by the timber. Still farther to the right, about a mile in advance of us, is the domain of Laketown, the property of Mr Semple. There is good shooting in the preserves, and the grounds are beautifully diversified with hill, and woods, and water. To the left, as your eye may tell you, lies Lough Ree, spotted with islands. See! how the waters give us light, as they lie mirrored in calm repose!"

"I think I told you, Burton, that Arthur is a poet. Now, if we had not more serious work upon our hands, he could stand rooted to this spot, and descant in glowing phrase on that collection of waters, the greatest charm of which, in my mind, is, that it contains excellent fish for our sport, and a cool element to swim in.

Burton smiled at what he perceived to be the sentimental enthusiasm of the one brother, and what for some time he had known to be the good-natured simplicity of the other. Glad would he have been to have felt himself released from so urgent a necessity of hastening his progress, and to have paused to sympathise with Arthur Fortescue in the reflections which such a scene—hill and valley—wood and lake—might very naturally have tinged with the colouring of poetic feeling.

"And yet, Gerald," said Arthur Fortescue, "it was not owing, I am sure, to any fault in Mr Lowe that you did not acquire a taste for poetry. He has often read to you his own effusions as we strolled along those very shores. That scenery always reminds me of him. Love, Mr Burton, disappointed love, drove him from us; and since then we have been without a tutor."

At this part of the conversation a village opened on the view, situated at the foot of the hill they were descending.

"Misthur Lowe was a quare blade, sure inuv," remarked Dan Kiernan. "It's mysilf used often wondhur at all his ways. Bud, Lord preserve us! will I iver furgit the night he run

away from the big house in the depth of winthur, and walked afut all the way to Ballymena, and the snow lying thick upon the arth! Sure an' it's how the sarvint girls used to say that it was crassed in love he was—bud, the Lord purtict us, if such a night as that warn't inuv to cool the hottest love that iver byled in a man's body!"

"Were you ever in love, Danny? They say that Peggy Lee expects you to take her to the chapel."

"Ah, thin, is it in love I'd be, Masthur Arthur, wid only one eye in my hid! No, no—I know the women too well, the hussies!"

"Danny's afraid," said Gerald Fortescue, "that his wife would get to the blind side of him."

"Musha, thin, it's yurr Honnur that says thrue; fur sure if they can desave their husbans who have two eyes to watch their wicked doins, little's the chance that Dan Kiernan would have of spyin out their manœuvres. Bud here we are at Moll Murlough's. Will yurr Honnurs alight fur a thought, and take a drop of the crathur? It will do yurr sowls good, and kip the cowl out of yurr stomachs."

"We'll take your advice, Danny. You may have a glass yourself, and then give the mare some bran and water."

"Thank ye, Masthur Girald. I will do that same, *an' wilcome.*"

"God save all here!" said Gerald Fortescue, as he led the way into a shebeen house. "How do you do, Mrs Murlough?"

"Your sarvint, Masthur Girald!—it's mysilf that's glad to see yez and Masthur Arthur to the fore. Be sated, gintlemen, I beg of yez. Won't yurr Honnurs take something to fortify yurr stomachs agin the night air? I've some of the *rale sort*, if so be you say nothing to the Major."

"Why, Molly, my father's not an exciseman!"

"Well, say no more about it, *agra;* bud dhrink, and much good may it do yez!"

"Not here, Mrs Murlough. I should not like to be seen drinking potheen in your bar; but take the black bottle into your parlour."

"Then it's yoursilf, Masthur Girald, that has a right to command the best room in my house, and sorry I am that I have not a betthur to offer yez."

Saying this, the landlady ushered her guests into a parlour which might be said to "serve for parlour, and kitchen, and all." Having wiped down the table with her apron, she speedily produced a bottle of the *rale sort*, and then discreetly left the party to their supposed enjoyment.

"The first thing to be done," said the elder brother, "is to examine and reload our arms."

This operation he commenced by proceeding to draw the loading from his fowling-piece, a double-barreled one of exquisite workmanship. But this service had been performed for him by some unknown hand, and it was discovered that Arthur Fortescue's rifle and Burton's carabine had been dealt with in the same manner.

Without making many observations on an occurrence which they seemed perfectly to understand, the brothers reloaded their firearms, while Burton followed their example without putting any questions. Him, however, Gerald Fortescue addressed in these words, as soon as the preparations had been completed—

"It is matter of much regret, my dear Burton, to both my brother and myself that your introduction to our family should commence under circumstances which, I am bound in candour to confess to you, seem attended with the utmost danger. You may have been surprised to hear Arthur and myself converse, a while ago, in an unknown tongue; but, when we were children, we invented a language which no one but ourselves could understand, and, as we have never been for any length of time asunder, we have continued it occasionally for our amusement. This evening, however, it has rendered us unexpected service, by enabling us to hold counsel at a moment when we wished not to be understood by Danny Kiernan. My brother and myself then came to the conclusion that Kiernan's manner forebodes danger to us on the road, and now the proof is evident in the trick that has been played upon us in Shannon Bridge; where, as you see, some secret emissary of the disaffected drew the loading from our arms while we were lounging about the door of the inn, awaiting your arrival. Being a stranger to the manners of our peasantry, you cannot understand, as we do, the character of Kiernan, at whose mercy we seem to be, but who has hitherto acted for our safety. It is quite clear that he is aware of some conspiracy against us, which he dares not reveal to us in explicit terms; but his anxiety to induce us to leave Shannon Bridge at an early hour, and his mode of directing our attention to the state of our arms, as well as his many hints, apparently without meaning—all this leads us to the persuasion that, as the night will have set in before we can possibly reach Lakewood, we shall have to defend ourselves ere we arrive there."

Gerald Fortescue paused a moment, to observe the impression that his words might have produced on his fellow-student. The young Englishman, however, offered no remark, but remained attentive. His companion, misinterpreting the motive of his silence, thus continued—

"We would advise you, who have no such inducement to lead you farther, as we have, in the desire to reach our house—not knowing whether it is ourselves or our family that the lawless legislators of this country intend to attack to-night—you we would advise to remain here. The woman of this house is indebted to our family, and will, at our desire, make you comfortable for the night. And now, my dear fellow, fare you well! If we reach home in safety, we will visit you at cock-crow, and bring you back with us to breakfast."

Here the brothers would have taken leave of

Henry Burton; but he answered them calmly, that he had not come so far to be disappointed of his supper; and, if danger did lie in the way, he was resolved to take his share in it.

Arthur Fortescue grasped his hand, and then, turning to his brother, said, with a look of triumph—

"I told you how it would be, Gerald. I knew that Burton would not consent to your proposal."

"Well, come, my boy!—since you will on with us," continued the young squire, laying his hand on Burton's shoulder, "let us trust in God and our own courage. Were we sure that the danger menaced ourselves only, and not our family, Arthur and myself would not be so foolhardy as to proceed; but we are in doubt upon that point; and the only person who could instruct us dares not *violate his oath*. We can see clearly, however, that his attachment—for he has lived with us many years—is too strong for the injunctions of bigotry and faction. So long, then, as he continues to move forward without giving us some palpable hints to direct our conduct, we will trust to his guidance. We must, however, be prepared for the worst; and so—one glass of the potheen, and *long life to us all!*"

The toast was drunk in solemn silence; and then, the reckoning being paid, and Molly Murlough complimented on the excellence of her *rale sort*, the party once more ascended their war-chariot and proceeded.

Danny kept on at a spanking pace, as if both he and the grey mare had acquired fresh vigour, until a second hill was reached, much longer and more steep than the preceding one. Here also the young men alighted, and advanced once more in a line behind their Polyphemus. Before they had gained the summit of this ascent, they observed that Danny exhibited impatience by the peculiar motion of his shoulders, until, at last, he made a sudden halt, and exclaimed, in a tone that expressed, however, more of exultation than of disappointment—

"I can go no furjur, Masthur Girald: the mare has dhropped a shoe; and yurr Honnur knows that the road at the *other* side of Glashin"—here he placed a peculiar emphasis—"is too bad *intirely* for a baste whose feet are tindhur."

"What shall we do, Danny?" inquired Gerald. "Are we to stay here all night?"

"It's not for the likes of me to tache yurr Honnurs; bud, in my thinkin', the shortest way to the big house would be the best at this time of night."

"I have it!" said Arthur Fortescue. "Fin's cabin is close at hand, and he shall row us across the lake."

"It's your own silf that's the sinsible lad, Masthur Arthur; and Pethur Fin will be mortshal proud to do yez a *rale sarvice*."

Again the peculiar emphasis was repeated.

"Well, Danny," said Arthur Fortescue to him of the one eye, in a tone of kindness, "we'll leave the mare and Mr Burton's portmanteau in your keeping, and call on Peter Fin to row us across to Lakeview. But what will you do?"

"I'll just move on *quite* an *asy* to Glashin, an' put up the mare at Jim Nowlan's, an be wid you—*the Lord presarve yurr Honnurs!*—in the mornin'."

Kiernan, without further conversation, proceeded on his way, while the young men leaped into the fields that lay in the direction of the lake.

"Now," said Arthur, in a voice of deep and compressed anxiety, "we know the worst. Our house is devoted to massacre this night, unless we arrive in time to give notice of the danger."

"I don't agree with you, my dear Arthur," replied his brother. "Danny's anxiety that we should return by the lake is owing to his knowledge that it is intended to waylay us on the road between Glashin and Lakeview. The loosening of the horse-shoe was his own act at Anna, to give a colour to his unwillingness to proceed."

"Is the distance by water much less than that by land?" inquired Burton.

"Considerably," replied Gerald; "for Glashin lies on one side of the bay below us, and our house is situated on the other; so that the road winds round the angle where these two sides meet. We shall shoot across the lake, and thus gain time, and perhaps escape danger."

"Are you sure of finding a boat?"

"Perfectly. Fin is either at home at this hour, making mats for the market of Athlone, or else taking up his lines on the lake, within call of his wife's voice. Besides, there are boats lying at all hours in a little harbour just below us, and we know where the oars are to be found among the brushwood."

"Fin," observed Arthur Fortescue, "is one of the monsters of the lake. He would afford you much amusement if we could enjoy his eccentricities at such a moment of anxiety; but all may yet be well: and we may still have some pleasant excursions up the lake with Peter Fin as our bargeman. Here is his cabin."

Several fields had been crossed by the young men, and they were arrived at the brow of an inclined plane of considerable extent, at the base of which lay the lake, shadowed in the obscurity that now hung over it. A miserable hut, more resembling a shed raised as a temporary shelter against the weather than a continual habitation for man, lay under the brow of the declivity, with its back or roof resting upon the hill-side, and its front looking down upon the lake. To Burton, it appeared a small mound of earth, or part of a broken ridge; and, as such, he would have walked over it, at the risk of a broken limb from the descent in front, had not Arthur Fortescue drawn him to one side of it, as he announced it to be the residence of Peter Fin, the monster of the lake.

On doubling the gable end of this wretched hut, a light was perceived through the door—for windows there were none. Gerald Fortescue knocked, and a voice, in a shrill accent, asked—

"Who's there?"

"Mr Gerald Fortescue and his brother Arthur. Is your good man at home, Biddy?"

A few words seemed to pass between the occupants of the hut before the door was opened by the simple process of removing it altogether; for it consisted only of a few boards fastened rudely to one another, and laid against the aperture intended for a door-way. This aperture was immediately filled up by a gigantic figure, whose head was literally crowned by the roof of his humble dwelling, and enveloped in wreaths of smoke that issued from a turf-fire, at which stood his wife, a diminutive being, presenting the appearance of one of the witches in Macbeth.

"Save yurr Honnurs!" said Fin, "what brings yez across the wather at this time o' night?"

"If you would save us, Peter, clap your oars on your shoulder and come along with us."

"Is there any great hurry, Masthur Girald?" said the wife—"could you not wait a bit, till my husban git his supper? The stirabout is boilin', and Pether has not tasted bit nor sup since mornin'."

"He shall sup with us at Lakeview, Biddy. There's something for yourself, to *buy tea*, and comfort you in his absence."

"Well, sure inuv, it's yurr Honnur, Masthur Girald, that always makes a poor body look plazed. Bud here, Pether *a-la-na*, ate this as you go along—it's the last morsel of oatcake in the cabin, and I was keepin it for Pether to take wid him on the lake in the mornin'."

"Look at the monster," whispered Arthur Fortescue, as Fin issued from the hut, and took his way down the hill-side with a pair of oars and a grappling iron on his shoulder.

Fin seemed indeed a giant. His height was nearly seven feet, the length of his limbs in proportion, and his shoulders seemed broader than the gable end of his own cabin. How he found room to move, and breathe, and have his being in so confined a dwelling, might have been thought impossible, unless it were supposed that he doubled up his body, as passengers at sea are obliged to do when they enter a berth in some confined and ill-appointed smack. A greater wonder was, how a creature of so huge dimensions could support life on such scanty fare. When Burton made this observation to Arthur Fortescue, the latter answered, in a tone of unaffected compassion—

"My dear friend, it is often matter of astonishment to myself, how nine-tenths of our peasantry maintain existence. They seem to live on the cameleon's dish—the air."

"But this Fin—is he a *true* man?" inquired Burton, as he saw the giant striding rapidly in advance, while Gerald Fortescue seemed in earnest conversation with him.

"That man," replied Arthur, "has been our companion from our childhood. He has been, as it were, our foster-father on the waters. By him we have been taught to row, to navigate our skiffs, to lay our lines, and drag our nets. With him we have passed days and nights on the lake and among the islands, before the Terry-Alts obliged us to circumscribe our wanderings. He is childless, and I believe that he loves me and my brothers as well as if we were his own children. Yet, after all, he is a Papist; and, although I feel assured that he would not take an active part in a conspiracy against our house, still it is very probable that he requires not Gerald's explanation at this moment to acquaint him with the peril which threatens us. Yes—I am convinced," added Arthur Fortescue, after a pause, "that Peter Fin would neither injure nor betray us—but I doubt whether he would venture to reveal to us the treachery of others, or take part against our assailants in a moment of emergency. Affection I know to be strong in that man's breast; but bigotry and ignorance are much stronger."

"Ay," thought the English student within himself, for it was then no time for *political disputation*—"ay, the bigotry of one party, and the prejudice of the other—terms which, after all, are but synonimous—strengthened by ignorance on the one hand, and intolerance on the other, have involved this noble country in endless contention and consequential misery."

The train of the young Englishman's reflections was interrupted by the arrival of the party at the little harbour, where Fin's boat was lying among others—some of them chained and padlocked, as appertaining to the neighbouring gentry, the rest undistinguished by this badge, as belonging to owners too poor to *fear dishonesty*. Of the latter class was Fin's little bark, into which the party entered; and each man being seated in such a manner as to preserve the equilibrium of the Curlew—so the light skiff was named—their Charon pulled it out of the harbour into deep water. Then taking his seat on the centre bench, he commenced a display of such skill and strength as had rendered him proverbial on the lake. His dress—which was but an apology for a covering, being a heterogeneous assortment of shreds and patches—discovered his broad and brawny chest, long neck, and sinewy arms, while he bent forward and drew back in measured time to every stroke. So well was he acquainted with the chart of the element through which his skiff was shooting, that he never turned his head to either the right hand or the left. His eyes, indeed, he allowed to wander from Arthur Fortescue to the stranger, and so alternately, as they occupied the stern of the little vessel, with their firearms placed beside them.

"How do you and the old woman pull together, Fin?" asked Arthur Fortescue, wishing to direct his own attention from thoughts which were probably becoming more gloomy from the increasing darkness.

"Just as ushal, Masthur Arthur—she's kind an' considherate inuv while the tay lasts; bud whin she no longer finds a grain in the canisther, bad cess to me, bud it's thin she's the divil incarnate!"

"Why don't you keep her in better order, my man?" said Gerald Fortescue, from his station at the prow.

"Now, Masthur Girald, iv you wak talkin about a horse or a dug, thir might be some sinse in your question. Bud you're only a garçoon afthur all, *a vich*, an' know nauthing of the divilries of the women. I'd rather be tossed in the Curlew on the widest part of the Shannon, durin the mightiest stawrum that ever blowed from the Hivens on a cowl December night, nor dale wid a female in a passion."

"Would you believe it," said Arthur Fortescue, to his companion at his side, "the little body that you saw in Fin's cabin often beats him so soundly that he is glad to retreat from her tyranny, and take shelter for the night in his Curlew?"

"Oh, bud, sir," said Finn to the stranger, as if anxious for the character of his wife, "she always follows me when her passion is over, and finds me out where I am lying, mayhap in the cowl', and coaxes me back again to her own chimley corner."

"Why don't you treat her," said Gerald Fortescue, "as the cobbler serves his wife—strap her soundly whenever she's saucy?"

"Is it me strek a woman! Poor soul!—a blow of my fist would kill her out an' out!" replied Fin, giving increased energy to his action, which carried the Curlew through the water with a velocity that called forth the approbation of the brothers.

"Bravo, Fin! you surpass yourself to-night, my man! Stick to that and we'll touch the shore in ten minutes."

"I'll warrant yez there in *na time*, if ye will bud kip studdy on yurr sate—an' the less we spake the betthur."

The brothers took the hint; for it was evidently the general feeling that Fin was pulling as for life or death.

That moment presented a picture to the view that remained indelible on Burton's memory. The scene on all sides was as calm as if nature slept beautiful in repose. The obscurity, indeed, was such as to conceal distant objects; but the shores of the lake, wooded and rocky—the islands, past which the Curlew flitted, as they seemed to rest pillowed on the waters—the darkened mirror beneath, which Fin seemed scarcely to disturb, so regular, and steady, and lengthened was every stroke—the moon appearing and disappearing at intervals among the clouds that moved leisurely on their course—all these objects combined to present a picture, suited to awaken the most tranquil feelings in the human breast; and the English student could not but ask himself this question—

"Am I in Ireland, or in some fairy scene of universal peace and happiness? Can it be that I am in a country where men's passions are so perverted as to disturb all social order—where the oppression of power is met by the enmity of suffering, and the serf rises fiercely as a fiend to retaliate his wrongs on the head of the tyrant who would deprive him of the privileges of humanity?"

The Curlew was closing fast upon the shore, and the outlines of a building were becoming every instant more and more distinct through a vista opening upon the lake, when a shot was heard to break the stillness of the hour. Fin seemed now endowed with the strength of a dozen men of ordinary stature, and Gerald Fortescue was heard panting with anxiety, while his brother kept an unaltered gaze on the dark object which Burton rightly conjectured to be the dwelling-house of Lakeview.

At this moment a loud crash was heard—the brothers started to their feet.

"Sit still, garçoons, sit still, an' my blessin be upon yez!" said Fin, with an earnest affection in his tone.

The crash was repeated, and then a shot was heard directed *from* the house, and then another, and another, and another.

"One, two, three, four," reckoned Arthur Fortescue. "Thank God, Potter at least is with them!"

"Who is Potter?" asked young Burton.

"The policeman," was the hurried answer.

The Curlew winged her way into a little harbour. The young men leaped upon the shore at the moment when the volley from the house was returned in such a manner as to shew that the assailants were in considerable numbers. Gerald Fortescue paused, to say to Fin—

"Remember our plan. Keep a sharp look-out; and, if we must run for it, be ready, Peter, to receive us. Good-by!"

"Niver fear, *a-la-na*—you may depind on Pethur Fin to the last dhrop in his owl body. Bud be studdy, boys, an' keep well togithur undher cover; for there's fearful odds aginst yez. The Lord purtict yez, my own brave garçoons!"

Thus half muttered the uncouth being, as he disappeared in his skiff behind a jutting buttress.

CHAPTER IV.

Volley after volley were following in succession, with equal spirit, from the assailants and the assailed.

"I fear, Gerald," said the younger brother, as the companions paused to examine the priming of their fire-arms—"I fear it would be useless to attempt making our way into the house at present. We have nothing for it but to skirmish with the Terry-Alts, making them believe us more numerous than we are."

"You are in the right, Arthur. Let us place them between two fires."

"Forward, then, in God's name!" replied the younger, proceeding to lead the way.

"Stay a moment, Arthur; let me go first—*Seniores priores.*"

The elder brother moved along the shore for some distance to the right, followed closely by Arthur Fortescue and their companion. He then struck into the copsewood on the left, and wound along through pathways scarcely perceptible to the eye, but with the direction of which he seemed perfectly acquainted. At length he

stopped on the edge of a lawn, of which there was a view through the brushwood.

"Here let us separate," said Gerald Fortescue, "and let each man do his best, till we are forced to give ground. Do you, Burton, always follow our example."

The lawn lay in front of the dwelling-house, from the windows of which the occupants were keeping up a spirited and well-directed fire, as appeared from the confusion that prevailed among the assailants—a confusion that seemed increasing, notwithstanding the exertions of an individual distinguished from the rest by a military hat and feathers, and who appeared to be actively engaged in directing the movements of the Terry-Alts.

From his inspection of the scene, Burton was called to more active operations by the report of Arthur Fortescue's rifle, accompanied by the disappearance of the plume that decorated the leader. At about twenty yards to the right the elder brother's fowling-piece was heard. Burton followed the example from his cover. Then, much nearer him than before, a second shot was heard from Gerald Fortescue, who had shifted his position, and who, running rapidly up to Burton, bid him "follow."

The three companions had taken up new ground, when a party of the assailants hastened towards the quarter lately occupied by the brothers and their friend. The latter discharged their pistols, as the flank of their opponents became exposed.

"Now for the bushes!" said Gerald Fortescue. "Follow Arthur," added he, addressing Burton; then applying his fingers to his mouth, and giving a prolonged whistle of a peculiar tone, he immediately dashed after his companions, who were moving through pathways in which Burton, if alone, would have found it impossible to proceed. The enemy were heard in pursuit, breaking through the brushwood, and shouting to each other by way of encouragement. In the meantime, the contest seemed in some degree abated at the dwelling-house. After a run of some distance the young men reached a clump of trees, behind which each of them took his stand as he reloaded. A slight pause ensued, when the brushwood in front of them seemed to start into life, by the appearance of the enemy. About twenty of them advanced, but were checked by well-directed shots; and then Gerald Fortescue repeated his manœuvre of approaching nearer to Burton's position, and discharging the second barrel of his fowling-piece. Some, however, of the most daring of the antagonists advanced with determination, and, consequently, the young men were obliged to give ground under a succession of random shots, fired too hastily to take effect, until they reached another line of copsewood. Here the brothers again halted, the elder saying to Burton—

"Follow Arthur still, when we give ground."

About a dozen of their opponents had outstripped the rest in speed, and probably in courage. They were received with a discharge of pistols. Arthur Fortescue then dashed into the brushwood, followed by Burton, the elder brother still closing the rear.

In a few seconds, the companions reached the shore, and, turning to the right, hurried swiftly in that direction. They were pursued, however, by a party not very numerous, but evidently most determined. Burton, seeing that his friends continued their flight along the shore, inquired of Arthur, as they ran, side by side—

"What's your object?"

"The harbour a-head," was briefly answered.

At this crisis—for in a moment it became one—while the pursued were gaining ground on their pursuers, a second party appeared rushing down to the shore through a vista which opened from the lawn upon the harbour; and thus the progress of the pursued was intercepted.

"Face danger always, boys," exclaimed Gerald Fortescue. "Let each man do his best with his remaining pistol, and then trust to the but-ends of your guns."

The pursuers amounted now to no more than half-a-dozen, while those who stood ready to intercept the pursued were at least double that number; but when they saw the young men were advancing rapidly upon them, they seemed for a moment undecided, as if wondering at their boldness, or else dreading an encounter with desperate men.

The moment of hesitation was not lost by the three companions; they discharged their pistols at the very heads of those opposed to them; and then, with the but-ends of their guns, forced a passage. At the instant, a figure rushed down upon the shore, distinguished by a military hat in plumeless guise.

"Hurrah!—the Captain!" was shouted by the Terry-Alts.

"Hell upon earth!" he exclaimed, "will you let a few boys defeat you? On, on! and stop them!—they can swim like wild-ducks!"

It was evident that he supposed it to be the intention of the young men to plunge into the lake; and, as for Burton, he saw no other mode of escape. Before the edge of the harbour was reached, a blow, directed from behind, staggered the elder brother, who fell upon one knee. Arthur Fortescue wheeled quickly round; and, as he perceived the leader of the Terry-Alts in an attitude to repeat the blow, flung a pistol at his head with so decided an aim, that it took effect upon his brow, and he fell senseless on the shore. Burton aided the elder to recover; but time had been lost—for, at such a crisis, every moment is fraught with intense importance. The young men were surrounded by a host, and all seemed lost, when Fin shot his skiff to the shore, from the lurking-place where he lay concealed, and, bounding forward with his grappling iron in his right hand, and an oar resting on his left shoulder, he directed the former, after the manner in which a spear is hurled, and transfixed, with its point, the foremost of the assailants, driving the iron into his very brain; then, with a sweep of his oar, he drove back the rest, like a flock of

sheep, astonished as they were by the sudden apparition, and—with all due honour for Fin's prowess be it spoken—his savage and uncouth appearance.

"Quick! quick!—for yurr lives, yurr sowls!—in—in to the boat, garçoons!" were the hurried words he uttered, as the young men were anticipating his counsel.

Before the enemy had time to recover from their surprise, Fin had regained his Curlew. She spread her wings with alacrity on the waters; and then, dipping them in her favourite element, skimmed lightly from the shore. A few random shots followed; but a dozen strokes of the oar—such as only Peter Fin could give—brought the little skiff under the cover of obscurity.

As the giant champion lay upon his oars, while the rescued party were reloading, time was afforded for observation. A cessation seemed to have taken place in the combat at the dwelling-house; the firing had ceased; and nothing was heard except the voices of the assailants shouting to each other in different directions.

"You had look in your ilbows, Masther Arthur, when you hit the Captain of the Terry-Alts, an' tumbled him smack upon the sod!"

"Are you sure, Fin, my man, that it was *the Captain?*"

"Am I sure that my granny loved whishky? An' why shouldn't I be sure of it, *a-cushla-la*—me, that knows him since he war no higher nur my knee? And good reason I have to know him to boot. Didn't he visit my own poor cot, three weeks gone by, wid his blued-suckers at his back, and threaten to murdher mysilf, and put Biddy on the gridiron, over the burnin' cindhers, unliss we tuck the new oath of allagiance!—An' the Lord furgive me, bud I little thought as how it would be bruck by mysilf so soon!" While he uttered these words, Fin shuddered at the thought of his perjury. "Bud there's no hilp fur it, anyhow," added he; "it's thinking I am of what Biddy 'll say, whin she hears all the *ins* and *outs* of the consarn."

"Biddy will say you're an honest fellow, Fin, for saving us from massacre," observed Arthur Fortescue. "But tell us more about this Captain Terry-Alt. I would have sworn that I have heard a voice like his; and the figure, too, was familiar to my eyes, though I had no time to examine closely."

"It's yoursilf that has seen him, Masthur Arthur, *agra*—an' often, to boot—both be day and be night, fur many a long year. I knew him by his light step an' bowl' look; although I niver saw hair on his chin, until he tuck to wearin thim false whishkers."

"*Who* is he, Fin?—tell me, my good fellow," said Arthur Fortescue, in a tone of the most earnest solicitude, while his brother seemed to catch the infection, by the fixed and anxious gaze which he directed on the interrogated party.

"You know, Masthur Arthur, it's as good as my life is worth, and Biddy's into the bargain, to revale the secrets of *the cause*. I'm parjured enough alriddy. Bud, if yurr Honnurs would bud guiss, you couldn't be far out in yurr reckonin'."

"Is it"—— said the younger brother, quivering with agitation, and leaning on Fin's shoulder, as he whispered the remainder of the question in his ear; while Gerald Fortescue leaned forward at the same instant, and Burton, though deeply interested with the scene, turned away his look, on perceiving that the private feelings of the brothers were compromised in the discovery which they sought.

"Hell to their sowls, the villians! an' the crass of Christ be our guide! They have set fire to the haggart!" exclaimed Fin, standing erect, as a burst of flame rose suddenly from the land side, and was followed by a shout of triumph that seemed to be prolonged in horrid echoes along the shore.

"Pull, pull, *like mad*, Fin! and land us below the grotto," said Gerald Fortescue, seeming to adopt a sudden resolution. "The villains," added he, addressing his brother, "are so busy now at their devil's work in the haggart, that we can enter the house by Lowe's window; for I'm sure Richard must have recognised my whistle."

"God of Heaven! how the flames are spreading! Look, Gerald!—they have seized the offices!"

In a few moments, the firmament seemed one sheet of flame. Pillars of fire ascended from various points, as each stack caught the blaze, or the thatched roofs of the outhouses successively added fuel to the conflagration.

Such was the nature of the burning, as Burton collected from the observations of the brothers.

"How providential," said one of them, "that the wind is blowing *from* the house!—Pull, Fin, pull!"

The scene was awful, yet sublime. The sky above, and the lake below—wood, hill, and valley—were illumined with one concentrated corruscation. A single dark spot was perceptible. This was the dwelling-house, as it stood, with its chimney-tops, between the haggard and the shore, like a spot upon the sun's disk. *That* seemed to be the object of the second landing.

The boat reached the shore—not in a harbour, as before, but impelled on the beach by the vigorous arm of the boatman.

"Go back now, Fin, to Biddy; for we shall not return. We either gain admission, or sell our lives dearly in the attempt."

"It would be better, my dear Gerald, to let Fin and Mr Burton pull out into the lake, and there await the issue."

"I have come too far with you," said the Englishman, "to turn back at such a moment."

"And I," said the boatman, shouldering an oar, "have bruck my oath alriddy. So, Masthurs, jewil, 'in fur a pinny, in fur a pown'.' Pether Fin 'll not be the one to desart yez in an unlooky hour."

Gerald Fortescue led the way into the copse-wood. The pathway seemed more artificially arranged than those which had been the scene of the late skirmish. It was so narrow, indeed, that the party were obliged to move in single

files, and so serpentine that its length was provokingly prolonged at a moment when rapidity of movement was of so much importance. But the brushwood at each side was so close as to be impassable, and the elder brother seemed too well acquainted with the localities of the domain to choose such a pathway at mere hazard.

As they rounded each corner in the windings, a view presented itself of about twenty yards in advance; and Burton remarked that Gerald paused an instant before he doubled each turning.

They had proceeded thus with caution for a few minutes, when, on arriving at an angle somewhat more distant than the rest, the leader of the party drew back, with a rapid movement, saying, in a subdued voice—

"The grotto's occupied!"

Each man checked his step, and, in the pause, was heard the sound of voices. Attention being then stretched to the utmost, the shrill lamentations of a female were distinguished, mingled with the high-toned expostulations of a man. The sounds were becoming more palpable to the ear, and the very words could almost be comprehended. The brothers were dreadfully agitated while they listened; and accosted one another in their unknown tongue. They seemed by their manner to arrive at the same conclusion, when the younger also had thrown a hurried glance at the scene, concealed from Burton and Peter Fin, who were standing farther from the angle. As if impelled by a simultaneous feeling, the young men bounded forward, like wolf-dogs darting on the quarry; and then a few steps in advance brought fully before Burton's view a scene which the light from the conflagration discovered to him at a glance, but which it would be impossible to describe so instantaneously, without the aid of the painter's pencil.

An open space lay in front—at the upper part of which appeared a hermitage, with a low and narrow entrance, conformable to its style; to the left of it, and on Burton's right, stood the ruins of a chapel; and in the direction opposite to the chapel, was to be seen an alley, apparently the continuation of the one already traversed. The intervening space was arranged in grass plots and beds of flowers; and the entire scene, as has been stated, was lit up with the glare issuing from the burning offices, and reflected by the firmament.

All these objects, it is true, were not immediately beheld by Burton; for, as the brothers rushed furiously towards the Hermitage, the young Englishman's attention was directed likewise to the same object. A fearful shriek was heard issuing from the place; and, almost at the same instant, a figure burst forth, and, bounding like a stag when first roused by the hunter, disappeared amid the ruins. Though the apparition was seen but for a moment, and in that moment fired at by both the brothers with a hurry and agitation that denied success, Burton did not fail to recognise the military hat of the Captain of the Terry Alts, who had been so lately stretched upon the shore by the well-directed blow of Arthur Fortescue's pistol. His dress also was now discernible by the light. It resembled the uniform of an officer in a foreign service. Burton stood rooted to the spot in astonishment. The brothers had rushed into the hermitage. Fin had strode with giant steps into the ruins in pursuit of the fugitive. The young Englishman was left alone, presenting in his attitude and look a fitting study for an artist to depict the expression of surprise. All sense of danger was subdued within him by a feeling of romance, that wound up his mind to the most intense excitement, in so much, that, if a hundred muskets had been levelled at his head while the spell was on him, he would have stood unmoved from his position. That sort of feeling also had seized upon his frame, which sometimes paralyses a man when awakened suddenly from sleep by the sense of immediate danger; and though, while he leaned upon his carabine with his left hand, he had placed his right hand, as if mechanically, on the handle of a pistol in his belt, it is doubtful whether he could have summoned energy of mind or strength of nerve sufficient to use the weapon, if attacked.

Fin returned unsuccessful from the pursuit; but the delay made by the brothers within the recess would have caused Burton to fear some disaster, had he not heard them speaking in subdued and anxious tones. At length the younger brother appeared, and summoned Fin to him.

"The lady's maid," said he, in a hesitating tone, "has been playing the fool to-night. We must convey her into the house without the knowledge of my mother, if we can gain admittance. Go, my man, and Mr Gerald will tell you what to do."

Fin entered the hermitage as desired; and Arthur Fortescue took his post silently beside Burton. The latter had recovered from his surprise, and possessed sufficient perception to discover that his young friend was dreadfully agitated. Arthur spoke not, but kept his eyes fixed steadfastly on the chapel, as if expecting to behold some hateful or appalling object. His companion's observation was soon diverted from him to the party that issued from the hermitage—Gerald Fortescue and Fin; the latter bearing in his arms a female form, dressed as a peasant girl, in a grey cloak, with a hood that completely enveloped the head, and thereby concealed the features.

"Lead the way, Arthur," said the elder brother, "and do you, Burton, my good fellow, go on next. Be steady, brother, and remember that, if opposed, we give not one jot of ground—not though the devil should appear in person, instead of sending us his proxy."

There was an unnatural expression of determination conveyed in the tone with which Gerald Fortescue pronounced the latter words, gnashing his teeth with inward rage as he concluded.

Burton could not but reflect, as he proceeded with the party along the alley leading from the right of the hermitage, that only four-and-

twenty hours previously he was reposing in tranquillity within his college rooms, having no other subject of anxiety to disturb his sleep than the fear of not being in time for the morning coach; and that, in that brief lapse of time, he found himself involved in scenes of danger, mystery, and excitement, which it would require the pen of a Radcliffe to describe. "Such is life!" was his mental exclamation—a commonplace expression, uttered constantly by many who can form from their own experience only a faint conception of the strange and awful circumstances to which it may be applied.

The termination of the alley was soon reached, where it opened on that part of the lawn which flanked one side of the dwelling-house. There a full view presented itself of the frightful conflagration. But other deeds were to be done by the spectators, than to stand gazing on the terrific and sublime panorama.

"All's right!" said Arthur Fortescue, turning round to address his brother. "I see the signal."

He pointed to a window immediately beneath the roof, in which a light was burning. It is to be remembered that the offices from which the flames were rising, were situated at the other side of the mansion.

"Forward, in God's name!—the road's clear for us!" replied the elder brother.

Crossing rapidly the space that lay between the plantations and the building, the party found themselves on the edge of an area or moat, and opposite a double window.

"Open Sesame!" cried Arthur Fortescue, flinging some gravel against the glass.

A part of the shutters was instantly removed; the division forming one side of the window was thrown up, and a voice demanded—"Who's there?"

"Ali Baba!" was the watchword.

A plank was instantly thrust out. Arthur Fortescue leaped on it and disappeared within the apartment. In another second, his voice was heard announcing that all was safe.

The other brother motioned then to Fin to cross the plank with his burden. Some delay occurred, owing to the difficulty of conveying the female through the opening. Burton had not till then perceived that she was insensible. A still greater difficulty, however, arose, when the monster of the lake endeavoured to force his passage. He stuck half-way between the framework—no pleasing moment of suspense for Gerald Fortescue and his companion, who expected to be attacked by some straggling party of the Terry-Alts. However, the task was at length accomplished, and then the fellow-collegians followed without interruption. The plank was forthwith drawn in; and the window closed with shooting-bolts; but the place was involved in darkness.

"Have a moment's patience, my friend," said Gerald Fortescue, pressing Burton's arm, as they stood beside each other. "We shall have lights in a moment."

Some minutes, however, intervened before a light was introduced. During the delay, Arthur Fortescue and the boatman were not present, as Burton rightly conjectured, their voices being no longer heard by him. The pause was filled up by the young squire, who spoke in an under tone, and with less connexion than as reported.

"We are now in what used to be the territory of our late tutor, Mr Lowe, or, in other words, our school-room. He was rather wild for a pedagogue, and played the madcap now and then. One of his favourite freaks was to wander about the country after nightfall in search of adventures. His mode of egress was through the side window which has given us admittance. In the winter evenings, while we sat at study, our tutor, who was supposed to be sitting with us, was roaming along the borders of the lake, or perhaps visiting a wake or a wedding. We were sure, however, to hear, before the supper hour, his signal of 'Open Sesame!' It has thus been agreed on by my brothers and myself, that should any of us be debarred from our regular mode of admittance to the house, either by our love of roaming, or by danger from without, Lowe's window should be our refuge, and his signal our watchword. A peculiar whistle from the party intercepted, in the case of danger, was to be answered by a light from our sleeping room above us. My brother, George, here, has been our St Peter on this occasion. Now that Arthur has returned with a a light, you may behold our paraphernalia of study."

Globes, maps, desks, and forms met the eye of the visiter; but his attention was immediately attracted to Arthur Fortescue, who had returned alone, bearing with him a light. The face of the young man was deadly pale; and when he raised his eye to look upon his brother, it presented a glazed and lifeless expression. Had not Burton seen him act with coolness as well as courage in the late skirmish, he would have thought that over-excitement had wrought thus fearfully on his frame and feelings. But he concluded, from the mysterious events that formed a portion of their adventures, that some mental struggle was at work within, excited by neither the conflagration nor the contest.

"Come, come, this is no reception for our friend Burton," said the elder brother; "let us to my father—right glad will he be to see us."

Saying this he proceeded to the door.

"Are you not coming, brother?" he resumed, on perceiving that Arthur remained stationary.

"Not yet, my dear Gerald," said the young man, faintly—"I cannot yet; leave me for a moment to myself—I'll follow you shortly. There, George, take you the light, and accompany Gerald and Mr Burton."

"Nay, my dear Arthur, don't play the girl at such a time. If our father should see me without you, he'd think that some accident had happened to you."

"You are right, Gerald—I'll go with you; but I'm"——

The poor fellow could not utter another word—a choking in his throat was heard, as he endeavoured to subdue his feelings—he sank upon a bench—a hysteric laugh was the result of the inward struggle, and then he burst into tears.

"My Arthur—my dear boy," said his brother, taking him affectionately by the hand; "what will Burton think of all this weakness?"

"Burton will bear with me, dear Gerald; for I am weak with past exertion. But, come; I'll go with you to my father."

(To be continued.)

DEATH PUNISHMENTS.*

The criminal law is considerably ameliorated since the scaffold was a permanent erection on Tower Hill, and London Bridge was constantly garnished with a show of grisly heads. Three hundred executions in London alone was under the average of one year's slaughter in the happy days of good Queen Bess—and this out of a population of less than one-fifth of the present amount. These numbers fell off; and within the last century, about twenty-one criminals men and women, executed together in a morning, seems to have been the maximum. From the beginning of the present century, the numbers fell off more rapidly. Sir Samuel Romilly, when he commenced his labours, found that only sixty-seven criminals had suffered in London and Middlesex from 1802 to 1809, for every species of the innumerable capital offences which then loaded the statute-book. But this was the selected, or, many of them, as probably the accidental victims of justice, out of no fewer than 508 criminals capitally convicted. Even then the ripened intelligence of the public mind, and the feelings of humanity, acted as the safeguard of a large class of minor culprits; for, although nearly two thousand individuals were committed to Newgate, for stealing in dwelling-houses and shoplifting, during this period of seven years, only one was executed. Forgery and the bankers no doubt claimed their sacrifices among the sixty-seven persons offered up; but theft, as a capital crime, was already virtually abrogated, and, indeed, by the extreme rigour of the law, fenced with impunity. Executions diminished still more rapidly in number after forgery had, under Lord Denman's bill, ceased to be a capital offence; and, with one exception, the London rabble had not, for four years, until the other day, been gratified with the brutalizing spectacle of an execution. It is not, therefore, surprising that those previously trained in such horrors, and so long deprived of the customary excitement, should have glutted over the punishment of Greenacre, and the disgusting details of that cold-blooded ruffian's case.

That single case, aggravated as it is, sufficiently demonstrates that capital punishment, as at present inflicted—or the grand tragic drama of the gallows, with the *dramatis personæ* of the Recorder, the Ordinary, and the Hangman—may often entail much greater mischief upon society than the atonement to justice, in the terrors of the example, can repair. Many of the circumstances attending Greenacre's case, we consider a blot upon the national character, and a foul reproach on that system of criminal law which had grossly depraved the public mind. If the merciful extension of the period between the passing of sentence and execution, so recently obtained, is to be spent in the same manner, enabling one class of persons to indulge a morbid and dangerous curiosity, and another to whet and prime themselves for the full enjoyment of the coming banquet, we shall be induced to wish for a return to the old system, which precluded the criminal from either the possibility of remission, or of due preparation to meet his punishment. The disgust which this case has excited must, however, prove corrective. Public functionaries will be taught that, however it may have been in past times, the most awful punishment which man can inflict upon man, and which can be justifiable, if at all, only under the dire and imperative necessity of exhibiting a dreadful example, is something too sacred to be conducted like a bull-baiting or badger-fight, where the fancy-men are to be previously excited by daily details issuing from the press of the preliminary training of the animals for the brutal exhibition.

We do not, at present, intend to enter upon the speculative argument for the entire abolition of the punishment of death. Many good and enlightened men go thus far; and their numbers are daily increasing. Although capital offences are now greatly limited in some communities—as in France, Prussia, and the United States of America—and in other countries entirely abolished, and the number of executions in every European State greatly diminished, with the happiest effect as regards the repression of crime, we consider it premature to discuss the question in its full breadth. Sir Samuel Romilly, the greatest of our practical criminal-law reformers, began with those statutes whose operation was, in effect, suspended by their sanguinary atrocity; and which, while they permitted the guilty to escape, because of the enormous disproportion between the crime and the punishment, tended to deprive society of the valuable right of the protection of property; made judges absolute or arbitrary; rendered humane jurors and witnesses perjured, and prosecutors dishonest or reluctant. A worse system of criminal law cannot be imagined than that which made it virtue in a judge, a juror, and a witness to commit understood perjury, to lie, and to palter with conscience; and a virtue this was

* Report of the Criminal-Law Commissioners.—Punishment of Death—Selections from the *Morning Herald*, with notes. Vol. II.

while the common sense and feelings of mankind cried out against the rigid administration of those sanguinary statutes which, for every degree and shade of crime—whether cutting off the head of the King, or imitating its likeness on a farthing's worth of copper; committing the most aggravated parricide, or quietly stealing a very small amount of property—inflicted the same dreadful and irremissible punishment. There existed not alone a temptation to those engaged in criminal trials, to suppress and distort truth, and to violate the sanctity of oaths, but what, to the best men, must have appeared an absolute necessity to choose the smaller evil, and to elude the cruel statute by a breach of morality, which humanity and substantial justice alike demanded.

In those days, and, indeed, even in our own, a calculating housebreaker or footpad would always prefer being tried on the capital charge; and he would be right, as the same feelings of justice and tenderness that interpose between him and the gallows, would consign him, without remorse, to the adequate and salutary secondary punishment which the good of society or his own moral improvement dictated. Since Romilly commenced his thrice-blessed labours, much actual good has been accomplished; and, in the awakening and enlightening of the public mind, the broad foundation has been laid for those irresistible reforms which must be carried in spite of the professional prejudices of lawyers, the bigotry of superannuated opinion, the aristocratic prejudices of Whig and Tory game-preservers, and the blind selfishness of all classes of men in relation to the peculiar species of property which they themselves possess.

It was this selfish feeling, with the co-operative influence of land-owners in the legislature, which made crimes, accompanied by no violence or peril to life or limb—such as horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, simple burglary, and similar offences—equally penal with deliberate murder or the most aggravated arson. Thieves were seldom in a condition to make reparation in kind, although the law had sanctioned equitable atonement; so the losers of property determined to exact the penalty in blood; and the law gave effect to the vindictive feeling. In their most rigorous enactments, law-makers might contemplate the better security of property, however ineffectual they may, on trial, have found the system of severe and uncertain punishments; but the prosecutor, where he did not humanely hold back altogether, generally acted with a steady eye to that vengeance for his individual loss which the statute had put in his power. Thus, a disproportioned punishment in every way defeats its own purpose. Property is as insecure as ever; equitable reparation is rendered impossible; men are encouraged in vindictive or anti-social feelings, and taught to consider life, which is liable to be forfeited for offences so multiplied and frivolous, as a thing of no worth, and which, under a certain rank, may be freely sported with; while judges, jurors, and witnesses have their notions of right and wrong confounded, and are seduced into corrupt practices, that small delinquents may escape from capital punishment.

Formerly life was appraised in money—now, money, or its worth, in small amount, is set against life. Long as the truth has been promulgated by legislators and ethical writers, that all punishment is a grievous evil, and that its only end is the prevention and repression of crime, the principle is but feebly felt. The ideas of vengeance and punishment are, with the many, inextricably confounded.

Yet the still small voice of reason and humanity has long made itself heard on this important subject, by those who chose to listen. Montesquieu, Beccaria, and Bentham, though differing on many points, have substantially agreed upon the principles which should regulate and apportion punishments, so as to attain the greatest sum of advantage to the community, by the infliction of the least quantity of suffering on the criminal consistent with his reformation. The views of Bentham are more comprehensive and philosophic, and far more complete in their developement of prevention and remedies, than those of the other speculators; but the basis is nearly the same. The sages of America, Dr Johnson, and a host of contemporary authorities, have supported the same enlightened views—nor are they of recent discovery; yet how slow is the progress of truth, where selfishness is fortified by ignorance or narrow ideas! Lord Ellenborough, the Chief Justice, and Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor of England, were horrified at the audacity of Romilly's bill to repeal the *Shoplifting Act*, to which the shopkeepers of London clung as pertinaciously as did many of the merchants to the indiscriminate hanging of forgers—without which atrocity, it was alleged, no commercial community could prosper. In the words of the excellent advocate of certain and reasonable, instead of precarious and vindictive punishments, whose lucubrations appear in *The Morning Herald*, the reception of Romilly's bill in the House of Lords "was much the same as if it was suspected of merely serving as a wrapper for some Guy Faux gunpowder, designed to blow up the Constitution." This righteous act was so received by a living Lord Chancellor; who exclaimed, as if the woolsack had been burning under him—"If the present bill be carried into effect, then may your Lordships expect to see the whole frame of our criminal code invaded and broken in upon." Thank Heaven, we have! The able and earnest writer in *The Morning Herald* alleges that a criminal-law reformer and later Chancellor, since he became such—Lord Brougham, namely—is slightly infected with similar fears. However this may be, yet another Chancellor, of very ancient date—Sir Thomas More—declared, "That it is absurd, and of ill consequence to the commonwealth, that a thief and a murderer should be equally punished; that this punishment will naturally incite a robber to kill the person he

has robbed; and that terrifying thieves too much provokes them." A fourth Chancellor, Lord Bacon, has said—"Let there be no rubrics of blood:"—yet here we are.

The selection of extracts from *The Morning Herald*, which forms part of the text of this article, forms the second volume published by "The Society for the Diffusion of Information on the Subject of Capital Punishments"—a body of philanthropic individuals, whose indefatigable exertions have been productive of great benefits already realized, and of prospective ameliorations of which it is not possible to estimate the value and extent. This society is in aim the legitimate offspring of Howard's heart and Bentham's intellect, and of the merciful spirit of Christianity. We do not affect to acquiesce in every opinion about public men and political measures with its adopted champion of *The Herald*; but so much do we admire his enlightened and considerate judgment, courage, candour of spirit, and philanthropy, that we are glad to think our differences are merely about the lesser matters of the law, and do not trench on justice and humanity. He certainly places Sir Robert Peel above Lord Melbourne, and admires Lord Stanley quite enough to give full merit to a clap-trap electioneering discourse, which has as yet led to nothing; but, at the same time, he applauds Mr Ewart and Mr Lennard, and allows them the full merit of their philanthropic labours.

Anti-Tory as we are, we must with him lament the supineness of the mere Whig reformers of the criminal law, since that party came into power. Office appears to have either, for a season, paralysed their efforts or changed their views. Some of them would either have delayed or rendered nugatory the Prisoners' Counsel Bill, now so happily carried. These are not their only blunders. During Earl Grey's administration, the savage and de-humanizing practice of hanging in chains was rashly attempted to be renewed, under the sanction of a clause in the Anatomy Bill, which clause has since been erased by the exertions of Mr Ewart. Poaching is a crime which no aristocrat, whether Whig or Tory, can treat with lenity. The game-laws are still, therefore, the teeming source of depravity and misery to the rural population; and, in the midnight warfare between gangs of armed poachers and game-keepers, the elements of a fierce servile war may now be gathering. Well may it be asked—"What is there in the pastime which hares and pheasants afford which ought to induce rational beings to set a higher value upon it than on the morals and even the lives of their fellow-creatures?" Since Lord Lansdowne's act (an improvement on what was too bad to mend—Lord Ellenborough's Bill) was passed, making "cutting and maiming" a capital offence, the game-laws—ay, even Lord Althorp's amended laws—have been the most active agents in preparing the victims of Lansdowne's Bill for immolation. Nor have they been few. Some of the more glaring cases of poachers prosecuted under the new "cutting and maiming act," are noticed in these extracts. The poachers are taken at fearful odds.

The game-laws authorize the gamekeepers and their assistants to apprehend all persons poaching in preserves. The poachers generally go in bodies into the preserve, that they may be the better able to intimidate the gamekeepers, and prevent such apprehension. If a gamekeeper be wounded in the attempt to seize the delinquent invaders of the cover, or if, making a sudden attack, without even calling upon the party to surrender, he receives a cut or severe blow from either a sharp or blunt weapon, he indicts one or all of the poachers under Lord Lansdowne's Act, the 9th Geo. IV., for the *capital* offence. The poachers are tried under great disadvantages; for, as it is usual to indict all that are apprehended, although the offence may be but the sudden act of one, the poachers, it is clear, *can call no witnesses*. If, therefore, a gamekeeper used wanton violence in the first instance, and thereby justified resistance, how are the poachers to prove that? The evidence of the prosecutor is supported by all the other gamekeepers or assistants who may have been present. They may swear falsely, or they may swear mistakingly; but there is no witness to refute them. This consideration alone, if there were no other, ought to make juries cautious how they convict in such cases, and ought to make judges cautious how they carry the extreme sentence of the law into execution.

We have a hope, however, that the severity with which the law has been carried into effect, which punishes even a slight wound received by a gamekeeper in one of those casual encounters, like an act of deliberate murder, will lead to its abolition.

As a *capital* offence, stabbing while poaching in preserves will probably be abolished; but is this enough?

The ameliorations that have lately been effected by the indefatigable efforts of the liberal criminal-law reformers, and the bills just brought in by Lord John Russell, which promise the speedy abolition of the worst existing species of capital offences—those which are worse than useless, from the repugnance felt to inflicting their penalties—make the present a memorable session in the progressive improvement of the criminal code. It is something gained, that firing a rick, or a detached outhouse, cannot much longer infer the same awful penalty as deliberately raising fire in the heart of a town; that wounding and stabbing shall no longer be confounded with the foulest murders; or simple housebreaking, with burglary accompanied by personal violence. But the system of Secondary Punishments for minor offences, is quite as much in want of reform as Death Punishment. This is felt; and the abolition of capital punishments in so many cases, will compel the adoption of more efficient secondary remedies and preventives. Transportation to the penal colonies, for misdemeanours and small offences, hitherto so much abused, will also, of necessity, be put on a better and more definite footing; and only the worst of those crimes at present punished by the gallows, will henceforth, according to Lord John Russell's plan, be followed by transportation for life—for fifteen, or, at the shortest, ten years, according to their degrees of turpitude. Some of the proposed changes may be crude; but their aim is laudable. Public opinion may have virtually abolished capital punishments, as only seventeen persons have been executed in all England during the last year,

out of four hundred and ninety-four sentenced to death; yet it is not in every case that we find legislation so promptly following public opinion. It is something to see the hundreds of capital felonies of "the most sanguinary criminal code in the world," at length reduced to a few. Time, indeed, that it were. Take out of hundreds of examples, the following simple case of a man named Jolly, executed at Bury St Edmund's, for setting fire to a wheat-rick, a crime which he denied to the last. The whole case is one of those which, next to the detestable game-laws, elucidate the text—

"Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law."

The stack which was set fire to stood in a field remote from human habitation; and as to loss of property, there was scarcely any, the fire bring discovered and extinguished immediately after it broke out.

A circumstance was relied upon as bringing the guilt home to the prisoner, which, to our mind, appears of a very equivocal nature. Some printed cotton and pasteboard were found on the spot tied together, and affording "manifest" indications that those materials were the covering of the combustible matter. Similar pasteboard was found in the prisoner's cottage, and the prisoner's wife had an apron of a similar pattern to the printed cotton. Some twine was also found in his house like that with which the parcel was tied. Now, it is strange enough that a person found this parcel on the surface *five weeks after the fire had happened*, and *after the place had been searched over and over again.*

. . . . . .

Again, the prosecutor was one of the acting overseers of the parish, and the prisoner was one of that vast body of English peasantry, once so comfortable and moral, who, by circumstances wholly independent of their own conduct, have been reduced to the degradation and misery of receiving parish relief. The prisoner, like thousands of other paupers, was heard to complain of the bitterness of his lot; and a witness was called to prove he used expressions from which malice against the parish-officers, and, consequently, against the prosecutor, might be inferred. That witness did speak to expressions which shewed the prisoner was discontented with his lot; but the same witness admitted the prisoner also said, when alluding to the hard condition of the poor, that "he knew the parish-officers could not help it." This, we say, completely rebutted the presumption of malice against the overseer; and on his evidence, the proof of the crime fails, as far as it was necessary to establish *a motive.*

But, supposing the charge clearly proved, we consider it a monstrous thing to punish, like the murderer, the man who destroys some property under circumstances which can place no human life in peril. At Bury St Edmund's, two or three years ago, the notorious Corder, the deliberate murderer of Maria Martin, perished on a scaffold; and now the population of this town are called upon to witness the "edifying spectacle" of an offender suffering the same punishment, on the same scaffold, for attempting to destroy a corn-stack in a lonely field! It is impossible but such confusion of degrees of guilt by such disproportionate punishments must have the effect of confounding the moral notions of the people. Talk of education indeed! One of the best results of general education is to give the people "accurate moral perceptions;" but how can this be done while our criminal legislation sets at defiance every just notion and principle of morality? —*Morning Herald, Wednesday, August* 14, 1833.

If Jolly was wholly innocent, of which there is some probability, his case was doubly lamentable. It occasioned a warm controversy at the time, between the advocate of the abolition of Death Punishments, and one of the Ministerial prints, who, as in duty bound, defended the Home Secretary out and out. But, if assured of the man's guilt, there is one ground of defence not touched upon, which we consider tenable. Rick-burning, which, in ordinary times, may not be a crime of very atrocious dye, was, at that period, a species of contagious madness among the rural population; and the Government acted, in some selected instances, like the German physician, who, when a whole school of young ladies were sympathetically seized with epileptic fits from witnessing the convulsions of a companion, made the poker red-hot in their presence, and vowed to run it down the throat of the first girl that should be seized, as the only remedy. The cure was rude; but the case was urgent and extraordinary. If society, for its own protection, has absolute power over life in any case whatever, it must be discretionary in its application in particular periods, and under unusual circumstances. Now that a reformed code will make the statute the rigid rule, and relaxation the rare exception, there is little to fear from the abuse of the limited degree of discretion that may require to be exercised.

Lord John Russell may have found encouragement to proceed in his sweeping abolition of felonies, from the tables of Criminal Statistics, lately published by THE SOCIETY FOR DIFFUSING INFORMATION ON DEATH PUNISHMENTS. Those tables are confirmatory of the statements of those who have morally experimented, if we may so speak, upon mild and certain punishments in preference to those which being severe must be fluctuating. These tables, which are formed on the surest data, we shall exhibit. They will prove satisfactory to the philanthropist, and re-assure the few persons who are still haunted by the fear that, in suspending the hangman, we forfeit all protection, and remove salutary restraint on the growth of crime.

BELGIUM.	Total Executed.	Total convicted of Murder.
5 years ending with 1804	235	150—or *per ann.* 30
5 years 1809	88	82..... 16
5 years 1814	71	64..... 13
5 years 1819	26	42..... 8½
5 years 1824	23	38..... 7⅔
5 years 1829	22	34..... 7
5 years 1834	*none.*	20..... 4

Here we see, that in Belgium, with a population of 3½ *millions*, the diminution of capital punishments, and ultimately their discontinuance, so far from causing any increase of the crime of *murder*, has been attended with the very opposite result.

Next, as to the great empire, where was instituted the CODE NAPOLEON—that imperishable memorial of its founder's wisdom—what do we find upon examining the authentic Records of Criminal Proceedings, the "*Compte général de l' administration de la justice criminelle en France?*"

FRANCE.	Total Executed.	Total accusations of Murder.
5 years ending with 1829	352	1182—or *per ann.* 236
5 years 1834	131	1172..... 234

Thus France, also, with a population of 32 *millions*, affords an example of capital punishments considerably decreased, and the crime of *murder* not augmented.

PRUSSIA.	Total Executed.	Total convicted of Murder.
5 years ending with 1824	54	69—or *per ann.* 14
5 years 1829	33	50..... 10
5 years 1834	19	43..... 8½

Prussia has a population of 13 *millions*. The facts presented by this table are admirably illustrative of the

practical benefit resulting from the all but total abolition of the extreme penalty. The diminution of the worst of crimes, accompanying the mitigated application of the capital law, is most remarkable: had we disturbed the uniformity of the periods by giving, separately, the three last years, they would have shewn only 2 executions *per annum*, in all Prussia, and the average number of *murders* reduced to 7¼.

ENGLAND [AND WALES.]	Total executed for various crimes.	Total convicted of Murder.
7 years ending with 1820	649	141—or *per ann.* 20
7 years 1827	494	113 16
7 years 1834	355	105 15

Here we have *septennial* Returns for England and Wales, furnishing similar practical evidence in support of the principle, that capital punishment is unnecessary for the repression of even the most dangerous species of crime. The population is 13¾ *millions*.

The foregoing are taken from the *official* statements of four different nations: and if to them be added Austria, (whose laws are extremely mild, although the Criminal Tables are not yet received by us,) we have an extent of territory comprising not fewer than 95 *millions* of people—and constituting not the least enlightened portion of Europe—in which, penalties of blood have either ceased, or been nearly abrogated—*with the exception of England*. What has been the result? Has the departure from that system of terror and extermination which produce such a frightful waste of life upon the scaffold, endangered public morals, or rendered society less secure? On the contrary, do not these returns shew, by the irresistible force of arithmetical demonstration, that morals are improved as the law is ameliorated—and society *better protected* by a just moderation than by a destroying vengeance?

Less than thirty years ago it was still a capital felony to steal privately from the person above the value of twelve pence, or privately in a shop to the value of five shillings. We have advanced at a greater rate of speed, in correcting the glaring evils of the criminal code, than in any other branch of political morals; and, though the question may rationally be raised, why, in abolishing so many sanguinary statutes, we do not either abolish more or retain more, it would, we conceive, be unwise to embarrass the affair in the present stage with new difficulties. On the other hand, if the ameliorated system should fail to give the same results in this country that are seen in other European states, the overthrow of the gallows is not to be charged with the failure. It should be remembered that the experiment is to be tried upon an uneducated, an ill-fed, overworked, and discontented population, and with a baneful system, or rather an utter neglect of, prison discipline, and a vague and imperfect code of Secondary Punishments.

But, in spite of all temporary drawbacks, the course of wisdom and justice must be followed by the natural consequences. This is already signally realized in the instance of forgery, which, since it ceased to be a capital felony, has greatly diminished in frequency. As soon as the legislature had ceased to offer up blood "on the altars of the discount-Moloch," commercial credit set its ingenuity to work, and protected itself. The same thing will hold in many cases; and that protection of property will often be accomplished by mechanical invention, for which we have hitherto called in the hangman and the gallows—and, of late, their shadow—although we were not entitled to calculate upon the diminution of misdemeanours and small crimes from a a higher morality, and, as the people become instructed, from the general operation of that restraint, more powerful than all the criminal codes in the world—enlightened public opinion.

There is, we fear, some cause of apprehension that the Society whose benevolent labours have already done so much good, will not be altogether satisfied with the extent to which Lord John Russell has gone. We should sincerely deprecate their hostility to the measures of a Government, who, however dilatory and uncertain their progress has been, have ultimately done or sanctioned more good than all the Tory administrations the country has had since the party names of Whig and Tory were first known. The organ of the Society often manifests a strong, subsidiary, anti-ministerial feeling, independently of the question agitated. In sympathizing with such party feeling, the Society will injure their sacred cause. Instead of quarrelling with Lord John Russell's propositions, we should rejoice to see them receive the boon they may consider stinted, with cheerfulness, and at once betake themselves to another and as important achievement—the improvement of Prison Discipline, and the equal apportioning of Secondary Punishments.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—NO. II.

DRESDEN, PRAGUE, AND VIENNA.

(*Dresden.*)

As, next to literature and music, painting and sculpture must be ranked as the most efficient aids towards refinement of taste, the combined result of all these influences are, as may be supposed, visible in Dresden. There is some reason, however, to doubt the effect of picture galleries on morals; unless the subjects are selected with more care than any it has been my fortune to meet with.

More young artists pursue the study of their profession here than in any other gallery of Germany, and many of their copies are highly respectable, and such as a person desirous to possess pictures would scarcely pass without inquiry. The annual exhibition, *a la* Somerset House, was interesting to us and creditable to the artists—indeed, with so much perfection to imitate, it could scarcely be otherwise.

The terrace walk which here overlooks the Elbe, is one of the finest that any city can possess, and much resembles the cathedral walk at Basle; but the Elbe, though certainly very beautiful, is not the Rhine.

Dresden and its neighbourhood contain the usual proportion of music gardens, concert-rooms, and theatres; and there is a pretty air of quiet gentility in the manners of the people, who appear to enjoy life in that unostentatious, musical, and conversational way which suits the national character.

Much knitting is performed by the ladies at the evening garden parties, under the influence of music, such as few places even in Germany can command; for, though the Paganinis and Sontags of the art resort to the larger capitals, it is believed that no city of similar extent boasts finer music than Dresden.

The Saxon ladies, and those of Germany, generally perform, it is understood, many domestic duties, which the English of similar rank would consider degrading. Whether this arises from necessity or choice, it is difficult to determine; but I suspect the latter, and that it is taste which keeps the German ladies possibly superintending over much the uninteresting occupations of their domestics.

The King of Saxony is a rather young man, and is married without having family. His appearance is handsome, and his manner of returning the salutes of passers by is agreeable.

He seems exceedingly popular, and is as much the chosen sovereign of the people as their legitimate monarch; for, when, after July 1830, some spirit of dissatisfaction shewed itself here, it was immediately allayed by the appointment of his present Majesty as regent. Saxony is blessed with a constitution, and a Chamber of Peers and Deputies; so that it is considered the most Liberal country of Germany, as regards government, as well as the most fortunate in soil, and the richest in mines and manufacturing industry.

The Congress of Vienna, however, arbitrarily caused this kingdom to pay a severe penalty for the adhesion of its king to the cause of Napoleon, by granting a considerable portion of its territory to the ever fortunate Prussia.

To an Englishman, Saxony is doubly interesting, as it may be considered a remote fatherland; and I believe there are districts in Britain where the blood has not yet been Normandized, and where the Saxon form and features exist unaltered.

The women of Saxony are generally fair and comely; but the men deform their faces by mustachioes, and spoil their natural complexions by the vile habit of smoking, which appears to occupy the same place in their regard that the *dolci far niente* does in Italy.

The current of mind is here so quiet and lethargic, and the demeanour so regulated by rule, that the people of Dresden do the wandering, quick-travelling English who come among them, the honour to consider them flighty, and perhaps somewhat more. On the other hand, our countrymen are of opinion that the Saxons would be considerably improved by having their systems also volatilized, and the stream of thought quickened, by the results of a Norman conquest.

A lady from the Emerald Isle, who certainly carries innocent independence of action to its extreme limit, is at this moment astonishing the society of Dresden, by disregarding the *réglemens* of the place. Punctilious decorum is here as much esteemed as the "weightier matters of the law."

Excepting some parts of Switzerland and the Rhine, this beautiful neighbourhood is one of the districts which appears to offer the greatest number of inducements as a residence for English idlers, to whom any alteration in circumstances may render German economy necessary, or to those to whom other causes may render their own country distasteful.

The German people are such as the English must naturally love and respect; being sincere in their manners, devoted to domestic life, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts—though the language is an obstacle which, to many of our countrymen, would prove insurmountable. Without any German, and with only a smattering of French, you will naturally ask how *I* get on; but we have had the singular good fortune to meet with a German travelling companion, who is well informed, and desirous to practise his English. Thus have our arrangements been facilitated; and we have also frequently encountered other Germans, speaking English or French. So, by converting myself into a travelling point of interrogation, I can hardly fail to acquire a little superficial information. A considerable proportion of the German gentlemen have had university educations; so that the standard of intelligence throughout the country is very high.

The ladies are here taught music, drawing, languages, &c., as in England; but it is understood that the German female mind is more deeply tinctured with sentiment than with us. Whether this is natural or is caused by education, it would be difficult to ascertain; but it probably produces an unfavourable effect on their happiness, after the romantic *premiere jeunesse* is past. There is about them a tender confidingness of expression, which certainly conveys the character of sentimentalism, and wins its way to the heart more readily than the lustre of an Italian eye, or the self-possessed elegance of English or French ladies. Or, if you prefer their praises in rhyme—

Some love to sing the dark brunette,
While many choose the fair,
And some to gaze on eyes of jet,
As sparkling blues are rare—
But German maids, with eyes of blue,
May well reward a knight that's true.

Though Italy's the land of love,
And Spain the land of grace,
The Saxon fair have charms above
Granada's Moorish race—
And German maids, with eyes of blue,
May well reward a knight that's true.

The belles of France have much *esprit*,
And England's proud ones beauty;
But simple German maids for me,
With nature, love, and duty—
For German maids, with eyes of blue,
May well reward a knight that's true.

I've seen the glossy Afric race,
Of beauty over brown;
But fear to praise a sable face,
Lest fairer angels frown—
For German maids, with eyes of blue,
May well reward a knight that's true.

The classic Athens of the north,
May boast it's fair *bas bleu*;
But German girls have every worth,
And are the *juste milieu*—
And German maids, with eyes of blue,
May well reward a knight that's true.

The three accomplishments, *par excellence*, by which it is understood a German young gentleman may best succeed in making himself acceptable to his lady-love, are waltzing and horsemanship *ad libitum*, and smoking in moderation. It is to be presumed that the latter is not a matter of taste on the part of the ladies, but arises from the impossibility of finding a cavalier who is less the *serviente* of tobacco than of love.

Both morally and intellectually, the people here differ extremely from your Welsh neighbours—for the Germans of this district abound in knowledge, civility, and integrity.

I must not conclude without proving that I have not been so engrossed by the higher attractions of the country as to have forgotten our agricultural conversations. The soil of Saxony appears excellent, and the crops of grain are abundant; but the fundamental item of good agriculture, green crop, is wanting, while enclosures and drainage are almost unknown, and a system of rotation little understood. As a brother dyspeptic, you can scarcely feel disinclined to hear the effect of travelling on health. That a person to whom, when sedentary, two mutton chops are a surfeit, and a glass of sherry negus over-exciting, should be able under the influence of travelling and sight-seeing, to labour through half the tedious variety of a German *table d'hote* and drink a pint of wine, with much benefit to both health and spirits, is not more wonderful than true; and should any of your friends ever get into the disagreeable habit of viewing the affairs of life through a jaundiced medium, by all means send them to travel. A person is probably never so pleasurably independent as when—with a three months' stock of apparel, a fine, unexplored country, full of cities and objects of interest, and, above all, companions of congenial tastes—he goes forth to see the world.

P.S.—You are aware that, in the continental hotels, it is usual for each inmate to lock the door of his apartment—and this practice is quite necessary, as the stairs and passages of the larger establishments are nearly as public as third-rate streets. Having, on one occasion, omitted this precaution, I found myself, on returning, *minus* a cloak, as well as several other articles of apparel; and though the loss was easily supplied, yet the circumstance had a more disagreeable effect, by compelling me to modify an opinion, which had been formed from physiognomy and demeanour, that the Saxons here do not require Alfred-like laws to make them honest. I still feel disposed to account for this loss, by supposing that a professor of the light-fingered art from one of the larger cities, had been passing through Dresden; as an English gentleman living in a neighbouring hotel was laid under contribution on the following day, to the extent of several hundred dollars.

August 1836.

As the fates decided against our travelling together, I can only hope that your tour has equally abounded in the materials of pleasure and interest.

Soon after leaving Dresden for the Saxon Switzerland, we passed by Pilnitz, the summer palace of the King, beautifully situated on the Elbe, and celebrated by the political councils which were held in it during the period of Napoleon's power.

Saxony may be called in Germany what Tuscany is in Italy—a small, productive, well-governed state, and a chief seat of the fine arts. The reigning princes in both are happy in the affections of their subjects; while the people rejoice in the amiable dispositions of their sovereigns. This miniature Switzerland is deserving of all that has been or can be said of it, as being the fairy-land to which the people of northern Germany resort, to refresh their feelings and imbibe romance. To describe the height of the rocks or the depth of the valleys would be tedious; but, should you ever be in this quarter, and disposed to make an experiment in luxurious ruralizing, I could recommend your being carried through these lovely valleys in one of the chairs that are to be found at the various stations. It was an indulgence for which a hot day, and the lassitude arising from a severe cold, were sufficient excuses to an indolent disposition; and having, in ignorance, formerly reckoned a sofa and a new novel as the acmé of indolent enjoyment, I feel happy, by means of this experiment, to have established a higher standard.

The fresh air was pleasurable; and the forests, rocks, streams, and caves, were objects of natural romance; which—coupled with the incidents the guides furnished, of these rocky summits having been converted into places of defence; of the names and histories of the various caves; of the Swedes having overrun the country during the thirty years' war of Gustavus Adolphus; and, to conclude, the tragical and interesting event of a Saxon maiden having heroically thrown herself from one of the precipices, to avoid falling into the hands of the Swedish soldiery: these are incidents, out of which every mind, moderately imaginative, must weave a series of little romances while being carried along.

Many of these rocky mountains are of such fantastic shapes, and their summits so much resemble castles of human formation, that it requires an effort of reason to satisfy the mind that they are not so. Of the fortress of Königstein, in particular, there is a natural duplicate,

which, at the distance of a few miles, it is difficult to distinguish from that which is garrisoned. Perhaps the Bastey promontory, which towers 800 feet in height above the Elbe, is the most commanding position from which to view the wonders of this region; and a discharge from its mercenary artillery brings back the echo from a thousand rugged rocks.

The Saxon Switzerland is a beautiful resemblance of some of the most interesting and romantic scenery of Helvetia, leaving her more sublime and sterile wonders to be sought for in that land where the earth soars to heaven.

It proved to us a subject of considerable regret to leave Saxony and the Saxons; more especially as the Bohemians, into whose country we next entered, are a people in all respects inferior. Whether this inferiority is the effect of government, religion, or their Sclavonic origin, it would be difficult to decide; but probably all these causes assist in producing the unfavourable result.

Bohemia is a strictly Catholic country, and innumerable symptoms of religious bad taste appeared by the road-sides; while both the houses and the people were comparatively dirty. The language of the lower orders seems peculiarly rude, and is not understood by Germans. Its sound is harsh; and in some of the small inns the tone and manner of the domestics to each other were such as to convey to us the impression that they were quarreling; thus forming an extreme contrast to the placid demeanour of the Saxons. In regard to agriculture, the soil seems merely to be scratched by the plough; and yet the country abounds in corn, and is peculiarly rich in its flocks, which are celebrated for the quality of the wool they produce.

Culm is beautifully situated in an extensive plain, surrounded by hills; and near it stand two monuments, erected to commemorate a victory gained over the French towards the conclusion of the last war.

Tœplitz is an agreeable little watering place, and contained about 2000 strangers when we passed through; but, as the King of Prussia, who is the annual grand patron, had left it, the walks and places of amusement were comparatively deserted. His Majesty, when here, generally attends the public balls, and frequently leads off the dance.

The natural heat of the Tœplitz spring is agreeable for bathing, while other branches of it are used for drinking; and it is also said to be a specific for certain diseases of the eye. The imperial gardens behind the palace form an elegant promenade, and can sometimes shew more German aristocracy than perhaps any of the other summer resorts.

Last year a congress was held here, when there were sixty royal princes present, of whom the majority were reigning sovereigns. All were invited by the Emperor of Austria, who entertained them in a manner befitting their high rank; and, as one among the many princely preparations, our hotel landlord mentioned that 400 Arabian horses, with equipages suitable, were brought from the imperial stables of Vienna for the occasion. To persons fond of examining whether royalty is composed of the same materials as ordinary humanity, this might have afforded an opportunity such as may not soon again present itself.

Between Tœplitz and Prague the country is open and unornamented, but productive and abounding in game.

The ex-royal family of France appear to have chosen their *locale* in Bohemia with much discrimination; as there is such an abundance of game for the amusement of Charles X. and his son, that *toujours perdrix* is a motto which they cannot here fail to realize; while the inhabitants of the country have a sufficiency of bigotry to satisfy even the Duchess d'Angouleme.

Much has been said of the trouble given to travellers on entering Austria; but our experience was quite the contrary, as the portmanteaus were not opened, and not a question was asked. Whether this was owing to the small coins which were folded in the corners of our passports, before being presented, like physicians' fees, or whether, it being twelve o'clock, the officer's dinner might be waiting, I cannot divine; but it would not perhaps be always safe to calculate on the same extent of indulgence.

The Bohemian nobles are numerous as well as wealthy. The Duke de Clary, in particular, through whose estates we passed, is said to possess ninety-nine domains, yielding a princely revenue.

Prague contains about 90,000 inhabitants, and has in times past suffered much from the ravages of plague and the disasters of war. It presents an Italian appearance; and, looking down from the hill on which the Royal Palace stands, reminded us much of the panorama of Rome, now exhibiting in Berlin. The palace and neighbouring church are in preparation for the coronation; but, as strangers, we were allowed to visit the latter, and view the progress of its elegant decorations. Among its permanent attractions are a splendid group in honour of the patron saint of Bohemia, which is exceedingly well executed in silver, and weighs, according to the sacristan authority, I am ashamed to say how much.

That this should have escaped the hands of the French soldiery, is somewhat surprising, as they generally acted on the principle that wealth is a disease in the church; and it was one which they seldom failed in their endeavours to cure.

All persons who have travelled through the north of Italy and the Rhine districts of Germany, must have remarked the usual phrase of the *valets de place*, in shewing their now humble church ornaments—that all were of gold and silver, "*avant les Francais*"—though paltry bits of coloured glass now do duty for precious stones, and gilding for gold.

The picture gallery at Prague is only third-rate, and scarcely worthy of being visited, unless by those curious in specimens of the early Ger-

man school. A singular anecdote is related of the origin of a crucifix and sacred group on the bridge here. The Jews, of whom there are many thousands, were, on passing it formerly, subject to a toll, from which they petitioned to be relieved; and the request was granted, on condition of their erecting the Christian shrine, which now occupies a very conspicuous position on the bridge. In doing so, it is probable that this calculating people, who have been worldly wise in all their generations, merely reckoned the expense of the toll on the one hand, against that of the required erection on the other; while, by the other parties, it was considered as a triumph of a much higher description. Prague seems to be a dull city, with few amusing attractions; and, though its university is considered the oldest of Germany, its celebrity does not appear to have kept pace with its lengthened existence. Considering their nearness to Saxony, the inhabitants here make an extraordinary advance towards an Italian complexion; and, as this difference cannot arise from climate, it is possible that the city may have been colonized from the south at a remote period.

In honour of your department of the service, I shall transcribe the substance of a pompous inscription over the entrance of the commissariat store-house:—

"Without the art of living, the art of war could not exist."

It has been alleged that the Austrians excel more in the former than in the latter art; and, during the late war, the French often sneered at the extent of their feeding preparations. Had Napoleon's soldiers required any other stimulus to victory than "*la gloire*," it might have been furnished, to a fatigued and ill-fed army, by the tempting stores of the Austrian troops; for it was necessary to beat the men in order to reach the provisions; which, you must admit, was a *rational* inducement to exertion.

The Emperor of Austria was formerly crowned as King of Hungary, and is, in ten days, to be crowned here as King of Bohemia; while, next season, the iron crown, the most ancient of the world, will be placed on his head in Lombardy.

From Prague to Vienna, is about 200 English miles; and the public conveyance by which we travelled, was not of a description to lessen the effect of that distance on either the body or the mind.

In travelling through England, one is disposed to feel surprise that the country is able to supply the numerous towns with the means of subsistence; but here an opposite feeling is experienced, and the wonder appears to be, how the produce of the country is consumed; for, between Prague and Vienna, no towns occur of any considerable population, except Iglau and Znaym; yet, on either side, as far as the eye could reach, all the country is cultivated, with the exception of very moderate portions appropriated to the growth of wood.

Shrines, crucifixes, and, I may add, beggars, so abound by the road-sides in Bohemia and Moravia, that a traveller is compelled to conclude that there is a necessary connexion between beggary and Popery, here as elsewhere. It appears to be one of the fruits of that gigantic tree of *anti*-knowledge. It is certainly much to be hoped that another Luther may speedily arise for Austria, were it only with reference to the civil effects that would be produced; for, in Protestant Prussia and Saxony, offensive mendicants in rags and filth are not to be met with.

The men of Bohemia and Moravia appear not to reckon females the weaker vessels, if it may be allowed to judge by the nature of the labour allotted to them; such as digging, carrying heavy loads, and breaking stones by the road sides.

All the extensive country between Hamburgh and Vienna, has been nearly destitute of hedges; and I verily believe, there are more of these in one English county, than over half the Continent.

Both Bohemia and Moravia have a prettily varied aspect, as compared with North Germany; and abound in hill and dale, wood and cultivation.

Having lost our German travelling companion at Prague, the want of language became a source of some inconvenience; so that we began to regret not having followed the advice given by a ship-owner, in the north of Scotland, to his captain, before sailing for Norway, to "devote the *whole* of the first day to making himself perfect in the language."

Vienna, Sept. 1836.

A silence of some years proves how much less we are apt to think of a life as saved by medical, than other means; for, had you plucked me out of a river, instead of subduing the rage of a fever, gratitude would doubtless have prompted to a more frequent acknowledgment of the obligation.

To write a letter from Vienna, however, one of the gayest cities of the world, and the Paris of Germany, may be reckoned a partial expiation of past negligence, and is a matter of easy execution, as the materials for remark are so inexhaustible that one feels rather an *embarras de richesses*. Your stout friend C—— with whom I travel, is much pleased with the German feeding, as well as the good humour and kindly manners of the people. He has also a favourable opinion of hock and Seltzer Water, with which we generally cool ourselves twice a-day; and I must be permitted to say, without conveying disrespect, that we both prefer this mixture to those saline draughts with which you used to favour us, during paroxysms of fever.

C——'s rosy, good-humoured face, has excited much admiration among the maid-servants at the various hotels; and when I inform you that it is the general Austrian practice, to have in each of these some of the prettiest girls which the neighbourhood affords, you will know how to appreciate our friend's conquests.

Being on the eve of the Emperor's coronation, we encountered on the road, between Prague and Vienna, considerable bodies of troops, numerous equipages belonging to the court, and numberless waggons; for, as no important canals are to be found in Austria, the numbers of loaded

waggons which traverse the roads are calculated to convey an exaggerated idea of its commercial intercourse. I feel that I owe much obligation to Prince Lichtenstein's picture-gallery, to which we resorted to spend our first day in Vienna; after having been jolted and jaded by three days' travelling over dusty roads, during hot weather, and in a vehicle the springs of which were assuredly not from Longacre.

All persons who are nervously irritable, may calculate on a day of misery, after such a long continued series of concussions; but Prince Lichtenstein's beautiful Correggios, Guidos, Murrillos, Andre del Sartos, Franceschinis, and Van der Werfs, fixed the attention; and the wearied spirit was charmed into tranquillity, by the lovely divinities around.

To you with a soul attuned to musical harmony, that will naturally appear as more powerfully tranquillizing; but for one to whom music is little more than an agreeable medium for musing, to profess rapture on that subject would be an uncandid affectation. It is, therefore, better to confess with Mr Jenkins the Cockney —"I am not musical myself, but have a snuff-box that is."

The only consolation I have been able to discover for this deprivation of musical enjoyment, is founded on a note by Mr Moore to one of his Oriental poems, stating the Persian belief that the pleasure of music arises from its reminding them of melody heard in previous states of being. Those, therefore, who do not feel this link connecting them with other existences, may reasonably infer they are only in the chrysalis state, and may yet hope to wing their flight in more musical forms, and possibly sing—"I'd be a butterfly."

Strauss is the Paganini of this quarter, and it is to his waltzes that the girls of Vienna love to be twirled round the dancing saloons with which the public gardens are furnished. His name is celebrated throughout Germany, and those who can appreciate harmony, say that his violin does "discourse most eloquent music." There is no peculiarity in his appearance; and, from considerable action of the limbs, &c., the performance seems somewhat laboured; but, perhaps, this is inseparable from the animated music of the waltz. It is, however, an extreme contrast to the ease with which Paganini draws out his silvery tones, so unlike all that the world had heard before, and affording a pleasing foretaste of what a musical enthusiast may hope for in a state of more refined existence.

The intoxication of champagne is moderately agreeable, and the intoxication of opium is said to be more dreamy and delicate; but it is reserved for the Germans to enjoy in its highest perfection the more fascinating intoxication of waltzing. It seems quite a passion among them; and, if the principal object of female existence were asked and the question candidly answered, I doubt not that "waltzing" would be the response.

In Berlin, and also here, the better classes frequently resort to the public dancing saloons as spectators of the waltzing performances of their domestics, who figure with the youthful milliners and tradesmen of the city.

When in Edinburgh, one of the Siamese twins was asked if people ever danced in his hot country. He replied, with *naiveté*—"Yes, poor people dance; but the rich have others to dance for them." If such were the rule here, the bourgeoises of Vienna would, I believe, almost cease to desire wealth, for which they are otherwise stated to have sufficient regard. I know it will delight the musical department of your mind to hear that in Austria, nearly all families above poverty possess a piano. It is the Savings Bank into which they place the accumulated £10; and I need scarcely add, that the interest is abundantly paid them.

The city proper of Vienna is small, and is surrounded by an esplanade, which extends to the breadth of nearly half a mile; while, beyond this, are the fauxbourgs, containing four times as many inhabitants as the city itself. The effect of this broad esplanade is to throw these fauxbourgs to an inconvenient distance from the city, as well as from each other; and a number of fine streets may, probably, hereafter be formed on this vacant space, with much advantage to the appearance and to the concentration of the capital. The streets within the city are narrow, and without foot pavements, but are exceedingly well kept. The houses are handsome; and it is usual here, as well as in North Germany, for separate families to occupy the different floors of a house; and even one floor is generally divided into two or three domiciles.

The population of Vienna is estimated at 400,000; and, as it is the chief residence of the noblesse of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia, as well as of many from the Italian states, there is a very numerous aristocracy and much wealth. Many Italian nobles also reside here, and some have been detained for long periods, soliciting pardon for relatives guilty of political offences—by which means, said my Milanese informant, Vienna is kept "*toujours en fleur.*"

Austria, including the Italian provinces, probably contains a more numerous nobility than any other empire, and, in point of wealth, they are scarcely second to those of England; for the Lichtensteins, Schwartzenbergs, Esterhasys, and others, may vie with the nobility of any country in riches and honours.

The reply of Prince Esterhazy to an English nobleman, whose flock of Southdowns he had been surveying, is well known: he "did not know the number of his sheep, but had about a thousand shepherds." Prince Esterhazy's flocks are said to exceed 200,000, yielding an annual income of about £50,000, while his total revenue is estimated at above £200,000; but, notwithstanding this princely amount, the extravagances of London may, possibly, have prevented its being found to be superabundant. It is alleged that the Austrian Court is not desirous to see indi-

vidual nobles of excessive wealth; and a London mission is a convenient and honourable means to reduce a plethora of riches. Prince Esterhazy is, when in Hungary, treated as a little potentate, and even maintains some military state. During Napoleon's supremacy he desired to have formed Hungary into an independent kingdom, under an Esterhazy dynasty; but, neither his power nor his address could shake the loyalty of that family to the Emperor of Austria; and thus his scheme for giving the country a popular sovereign was necessarily abandoned.

Austria and Prussia are extreme contrasts to each other, as regards the division of landed property. The Austrian proprietary system necessarily produces a gay capital; but the Prussian subdivision of land a happy people. Here, much the greater proportion of the soil belongs to the nobles; so that the rural population is, in general, poor and dependent. In Hungary this is stated to be more especially the case; and the peasants there are in a low state of vassalage; while the upper classes are understood to be (perhaps inconsistently) great admirers of English liberty, and anxious to procure similar political privileges.

Vienna is rich in works of art, and especially in specimens of Canova's genius. Among these is a magnificent monument to the memory of the Arch-Duchess Christina, in the Augustine Church—consisting of several figures, each of which is interesting; and the temple in the Volks-garten contains another of his celebrated works, representing Theseus slaying the Minotaur. In this, the chasm produced by the pressure of his knee on the breast of the fabled monster, and the grasp of the throat, are such that it would not be difficult to fancy hearing the crash of bones, and the gurgle of suppressed respiration.

Prince Esterhazy's sculpture gallery also displays several productions by Canova, among which are excellent busts of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, besides many works by Thorswaldsen, Bartolini, and other eminent moderns. Prince Esterhazy's picture-gallery is not so extensive as Prince Lichtenstein's; but it is very select, and contains many of the gems of art. Among the many, are some excellent cattle-pieces, by Paul Potter; two beautiful pictures, by Leonardi da Vinci; two of the best Salvator Rosas that are to be met with; and some good Rembrandts.

The Belvidere public gallery is very extensive; and, in Germany, second only to that of Dresden. Many of the works have awakened such feelings of admiration, that I hope to enjoy their beauties as long as memory shall endure, or association have the power to recall past impressions. A Holy Family, by Raphael, is considered one of the chief attractions, and is, perhaps, second to nothing but his own greater productions at Florence and Dresden; while, in sanctity of expression, it seems almost equal to those which shed so celestial a light over these galleries. An exquisite picture, by Leonardi da Vinci, representing his favourite subject—Herodias carrying the head of St John—is one of the most striking here; for the lustre of the eye, and the brunette of the complexion, are matchless; and, viewed through a tube, the figure seems to advance into a living reality. Several of the pictures, by Carlo Dolci, are full of that tender expression of melancholy and sanctity which no other master has portrayed so well; while there is a beautiful vividness, combined with delicacy, in his colouring, which is nowhere else to be found. The mantles of his Madelaines and Madonnas have assuredly been dipped in the Tyrean dye. I must not omit two beautiful Madonnas, by Mengs and Perrugino, as well as one by Pistoja, embodying more of the expression of intellect and dignity than is generally attempted; while the heavenly countenance of an angel, by Leux, is such as once seen can never be forgotten. Many of the finer landscapes here, lead forth the soul into the forest; and one by Ruysdael, in particular, exhibits, in an eminent degree, that agreeable shadiness which is so characteristic of his pictures; while near it is a beautiful sea-view, by Backhuysen; and the juxtaposition of such shade and water is almost sufficient to aid the fancy in creating an ideal coolness, even in Vienna heat.

Nearly every gallery on the Continent affords evidence of the extraordinary power and industry of Rubens; for here, and at Dresden alone, are productions of his sufficient to have occupied the life of any ordinary artist. His works seldom, however, afford very refined pleasure, as they generally convey what Mr Combe would call the supremacy of the lower feelings; and his female figures are merely splendid specimens, without soul, of nature's coarser models.

The Belvidere boasts a portrait of an old woman, by Denner, which possesses the singular merit, if such it may be called, of being quite unlike a picture—for it rather resembles a preserved head, where each individual wrinkle, freckle, and silver hair, is as distinctly visible as it could have been in the living original! In the same room, there is a singular and beautifully finished picture, by Mieris, of a man's face, with a broad leer; and the expression is so full of mirthfulness, that even the relaxed muscles of my melancholy visage became, while gazing on it, contracted to a more happy form. Some fine Titians, and many good Vandycks, Ostades, &c., add interest to this collection.

The names of the masters, and the dates of their birth and death, are appropriately marked on each picture. Titian appears to have reached the age of ninety-nine; Rubens, of sixty-four; while the divine Raphael died at thirty-seven.

We were politely admitted to several noblemen's galleries; but neither in them nor in the Belvidere, did we see any young artists at work. How different from Dresden! Though not distinguished as a school, yet the wealth of Vienna commands the residence of some eminent artists; and the style of portrait-painting in particular appears very superior to what it is in other districts of Germany. The Arch-Duke Charles' exten-

sive collection of prints is open to the inspection of all applicants; and it proved a very agreeable morning's recreation to turn over even a few out of the countless thousands.

The churches of Vienna are handsome—particularly the Cathedral St Carlo, &c.; and on Sundays they are all crowded from early morning till the grand high mass towards noon. The finest music the city can command fills up the intervals of the ceremony, beautifully assisting to inspire devotion, and rendering its exercise doubly pleasurable. This union of music with religious observances is doubtless the most refined combination which the mind is capable of enjoying; and, aided by splendour of dress, striking ceremonials, painting, sculpture, and the fragrance of incense, can scarcely fail to captivate all whose devotional feelings have been trained to be acted on through the external senses. Whether it is in consequence of, or in despite of its high Catholicism, I shall not presume to judge; but certainly Vienna does not, in Germany, enjoy a first-class reputation in morals; and its people, no doubt, differ much in this respect from the rigid Lutherans of the north. Without subscribing to the exaggerated opinions on this subject, it may be supposed that there is some little foundation for the stigma. The mask of modesty may, however, be so frequently assumed, and so becomingly worn by persons deficient in the reality, that, when the veil, in those instances, drops, the uncharitable too hastily conclude that Vienna is chiefly a city of masks. There are here many thousands of faces to be met every day, with the expression of modesty and propriety so thoroughly engraved on beauty of the highest order, that no person who loves to indulge in the pleasure of judging by expression, could assent to the malicious views entertained on this subject. It is neither an amiable nor a wise mind which concludes, that, because there are some counterfeits, there is no true coin.

The climate of Vienna is considered liable to great and sudden changes, which, assisted by the enormous quantity of fine dust on the roads of the suburbs, produces a tendency to diseases of the lungs and eyes. During our sojourn the heat was excessive, and nothing proves more irritating to a weak nervous system than the intense rays of the sun. The Emperor's town palace, and that of the Arch-Duke Charles, adjoin each other, and form a splendid range of buildings overlooking the glacis; but the imperial palace and gardens at Schönbrun possess much more striking architectural beauty; and the view of Vienna from the Gloriette temple there, is somewhat calculated to remind one of Florence; while the hills in the neighbourhood towards Baden exhibit, likewise, much of the character of the Tuscan Appenines.

Napoleon resided some time at Schönbrun in 1809, when the Emperor of Austria so *politely* retired into Hungary.

Baden, the fashionable watering-place of Vienna, is an agreeable little town; and the palace of the Arch-Duke Charles, in its immediate neighbourhood, is beautiful in its architecture, and peculiarly fortunate in its situation. Thus, though it is seldom that a humble individual is compelled to break a commandment by coveting a palace, yet such can scarcely fail to be the case here.

It certainly cannot be too much regretted that the noble Danube does not flow through the centre of Vienna, instead of a mile or more on one side; but this river is, nevertheless, daily becoming, by means of steam-vessels, more important to that capital as a channel for the manufactures of Austria to pass into Turkey and the East; which they now do to a considerable extent. In the present state of the world, it is quite a desideratum to discover a people too indolent or too ignorant to manufacture for themselves. Now, the Turks happen to be of this description; and, though other nations may compete for their commercial favours, yet Austria, by means of the Danube, has great natural advantages for their supply. Hence, it appears that, commercially, no less than politically, it is the especial interest of Austria to preserve Turkey; thus, with France and England also solicitous for her independence, the crescent may surely be considered safe in the political horizon.

There are at present seven steam-vessels navigating the Danube from Vienna to Constantinople, and the number is likely to increase rapidly. The voyage generally occupies about ten days, and the beauty of the country in many parts is highly spoken of. A scheme exists here for forming a canal from the Danube to the Black Sea, so as to avoid the Russian establishments; and this is certainly an object of importance, not only to Austria, but to Europe; though the commerce of the river does not at present appear to be of sufficient magnitude to render it a promising investment for private capital.

The Danube is one of those few sublunary objects which may almost excuse an attempt at rhyme, and a perpetration of treason against the stricter laws of the Nine.

Born in the distant forest dell,
Of Dorian Schinger's limpid well;
Fed in thy infancy by rills
Meandering from the Baden hills;
And hastening on, with youthful pride,
Through Wirtemberg thy watery tide—
A hundred brooks their tribute bring,
And hail thee as the river king.
Flow on, brave Danube! flow for ever,
In rapid stream, thou noble river!

Bavaria's breadth thy course extends,
By Ulm's high tower, till Newberg lends
Its beauties to thy mirror stream,
In soft reflection, like a dream;
And commerce brings its watery* band
To join thee to the Rhenish strand—
And link, like brothers Siamese,
The arteries of distant seas.
Flow on, brave Danube! flow for ever,
In rapid stream, thou noble river!

* Danube and Mayne Canal.

Now swelled into imperial strength,
Fair Austria welcomes thee at length;
And many a town and peaceful vale
Is gladdened by the passing sail,
Which floats along the eddying tide
As with the stream the vessels glide,
Bearing their rich and varied loads
To gay Vienna's fair abodes.
Flow on, brave Danube! flow for ever,
In ample stream, thou noble river!

We were unfortunate in not being able to see either the Emperor or his prime minister, as they and all the gay world were at Prague. The former, it is understood, possesses a mild and amiable disposition, similar to that of his father, but with much less energy of character, which may, in some measure, arise from delicate health. An intelligent Protestant gentleman, resident in Vienna, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make, accounted for the declining energy and talent of the imperial race by their repeated intermarriages with their cousins of the Sardinian and Neapolitan royal families. That such alliances do produce these results is pretty certain; and Dr Spurzheim, one of whose doctrines this was, ought surely to have favoured the good people of Vienna with his views on the subject.

The Austrian family are so bigotedly Catholic, that to marry Protestants might possibly place them beyond the region of forgiveness; while state policy, it is alleged, requires that the family should not connect itself with France. They have thus been limited in their freedom of choice; as the Catholic royalty of Germany is, perhaps, scarcely sufficiently *distingué* for an imperial alliance.

The Hapsburgh race have for generations, with scarcely an exception, possessed mild and benevolent dispositions; but the name of the the Empress Maria Theresa is the brightest of the honourable line, and that which is most frequently heard of. She may, perhaps, be styled the Queen Elizabeth of Austrian history; with this difference, that, in being the Empress, she did not forget the amiabilities of female character—in proof of which, the benevolent institutions established by her in Vienna are very numerous.

The present Emperor is married without having family; but the Arch-Duke Charles has several children, who, if their portraits truly represent them, promise to do honour to their race and country.

The Emperor of Austria, as a subaltern description of honour, has eight or ten kingly titles, derived from Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Lombardy, &c.; and even the holy city of Jerusalem yields him kingly homage.

The imperial family seem to be much beloved in their ancient hereditary dominions; but this feeling does not extend to the extremities of the empire. It would be impossible to conjecture how long clever policy and temporising measures may be able to maintain state affairs in their present position; yet it is scarcely rash to conclude, that, before very many years pass by, the empire of Austria must either be united by a general constitutional system, or that each of the numerous states which now swell it to greatness must have local constitutions for their internal government, while Vienna may continue to be the centre for regulating matters of general interest. No central government, however intelligent, can, without a representative system, either sympathize with the feelings or understand the varied interests of such an extensive empire. Laws and policy which suit Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, may be quite unfit for Lombardy, the Tyrol, and Hungary, which are the democratic districts. It is much to be desired that the present amiable Emperor, who certainly is not ambitious of personal power, may be induced to concede a constitution—retaining the splendour and sufficient of the power of royalty, free from that excessive anxiety which must ever attend individual government.

Prince Metternich is allowed, even by his enemies in Vienna, the possession of singular talent; and has, if his portrait speaks truly, a fine animated expression of eye, indicative of his most distinguished characteristic—an extreme rapidity of perception and decision—a perception which omits nothing, and a decision that seldom errs.

The Parisians, who so loudly complain that Louis Philippe both reigns and governs, could scarcely fail to be satisfied with the state of matters here in that repect; for Prince Metternich as assuredly governs as the emperor reigns. I suppose you recollect the lines which well described a similar state of things during the British political reign of the hero of Waterloo:—

"King Arthur reigns in England,
In Ireland reigns King Dan,
King George in Windsor Castle—
Dethrone them if you can."

Austria may be now said to manufacture nearly all that her population consumes; and, judging from the appearance of dress, shops, furniture, &c., she appears to stand little in need of foreign assistance.

The principal national sources of revenue are the mines, the land-tax, stamp-tax, lottery, customs, duties, and the government monopolies of tobacco, salt, gunpowder, and paper. The taxes appear not to be oppressive; but how much is raised, or how it is expended, the world of Vienna cares little to know; and much inquiry by strangers on the subject, might be considered as an impertinence. The mind of Mr Joseph Hume, if transplanted here, would die of a lethargy, from lack of arithmetical food.

The population of the Austrian empire is about thirty-five millions; and the army amounts to above 300,000 men, who generally serve for seven years each. In the Venetian and Lombardy States, they are drawn by conscription as in France; but in Austria some arbitrary power is exercised to secure tall men, having the best military qualifications—thus affording to diminutiveness the premium of private life.

The officers of the cavalry regiments belong

here, as elsewhere, chiefly to the noble families, and those of the infantry to the middle classes. A few British gentlemen also hold commissions, which they, generally speaking, have earned by service as volunteers. The practice seems not unusual in the Austrian army for privates to be raised to the rank of officers, in reward of acts of valour, or of continued good conduct. The Austria-Hungarian cavalry enjoys a high reputation; and, as that country is said to have been colonised from the east at a remote period, it is possible that some Arab or Tartar blood may circulate there, infusing that taste for horsemanship by which the people are distinguished above their neighbours.

All the national uniforms are here in bad taste, which is the more to be regretted, as the troops are generally the finest grown men that are anywhere to be met with. Dress is, I conceive, of more consequence than is generally imagined both in military and civil life; for a man who is nicely apparelled will (if spirit be not altogether wanting) generally endeavour that his carriage and conduct shall correspond therewith. The taste of the military dandies of Vienna might be advantageously employed in devising a new national livery; for nothing can be conceived less becoming than the white coats and long black gaiters of the soldiers.

Two days since, on a high saints' day, there was a review of 12 or 13,000 troops in the suburbs, when high mass was performed with all due ceremony, for the religious benefit of the the soldiery. The early part of the day was also kept strictly holy in the city; and religious processions and high masses prevailed throughout the streets and churches. The Catholic religion, through the influence of its priesthood, appears to be one of the chief supports of the Austrian government; and the imperial family itself is identified with all the peculiarities of high Catholicism, while the government supports the system as a grand political safeguard.

The Austrians, though generally educated people, are so to an extent much inferior to the Prussians and other North Germans. Catholic teachers are paid by government, and the law requires parents to send their children to school; but, as a teacher frequently suffices for more than one village, the attendance of pupils cannot be very regular.

There appear to be various established ceremonial fees and other sources from which the Catholic priesthood are paid their small stipends; but the magnates of the Austrian church derive enormous revenues from landed estates attached to their sees.

The university of Vienna has a respectable reputation for medical science; but for philosophy Northern Germany is much more celebrated. The gallery of anatomical wax-work here may be said to rival, if that be possible, the waxy wonders of Florence itself. On visiting Vienna, you should by no means omit seeing the Zaug House, which contains one of the most extensive and curiously-arranged collections of ancient and modern implements of war that is anywhere to be met with. The vaults of the Capuchin convent are also generally visited, as being honoured by the remains of a long and illustrious line of Austrian monarchs, from her ancient dukes down to the emperors of later times. To behold so many generations of departed royalty reposing in their bronze coffins, must convey to those minds that are well stored with a knowledge of Austrian affairs, an impressive regal history of the country.

The royal porcelain manufactory, which we minutely inspected, appears to be on a par with that at Berlin, and, at least, equal in its productions to that of Dresden, where the art first arose.

In the management of their theatres, the Germans appear to pursue a more rational course than is followed in England. In the first place, the performances only last for two or three hours, which, being as long as it is possible to concentrate the attention, a longer period would only convert a pleasure into a labour. In the next place, instead of their theatres presenting a glare of gas-light, distressing to the eyes, heating the air, and consuming the portion required for respiration, there is only a single chandelier suspended from the ceiling.

This might not perhaps please persons who desire to be seen as by the blaze of noon-day; but for the business proper of the theatre, the German plan is the better, and the ventilation of the houses seems also peculiarly well attended to.

We heard much of the cholera both here and Prague, and no doubt numbers were dying from imprudent mixtures of fruit and vegetables with sour beer and sourer wine; but, knowing something of dietetics, and having escaped with your assistance from the tropical land of pestilence, we came forward without fear. I have alleged that the appearance of C——'s ruddy English face, beaming with health, hock, and happiness, tended to restore confidence and arrest the progress of the disorder. The charm has, however, lost its power; for yesterday, on the weather becoming suddenly cold, ninety-eight persons were carried to the hospital within six hours. An Archbishop has also been carried off at Prague, which appears to have impressed the virulence of the disorder on the public mind more strongly than the death of a thousand plebeians could have done. I hope your medical opinion will coincide with my unmedical creed, that beefsteaks and pure air are the best preventives of the disorder.

Smoking is much less general here than in North Germany; indeed, there is an air of gentlemanly refinement about the men, with which the vile odour of a confirmed smoker would be inconsistent. The meerschaum pipes are, however, fashionable male toys; and it becomes one of the smoker's amusements to observe the gradual change in their colour which his labours produce.

There is perhaps no city in Germany in which

the people dress so well as they do in Vienna, including both sexes and all classes. The ladies tripping about in their light muslin dresses are quite fairy like; and any father confessor meeting these pretty pietists taking their interesting morning walk to church, must surely feel disposed to tell them that their imagined sins are forgiven, almost before they ask it.

It was with much pleasure and surprise that we here accidentally met with another of your patients saved from tropical fever, and now translated from an African pandemonium to the Austrian paradise. Major F—— has certainly proved himself an old soldier, in selecting one of the most agreeable cities of Europe in which to recruit his health and enjoy a furlough.

Vienna has the reputation in Germany of being a cheap city; but to those who live in hotels it is of course not so; and persons may, I believe, live as economically and as well in a good hotel in London as in either Hamburgh, Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna.

The cookery here is moderately endurable; but wants lightness and delicacy—that happy combination of science and taste in which the Parisian *cuisine* abounds, so as almost to entitle its *artistes* to rank with the professors of the liberal arts.

In Vienna as in Paris it is the practice to dine at *restaurants*, and, in consequence, there are no good *table-d'hotes;* but the pleasures of the palate are not neglected, and the Viennese are well known to be peculiarly happy in their powers of performance at table. At Hetsing there is an elegant dining establishment, to which the luxurious of Vienna resort on Sundays; and, after being prepared for it by a walk through the beautiful grounds at Schönbrun, the *valet-de-place* established us at one of its tables, and then went his way. Dish followed dish, each increasing in lightness and temptation, till the number amounted to twelve or thirteen; for we had scarcely sufficient German, had we even possessed enough of self-command, to desire to abridge this inundation of luxuries. The general dinner hour being barbarously early, suppers are of course in fashion; and the substantial fare which even ladies indulge in at this evening meal, conveys the unpleasing impression, that their dreams cannot be "rosy, nor their slumbers light." It is stated by persons competent to judge, that, while in North Germany, conversation generally asumes an intellectual tone, turning on politics, literature, philosophy, or science—in Vienna the practice is quite otherwise: the subjects chosen are *petite;* and theatres, operas, parties, and promenades engross as much attention as the higher matters do in the north. If the Viennese are the worshippers of any system of philosophy, it is of that which is attributed to Epicurus.

At a former period English travellers visiting Vienna, frequently found themselves followed by a familiar spirit from the bureau of police; but this is a mark of attention which is now only bestowed on the Lombardese and other persons suspected of political intrigue. Some years since, when the system of personal spies prevailed, an English gentleman had the address to make his guardian angel of the police practically useful as a guide through the town; and, on leaving, desired his most grateful thanks might be presented to the authorities for such a mark of their attention.

The streets of Vienna are, however, not difficult to thread; and, after a few days' residence, a guide is scarcely required for that purpose, by any one having, what phrenologists call, a good organ of locality. *A propos*, some years since, on explaining to your friend M'D. the position and uses of this organ, he very happily remarked, that it should have been called the *street organ*.

I shall conclude by begging you to beware, on visiting Vienna, of the concentrated decoction of coffee which is administered at that agreeable evening lounge, the Volks-garten; for it would be impossible even for Mr M'Nish, with all his knowledge of the philosophy of sleep, to make that knowledge available after such a beverage.

*** In consequence of the writer of these Letters not having had an opportunity to correct the press for our last Number, several of the names were incorrect. For Stavel read *Havel*, for Terrato read *Ferrato*, &c.

ROYAL MARRIAGES; OR, A PARTNER FOR LIFE.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

Nature, whom we are so fond of apostrophizing as bounteous, ought certainly to provide for princes a peculiar organization, as she does for the royal *terinites*, or the queen-bee. There should be an especial faculty—a certain *princiousness*—enabling them to meet the more than human trials of patience afforded them by Providence. Prince Coco, for instance, was born the heir-apparent of a prosperous monarchy—— we lie—on consideration, he was *not* born *quite* so great, but achieved greatness through a chain of circumstances foreign to our present discussion. At five-and-twenty, at all events, he stood in his boots a prince royal—a king *in petto*, as well as a handsome, well-educated, and highly-gifted young man. We do not assume that Coco was faultless. An obstinate son to the most obstinate of fathers—his Royal Highness was perhaps more self-willed than may become a King—*far* more self-willed than may become an heir-apparent.

It was, therefore, with some reluctance that Abdul Hamish, the prime minister of King Coco, or Coco, senior, proceeded to lay before his Majesty's son and heir the decision of the Privy Council, that his Royal Highness must take a

partner for life; and with inexpressible joy that he received in return a most gracious assurance of submission to the decree. Coco, junior, was, in fact, far too well-educated a prince not to be aware that to conjugate was the especial duty of his vocation; that, if the nation gave him millions for his enjoyment, it was his duty to give the nation princelings for theirs. No sooner, therefore, had Abdul Hamish signified that he must take a wife, than, instead of crying, like Tom Sheridan, "With all my heart, sir—whose wife shall I take?" he replied, with princely propriety, "The nation's will be done! Is it to be a Tartar princess, a Swede, a Dane, a Dog-ribbed Indian? Speak! I am prepared for the worst."

Now, it happened that the fair sex, native of King Coco's kingdom, was a sex of exceeding fairness. The Cocoites were bright and bewitching creatures, accustomed to flutter like fireflies round the head of Prince Coco; to dazzle his eyes with their own lustre, or burn their wings with that of his Majesty prospective. No one knew better what was lovely, sweet, and gracious than did Prince Coco. Yet no sooner did Abdul Hamish apprize him that he was likely to catch a Tartar to become his princess, than the well-trained scion of royalty answered, with a bewitching smile—"A Tartar! Alla be praised! I have always had a partiality for Tartars! Henceforth I look for happiness to Tartary."

From that moment the Prince applied himself to the study of the Tartar language. He even taught himself, in addition to its nouns and adjectives, to adore flat noses, and rejoice in thick lips; to breakfast on smoked foal, and sup on a substance which had hitherto nourished only the stable lamps of the royal palace. He Tartarized himself, in short, from top to toe; and, whenever a fair Cocoite hazarded a smile towards him, closed his eyes against her attractions with the heroism of a Scipio.

Scarcely, however, had the unfortunate Coco schooled himself, by painful habit, into something somewhat approaching Tartar nature—scarcely had he brought himself to swallow a pony cutlet without wincing, or to drink down a Tartarian cup without expecting to be choked by the wick—than Abdul Hamish again salamed his way into his royal presence, informed him that the negociations were at an end; that he must dismiss Tartary from his mind; that the Cham was a barbarian, the princess a Goth; that the overtures of King Coco had been rudely rejected; but that the Privy Council, grieved for his Royal Highness's disappointment, had already opened new negociations with the King of Patagonia!

Prince Coco bowed, as princes only bow; Prince Coco smiled, as princes only smile; begged his compliments to his trusty and well-beloved Privy Council, and assured it he had entertained from his birth a *foiblesse* for Patagonians; that he adored high noses and thin lips; and remained their most obedient humble servant.

The Patagonian dialect now became the royal study. The last butt of train oil having been sent back to the stables, a hogshead of palm wine was broached in its stead, while barbacued pigs were served three times a-day at the royal table. The Cocoite shops hung out signs of "At the fair Patagonian;" the very omnibuses were baptized "Patagonians;" nay, the Royal Horticultural Society named its last invented and longest parsnep after the expected Princess.

But Patagonia proved refractory in its turn; and the next visit of Abdul Hamish, characteristically ushered in by the performance of Ko-Too, announced that the next matrimonial crusade of Coco and the Cocoites was to be fought in the Celestial Empire! Prince Coco was enchanted! He had always delighted in little feet, and worshipped winking eyes; and already seemed to fancy himself a Mandarin of the third button. He longed to swim in a sea of hyson, and hold levées in a pagoda. A deputation was despatched to Sir George Staunton and Mr Davis, to come over and teach his royal Highness Chinese; and he went so far as to appear at the Italian opera, in a complete suit of nankin!

But China was as cruel as the Cham of Tartary; and, scarcely had the portrait of the lovely Princess Sing-Tchoo-Wooty-Wa, been removed from the prominent station assigned it in the boudoir of the mortified Prince Coco, when his royal father sent for him into the royal closet, (ashamed, perhaps, to dispatch poor Abdul Hamish on a fourth fool's errand of diplomacy,) and, after stating, in a general way, that the Cham of Tartary was a *ganache*, the King of Patagonia a *galette*, and the Emperor of China a *cornichon*, informed him that the ninth wonder of the world was awaiting his hand in marriage. His Majesty paused, and Prince Coco longed to say—"Push on—keep moving!" that he might hasten to learn for *which* especial country, of *which* quarter of the globe, he was now to be inspired with a spontaneous passion. New Zealand, he found, was to be the place; and, having become, by much practice, glib in his lessons, it was easy to improvisate a paroxysm of royal rapture. King Coco was satisfied! His own pride had been more hurt by frequent disappointment than even the vanity of his son; and, though great aptitude for the kingly vocation had enabled him to bear up against humiliation, he had scarcely expected so much virtue from the handsomest young man in Cocoland. Shaking his heir-apparent by the hand, he congratulated him that the young Princess of New Zealand was the pride of her sex; that, though past the prime of youth, her hair, at least, if not her cheek, was red as a rose; and that, if her teeth were black, her lips were white as alabaster. Red hair, of course, instantly became the Prince's favourite mixture. He liked black teeth—he liked sallow cheeks—he was the happiest of mankind. The Privy Council had promised him a few more millions pocket-money, built him a gingerbread palace, and prepared squibs and crackers against the wedding day.

Alas, poor Coco!—the jest was now earnest! He, who had hitherto enjoyed such boundless liberty of choice, was about to be bound down, in diamond chains, to a partner for life. After retreating, in haste, from the royal closet, and bowing out, at leisure, the Grand Vizier and his train, he reflected, in his gorgeous solitude, that henceforward it would be solitude no more! He was about to swear eternal constancy to a woman of whom he knew no more than of the lady of Loretto—to take, for better for worse, in sickness and in health, a—what? He could not guess! The Princess of New Zealand might be spiteful, silly, ignorant, contemptible—she might be a thousand things. All he knew, for *certain*, was that she would be—his wife!

But there was no time for meditation—no leisure for perplexity! The *corps diplomatique* was waiting to congratulate him—the Privy Council, the Common Council, the Council of War, and the Council of Peace. The moment the kingdom became aware that he was paying his addresses to New Zealand, its addresses to him were beyond computation. Every city of Cocoland sent up a deputation. The Upper and Lower Houses, the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas—all were out of their wits for joy, that Prince Coco was going to be married!

At length it was rumoured that a pattern of the Princess's dress had arrived from New Zealand at the court mantuamaker's, to facilitate the manufacture of the royal *trousseau;* and then flew every Cocoite beauty, to ascertain the length and breadth of the Princess, and the expanse of the royal waist. But Coco, though he would have given worlds to join the party, was restrained by etiquette from the enterprise; he was not permitted even to learn the number of inches of loveliness he was to receive at the altar of Hymen. With princes, such plebeian matters must be left to the imagination! Meanwhile the knot was to be tied by proxy at the capital of New Zealand; and it was some comfort that the most lumbering old Duke in his father's dominions had been selected as his representative; for Coco felt that the Princess Maminda could not but see him to advantage after so frightful a visitation.

The wedding-day arrived; and a surmise of happiness glowed in the heart of the Prince. Twelve o'clock struck, and he knew himself to be a married man. The bride was not more than a few thousand leagues distant from him. He had found New Zealand on the map. He had traced in an atlas the whereabout of his partner for life. The Park and Tower guns were fired; little boys climbed up poles, for suits of clothes and legs of mutton. The corporate bodies made more speeches, at which the Prince made more faces; and, after swallowing a large slice of wedding-cake, Coco began to fancy the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh *might* be somewhat more than a name, a shadow, a chimera!

Could anything but a prince have borne all this? *Could* any one but Coco have endured to know, "To-day my wife sets off from her father's dominions; to-morrow she will be at Saxe Schevissenschevasch; next day at Hesse Hottentottenthal; in a fortnight she will reach the frontier of my father's territories; in a month she will be here!" Then, when she *had* passed the line of demarcation—defying that Cerberus, the royal custom-house, at other seasons so surly in its defiance to all the world—what a strewing of flowers! what a speaking of speeches, of which the fools said no more than was set down for them, nor the princess less! Gates flew open, as with the springs of watchcases, as the bridal procession approached; and inscriptions appeared on the façade of every Hotel de Ville, duly rendered into New Zealandish, for her royal Highness's edification, by the venerable Duke, her spouse *pro tempore*.

During all this time, Prince Coco stood watching from his bower window, with a smile on his lips, and an opera glass in his hand, to facilitate his perception of the coming convoy. Not a symptom of anxiety was he permitted to display—not a token of curiosity—though still uncertain whether united to a Venus, a Maypole, or a landcrab! It was only on hearing King Coco exclaim, "My daughter!" and perceiving floods of tears fall from the eyes of his excellent royal mother on the neck of what he concluded to be a female form, that he understood himself to be in the presence of his wife.

* * * * *

Will such things endure? In these days of advancement in both physical and metaphysical science, when galvinists have discovered the art of creating mites without intervention of animal matter, and politicians of manufacturing a brand-new Tory out of a worn-out Whig, without other influence than the twaddledom of old age—surely it is time to reform such gross satires upon human nature as the buffoonery of a royal marriage, which brings together, for a long eternity, from the ends of the earth, persons whom climate, language, religion, customs, prejudices, clearly destine to live asunder. Surely the example afforded by the Prince of Wales and Caroline of Brunswick brings sufficient proof of the inadequacy of the most prudent of parents and cautious of ministers to decide on the eligibilities of such monstrous alliances.

Meanwhile, laud we the gods, the parties most interested seem to resign themselves to their fate. The most enlightened of modern princes content themselves to take a wife, as they take the greater part of their other moveables—on *trust;* and to accept, with bandaged eyes and paralysed hearts, that *parlous* venture—a partner for life.

A PORTRAIT.

WHO is that man, with eye so cold,
And cheek so wan and pale,
Whose glance would tell, yet wish untold,
A tale o'er whose dark lines have rolled
Time's calmest stream?—and yet they say
That, in one heart-unmantling day,
When roll the blazing Heavens away
'Mid seraph shout and demon wail,
Those lips shall tell a fearful tale.

The maiden passes him in fear;
And should you ask her why,
She'd tell you that, when leaves were sere,
One winter night, an old man's tear
Stole down his thin, wo-furrowed cheek,
When, tottering, homeless, hungry, weak,
From his son's palace door, to seek
A shelter from a friendless sky,
Which he could with a smile deny.

The beggar looks not up to him
With hollow, suppliant scan:
Though pain writhe round each trembling limb,
And though his eyeballs old and dim
Are filled with want's keen feverish light,
He'd sue for bread the blasts of night,
Court the blue snake to avenge his right,
Sooner than meet the wordless ban,
The face-curse of that fiendish man.

He walks alone—he smiles alone
On human hate and love;
He never soothed the weary's moan,
Nor stilled the heart-wrung sufferer's groan
With generous aid;—and yet he prays,
And blesses Heaven that gave him grace,
And gave him gold to mark its love
To him whose thoughts are all above.

G. P.

THE GREEK MOTHER'S SONG.

"Yet to woman tears are a relief—she feels them to be such; and those who see them feel so too, and the sadness of their sympathy is lightened."

THY hair is wreathed with flowers, thy shining hair,
And pale dim pearls are gleaming on thy brow;
The voice of revelry is heard around:
Why are thy soft eyes dimmed with weeping now?

Loved friends are near thee; round the festal board
Are met again the friends of other years;
The sister of thy youth is by thy side,
Thy gentle sister: wherefore flow those tears?

The low and sad farewell will soon be said,
And thou, young bride, must leave thy father's hearth,
(With *him* whom thou hast chosen,) thy young friend,
And each fair scene of thy heart's childish mirth.

Yes! thou must go away, my gentle child,
And soon new ties around thy heart will cast
Their deep, fond spells; but wilt thou find in *them*
Aught that will wake the memory of the past?

Too much—ah, yes! too much!—for thy young heart
Was ever filled, e'en in thy girlish years,
With the rich dreams of memory, which cast
A shadow on thy youth—a shade of tears.

And even now, when *love* has lit thy path,
There is a shadow in thy thoughtful eyes,
Telling that naught 'mid all this festal mirth
Can wake the chord of thy heart's sympathies.

Where is thy youth's glad mirth, which years ago
Woke joy in every heart whene'er thou smiled,
Thy heart's light laughter, and thy gladdening song,
And thy young glee, my gentle-hearted child?

I see thee still as in those distant years,
With thy young smiling brow and sunny hair,
Thy bounding step, and thy low pleading voice,
And thy slight child-like form, so brightly fair.

But *thou* art changed: thou never smilest now
As thou wert wont in those dim distant years;
A shade has darkened o'er thy childhood's mirth,
A darkening shade of bitterness and tears.

Thou weepest still—thy soft deep eyes are charged
With burning tears, repressed and hidden long:
What woke those tears? Was it the festive mirth?
Or the sad tones of thy young sister's song?

Ah! who can tell the workings of the heart,
Or the vain yearnings memory wakens there—
Mingled with pain, or bitterness, or grief,
Wrung from the very depths of cold despair!

Weep on, weep on, young bride! nor bid them cease;
For now the tide of grief is swelling high;
Those tears will still the fever at thy heart,
And soothe those sad wild chords of memory.

LELIA.

THE DEATH-WIND.

OLD William sat beside the fire:—
"Hush, wife, is that the wind?"
A gust came down upon the house,
As it would entrance find.

A shower of dead leaves fell around
From one old sycamore:—
"Hush, wife! is that the hail I hear
Outside the trembling door?"

She oped the door—no hail was there,
Black clouds were in the sky,
One spot of blue a star shone through—
She closed it suddenly.

"These stormy nights are very dark."
Another gust passed by;
And then a wailing sound, as if
For one about to die.

The autumn wind, that mourns the leaves
And carries them along
The cold dark ground, amid the lull
Began its funeral song.

"O mother, let me come to you!
I dare not stay alone;"
And William's youngest daughter stood
Upon the warm hearth-stone.

"I heard the wind in bed," said she,
(Lovely, and pale with fright,)
"Moan, as my dying brother moaned."——
Sweet child, *she* died that night!

All night, the wind, in fitful gust,
Retained declining sway;
But with the first faint morning light,
It wholly died away.

TRANSLATION FROM BERANGER.

GAULS AND FRANKS.

(*January* 1814.)

HUZZA! let's close our ranks,
And advance,
Hope of France!
Huzza! let's close our ranks!
Forward! forward! Gauls and Franks!

Forth, at Attila's wild call,
See the rude
Barbarian brood
Comes, a second time to fall
On the glorious fields of Gaul!
Huzza! &c.

From his marshes far away,
The Cosaque
At bivouac
Trusts—for so the English say—
In our palaces to stay.
Huzza! &c.

Shivering in the snowy lair,
The Russian, fed
On ugly bread,
Tired of that and acorns there,
Means on our white loaves to fare.
Huzza! &c.

Shall the sparkling wines we store,
Soon to quaff
To victory off,
Touch the lip of Saxon boor?
Drink again and sing once more—
Huzza! &c.

For the ugly Kalmuck knaves
Our daughters are
Too gentle far,
And our wives too fine for slaves—
Let their sons be French, my braves!
Huzza! &c.

Shall these monuments so dear—
These the story
Of our glory—
Perish? What! at Paris here,
Shall the Prussians appear?
Huzza! &c.

Noble Franks, brave Gauls, huzza!
Peace on earth
And round your hearth
Soon shall shed her blessed ray,
And your gallant deeds repay.
Huzza! &c.

M.

WHAT IS A DOCTRINAIRE?

BY O. P. Q.

Paris, 1st June 1837.

MY DEAR TAIT,—Many a long wintry and many a short summer's day have passed away since I last wrote those words—"*My dear Tait!*" This has not arisen from any indifference to your labours, or from any want of anxiety for your success, but from the simple fact that my correspondence with the *United States of America* has absorbed my "*hours of idleness*," and left me not a moment for the "*Land o' Cakes*," or for any other land. I have read all your numbers with attention, and many with delight; and whether wandering amidst the Alps, or by the banks of the Rhone, the Seine, or the Scheldt—whether in Switzerland, France, or the Low Countries—*Tait's Magazine* is sure to find me out, and contribute to my recreation and improvement.

But my long silence must be broken. I think it well to answer in your columns the question I often hear put in society—viz., "WHAT IS A DOCTRINAIRE?" and I do so at the present moment, because there is a great contest going on at the Court of the Tuileries, and in the Chamber of Deputies, between the "*Doctrinaires*" and the "*Juste-milieu*," and because it is by no means certain that the Doctrinaires will not come back again to office and power, both in the Chamber and in the Cabinet. As, in England, the faults of the Radicals and the sins of the Whigs may lead to a momentary return of the Tories to office; so, in France, the faults of the Republicans and the crimes of the "monarchical Opposition" may insure the success of the Doctrinaires.

My subject is a dry one. I am afraid I shall put your patience to the test. Well! let it have "its perfect work;" and *endeavour*, if you cannot be amused by my article, at least to be *edified!* This is a tolerably modest request to be made by an author; but I would not make it if I thought, either in England or in Scotland, any one could give a reasonable answer to the question,

WHAT IS A DOCTRINAIRE?

A *Doctrinaire* is an *Eclectic;* and this is converting an adjective into a substantive for the sake of explanation; but never mind that, if in the end I shall be quite intelligible. Eclectic comes from the Greek word ἐκλεκτικός, which signifies selecting—choosing at will. Watts, in his "Essay on the Improvement of the Mind," in the chapter entitled, "Of Determining a Question," says—"Cicero was one of the greatest men of antiquity, and gives us an account of the various opinions of philosophers in his age; but he himself was of the *Eclectic* sect, and chose out of each of them such positions as, in his wisest judgment, were nearest to the truth." *Ergo*, the Eclectics are the wisest men; and, as the Doctrinaires are Eclectics, *ergo*, the Doctrinaires are the wisest of men too; and, *ergo*, ought to be entrusted with the management of state affairs! "*Softly, softly*," my dear Tait—not quite so quick, if you please; a horsechestnut is not yet a chestnut horse.

The doctrine of *Eclecticism* is the doctrine of the Girondins of the precise period in which we live. Those who profess it have nowhere been attacked with vigour. The public writers of the Revolution who combat with them, whilst they condemn their political opinions, absurdly magnify their knowledge and their scientific attainments. Those of the Romanist school, who are able more distinctly to perceive what there is false and bad in their scientific theories, praise them for their aristocratical projects, and for their counter-revolutionary systems. Thus their eulogies are mixed up with their censures. Thus sometimes the individuals themselves are protected against what is called "*political hate*," from respect for science; and at other times against philosophical and religious hatred, by the friendship, and even by the interested political hopes, of those who yet profess to attack them. It results from all this—that these Eclectics, these *Doctrinaires*, have acquired a considerable empire in France; and, though everywhere detested, still

everywhere they are to be found, and everywhere they dominate. This is a curious problem; but it is a fact.

The public knows not what to make out of all this double-meaning *bavardage*. The public observes that these men are, even by the revolutionary party, called SAVANS; and so it concludes that it ought to go and be instructed at their school. So these Eclectics, or Doctrinaires, have been chosen for professors of history, of philosophy, and of political economy. Their books are purchased; their journals are read with avidity; their courses of lectures are followed by the adults. They are gone after to the very benches of their classes; and the rising generation is handed over to them to be instructed. If the French revolutionary writers wished that the public should become Eclectic or Doctrinaire, it would be impossible to act more in accordance with that wish than they do at present. It would seem, from the absurd praises heaped upon these men in France, by those who, as public teachers, ought to have known better, that this sect professed a philosophy which had not any connexion with its political theories; whereas their philosophy has been arranged and constructed to suit their system of social and political government. There, as elsewhere, the *theory* is in perfect conformity with the practice; and when, therefore, the Liberal portion of the public press in France exhorts its readers to listen to the lectures of these modern Girondists, it is precisely the same as saying to the public, "Pray, become Eclectic or Doctrinaire." And thus it is that this sect obtains new adepts; sometimes through the indiscriminate praises lavished on a few of their pages of history; sometimes by the absurd adoption by the Liberal party of their philosophy, or some of their treatises on political economy; and not unfrequently by the falling of the Liberal party into the nets or traps set for them by men who do not hesitate to promise place and preferment to all those who will enlist in their ranks, and fight under their banners. Thus, this sect disposes of all posts in the public schools or colleges in France; and thus it is sovereign in the council of the university; or, rather, it forms all the council. A young man, who is influenced less by his conscience than by a desire to assure to himself personal advancement, from interest then declares himself an Eclectic. When this first step has been taken, his next is to write and to publish. He does so. His works are praised even by those who profess to combat them. So the literature of the day is encumbered with work after work, incessantly repeating the same sound in the ears of the public, till at length that public becomes so habituated to the monotony of Doctrinairism, that it will listen to no other accents. Nay, more than this. Even the journals of the popular party in France admit the productions of these men into their columns—as the journals of the people in England praise the *Whigs*; and in what we call the "*Feuilletons*" of our daily French papers—ay, and in our revolutionary papers, too—these Doctrinaires have been allowed to write; and have, through these writings, acquired places of professors at the Normal School!! Even the Catholic writers of the day stupidly assist these Eclectics—forgetting that they are eminently opposed to them on all religious opinions, and only remembering that their sympathies are counter-revolutionary. Because they hate in common the people and their interests, they mutually sacrifice their religious opinions and systems; and the Legitimists themselves cry, "*Vivent les Doctrinaires!*" not in consequence of their being Protestants, but because they are, like themselves, anti-national and anti-French.

The French public cannot understand this mixture of enmities, hatreds, and eulogies, addressed at the same moment to the same adversaries. Such contradictions convince no one; and I believe in my heart that very often this same public believes that the praises bestowed on the Doctrinaires are involuntary homages rendered to truth and merit; and that the hostility which would seem to exist, can only be attributed to offended vanity or to mortified pride.

Eclecticism, or Doctrinairism, is a philosophy marvellously suited to profit from such circumstances, and marvellously adapted to create those circumstances when they do *not* exist, and to aid them when they do. Eclecticism is selection—scraping up together—choosing a little of this, and a little of that; and, verily, the Doctrinaires choose, amass, collect together, perfectly well for their interest, and to their advantage. It would seem as if they had united together to say—"Let us insist, in the presence of France, that we are the only capable men; that we alone are instructed—*savans*, philosophers, inventors. And, to assist us in this object, let us agree, that, when we perceive in France a new idea which does not appear to us wholly without a chance of success, that we immediately lay hold of it, dress it up, and make it to appear our own. Let us agree, that, if we cannot get possession of it ourselves, we shall stifle it, by declaring that it is old; that is to say, of foreign invention—Scotch, German, Italian, &c.; and, as it may so happen that this may be impossible, let us decide that we will, at least, tell the same story, stick to the same declaration, and swear to the last to the same statement."

If the Doctrinaires or Eclectics have not actually signed such a pact, at least they have followed this tactic; and the success which has crowned their efforts up to this time, is not very likely to make them disposed to abandon it; for, whenever the Doctrinaires alarm the public by exclaiming—"*Oh! this is Scotch!*" or, "*Oh! this is German, Italian!*" &c., the liberal press, instead of examining, first, the truth, and, second, the merit of such an objection, and instead of attributing it, as it ought to do, to a miserable spirit of envy and jealousy felt by these Eclectics, exclaims—"Oh! what a noble spirit of investigation!" and even praises the Doctrinaires for the pains they take to *instruct France!!*

The secret of the unity of purpose and conduct of the *Doctrinaires* is easy to understand, if the first principles of this sect be examined, and if the moral effects of those principles be investigated. It will then be understood how they can "*conscientiously*" rob from all without scruple, and without even feeling forced to cite the works from which they borrow; for, according to them, the choice made by any one of another man's labour, of another man's talent, constitutes a right of property as legitimate as that of the original inventor; and so he who accepts the discoveries of another merits as much as he who finds out the original secret. The moment there is any *movement*, they resist. The reason is obvious. They are always afraid of their own interests. It is then necessary, in order to know, attack, and expose this Eclectic doctrine, to examine it with reference to its practical bearing. One may argue for a century against them; one may attack them one by one in each of their principles; one may convict them of error, of ignorance, of vanity, or of falsehood on all points; and even vanquish them in the opinions and before the eyes of philosophers;—but the *public* will still not understand the conflict; and these political, moral, and philosophical charlatans will still hold high their heads, still preserve the appearance of victory, and still insolently ask—"Are we not the only philosophers, moralists, politicians, and statesmen suited to France, and adapted to the age in which we live?" I shall, then, answer the question of "*What is a Doctrinaire?*" by placing the question on a footing which every one will understand:—viz., by examining these men by the MORAL criterion of their system, and shewing to what it necessarily—infallibly conducts. The examination, if not pleasing, will, I hope, be profitable. In Scotland, as in England, the *Guizots* and the *Duchatels*, the *Royer Collards* and the *Cousins*, the *De Broglies* and the *Persils*, are all known by name; and by name they are called *Doctrinaires*. It is known that they are anti-national and anti-French; it is known that they got hold of the principle of national sovereignty at the Revolution of July, and strangled it at its birth; it is known that they profess a vast esteem for the British Constitution of 1688, and a vast love for Sir Robert Peel and Lord Grey. All this is known; but, if most of those in the United Kingdom who pronounce the word "*Doctrinaire*," were asked *why* they disliked them, and what are their principles, they would be obliged to say—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell—
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

But, as whatever is interesting to France is important to England—as the stifling of liberty on one side of the Channel, must have a bad effect on the other; and as a great contest is going on between the *Doctrinaires*, with their system of resistance, and the united Opposition, with its system of movement—it is not enough for you to know that Doctrinaires are anti-national, without knowing *why*. I remember, indeed, a witty officer of Napoleon, who once said to me—"*Je n'aime pas les Bourbons!*"—"And why do you not love the Bourbons?" I inquired—not from surprise, but from curiosity to hear his reply.—"PARCEQUE *je n'aime pas les Bourbons*," was his answer. "Well, but," I said, "it is no reason to tell me you do not like the Bourbons, BECAUSE you do not like the Bourbons. What reason is there, or what is *your* reason that you do not like them?"—The witty officer stared at me for a moment, and then replied —"*Do you like mackerel?*"—"Yes, I do."—"But I was yesterday," he rejoined, "in company with a lady who said, '*I do not like mackerel.*' I asked her why. I pointed out to her the absurdity of *not* liking mackerel. I told her how much *I* liked them—how delicate was their flesh—how white the soft roe—how delicious when cooked '*à la maître d'hotel*'—and how good they were pickled, and dried, and stewed, and baked; and, in fact, that, *even* with Fennel sauce, as the English disfigure them, still they were good. But the lady, after hearing me all through, exclaimed—'*Eh, bien, monsieur; malgre tout cela*, je n'aime pas les *maquereaux!*' I thought the lady obstinate; but I said to myself, Why should *her* taste be *my* taste, and why should my taste be *hers*? *She* likes the *Bourbons*, and does *not* like *mackerel*: *I* like *mackerel* but I do *not* like the *Bourbons!*—no, neither the eldest branch, nor the youngest branch; neither the son of *Egalité*, nor the son of the Duke of Berry!" It was useless to press him further. He would give no other answer than this, (not because he could not, but because he would not:)—"*Je n'aime pas les Bourbons*—PARCEQUE *je n'aime pas les Bourbons!!*" However, as his wit was better than his logic, it will not do to imitate him; but it will henceforth be desirable, that, where the question is asked, "WHAT IS A DOCTRINAIRE?" at least the youths in Scotland should be able to give to themselves and others some account of their system. And now let us get from gay to grave, and from lively to something very severe.

The *Eclectics*, or *Doctrinaires*, define philosophy "*The knowledge of myself and of my relations with others.*" I will not occupy your time with proving that this is a bad definition, which gives no idea of that which ought to be understood, and of that which is understood by the science of wisdom. But I will shew you that this definition explains most perfectly what the *Doctrinaires* understand by wisdom.

According to *M. Cousin*, who is the founder, grand professor, and high doctor of the *Normal School*, the "*me*" or "*myself?*" is the first word to be thought of, the first to be relied on. It is from the consideration of the "*moi*" in its relations with the "not myself," that the school which recognises him as master, deduces all the parts of its philosophy, its psychology, its logic; and which replaces all by its ontology and its morals. It is from this that it deduces what it calls "*la théodicée*," or the idea of the government of God. I will shew you, in a few words, how the "*me*" or "*myself*," the "*moi*" of the Doctrinaires, engenders all these things—and we may then be able to judge what is the worth of this "*moi*" in morals.

The "*moi*" of the Doctrinaires—as an immaterial being, or the soul existing by itself independent of material substances, &c.—may be active, or *à priori*—or passive, or *à posteriori*. The will, reflection, &c., they call *faculties*, or the manner of being active; and they call *capacities*, the manner of being passive—such as, for example, sensibility. All these words, without doubt, in the first instance, even in the eyes of the Doctrinaires themselves, do not express what we in vulgar language call *being*; but when they make use of them, they appear to forget what signification they gave to them in their origin, and to make use of them as *entities*, having a proper and independent existence of their own. Hence arises a confusion of words, in which he who even most desires to learn something is irrecoverably lost, and an obscurity which renders the theory actually unintelligible, under the pretext of being most profound. Thus much for the psychology of this system. Now, let us look at its logic.

M. Cousin tells us, that the "*me*," or "myself," or "*moi*," does not first awake itself in the mind of man. This first awaking (the author forgets to say when it first takes place) only so takes place under the influence of exterior objects. I cannot refrain, at the risk of spoiling the original, from translating a specimen of the logic of M. Cousin, the high-priest of the young Doctrinaires:—"When the *me*, or *myself*, or personal consciousness, awakens, or is first felt, it manifests simultaneously all its faculties, and it feels, at the same time, all the impressions made on it by exterior objects, or by its senses. It is an obscure, confused, immense perception. It is a synthetic sensation. *But soon man reflects on himself*—he observes—he analyses and transforms successively in his conscience, that which was confused, into clear perceptions. In one word, he makes a science out of this vague totality in which he was at first clothed. After this operation he has nothing to do, but to establish the relations between his original sensation, and the acquisitions made by his analysis; and, if he accomplish this, his state is complete. In the *first* moment he had the perception of *infinity*; in the *second*, he attained that of *finity*; and, in the *third*, he seizes the harmony or the connexion which exists between the one and the other."

Now, this exposition of the pretended first operations of the human mind, supplies us with the secret of the *logic* of the Eclectics or Doctrinaires.

If any of your readers, my dear Tait, have ever perused the *Cours d'Etudes* of Condillac, and have so perused them with attention, they cannot have forgotten the story told by the talented abbé, in order to make it understood how the mind passes from the *synthesis*, or the act of joining, to the *analysis*, or the act of considering anything in parts, by which it is, in the end, reduced to its first elements. He supposes that a man is shut up in a dark chamber; and then that he causes to be opened suddenly before him a window, which looks over a vast prospect; at first the observer is dazzled by the general blaze and view; then he regards with attention, and looks at different parts of the prospect; and, finally, he analyses the whole. M. Cousin's argumentation is similar to this; but with this exception, that, whilst the abbé makes the *field* of observation independent of the man, the director of the Normal School makes man himself this prospect, or field of observation. To me, then, it is clear, not only that M. Cousin has copied the master of the materialists of the 18th century, but also that, in his eyes, the analysis and its corollaries, observation and experience, are the starting points from which all science begins. Nor is this an unkind or uncharitable conclusion; for M. Cousin himself says, "that the scientific method consists in searching for the absolute or positive, without which there is no true science—and to search for it, by observation, without which there is no real science. Thus the basis of all science, for the Doctrinaires, is observation—that is to say, the study of particular cases; and, after that, analogy. Who, then, can be astonished after this, that M. Guizot, observing the particular case of the French Revolution, establishes an analogy between that event and the particular case of the English Revolution; and desires, in consequence, to impose on France the British system of the aristocracy of noble landed proprietors and of rich merchants?

Let us now look at the "*ontology*," or the metaphysics, of the Doctrinaires.

"The psychological method, or the observation of 'me' by myself, finds in the conscience," says M. Cousin, "notions which go, in their regular developement, beyond the limits of conscience, and attain to the rank of

existances." These, according to M. Cousin, are the notions of cause, of substance, of space, of time, of unity, of good, and of beauty, &c. &c. The knowledge of these notions constitutes reason. Thus the observation of "myself" puts me in possession of the knowledge of the laws which govern beings! The reader will at once perceive that this system, therefore, pretends that from thence will proceed morals, and the knowledge of God himself. Allow me, then, my dear Tait, to place before you a short exposition of the *categories* of reason, such as M. Cousin supplies us with, and such as are taught at the Normal School.

From the sentiment of "myself" or "not myself," and from the relation of "myself" to "not myself," they form the primitive element. From thence emanate the ideas of finite and infinite—of one and of many—of being and of appearing—of substance and of phenomenon—of cause and effect—of absolute and relative—of necessary and contingent—of immensity and space—of eternity and time. If to this you add the notion of the relation of these *dualities*, opposed as they are one to the other, as "myself" and "not myself," you know the ternary system of the categories of reason proposed by the illustrious disciple of M. Royer Collard! Finally, to these absolute notions, M. Cousin adds those not less absolute, of good, beauty, truth, justice; notions which he makes to spring from the consideration "*de l'idée substance.*" These last ideas he designates as forming the basis of morals. But let us see what he thinks of God. The Doctrinaires say, after Plato, and really without at all diminishing the energy of the expression made use of by this philosopher, that man is a microcosm, or a little world—so called "as being imagined, by some fanciful philosophers, to have in him something analogous to the four elements." They declare that the "*moi*" human is a perfect image of the "moi" *divine;* that in God there is nothing more, nothing less; for, according to them, God is subject to an absolute law of conception and of acts—to the law of categories of reason. So that man, by observing himself within, not only succeeds in conceiving what God is, but even in knowing him. Thus, according to these Doctrinaires, a man who knows himself is a god on the earth, who owes nothing but to himself; for he has in himself, and sees in himself, the reason of all being and of all things. This is not an uncharitable, but a logical and true statement of the ontology of the Doctrinaires.

That which might be called the *moral* doctrines of the Eclectics is by no means of a nature to contradict this divinizing of "myself"—this deification of the individual man. Far from it; the moral doctrine, on the contrary, confirms it. I confess, then, that I hardly know how to apply the term "*moral*" to this collection of sophisms, or rather of nonsense. The "*categories of reason*" would appear, in the first instance, indeed, to be of no importance, and to have only an ontological signification; but this is not the case, for we discover that, according to the Doctrinaire school, the consideration of the substance or being of man, is the source of the absolute ideas of what is good, beautiful, true, and just—the knowledge or perception of which, according to them, constitutes all morals. Yes, ALL!—for they declare that religion was not necessary to morals, and that religion was rather the consequence of morals than the foundation. It is true that M. Cousin affirms, that the categories of reason are absolute, universal, &c.; but another man, another "*moi*" than himself may feel differently. Aristotle has made his categories—Kant and others have arisen with their notions—and none of them have ever been in want of auditors or partisans.

But what is the "*fine*, the *good*, the *true*, the *just*," of the Eclectics? Whatever you please—for they have given no definition! They took good care not to do that; for, if they had, they would have opened the door to a thousand discussions—to a thousand different opinions; and that absolute universal appearance which they wished to attribute to these words would have vanished away. It would then have been seen, that what is *fine* or *beautiful* to a Doctrinaire, is that which pleases him—that what is *true*, is that which suits him—that what is *good*, is that which accords with his interests—and that what is *just*, is that which serves him. It would then have been perceived, that these words are only the signs of a nomenclature or classification, and that their value entirely depends on the principle inscribed at the head of this nomenclature or of this classification; for it is clear that, as according to these Eclectics, the "me," or "myself," is to take the precedence of all, it is evident that these signs only represent that which is agreeable to or which suits myself; and, consequently, that the *morals* of which they are the basis, must be a morality of individual convenience. In such a system it is evident that *morals* is not the end, but only an individual affair, and that man owes no account of his morals to any but himself. All this would have been most clear and unanswerable, had the Doctrinaires condescended to have favoured us with their definition of "*beau*," "*bien*," "*vrai*," and "*juste*"—but they have, very prudently for themselves, been silent.

In order that this exposition of the "*generalities*" of the modern Eclectic doctrine may be complete, allow me, my dear Tait, to say a few words respecting their theory on "*history.*" According to M. Cousin, human societies begin by the adoration of the *infinite*, or by theocracy; then they pass to the study of the *finite*, or analysis; and finally, they establish the relations between the infinite and the finite—and thus they become "*religious* and *rich!!*" It is by this system of philosophy, as it is called, or reasoning, that M. Cousin is, at one and the same time, the partisan of the charter of 1830, and of a religion of the state! But then this very same mode of argumentation may lead him to any result he pleases; for what is to prevent him from saying, that we are at the epoch of *analysis*, and not at that of synthesis? This is the system by which he endeavours to arrange well his own affairs with the government *de facto*, endeavouring, all the time, as much as possible, not to quarrel with public opinion. He can, with this system, speak of the doctrine of perfectibility, and extol, at the same time, Herder, Vico, and Hegel.

This is a *resumé* of the modern Eclectic or Doctrinaire Philosophy! When stripped of all the charlatanism of language, of hard-sounding words and pompous phrases, of citations and commentaries, and bereft of all those ornaments with which rhetoric can adorn it, it is, after all, a very miserable affair. "The *resumé*" which has thus been made of the "*generalities*" of the Eclecticism of 1837, will enable you to understand the bad consequences of this doctrine in morals, and also to appreciate its real origin.

It is then evident that the morality of Eclecticism is "*the sovereignty of* myself," or of man! It is indeed the only positive and nett affirmation which can be gathered from all the reasonings of the Doctrinaires. In fact, all their philosophical hypotheses are deniable—they are mere formularies, which carry with them no conviction, and they may be easily replaced by others, without changing the foundation of the doctrine of this sect. Sometimes their hypotheses are assertions without proof; or which are only demonstrable by a single argument. But, from all these hypotheses, and from all these forms of shade, one thing at least is clear—that the doctrine of "myself," "me," "individualism," can, according to them, suffice for all! What then have the Eclectics done? What problem have they established or solved in philosophy? They have done nothing, and proclaimed nothing, and taught nothing, but the SCIENCE OF EGOTISM! For what in fact is the sentiment of an egotist but that by which a man is induced to proclaim himself sovereign in every sort of discussion or question, and to think always of himself before thinking of others?—and to what other result can Eclecticism conduct its disciples than that of believing in the truth, excellence, and reality of this egotism?

And what are the *political* conceptions of these Eclectics? Why, they are naturally egotistical. They cannot be otherwise. The consideration of "*me*," "*myself*," above all others, can only be represented in politics by the doctrine of *individual right*. It follows that, if the "myselfs" are equal, the rights of each will be so, too; but, if the "myselfs" are *not* equal, neither will be their

rights! In the first case, men would descend to the mere rank of beasts. Their union in societies would present nothing better than a spectacle of the contact of animal passions, of unions, of separations, of hatreds, of combats, without any other than a mere present object. This is no highly coloured picture. The association of men together, all equally sovereign, and acknowledging no exterior law to which they owed obedience, would be the most deplorable condition in which suffering humanity could be presented. The fact is, however, that an equality between the "me's," the "myself's," is a thing wholly impossible. The equality of right can only be conceived in the light of a common duty. It is by the social law that men are declared and made brethren—workmen under different names and titles, and in divers ranks, but all engaged in a common object. In this light alone are men or can men be equal. But where men are considered purely as animals, or, according to the Eclectic doctrine, as "*des libertés absolues*," why, it is clear, at least to my mind, that equality is wholly impossible. For is it not true that amongst the animals there is a difference in their strength, in the energy of their appetites, and in the power of their mechanism? So there must be a difference between the "*moi*" of the Doctrinaires—there is the difference of instruction and reflection, which establish fundamental and positive inequalities. So the high priests of the Doctrinaire school proclaim, that power over men should be exercised only by those who have a superiority of instruction; and, as in society in France, such as it now exists, instruction is the possession only of the rich, they, the Doctrinaires, make it out, that the right of governing should belong to the rich; and, as in society riches may be transmitted by inheritance, these Eclectics have concluded that power, or government also, ought to be *hereditary*.

To the Doctrinaires, the word "*right*," or *droit*, is unknown. The word "duty" is in their language synonymous with that of "right" in ours; and, according to them, a "duty" has only a relation to the individual himself. It emanates from "myself"—"me"—and returns to "me"—"myself." In their political system, then, there are no such words as either "*rights* or *duties*," but only *facts*. The *fact* is everything with them. The *fact* is with them the manifestation by which the "*moi*," the me, or myself, are to judge; and this word "*fact*" is with them almost everything. If for them, the *fact* ought always to be accepted—if the fact with them, is always solely justified because it is a fact—it is so in their eyes, because it is the manifestation of some "*moi*," of some individual mind or "myself," more powerful than the rest—a sort of revelation. And now what is the *morality* of such a system as this? Why, when stripped of all sophisms and inductions, it is, that *every action is justified by its success*. There is thus no infamous paradox which does not form part of this system.

And here allow me to give you an example of this system of political Electicism in operation. When Charles X. made his ordinances, in July 1830, Guizot and his partisans accepted them as facts. They never fought. They hid themselves. When the people triumphed, and proclaimed their own sovereignty, Guizot and his friends came out of their hiding-places, and said, "We accept the *fact* of the revolution—Louis Philippe is our King." If Henry V. were to return to-morrow, and to establish himself, or be re-established by others, again would the Doctrinaires accept the fact. The only condition with them, is this, that the "*moi*" shall prevail, and that they shall, in all cases, be in power.

Besides this, Doctrinairism authorizes aristocratic sentiments by another sort of affirmation, not less general, not less large, than that of which I have just spoken. I have just now shewn the individual influence of this system. Let us now look at it in its more general character, confirming, as it does, the pretensions of race and of locality, which formed the basis of Greek and Roman civilization—the basis of the feudal system! Their idea of man and of God, and of the "*moi*" of man, as representing the "*moi*" of God, is nothing else than that of a substance gifted with faculties and capacities, limited in their number, in their relations, in their harmony; and they really establish the notion, all things are in a fatal state of order which nothing can change. Thence they conclude, that there is a necessary relation between the soil and the inhabitants; and that there are races as there are climates! The developement of this thesis will be found in the "*Cours d'histoire de la philosophie de M. Cousin*," and in the "*Leçons de M. Guizot sur l' histoire de France*." Thus all the historians who have been brought up at, or belonged to the Normal Schools, and particularly M. Michelet, have carried out, to the greatest absurdity, the doctrine of "*races and of climates*," as the means of explaining and of justifying facts.

And pray, let me ask, on what other basis have all the aristocratic pretensions and all the doctrines of the right of one set of men to govern all the rest of the species, been founded, from the creation of the world to the present moment, than this—the superiority of the race, or hereditary right—or of climate, or the right attached to the soil—or the origin of the claimants? That such opinions should be professed by materialists, or pantheists, it would be easy to understand; but that men who call themselves *Christians* should profess such doctrines, is a monstruosity! Where, then, is the necessity for the soul, if the flesh be sovereign?

Yet this is the system which is taught to French youths—to the future legislators of public education! This is what is professed at the Normal School of France, and imposed, as true, on this country of equality! This is the philosophy which presents itself as the *finals* of a revolution which, from the first day of its breaking out, inscribed, at the head of all its documents and acts, the words, "*Liberty, equality, universal fraternity!*" Yes! these are the men who call themselves Christians and Doctrinaires.

Against this system we labour—against this philosophy we strive. And are we not right in doing so? It is the very essence of *egotism*. It is the incarnation of selfishness, pride, tyranny, and falsehood. Morally, it is monstrous; politically, it is deplorable.

I have prepared this examination of its moral and philosophical character and consequences, because, in *Scotland* at least, these questions are well understood; and because it is most desirable that it should be felt by the rising generation in Great Britain, by whom your *Magazine* is so extensively read, that Eclecticism in philosophy, morals, and politics, is essentially selfish, tyrannical, and opposed to the progress of liberty and civilization. Then, "*Down with the Doctrinaires!*"—Yours, very faithfully,

O. P. Q.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Substance of Five Lectures on Insanity and Lunatic Asylums. By W. A. F. Browne, Surgeon—Superintendent of the Montrose Lunatic Asylum.

THE main value of this volume, and it is great, consists in the mass of facts collected by the author; and also in many excellent hints of improvement in the construction of asylums, and towards the treatment of the insane. These are, indeed, derived from the body of facts which have passed under the author's observation, or have been acquired by his reading. One chapter we should not regret to see shortened. "*What asylums were*," might create a great sensation among an audience; but is scarcely required, to so painful and minute an extent, in a work of this nature, in these times. We make one exception. Too much cannot be said of facilities afforded by the old system for kidnapping sane persons for selfish and sinister purposes, as this is an abuse which is still quite practicable, and one which, according to Mr

Browne's belief, still occasionally occurs. The hasty official inspection by magistrates he considers no sufficient safeguard against it. He looks to the constant watchfulness of humane and trustworthy persons, competent, by education and character, for the duty. We would not, however, limit this competency to medical men. There seems no good reason why asylums should not be as open to general inspection as jails and bridewells, or as asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, or as infant and other schools. The reception of visiters might form a useful part of the remedial treatment or moral discipline. Certainly some adequate correction of all possible abuses should be provided, and the situation of a sane individual, secreted in a lunatic asylum, is the most pitiable within the range of human misery. In adverting to the limits within which the power of visiting can be used with advantage to the patient, Mr Browne makes the following excellent remarks :—

There exists a class of injuries connected with that discussed above, which are as cruel and destructive of peace as the laceration of the lash, or the deep degrading ulcer excavated by the fetter, but which no medical or other commission, however probing and penetrating its inquiries, could reach. The inquisitors might be actuated by the best motives and by the clearest views of the great duty which they had undertaken, and their visits might have been often repeated, unannounced, and inopportune, and yet nothing but the most glaring errors and inconsistencies of the system which they desired to investigate could be detected. They could see the physical misery which it inflicted, the disease and death which ensued, and they might believe that the sum of its iniquities were numbered. But they could not see the thousand moral impressions of pain, and anxiety, and offended delicacy which daily and hourly embittered the existence of the lunatic. They could not separate the suffering which was the result of insanity, from that which arose out of the situation in which the lunatic was placed, or from the various sources of annoyance to which he was exposed. The interested and offending party would be the last to reveal the insults, the ridicule, the disgusting expressions, or, where no intentional culpability could be charged, the offensive or irritating conversation with which he assailed his victim : and, unfortunately, the testimony of that victim is not recognised as admissible. I hold this disqualification to be not merely unfortunate but unjust. A wide distinction ought to be drawn between the evidence of an insane person as to what he believes and as to what he feels. His opinions may be delusions, his feelings cannot. Under a system, the grand principle of which was fear, he might, if unconscientious and desirous to deceive, complain of greater injuries than what he actually received ; but still there would exist ground for his appeal. Under a rule of love, there is nothing real or imaginary of which to complain. From this distinction never having been acknowledged, and from constantly rejecting every statement made by a lunatic as unworthy of credit, the information on this part of the subject is necessarily defective. Enough, however, has been ascertained, and enough even now remains of that disregard to the feelings of insane patients, that some idea may be formed of the nature, although not of the extent of the moral torture to which they were necessarily subjected. It is to be hoped that this callous indifference proceeded, and is still manifested, in many cases at least, from the preposterous assumption that lunatics had no feelings, that they did not feel as other men. . . . . Keepers, the tormentors alluded to, rarely attempt to soothe or persuade : in addressing their charges they employ at best heartless or harsh terms, and often oaths and blasphemies, upon the principle of terrifying into obedience. I do not doubt the success of such an expedient. But, if it be recollected what effect such expressions will produce on a well-constituted mind : upon the timid or the virtuous : if it be recollected that, in the irritable and the passionate, they will excite propensities corresponding to those from which they emanate, it may be imagined, that they fall with tenfold force upon minds impaired and enervated by disease, labouring under the monomania of fear, viciously disposed, and, at the same time, furiously mad : upon all, in fact, and there are ninety such in every hundred, retaining a sufficient degree of intelligence to understand the import, and a sufficient degree of feeling to be disturbed and disgusted by the ribaldry and cruelty of what is addressed to them. The mind, in many cases of mania, in place of becoming obtund or deadened, is endowed with an unnatural sensitiveness, with an acuteness of perception, upon which the insults and insinuations of the rude or the indelicate, or the positively cruel, must act in the same manner, and must produce pain upon the same principle, that harsh sounds and bright light grate upon the eye and ear when excited by fever. . . . .

Pinel acknowledges, that, in his own experience, lunatics, who were perfectly composed, and in a fair way of recovery, have, in consequence of the silly raillery and rude brutality of their attendants, relapsed into the opposite condition of violent agitation and fury. Tuke gives an instance of the same kind.

This is no place for extracts; but we cannot wholly forbear, since even the improved system of treatment continues so lamentably defective.

There is a difficulty in determining the amount of misery the human heart can bear : there is equally a difficulty in determining the amount it will inflict. The following description, however, which is quoted verbatim, lest a particle of the effect should be diminished or increased by a change of expression, approaches as nearly to the climax of human suffering and human ferocity as can be imagined :—" Another case which I laid before the governors, was that of the Rev. Mr ———. He was a clergyman reduced to indigence, I believe, in consequence of his mental complaint. He had at times, and for considerable periods, intervals of reason. In these intervals, when he was perfectly capable of understanding everything that was said or done to him, repeatedly in the presence of his wife, he was exposed to personal indignity ; and on one occasion, he was inhumanly kicked down stairs by the keepers, and told, in the presence of his wife, that he was looked upon as no better than a dog. His person swarmed with vermin ; and, to complete this poor man's misery, the keepers insulted his wife with indecent ribaldry, in order to deter her from visiting him in his unfortunate situation. He had a gold watch which was lost there, and which his wife could never recover." This description belongs to the past ; but, unfortunately, all the features of which it is composed, with the exception, perhaps, of personal violence, might be used to characterise the evils of the system still prevailing. Within a very short period, an instance has fallen under my own observation, of a superintendent refusing to sit down at table with a lady, one of his own patients, and a person of good birth, education, and manners, because, and the reason was used in her presence, she was a " mad creature." Surely it is a matter for regret, that to men so ignorant and brutal, should be committed the care of the " mind diseased."

Mr Browne has his own theories of insanity ; but he does not obtrude them unnecessarily ; and those who cannot coincide in his phrenological opinions, may still safely approve his practical views—they are humane and considerate ; and, in practice, no more phrenological than those of our ablest physicians.

Dr Lardner on Steam Communication with India.

In a Letter to Lord Melbourne.

Dr Lardner has placed this most desirable improvement on a feasible footing. He has met all the current objections, obviated difficulties, and removed the lions out of the way. Even if this improved mode of communication presented greater difficulties at the outset, it ought to be attempted. No money can be better spent by a nation, than in making such experiments. Dr Lardner's plan differs, in many essential particulars, from those already promulgated. His route is by the Red Sea —not the Euphrates.

Falmouth is distant from the nearest port of India 5,800 miles, taking the route of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea ; and, by the Cape of Good Hope, 16,000 miles. How long are merchants and voyagers to make this prodigious circuit to reach a place not 6,000 miles distant ? The Americans—nay, the Russians—would, in similar circumstances, have established the short course long ago. Dr Lardner suggests that the whole line should be under the same agency ; no takings up and layings down, and transference of responsibility. He arranges the different stages from Falmouth to Bombay, fixing the depots for fuel, and stations for the cleaning, repose, and repair of the machinery. The successful experiments of the Admiralty steam packets, which have, for several years, kept open a regular communication between England, the Ionian Isles, and Egypt, and, oc-

casionally, Syria, furnish him with proof of the practicability of regular steam voyages, of about 3000 miles, being easily extended to 6000 miles. Dr Lardner recommends that the steamers employed should, from the first, be of the largest and most powerful class—and this upon every account. These are considered more safe, and as more likely, from the outset, from their capacity of affording extensive and luxurious accommodation, to attract a large proportion of those affluent passengers who now take the route by the Cape. He proposes that the vessels established between Suez and Bombay, shall be of 1000 tons burthen and 250 horse power.

One of these (he says) should be appropriated to the passage between Calcutta and Point de Galle, touching at Madras; a second should perform the stage between Point de Galle and Socotra; a third between Bombay and Socotra; a fourth between Socotra and Camaran; and a fifth between Camaran and Suez, touching at Kosseir. These vessels should be built of the same magnitude, upon the same model, and should correspond to each other with the last degree of precision, in every particular, nautical and mechanical; so that any part of one would admit of being interchanged for a similar part of another. Thus, any part of the machinery or stores, for any one of these vessels, would be fitted for any other. The berths and other conveniences provided for passengers would precisely correspond. The first steamer would convey its freight from Calcutta to Madras: it would there take in the Madras passengers and despatches, and convey the whole to Point de Galle. In average weather, the time from Calcutta to Madras (765 miles) would be four days; and the time from Madras to Point de Galle (530 miles) would be three days; and, allowing a day at Madras, the time of the passage from Calcutta to Point de Galle would be eight days. The first steamer would there transfer its contents to the second, and would rest, for the purpose of cleaning the boilers, machinery, &c. The second steamer, receiving, in addition to the passengers and despatches from Calcutta and Madras, those of Ceylon, would proceed to Socotra; and, except in the south-west monsoon, would make the passage in eight and a half days. At Socotra, [one of the proposed depots,] she would meet the steamer plying between Bombay and that place. This latter voyage (1210 miles) would, except in the monsoon, be performed in six days. For this stage, a steamer of less power and tonnage than that which we have mentioned, would perhaps be sufficient, the number of passengers and despatches to and from Bombay being less, in a considerable proportion, than the other ports of India. But a convenience would be obtained from uniformity in all the steam ships, which would more than counterbalance any increased expense which would arise from the greater size and power of the Bombay steamer. Independently of this, another material advantage would result from the greater power of the vessel of larger tonnage to encounter the monsoon: small vessels with the same or a greater proportion of power cannot resist adverse weather as effectually as larger ones: a vessel, for example, of 600 tons and 150 horse power would not be as efficient against the monsoon as one of 1000 tons and 250 horse power, although the proportion of power to tonnage would be in both cases the same.

The steamers coming from Point de Galle and Bombay would deliver to the fourth steamer at Socotra their passengers and despatches; and the latter would convey them from Socotra to Camaran (790 miles) in four days. At Camaran, the passengers, &c., would be transferred to the fifth and last steam ship, by which they would be brought to Suez, (1065 miles,) touching at Kosseir, (815 miles,) to land such passengers as might prefer the route through Egypt by Luxor, or Kennah and the Nile. The time from Camaran to Kosseir would be four days, and from Kosseir to Suez two days.

The number of steamers proposed to work this line is five or six. The time between Bombay and Suez is estimated at nineteen days. Omnibuses, or strong carriages of some kind, could traverse the distance between Suez and Cairo, where nature has levelled a way. Dr Lardner pursues the homeward route thus satisfactorily:—

Assuming that suitable wheel carriages are provided for the transport of passengers between Suez and Cairo, (to which, as I have stated, there is at present no physical obstacle, and to which the ruler of Egypt is understood to be favourably disposed,) the journey between these places may be performed with ease and certainty in five or six days, and with despatches alone would be effected by a courier in much less time. But by whatever means this part of the communication may be made, it is absolutely essential that it should be conducted under the same management and the same responsibility as the remainder of the route, for the reasons already stated.

The distance between Alexandria and Falmouth is 2800 miles, which might be performed by a steam-ship of the same tonnage and power as those which I have recommended for the eastern side of the isthmus. It would be necessary (if the same vessel be continued through the whole passage from Alexandria to Falmouth) that she should take in coals at Gibraltar. This vessel would effect the passage between Alexandria and Falmouth in about fifteen days, in average weather; and, if one day be allowed either to take in coals at Gibraltar, or, if it were thought more advisable, to transfer the passengers, &c., to another vessel, the total time beween Alexandria and Falmouth would be sixteen days.

The time between Bombay and London, allowing for necessary stoppages, is estimated at 42½ days; from Ceylon 45 days; from Madras 49 days; and from Calcutta 54 days. Three steam ships of 800 tons burden, and 200 horse power, are proposed to work between Falmouth and Alexandria.

The calculations of cost appear near the truth. Those of profit may be sanguine—at least until the route has been for some time established. But the measure is not one in which considerations of profit ought to be taken into account, to the length of determining the expediency of the experiment. It is worthy of trial; and, if found successful, there is no fear of the gain defraying the actual cost, independently of all the other advantages, of by more than a half shortening the time of space which divides us from so powerful an arm of the empire.

Remarks on Military Law and the Punishment of Flogging. By Major-General Charles James Napier, Companion of the Bath.

This gallant veteran, affectionately, and in the finest sense of *l'esprit de corps*, dedicates his work to his old regiment, the Fiftieth. He at once grasps the spirit of his subject, by telling a story illustrative of literal and real obedience. At an early period of the war, the Duke of York, then upon the Continent, ordered three *blindly obedient* Russian regiments to attack a redoubt that was to be carried by storm. Three times the "Scythian automatons" were marched up to the attack, and three times they retired with great loss—brave, stupid, and blindly obedient. Sir Ralph Abercrombie requested permission of his Royal Highness to send three *companies*, not regiments, of English light infantry, to storm the redoubt—and it was taken in ten minutes. They "advanced at a rapid pace, ran up the edge of the ditch, halted an instant to contemplate the unexpected defence below, and then intrepidly leaped down; away went the palisades with a crash, while, cheered by their own animating shouts, the victors sprang upon the parapet, and the redoubt was taken. The Russian slaves *did not* take it—the English freemen *did* take; their obedience was perfect—it was not *blind*, it was glorious." The genuine spirit of military obedience could not be better illustrated than by this anecdote.

General Napier makes a wider distinction between civil (or, as he terms it, social) and military law, than some individuals will think necessary for discipline. It is unnecessary to mention the side which he takes on the abomination of flogging. His military experience, which has been long and various, leads him to condemn flogging; nor will he allow that British soldiers are inferior in moral feeling, or the personal sense of honour, to French troops. He objects to flogging, because it is torture, and torture of very unequal infliction, and wholly inefficacious as a corrective punishment. "When I was a subaltern," General Napier remarks, "the army was *not* in a high state of discipline, yet the punishments were *extremely severe*; now the army is in a high state of discipline, and punishments are comparatively *mild*." He thinks flogging may be safely abolished in time of peace—so to remain, we presume, if war shall recur. He twits the Whigs with having sought to abolish flogging in time of war, when the Duke of Wellington had to struggle with

sixty thousand troops against a French army of three hundred thousand; and now, while in power, and in a time of profound peace, voting the continuation of flogging as essentially necessary to discipline. We cannot here advert to the numerous suggestions of General Napier for improving the condition and raising the moral character of soldiers. His labour of reason and love cannot fail to have effect.

The Scottish Ale Brewer; on the Art of Brewing Ales according to the system practised in Scotland. By W. H. Roberts, Author of "The British Wine-maker."

"There was a time," according to Mr Roberts, "when *Scotch ale* deservedly held, as it still holds, the first rank among fermented liquors of British manufacture." Does he think that the time when it *deservedly* held this pre-eminence is gone by? We fear that it is so. Indeed, his principal object appears to be to rescue the art from deterioration, and enable the English brewers to perform well, what some of the Scotch ones, upon the strength of the national fame of their liquor, are beginning to perform very carelessly. The deterioration of Scotch ale is a subject of general complaint, especially in Scotland. That there can be no good cause for this falling off, is evident. The Scotch brewers are familiar with the method of working, by which the Scotch ales gained the high reputation in the southern market, which they still enjoy; and farther experience, in ordinary circumstances, ought to have perfected the processes of brewing, and improved the quality of the liquor. The real cause of the deterioration, however, appears to have arisen from the Scotch brewers, in order to supply the increasing demand in the English market, giving much less time to their workings than was formerly done, when they had to look for customers in the home market alone!

The mode of analyzing ales by partial evaporation, so as to discover the original strength of the worts from which they are made, here first laid before the public by Mr Roberts, is interesting and extremely simple. Some of the brewers who work from inferior gravities, will not admire this part of the work. It will put them on their guard, however, and the public will be no losers.

Mr Roberts states, that his principal aim has been to analyze and simplify every branch of the process of Scotch ale brewing in the plain, practicable manner, which may render his statements, descriptions, and directions so clearly intelligible that the least informed about brewing theoretically, may be able to walk by his rules. In what manner he accomplishes his purpose, it is not our province to detail; but we think he does so ably and clearly, holding the practical strictly in view, without overlooking the scientific. The volume will be of great use to the English practical brewer; and may, we apprehend, make even some of the Scotch brewers better acquainted with the principles of their own system.

Rudiments of Physiology. By the late John Fletcher, M.D. Part III. Edited by Dr Lewins.

Dr Fletcher, an able and much esteemed medical tutor and lecturer in this city, died about a twelvemonth ago, when two parts only of his valuable work had been published—for the third part the materials were, it would seem, found scanty and ill-arranged at his decease. He had, in fact, only commenced writing out the substance of his concluding lectures on physiology for the press. In these circumstances, his friend Dr Lewins undertook to arrange and edit this concluding part, unwilling that what had been so happily commenced should be lost to the world. The task has been one of considerable difficulty. Dr Lewins speaks of his individual labours with great modesty; but we can make no doubt that no one could better have performed a duty which none but a friend would have attempted. Dr Lewins, in his own name, and that of his late friend, has thrown down the gauntlet to the phrenologists of Edinburgh. Their politic maxim of holding all who are not against them as for them, included Dr Fletcher as "favourable to them." Dr Fletcher disclaimed the belief for himself in precise terms. "For my own part I am not a phrenologist; but wish the thing to have fair play." No one could wish for less; but including men eminent in science among the supporters of what Majendie terms a *pseudo-science*, to which they are opposed, is scarcely fair play. Blumenbach, for example, is stated to be "rather phrenological than otherwise." His celebrated epigrammatic sentence, conveying his opinion of this new philosophy, might have saved his reputation:—"In phrenology, whatever is true is not new, and whatever is new is not true." Dr Fletcher believed in *national peculiarities*; but this surely is a belief long prior to the discoveries of Gall, and altogether independent of phrenology. Dr Fletcher's works are those of a religious mind. An irreligious physiologist is, indeed, as mad as an undevout astronomer.

Post-Office Reform. By Rowland Hill.

This is a cheap and excellent pamphlet, upon an important subject, interesting to every man, woman, and child in the country. All, therefore, should make themselves acquainted with its contents. We must and will have post-office reform. We have frequently prophesied that the Tories would, among other administrative reforms, willingly overhaul the post-office system. They are playing for popularity at present. They have shewn favour to this particular branch of internal improvement; and the Whigs will not surely let themselves be outstripped in the race. Mr Rowland Hill's general principle is, that letters may easily be sent to any part of the British isles at the cost of one penny each, to be paid in advance at the post-office into which they are put, which will greatly abridge labour, and consequently expense. But there seems a second charge for delivery. Another plan is, for the post-office to sell franks at one penny, which individuals may keep beside them, and use at their convenience, instead of paying with every letter. But we cannot at present enter into the details; suffice it that Mr Hill has satisfactorily made out his case; and his exertions, and those of Mr Wallace and others, leave the government no pretext for opposing a most important and clearly practical reform.

Anderson's Tourists' Guide through Scotland, with Maps and Charts of Pleasure Tours, &c. &c.

Here is a book in season, and one which, within moderate compass, comprehends a vast deal of well-arranged information, that will be found useful as well as pleasant to the tourists every year scattered over our land. It is descriptive in the main, but also contains itineraries of the principal routes through Scotland. The author of this guide is so enthusiastic and flowery about Scottish scenery, that one grudges he had not larger bounds in which to disport his fancies. His invitation to "the land of the mountain and the flood," is perfectly irresistible.

Ye rich and luxurious, as soon as the Lammas floods have passed away, leave your nauseated artificial splendours, and take to the mountain and the lake! Ye toiling citizens, throw your cares aside, emerge from your smoked alleys, and taste the pure air of the hills, and visit sights which will astonish you! Ye happy lovers of the commencing honey-moon, fly to the still groves and the silvery fountains and water-falls, which will be bright visions to you, during long years of sober matrimony!

But we stop short in the midst of the Gathering Song.

The Emancipation. By A. C. G. Jobert.

This pamphlet is a portion of a work projected by a man of liberal if somewhat extravagant opinions. This is called the age of Movement. It is certainly that of noble, if often extravagant aspirations—of ardent and restless gropings after some unknown social good. M. Jobert is one of the semi-blind gropers. Were we to set out in this line, one of our ideas should be a universal language—a reversal of the curse of Babel. No matter how many tongues existed, if there was one universal form in which thought could be expressed and interchanged, which all mankind understood. M. Jobert, in the first portion of a work which may, perhaps, never go farther, acts as the pioneer of another idea. He proposes the ABOLITION OF FRONTIERS, or, in other words, absolute freedom of commerce. He leaves off, saying, "March,

humanity! march, in thy strength and thy omnipotence! The efforts of a weak and corrupted aristocracy shall not stop thee! Work, people, work! but do not lavish, without resistance, on the oppressors of mankind, the sweat of gold which flows from your brow!" We should have thought a soberer tone as suitable to a public instructor; but M. Jobert is a Frenchman, and a sufferer for freedom of speech, and he evidently means well.

Eureka, a Romance. By the Author of "Mephistophiles in England."

This romance is another of the abounding instances of the proneness of the mind at this crisis, to project itself. It is called, "A Prophecy of the Future;" and is cast so far forward that the old world has degenerated into barbarism, and America become a monarchical state, with Princes of Philadelphia, and Barons of Vermont; when Columbia is the capital of the civilized world, and all things have become new. The changes are geographical rather than moral. The Empire of China has been annexed by England, now become a wilderness, to that of India; but the people continue very much the same there and everywhere else. Boundaries have shifted, governments have changed; but man continues the same selfish and perverted being. The desolation of once mighty England is painted with power by The Last Englishman. The work, as a whole, displays ability and invention; but, if contriving a new social system, why not try to elevate as well as to surprise?

Scripture Geography. By John R. Miles.

We have here a comprehensive and too cheap book, which is intended for the use of Sabbath and other schools, and which will also be very useful to Biblical students. The work displays research, and great industry in the compiler. It contains maps requisite to the illustration of the geography.

SARAH STICKNEY has added a third volume to her *Pictures of Private Life.* It is not so much a favourite with us as her first, but is more cheerful in spirit than the second. It conveys many useful lessons in social morals, particularly to women in general, and to the class intending governess-ship in particular.

SIR JOHN CAMPBELL has published a pamphlet on the *Church-Rate Question.* We wish to give the Whigs all the credit possible for good meaning; but have no heart to speak on this subject, any more than upon the Irish Tithe Bill.

PORTIONS of several new and important books have appeared, among which are the first two volumes of *Bulwer's Athens*, the most finished and classic work that has yet proceeded from his pen. We wait for its conclusion, to enter fully into its merits. The first volume of a *History of the Rise of British Power in India*, has just appeared, from the pen of Mr Auber, late Secretary to the Court of Directors. It comes down to the period of the impeachment of Hastings. The history will be concluded in another volume. Some works on Mental Philosophy have appeared, which we propose afterwards to discuss at length, and such a host of new tragedies, as leaves us no hope of overtaking their impetuous progress. Mr Moxon has issued the fifth volume of the new edition of *Wordsworth's Poems* and a second edition of his own elegant Sonnets, very prettily decorated with vignettes, &c. Several new works on Education have appeared of late, which are well worthy of attention, and which we are storing, with a view of introducing them to our readers at an early day.

Among numerous small elementary compilations on the rudiments of science, we would notice a Glasgow publication, entitled "The Science of Botany," by Hugo Reid, as comprehensive and luminous, and not so technical as either to frighten or disgust the popular student.

FINE ARTS.

Several portraits of the PRINCESS VICTORIA have just appeared. Among them is an engraving by Woolnoth, from a miniature by Collen, which is a charming picture—natural, womanly, and graceful. The Princess has lost the somewhat gawky air which marked the likenesses of the age between childish girlhood and youthful womanhood; the countenance shews blended sweetness and dignity; and the engraving conveys altogether a very pleasing impression of our future Queen.

Nos. X. and XI. of Tilt's Female Shakspeare Gallery

Have appeared. We are charmed by the rich mirth into which Mrs Ford is melted, as she reads Falstaff's letter; by the sly archness of Maria in "Twelfth Night;" and the purity and innocence of the young Miranda.

The Memorials of Oxford

Are at last completed, and form a very interesting national work.

The Views of the Ports and Harbours of Great Britain

Are progressing with the spirit and high finish in execution which distinguished the early numbers.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT.

WITH our limited space we have, in previous Sessions, endeavoured to confine ourselves to reporting what had been done, not what had been said in Parliament; but this Session we have found it impossible to adhere to this course, because nothing has been done at all! How long the country will be content with a legislature and a government which move, but do not proceed—at least forwards—like soldiers lifting their legs but not marching—it is difficult to say; but it will not be amiss to recollect that Nero fiddled when Rome was on fire, and that the French aristocracy amused themselves with playing at such attempts at legislating as ours are now doing, till the volcano of the Revolution burst under their feet, and put an end, in a fearful manner, to their frivolous pursuits.

Parliament has sat five months, and the Budget has *not* been introduced; nor can the Chancellor of the Exchequer tell when it will. The other bills are postponed from week to week, as if the Ministers were anxious to get rid of them—a suspicion which is increased by the circumstance that almost every week there is no House for one or two nights; for it is well known that, out of the 658 Members of the House of Commons, the Ministry are when they please, to collect forty, if they have power to do nothing else. The Tories, retaliating the taunt of the Whigs in the autumn of 1830, are preaching up that the country is without a government; but, if they were to say that it has neither government nor legislature, and that neither their coming into power, nor any change which any one has yet had the boldness to propose, will give it either, they would be nearer the truth. There is one way, perhaps, in which the State machine could be put in motion; and it will, we doubt not, be resorted to sooner or later—a coalition of the Whigs and Tories—of the aristocracy, in short, of all shades; but how long they will be able to keep the machine in motion, when exposed, in their naked ugliness, to the democracy, without the pretence of Liberal opinions, which so many of the Whigs so falsely profess to entertain, is a difficult question, and one, in the solution of which the aristocracy might be totally annihilated.

The friends of Sunday legislation—those who would make man religious by act of Parliament, and who prefer the enforced observance of the external ceremonies of religion to obedience to its internal dictates, have met with various success during the month. They have been defeated in all their attempts to ingraft on railway bills a clause prohibiting Sunday travelling. Sir Andrew Agnew has, however, carried the second reading of his Lord's Day Bill by a triumphant majority of 119

to 66. It is curious how men's notions on this subject vary. We, in Scotland, consider any kind of public conveyance travelling on Sunday, except the mail, an abomination, but the most strait-laced among us does not object to that; in London, on the contrary, all other conveyances, except the mail, are tolerated without difficulty, but the entrance of a mail coach into that city would be viewed as a most sacrilegious act. The hypocrisy of the bill is shewn by a single example. The pious aristocrats are to be allowed to go to the church door, and there only, in their carriages, on Sundays; but it is never reflected, that, while the coachman returns to the stables, puts up his horses, and returns to the church, the service will be over. Even if he did, by any possibility, arrive in time to hear part of it, he must depart, long before the conclusion, to the stables, to get out the horses, attach them to the carriage, and get to the church in time to take his master home to his dinner, before it spoils; for we do not find that the aristocracy mean, in future, to dine on cold potatoes on the Sundays, to save the souls of their cooks, any more than they are to walk to church, to save those of their coachmen. What do the Saint Andrews care for the *future* welfare of cooks and coachmen! Another provision of the most absurd nature, is that to prevent vessels leaving harbour on a Sunday. We know a case where this provision would have delayed the voyage for six weeks—the wind having changed during the night, and blown so strongly during that time, that no vessel could leave the harbour. To follow out the principle of the provision, vessels at sea should be prevented sailing at all on Sunday—at least if within soundings; and, even then, no more sails should be put up than will merely prevent the vessel losing her proper course. Notwithstanding the great majority for the second reading, it is well understood by all parties, that the bill will not pass. The Sunday frequenters of Tattersall's and Crockford's thought, now that the divisions are published, that voting for the second reading was an easy way of getting a character for piety; but they have no intention of having their usual Sunday occupations interrupted; and they know well that, while the common informers in London would make a glorious harvest at their expense, a million of policemen, or even Peelers, as they have them in Ireland, would not enforce the bill against the lower orders, for whose exclusive use its provisions are intended.

The Church Rate measure has been virtually defeated in the Commons; the majority in favour of the resolution embodying its principle having been carried by only five. This was one of the good measures with which—as we were told at the beginning of the session—the Ministry were to bombard the Lords; but, unless a little more powder is placed in the mortar than has been done in this instance, it will be a long time before the bombs, however good, will make a breach in their Lordships' House. The Irish Tithe Bill is apparently laid on the shelf for the session, and the Irish poor-rate bill will hardly pass. The defeat on the church-rate measure was, in some slight degree, alleviated by Lord John Russell carrying a motion for the appointment of a Select Committee, to inquire into the management of Church lands, and into the probable amount of any increased value which might be obtained by better management. The numbers on the division were 319 to 236—majority 83; but when Mr Goulburn moved a specific resolution, for appropriating any increased revenue which might accrue to the aggrandizement of the Establishment, the numbers instantly became 291 to 265—the Ministerial majority falling at once from 83 to 26.

The Peers are as bold and insolent as ever; and, sooth to say, we see nothing at the present moment that need cow their courage. As if to shew the contempt with which they treat the Commons, they have again postponed the Irish Corporation Bill to the 3d July. The cause of the boldness of the Upper House, as contrasted with the pusillanimity and long suffering of the Lower, is sufficiently obvious. The Peers do not pretend to represent anybody but themselves—they do not pretend to think that the people should be fairly or freely represented—they do not hold out that the people are entitled to any relief from their burdens, by the remission of taxation, the Repeal of the Corn-Laws, Free Trade, or otherwise. They, therefore, act honestly—meaning by honesty, without false pretence; but the Commons act dishonestly, and, therefore, in a cowardly manner, because three-fourths of the House of Commons do make one or other, and some of them all of these pretences or professions; though, the advocates for free representation object to the Ballot, those who profess a wish for alleviating the burdens of the people vote against the Repeal of the Corn-Laws; and so on of the others. The whole thing is a sham. There are not fifty men in Parliament who have the slightest wish to diminish the power of the aristocracy they are aware that the Peers know that; and that, whatever may be *said* in the House of Commons about stopping the supplies, or resorting to other means to weaken the aristocracy, nothing will ever be *done there*. The Members of the House of Commons are most of them too nearly connected with the Peerage, and too anxiously looking forward to a participation in the honours of the Upper House, even to entertain seriously the thought of injuring it.

Meanwhile the people are ruined and plundered; but, if matters continue in their present course, redress may be nearer than is anticipated. Should the monetary derangement of the United States of America reach this country, things may soon come to a crisis; and, at all events, the rising generation, who know of the horrors of the first French Revolution only as a historical event, and who also know that the national debt was contracted in upholding despotism abroad and corruption and tyranny at home, will not long continue to pay forty-five millions a-year—that is to say, to work one-third of their lives, to maintain the present system of government.

ENGLAND.

BUSINESS IN PARLIAMENT.—We are glad to observe that several of the newspapers have taken up this subject, and are urging the necessity of removing from Parliament the private and local business. Lord Brougham appears to object to this mode of relieving Parliament from the mass of business with which it is overwhelmed; but we do not think the objections he urges are of much weight. If local legislatures, such as those of the United States, which we formerly recommended, are considered too great an innovation on that mysterious thing called the Constitution, tribunals, composed of three or four permanent judges, with a jury of persons chosen from a considerably higher rank than the present jurymen, and consisting of the better class of shopkeepers and tradesmen, without any exemption, as at present, in favour of medical men and lawyers—by which exemption too much labour is thrown on the other classes, and the services of some of the most intelligent men of the community are lost—should be established, for the adjudication of all private and local bills. It will be observed that, at present, some such tribunal has to be resorted to, either during the progress of most private or local bills, or after they have been obtained. Thus, in the case of bills for the sale or exchange of entailed estates, and others of a like nature, a reference is always made by Parliament to two of the Judges of the Court of Session, to call the heirs of entail and others interested before them, to obtain their consent, or to hear their objections, and report to Parliament. When bills for railroads, canals, and harbours have been obtained, a tribunal, consisting, in Scotland, of the sheriff of a county and a jury, is always, by the bill, created, for the settlement of all disputes relative to the value of lands, houses, or otherwise, between private individuals, and the railway or canal company; and numerous and expensive litigations always arise, before this tribunal or the courts of law, before the undertaking is completed.

With regard to the probability of such local legislatures or tribunals acting partially, or being corrupted, we think little need be said. The practices of committees of Parliament are most disgraceful; and no one has been found bold enough to defend them. Coming in after an investigation, which has lasted for weeks, has been concluded—outvoting those who have punctually attended—

without hearing a single witness examined, or having read a single document, is the rule rather than the exception. All sorts of influence are used—and not without great success—to secure votes. We will not venture ourselves to describe what sort of a thing a committee of Parliament is; but will give the following description from one who has better opportunities of knowing—Colonel Perronet Thompson—in a late letter to his constituents at Hull. He is speaking of an abortive attempt to obtain a committee to investigate a charge against an officer, of having flogged a soldier by tap of drum, to make the punishment more protracted and excruciating. He says—"There is little lost. All that historians have written or poets feigned—including Jeffries, John Bunyan, and the State Trials—after making a certain necessary deduction in point of positive violence for change of times and circumstances—is but a feeble expression of the reality of the imperfections which attend a select committee of the House of Commons, for determining a question of this nature. *It would be a mere cross and fostle match, in which, after shutting out the public, every conceivable artifice would be put into action, to intimidate, discredit, or keep out witnesses; and, perhaps, the decision of the committee garbled, after its proceedings were closed, and a false account inserted in the journals of the House.*" It would be a long time before any local legislature or tribunal could arrive at such a degree of turpitude.

As is now generally admitted, local government is the great promoter and protector of liberty. Inasmuch as men manage their own concerns, they are free—inasmuch as they are managed by others, they are slaves. De Tocqueville gives it as his deliberate opinion, that the liberties of the United States of America rest almost entirely on the organization of each town, village, and country district, for the management, by the people of the district, of their local affairs, without the interference of those at the seat of the head government. Centralization—that is, the conducting of the whole affairs of the country in the metropolis, and the having in the provinces merely servants to obey, and not men to reason or remonstrate—is essential to despotism; and hence Bonaparte, as he became despotic, increased more and more the centralisation of public business, until Paris became everything, and France nothing. The local French parliaments, objectionable as they were in other respects, resisted, and often with much effect, the tyrannical mandates of the Bourbons. But these parliaments, the first French Revolution swept away. When Paris was taken in 1814 and 1815, France was conquered. When the Parisians changed the dynasty in 1830, France submitted, without hardly testifying either joy or regret. It is the Parisian national guard—the shopkeepers of Paris—who have discovered that clearing the streets with cavalry and grape-shot has no tendency to fill their shops with customers, or their pockets with money, and who have thus got a distaste for revolutions—who keep Louis Philippe on the throne.

Of late years, under the pretence of economy—that is, of saving, twenty years hence, after the death of those who receive retired allowances, £10,000 or £20,000, while eight millions are yearly spent on our army—centralization has been proceeding at a rate incompatible with the public liberty. The Boards of Customs, Excise, and other departments—the management of the revenue of Scotland, and of the taxes—have been removed from Edinburgh to London. The concentrating of all the public business there has been silently but rapidly making progress. We suspect that the greater economy and efficiency which that system admits of is more than compensated by the danger of men becoming the apathetic tools of others when their affairs are taken out of their own management; and it is on this ground, as well as from the impossibility of going on in Parliament as things at present are, that we advocate local legislation.

SCOTLAND.

INCREASE OF THE JUDGES' SALARIES, AND DECREASE OF LAW BUSINESS.—One of the most remarkable facts connected with Scotland, is the great decrease of law business, whether law-suits or conveyancing, which has been going on for as long a period as we can trace it in an authentic manner—for it is only of late years that we have any information to be relied on on this subject. The earliest authentic statement of the business of the Court of Session goes only to 1794, in which year 2789 causes were enrolled in the Outer-House Rolls. From that year the decrease gradually proceeds: the four years preceding 1798 give 2631 annually; the four years before 1810, 2594; the four years after, 2374; the four years preceding 1825, when the judicature act came into operation, 2143; the four years afterwards only 1998. The abolition of the Admiralty and Consistorial Courts, and the transference of their business, amounting to 300 or 400 causes annually, to the Court of Session, has not been able to check the accelerating diminution; for in 1831, the whole number of cases enrolled amounted only to 1956, shewing nearly a third less business than in 1794. Last year the number had sunk to 1770, and the rolls of the Court are at present shorter than ever was remembered; indeed, so short, that half a dozen of advocates, instead of 450, would have no difficulty in managing the whole business. Yet it is precisely at this period that the judges of the Court of Session, with salaries varying from £2600 to £4300 a-year, make an application to the legislature for an increase of salary. To any one who knows anything of society in Edinburgh, it is unnecessary to say that there is not a single nobleman, and very few landed gentlemen, resident in the city; and notwithstanding the evidence given on the last committee of the House of Commons on the judges' salaries, as to the emoluments of advocates—evidence which we know astonished the bar itself—there are probably not thirteen gentlemen permanently resident in Edinburgh, who have an aggregate income equal to that of the thirteen judges of the Court of Session.

This also appears rather an ill-chosen time to increase salaries, when the mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural interests of the country are suffering the greatest distress. At the Restoration, the salary of a Judge of the Court of Session did not exceed £100 a-year. In 1800, when provisions were much higher than they are at present, the Lord President's salary was fixed at £3000; the Lord Justice Clerk's at £2400; and that of each of the ordinary judges, at £1200. At present, the first has £4300; the second £4000; some £3200, others £2600; and none under £2000. The salaries were raised to that amount in 1810, when grain was more than double its present price; when a property-tax of 10 per cent., besides various other taxes now repealed, were levied; and when the whole expense of living was much higher than at present. There is at present one third less business in the Court than in 1810; yet there are only two judges fewer; and, as to jury trials, of which so much is said, there are not above thirty or forty in the year—being three to each judge, if they were equally divided. We cannot help thinking that it is an exceedingly vulgar notion, that the judges cannot be respected, without having large incomes, splendid houses, and handsome carriages. We think that such of our clergy as do not intermeddle in politics, and the professors of our universities generally, are highly respected, without any one inquiring how they live, or what are their incomes; and many of them are known to be very poor. But how much money will make a judge respectable? The Lord President—as his son, with little feeling of delicacy, explained to the former committee—cannot live on £4300 a-year; *he* cannot keep a carriage on that income. How much does his Lordship ask? We suspect that he who cannot live on £4300 will find £10,000 a-year too little.

Of the causes of the decrease of business in the Court of Session, we believe the changes of late years in the forms of proceeding, are among the chief. Formerly, there was, at least, the hope—occasionally realized—that a speedy and cheap decision of a case might be obtained. But now, when every case, however trifling and however clear, must go through the form of making up a record, and of revisals and re-revisals of that record, and when the Court sits only 114 days in the year, no one need expect to get a decision, even of the Lord Ordinary,

for less than £50, and without a delay of two years. The great outlay required on the part of the agents, in fees to counsel, for matters they could conduct much better themselves—for fees of court, which ought to be paid out of the General Revenue, and not by the litigants—and for printing, all sorts of rubbish being ordered by the Judges to be printed—renders the agents very careless about business in the Court of Session, as their remuneration is felt to be inadequate to the risk of loss and personal responsibility which they run—to say nothing of trouble. —Hence, it happens, that, with upwards of 600 licensed practitioners in Edinburgh, there were only 1500 litigated cases last year in the Court; and, as some particular agents might have fifty or a hundred of these suits, it will be seen that the great body could have but little process business. But it is not in the Court of Session merely, that the door has been shut against justice—in all the Sheriff Courts, business has been falling off for many years; and the time does not seem far distant, when, instead of considering how much judges' salaries may be increased, the question will be whether nine-tenths of them may not be dispensed with altogether.

The Stamp-Office Returns also shew that, in Scotland, within the last twenty years, conveyancing—the most lucrative part of the law practitioners' business—has fallen off more than one-half. The existing stamp-act was passed in 1815; in the Returns, the amount of stamps used for bonds, conveyances, &c. is given separately; and in 1817, it was £216,000, and now it hardly exceeds £100,000. In England, there has also been a great decrease—the additional stamp duties imposed in 1815, having, as in numerous other cases of increased taxation, diminished instead, as was intended, increased the Revenue. Yet, the new Stamp Bill, though it in some few cases lowers the duties, will be found, on an attentive examination, to increase them on the whole; and it is likely to pass without notice, either from the law practitioners or the law reformers. The former, indeed, are so short-sighted, as to imagine that the amount of the duties is not their concern, but that of the public; but now that they are aware that the best part of their business has fallen off one-half within the last twenty years, while the number of competitors has doubled, they will perhaps bestir themselves in the matter.

Some persons think that the decrease of litigation is a matter to be rejoiced at; and it is said that the number of cases settled by arbitration has greatly increased. This is an assertion which may be very safely made, as it cannot be proved erroneous, no record of the number of arbitrations being kept, nor the number of submissions ascertained, nor even guessed at. But we believe arbitration is, like many things else, in much higher esteem with those who have had no practical experience of it than with those who have. The delay is commonly intolerable, often much greater than in almost any lawsuit; for if one of the parties is determined to hang back, it is next to impossible to force on the case. Then, as to expense, it will be found, that, when the arbiters and their clerk are paid, the party could hardly have been worse off, and, in all probability, would have obtained a more satisfactory decision had he litigated in a court of law. Indeed, the most experienced and most honest practitioners now never advise their clients to resort to arbitration, unless they see they have the worst of the case; for then the great ease with which delay is obtained becomes valuable.

HIGHLAND DESTITUTION.—We believe we were the first to warn the public to listen with suspicion to the tales which the Highland chieftains and their coadjutors the clergy were so industriously promulgating, of distress in the Highlands and Islands; and to express our conviction, that, unless care were taken, the money subscribed would go, not to the poor in charity, but to the landlords as rents. Our remarks and statements have been very extensively copied; but no one has attempted either to answer or contradict them.

How far we have been correct in our suspicions will be seen from the following statements. The *Shetland Journal* informs us, that "*nothing whatever* has been done here, in the shape of any local measure, for relief of the distress which prevails;"—that, in Shetland, "the maxim is, that charity should not only *begin*, but come *altogether* from abroad." It appears, that in 1832, in consequence of a severe storm, 103 men were drowned in one day, most of them leaving numerous families in a state of complete destitution. So great and awful a calamity, it would be supposed, would have aroused to the utmost the sympathies of those who witnessed it; but, notwithstanding some attempts were made to raise money in Shetland for their relief, *not one farthing was subscribed*. In London and the south of Scotland, £3000 were raised; and the Shetland lairds attempted, but, fortunately, unsuccessfully, to divert part of the money from its proper purpose. It is in vain to plead poverty, for there are many rich persons in Shetland. Although the herring fishing last year was only 27 000 barrels—one half of a good fishing—it appears from a detailed statement, that the profit realized by the fish curers was £20,025; while all the poor fishermen received was £4500, or £1:16s. each for their season's work. Whales are occasionally caught or driven ashore on the islands; but these are claimed from the men who take them by the landlords! The *Spectator* mentions, that there is at present in London a small farmer from Shetland, who gives some curious particulars of the manner in which the lairds are profiting by the destitution of which they are the sole cause. "This man, whose name and place of residence have been communicated to us, says, that he applied to the clergyman of the parish for some meal, having heard that a quantity was apportioned to him. He was told that he could have the meal, but must pay for it, half at Lammas and half at Martinmas next. He very properly asked, whether the money would be returned to the subscription committee? and was informed it would be laid out in repairing the roads in Shetland and other public improvements. So the Shetland lairds are to improve their estates out of the subscription raised for the 'destitute.'

Farther, while the benevolent are busy shipping grain *to* Orkney and Shetland, the lairds are equally busy sending *from* Orkney and Shetland, grain and provisions of all sorts. In one week, four vessels so freighted arrived in Leith from Kirkwall in Orkney alone. A vessel dispatched from Aberdeen with seed and provisions to Kirkwall, had to wait four days, until the people had leisure to take out her cargo, so much occupied were they in shipping off provisions of all kinds to raise money to pay their rents; for in the exaction of these no respite is given. Mr Balfour, the member for these Islands, defends these proceedings, on the ground "that many of the properties in Orkney are under trust, *or managed for absentees* by land-stewards, the rents in feu-duties being usually paid in kind. The stewards are bound to sell the produce to the best advantage for their employers; and on what terms can they sell this produce in the district at present?" Cannot the "absentees" direct their stewards to give a portion of the produce to the inhabitants who are not able to buy it, and to discontinue the shipping, if the people are starving? It is now distinctly proved, as we stated in our May number, that the destitution arises entirely from the exorbitant rents exacted, combined with absenteeism, and the want of a poor-rate, the result of which is, that there is not a shilling left among the labouring classes to buy provisions. Had the destitution arisen from a total destruction of the crops, as was represented by the reverend beggars sent out by the lairds, neither rents nor feu-duties could legally have been exacted, and the "stewards of absentees" would have had no grain nor other provisions to send away, from the "inhabitants, whose destitute state," as Mr Balfour remarks, "*renders sales to them very hopeless as a speculation.*" Was there ever a more atrocious defence of an unprincipled proceeding?

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The intelligence from the United States is more deplorable than any one expected. Every bank throughout the Union has stopped payment in specie—that is, has become bankrupt; for payment in paper is no payment

at all, when that paper is not convertible into specie. With the view of going through the same farce as the Bank of England did in 1797, when it became bankrupt, some of the State legislatures have hurried through acts suspending specie payments; but such a proceeding is a mere nullity, being contrary to the 10th section of the 1st article of the amended constitution of 4th March 1789, which expressly declares that "no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, *make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, &c.*" Even the United States Bank has stopped—publishing, as an apology, that their stoppage is caused "by the failure of the Treasury of the United States to pay the demands made upon them in specie;" the Bank having large claims on the Treasury. No fewer than 250 of the most extensive mercantile houses in New York have become bankrupt; and the mischief is attributed, by the merchants in that city, in their memorial to Van Buren, "to that unwise system which aimed at the substitution of a metallic for a paper currency."

This system, wise or unwise, is at an end: as the time for resuming cash payments is not anticipated to occur before February next, at the soonest. Notes have been issued for sums as low as 2½d., in Philadelphia; and 5d. notes have been issued in New York. The American journals are calling for paper. "There never was such a time for the circulation of small notes." The currency Doctors of America have carried everything their own way; and we suspect that Van Buren will not be able to check the torrent of paper money, or prevent the gold being exported. Simultaneously with the stoppage of the banks in the various towns, the prices of cotton and of all other articles began, of course, to rise; for every one foresees the currency will be depreciated. An occurrence has at length taken place, which, ere long, will enlighten the public on the subject of the currency and paper money.

LOWER CANADA.

The Canadians, as we expected, have not minced matters. Meetings have been held and resolutions passed, declaring that the dominion of England in Canada exists and can only be maintained by force; a Papineau tribute has been set on foot, a general association organized, the election of all the opposition Members to the Legislative Assembly, declared a sacred duty—abstinence from all duty-paying articles, as an effectual way of crippling the executive, recommended—Lord Gosford denounced as a traitor, and the tool of traitors—smuggled goods recommended to be preferred to those legally imported—and the people strongly advised to read the American Declaration of Independence. The Banks of Montreal and Quebec have stopped payment, and those of the other North American colonies were expected to follow their example, as soon as the accounts of the general stoppage in the United States reached them. Things are in a hopeful way both at home and in the colonies.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

It is well to mark that periods of great mercantile distress like the present, have always followed—at the interval of a few months, generally not so much as a year—what was considered at the time a state of great mercantile and manufacturing prosperity; for, whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain. The result of the present crisis on the poor operatives, is much more severe than on the members of the great mercantile firms, whose losses are so pathetically deplored in the newspapers. The latter, be their engagements what they may, are neither deprived of food, lodging, nor clothing; but, after a period of eclipse, hardly perceptible to those who judge merely by the external symptoms of dress, equipage, and appearance, the merchant again launches forth as gaily and ostentatiously as ever, to commence a new career of enterprise and speculation. But, with the operatives, matters proceed very differently. Whatever may be the success of his employer, whether he accumulate tens or hundreds of thousands, the operative gets no more than the bare wages which keep him living in the most frugal manner; and the failure of a speculation, in the profits of which he could by no possibility have profited, reduces him and his family to a state of want and beggary. At Manchester, there are 50,000 hands out of employ, and almost all the others only working half time. At the small town of Wigan, 4000 weavers are totally idle. In the west of England, it is estimated that half a million of persons will be unemployed in the very worst time of the year. In the potteries, the utmost distress prevails—some manufacturers having entirely suspended business for the present, and others working only two or three days a-week. In Spittalfields, 8000 silk weavers are in a state of great distress. At Glasgow, and in the West of Scotland, soup kitchens have been established. At Paisley, the unemployed weavers continue to increase, and 2100 are on the relief fund; though no more than one in each family is admitted on the list. All the young men under twenty years of age have been struck off, and various other restrictions and prohibitions have been had recourse to.

It is not improbable that the suspension of payments in specie in America, may, by permitting the gold there, and for which they have no farther immediate use, to be remitted to this country, be beneficial in checking the progress of farther mischief. Gold is also coming in from Russia and other parts of the Continent; but the Bank is annoyed by the almost constant demand of bullion from Holland. The Directors refused the last demand from that quarter for gold in bullion, leaving the parties demanding it to their legal right of tendering bank notes for sovereigns. This does not look as if the Bank was very confident in her resources.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts from England give very indifferent accounts of the appearance of the crops, and, as far as can be judged, there is every prospect both of a late and scanty harvest. In the neighbourhood of London the crops are from three weeks to a month later than usual. From Gloucester it is stated it is hardly possible for the wheat crop, in the district 20 miles round Gloucester, to prove an average, even with the mildest weather.——*Carmarthen.* Growing crops look very indifferent; wheats are very thin. ——*Worcestershire.* Wheat is so thin on the ground, it cannot be a good crop, however favourable the weather. ——*Birmingham.* Wheats are very backward, and so thin on the ground that there cannot be an average quantity of straw; and, even with the finest weather, a late harvest (which is always more precarious) appears now to be inevitable.——*Tenby.* Some of our wheats look bad, and none well, nor do the spring crops either. The present appearance is for a rather deficient crop, and a late harvest.——*Tewkesbury.* The greatest breadth of the wheat looks indifferent; some very bad, and all unusually backward.——*Cotswold.* A great part of the growing wheat is thin and irregular, and lately appearing to be dwindling away in many places instead of improving; a small part looks well, but in general it has a middling or bad appearance.—In Scotland and Ireland the crops are equally unpromising; and nothing but the deranged state of the money-market, and the entire absence of speculation during the whole spring in British grain, could have kept prices at their present rate.

Now is the time to agitate for the Repeal of the Corn-Laws—a greater curse to the labouring classes of this country than the National Debt itself—for they expose them to a ruinous competition in the foreign markets. Their repeal will never be secured except in times of mercantile distress and dearth.

* The power of suspending cash payments is reserved to Congress alone, which has been called together early in September.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1837.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The world ought, perhaps, to be thankful that, holding the Iliad and the Odyssey, little remains of Homer save the shadow of a name; and that it can never know anything more of the private life of Shakspeare. We, who never thought to have coincided in opinion with Lord Chesterfield, now begin to fear that many great authors may be seen to most advantage in their books. Alas, that Scott should be no exception to the mortifying rule, even as beheld in the naturally partial and one-sided pages of Mr Lockhart! No one can henceforth come to the perusal of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" or "Old Mortality" with the fresh feeling of their happy days of ignorance. Mrs Hemans, after reading Moore's Life of Byron, discarded every line of the noble Lord's verse as pollution to her presence and her dwelling. The enthusiastic daughter of the lyre allowed moral indignation and offended delicacy to hurry her as far beyond the bounds of commonsense as the excess of admiration had carried her in another direction—yet one can sympathize with the feeling; and few thoughtful persons we imagine, ever read "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Don Quixote," without more affectionate admiration from reflecting on the circumstances in which those works were produced.

Mr Lockhart's memoir cannot deteriorate the unequalled beauty of Scott's romances, but it does dispel much of the charm with which imagination invested their author. In these volumes we trace Scott, for twenty years in the possession of a competent patrimony, and in the receipt of an ample official income, which he lost no opportunity of increasing, involved in a perpetual, and too often dirty, coil of pecuniary embarrassment, originating solely in the desire rapidly to acquire wealth: not from the rewards of his admirable genius—not by the fair exercise of his professional talents—but in those dark and crooked byways upon which no man of letters ever entered before. With submission to Mr Lockhart—who, being himself at the head of the guild, is the better entitled to speak of the craft, and who loses no opportunity of taunting venerable Grub Street, in a tone which in another might seem insolent or impertinent,—the picture which even his partial pencil has traced of his distinguished father-in-law's involvements is as morally degrading, and, to dispassionate observation, often reveals as much real poverty of spirit, as the entire annals of Grub Street, from the struggles of Johnson and Goldsmith, to his own apocryphal tale of a pair of prize breeches, raced for by two poor authors, under the auspices of that generous and judicious patron of literature, Mr Constable. The pressure of want was the animating principle in both cases—when Elshender Campbell ran with the other scribe for the coveted integuments, and when Scott and his partners, under the pinch of necessities in which he should never have been involved, tried to screw up and overreach "the crafty" bibliopole, by all manner of false scents and paltry arts of bargaining. In the eyes of those illustrious men of letters whose "souls are like stars, and dwell apart," the principle is the same; the units, expressing the sums and values in question, making the only difference—and that not an essential one. Sympathy ought, indeed, to flow more freely with the "poor devils" compelled, by absolute necessity, to meannesses, than with the largely-beneficed, and lavishly-patronised author, compromising the dignity of his high calling and of his personal character, only that he might indulge an appetite for a few more acres of soil, and a childish taste for collecting what to him should have seemed trash. His original tastes appear to have been simple and manly, his personal habits were all admirable; and yet, from the first dawn of his prosperity to the close of what became a weary life, he contrived to make himself the victim of low ambitions and factitious tastes. It is in vain for Mr Lockhart to fix blame on any one else, and try to find causes for the misadventures of Scott's life in the Ballantynes. He never had an enemy, save himself. His career—save for his own miscalculations, originating in that eager grasping after gold, after apples of Sodom, which so often overreaches itself, and brings its own punishment—was eminently prosperous. It is stated, in these volumes, that, upon one occasion, Mr Henry Cockburn said to some person who was disparaging Scott's conversational powers, that he considered Scott's *sense* superior to his *genius*. So

thought all the world for a long while; and yet there is much in these volumes to make the fact extremely questionable. Shrewd he was, in many senses; a keen, if sanguine calculator; one who seems never to have slipped any worldly advantage that the arts of patronage, assiduously cultivated, and clever bargaining, could secure. He was certainly the most adroit commercial manager of literary reputation, so as to make it tell in immediate gain, that ever graced the Republic of Letters. The Ballantynes and others were his tools, his mouthpieces. In the clever game of bo-peep and coquetting between the Great Unknown and the gaping public, Scott drew all the strings which danced the visible puppets; and, when they attempted an independent movement, gave them many a sharp check—as appears from his letters. Yet we question if all this dexterity and trickery was true wisdom, or even commercial sagacity, while, which is worse, keenness in matters of business, and descending to practices which, at least to non-traders, involved, if not direct want of probity, yet great disingenuousness, and sacrifices of feeling, to which a high or single-minded man never could have submitted. According to Mr Lockhart, his misfortunes are mainly attributable to his bad choice of instruments. The unfortunate Ballantynes are made the scapegoats of his errors. But this choice conveys no compliment to his understanding; and the volumes before us afford abundant evidence that the ruin, and misery, and meanness of the entire concern are mainly attributable to Scott, who involved the thriving printing establishment of Ballantyne & Co. in the wildest speculations, from the desire of creating business, and finding agreeable employment for himself in editing what proved unsaleable works. This accumulation of dead or heavy stock, while he was withdrawing capital to sink in land, was clearly the cause of their original embarrassments, and of the commencement of that system of fictitious credit, with its attendant mischiefs, which kept Sir Walter Scott in hot water nearly all his life, and which would entitle him to the most generous sympathy, had not all his sanguine projects begun and ended in views of personal or family aggrandizement. He would be a great landed proprietor, and the founder of a family; and spread out patrician plantations in fantastic forms, and erect a Lilliputian Gothic castle, and vie in his style of living with those objects of his idolatry, the ancient aristocracy of the land; and to do all this, he must "hasten to be rich." Thus did he—like so many who have gone before him, and who will follow after him—sow the wind to reap the whirlwind; casting aside that which should have been his true glory, or using it chiefly to forward subsidiary or ignoble ends. This may seem to many a strange way to talk of Sir Walter Scott. We cannot help it. Nature intended him for one of her own great men, and he chose to be one of the world's, and to rest contented with a grade in artificial society far below his true place. This, we believe, is the genuine feeling of those who reverenced him the most. Washington Irving, looking back with melancholy regret to his pilgrimage to Abbotsford in those humbler early days when Scott's modest ambition had created a cottage in the style of an old English vicarage, says—"Happy would it have been for him, could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple yet hearty style in which he lived at the time of my visit. The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a task upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, which finally crushed him." When Mr Irving has read Lockhart's Memoir, he will learn that it was even worse—a canker in his conscience, a blight on his honour, and now upon a name which should have gone down to posterity spotless as high.

There is no contemporary life more pregnant with lessons and warning, not merely to literary persons, but to all men who, cherishing false ideas, take up with pitiful ambitions. And yet no man, when he gave himself fair play, had a finer appreciation of all that is elementally good and beautiful; and we must say farther for him, that, unlike most men, in private life, and apart from the sordid schemes and small arts into which he allowed himself to be seduced, he was more worthy of admiration than before the curtain—when joking with Johnny Bower and Tom Purdie, than when entertaining, *en prince*, in his baronial halls, the magnificent Mrs Coutts and her suite, and such like personages of grand mundane dimensions.

But we have plunged at a venture into the very heart of whatever is most disagreeable in these memoirs, and must call a halt, and take things in order.

It will be Christmas, or near it, before the lagging work is concluded, which makes the early volumes liable to be forgotten before the last appear. We are, therefore, constrained to follow the example, and "get along" piecemeal. Of the three volumes on our table, we consider the fourth and last as the most important; though it is not without a certain share of the book-making processes which are chargeable upon the series, and especially upon volume third. The published volumes carry forward Scott's personal history and correspondence from 1805 to 1820, when his worldly prosperity and contemporary fame had reached the ultimate point. All his poems, and the best and most successful of his romances, had now been written. We left him, in our late notice, in a humble summer cottage by the way-side, at Lasswade, and the Forest Sheriff. The Whiggish Lord Lieutenant of the county complained of the non-residence of the local judge, and Scott went to the lonely farm-house of Ashestiel, on the banks of the Tweed. About this time, the death of his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who had made a snug fortune in the East India Company's country trade, made him proprietor of the villa of Rosehall, and a farm of thirty acres of land, near Kelso, which he sold

for £5000. This money appears first to have awakened in him that devouring thirst for landed property, which, within the last half century, has proved a snare and a curse to so many Scottish gentlemen, and which was at the root of all Scott's life-long involvements, and miserable expedients to gain money and save gentility.

At Ashestiel the "Lay" was finished, by which poem he gained £769, and a world of fame. Some years previously, but after the publication of "The Border Minstrelsy," his early friend and schoolfellow, Mr James Ballantyne, had been induced to commence a printing business in Edinburgh, where the extreme elegance of his typography contributed to the fame of Scott's poems. According to Mr Lockhart, Scott's hopes of success at the bar had now completely vanished; his small practice was dwindling away, and his secret object in bringing Ballantyne from Kelso to Edinburgh was to increase his income, by becoming the partner of the former in the printing business, which he expected that his influence among booksellers and law-agents would make considerable. He stipulated for a third share of Ballantyne's business, and advanced nearly all the money he had received for his uncle's place at Kelso to the concern. Mr Lockhart has strong prejudices on this affair. The continual strain of his statements tries to make out Scott to have been a disinterested and severe sufferer; the Ballantynes designing, selfish, and crafty profiters by his pecuniary losses and sacrifices. Yet the facts, as we think, bear out no such assumptions. Mr Lockhart certainly condemns while he laments his clandestinely engaging in business; but not exactly on the best grounds. Independently of the bar, he had already an assured income of about £1000 a-year; he had proved the resources of his pen in several instances; and, as he never neglected any means or opportunity of increasing his emoluments, he was already soliciting the post of Clerk of Session from his good Tory patrons, the Melvilles and Buccleuchs, which he soon afterwards obtained; by this means adding another £1000 a-year to an income already not narrow for Mr Saunders Fairford's son, and for a man who, abandoning his profession, had dedicated himself to literature. Mr Lockhart blames him for entering into commercial engagements, chiefly, we think, because they were not fortunate. The world, or the thoughtful and high-minded portion of it, will take higher ground. There is a wise book which says, "He that hastens to be rich shall not be innocent." Mr Lockhart does not go quite this length; but he says—

> It is an old saying, that, wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction. It was his rule, from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and had he catered for it only as author and sole editor, all had been well; but had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered, far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding that, if the Ballantyne press were employed, his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking. On the other hand, Scott's suggestions were, in many cases, perhaps in the majority of them, conveyed through Ballantyne, whose habitual deference to his opinion induced him to advocate them with enthusiastic zeal; and the printer, who had thus pledged his personal authority for the merits of the proposed scheme, must have felt himself committed to the bookseller, and could hardly refuse with decency to take a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of his own payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience.

This is tolerably plain speaking. Scott involved his publishers in rash or bad speculations, to draw grist to Ballantyne's mill, of which he secretly shared the *multure*.

The candour of some of Mr Lockhart's avowals, with his overweening estimate of Scott, is not a little remarkable. Thus, he publishes a letter from Scott to his secret PARTNER, whose profits he shared, which is of a nature that no *puritanically* honest tradesman could have written, let alone a man of nice gentlemanly feeling and chivalrous honour:—

> "Ashestiel, April 12th, 1805.
>
> "DEAR BALLANTYNE,—I have duly received your two favours, also Foster's. He still howls about the expense of printing; but I think we shall finally settle. His argument is that you print too fine, *alias* too dear. I intend to stick to my answer, that I know nothing of the matter; but that, settle it how you and he will, it must be printed by you, or can be no concern of mine. This gives you an advantage in driving the bargain. As to everything else, I think we shall do; and I will endeavour to set a few volumes agoing on the plan you propose.
>
> "I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you! At least a hundred volumes, to be published at the rate of ten a-year. I cannot, however, be ready till midsummer. If the booksellers will give me a decent allowance per volume, say thirty guineas, I shall hold myself well paid on the *writing* hand. This is a dead secret. I think it quite right to let Doig* have a share of Thomson; but he is hard and slippery, so settle your bargain fast and firm—no loop-holes! I am glad you have got some elbow-room at last. Cowan will come to, or we will find some fit place in time. If not, we *must* build—necessity has no law. I see nothing to hinder you from doing Tacitus with your correctness of eye; and I congratulate you on the fair prospect before us."
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> . . . . . .

Here was a man whose magnificent schemes were sufficient to ruin the Worshipful Company of Stationers. In fact, Scott's wild speculations in publishing, which his humbler partners only sometimes remonstrated against, were more than sufficient to counteract all the advantages which resulted from his own indefatigable pen. Mr Foster would not "grow to," and the edition of Dryden was undertaken by Scott—one of many useful but unproductive or ruinous speculations to the publishers, by which he ultimately lost far more, as a partner, in printing and publishing, than he could gain as an editor. Upon the *Annual Register* alone, another of his projects,

* A bookseller in Edinburgh.

£1000 a-year seems to have been lost for many years; yet this to Scott was, in some respects, rather taking out of one pocket to put into another, than actual dead loss. By these and better means, the printing and publishing business extended so rapidly, that more capital was required and found to carry it on. It was about this time that the rude outline of "Waverley" was begun. His principal correspondents, at this time, were Ellis and Miss Seward. The letters possess little general interest, while Mr Lockhart's account of his personal and domestic habits are full of attraction. So early as 1805, he had adopted that plan of early rising, without which, we have heard said, he considered that no man could achieve greatness in any department of life.

He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those "bed-gown and slipper tricks," as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) "*to break the neck of the day's work.*" After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, "his own man." When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness. It was another rule that every letter he received should be answered that same day.

And then we hear of his favourite horse and dog for the time, and of his rural amusements, and expeditions to Yarrow and Loch Skene. When any remarkable event or visiter afforded him a decent text, he wrote a letter to Ellis or Morritt. Ellis threw out some prudish doubts about the edition of Dryden, upon which he was engaged. He replies:—

"I will not castrate John Dryden. I would as soon castrate my own father, as I believe Jupiter did of yore. What would you say to any man who would castrate Shakspeare, or Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher? I don't say but that it may be very proper to select correct passages for the use of boarding-schools and colleges, being sensible no improper ideas can be suggested in these seminaries, unless they are intruded or smuggled under the beards and ruffs of our old dramatists. But, in making an edition of a man of genius's works for libraries and collections, and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be, I must give my author as I find him, and will not tear out the page, even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift, and even of Pope, larded with indecency, and often of the most disgusting kind; and do we not see them upon all shelves and dressing-tables, and in all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine; and how often do we see his works in female hands? In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt the manners of a people—it is the sonnets which a prurient genius like Master Little sings, *virginibus puerisque*; it is the sentimental slang, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears. At the same time, I am not at all happy when I peruse some of Dryden's comedies: they are very stupid, as well as indelicate."

In the winter of 1806, he first appeared as a London lion, while very anxious about his Clerk of Sessionship, which the accession of the Whigs, had he feared, put in jeopardy. In the same page, we find his gratitude to two different "architects of his fortune" boil over. To Ellis, then at Bath, where Lord Melville probably was, he writes:—

"Poor Lord Melville! How does he look? We have had miserable accounts of his health in London. He was the architect of my little fortune, from circumstances of personal regard merely; for any of my trifling literary acquisitions were out of his way."

The next letter is to the Earl of Dalkeith:—

"My Dear Lord,—I cannot help flattering myself—for perhaps it is flattering myself—that the noble architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune, has been sometimes anxious for the security of that lowly edifice, during the tempest which has overturned so many palaces and towers. If I am right in my supposition, it will give you pleasure to learn that, notwithstanding some little rubs, I have been able to carry through the transaction which your Lordship sanctioned by your influence and approbation, and that in a way very pleasing to my own feelings. Lord Spencer, upon the nature of the transaction being explained in an audience with which he favoured me, was pleased to direct the commission to be issued, as an act of justice, regretting, he said, it had not been from the beginning his own deed. This was doing the thing handsomely, and like an English nobleman. I have been very much fêted and caressed here, almost indeed to suffocation; but have been made amends by meeting some old friends. One of the kindest was Lord Somerville, who volunteered introducing me to Lord Spencer, as much, I am convinced, from respect to your Lordship's protection and wishes, as from a desire to serve me personally."

In possession of his place, Scott had no gratitude to spare to the Whig givers; nor do we blame his insensibility. To Melville, his political chief, his fidelity was unswerving. He says again:—

"I own Lord Melville's misfortunes affect me deeply. He, at least his nephew, was my early patron, and gave me countenance and assistance when I had but few friends. I have seen when the streets of Edinburgh were thought by the inhabitants almost too vulgar for Lord Melville to walk upon; and now I fear that, with his power and influence gone, his presence would be accounted by many, from whom he has deserved other thoughts, an embarrassment, if not something worse."

We wonder at what possible era Henry Dundas, although very popular with a party, whom his jobs, as "a good countryman," benefited at the public expense, was thus popular in Edinburgh? Sir Walter Scott must have been aware that, a dozen years before this time, Mr Dundas could not safely have appeared on the streets. He was mobbed and burned in effigy both in Edinburgh and Perth, and detested in every Scottish town. The first affray, on the streets of Edinburgh, from the era of Porteous, ending in bloodshed and death, was occasioned by the public abhorrence of this venal and profligate statesman. Upon the festive 4th of June 1792, a few idle lads carrying an effigy, gathered around the house of a

relation of Dundas, in George Square, with whom he was then on a visit. It must have been under Scott's eyes that military were called out to quell this riot of "The Friends of the People," in which several innocent individuals were shot dead, and others wounded, in punishing a breach of the peace provoked by the general dislike of this obnoxious individual, not when he was a fallen and impeached minister, but when in the full blaze of his patronage and power. The last blood shed on the streets of Edinburgh for any political cause was through him whose monument now predominates there. It is humbling, it is even nauseating to see the spirit of Scott prostrated before such a patron as Henry Dundas.

The Prince of Wales was, at this time, like all heirs to crowns, whether presumptive or apparent, in opposition; and the Princess was consequently the paragon of the Tories. Scott was introduced to her by Mrs Haywood, one of her attendants, and found her "an enchanting Princess, and her Prince under some malignant spell;" and he coupled her up with Lord Melville, in laudatory verses on the acquittal of the latter.

Mr Lockhart magnifies the labour of the office of Clerk of Session to a degree which will astonish some members of the Court. "Constant attendance," which means less than two hours a-day for five days in the week, of five months in the year, was, he alleges, combined with "the constant study of law-papers and authorities at home," and a great deal "of really base drudgery." We are inclined to think that Sir Walter's official duty in Court or county was no great overtasking; and we think Mr Lockhart would have done wisely not to provoke inquiry about matters which Scott himself thus describes:—

"I took possession of my new office on my return. The duty is very simple, consisting chiefly in signing my name; and, as I have five colleagues, I am not obliged to do duty except in turn—so my task is a very easy one, as my name is very short."

He justly considered the Duke of Buccleuch, who had to write letters on business two hours a-day, "and with no vacation," as much more tasked than himself.

During the brief reign of the Whigs, Scott, though indebted to them for his place, was furious and active in opposition. Dryden was still his task—"Marmion" his delight. About this time, the *Edinburgh Review* reviewed Southey's "Madoc," splendidly printed by Ballantyne, in its favourite style of flippant cutting up, mingled with acute criticism. The work was unproductive to the author; and that everlasting letter-spinner, Miss Seward, complained to her northern correspondent. Scott replied that Southey did himself injustice in supposing the *Review* had so much influence as to prevent the sale of "Madoc;" and he shews equal knowledge of other mundane matters.

"As to the division of the profits, I only think that Southey does not understand the gentlemen of *the trade*, emphatically so called, as well as I do. Without any greater degree of *fourberie* than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle. It is the tale of the fox that went a hunting with the lion, upon condition of equal division of the spoil; and yet I do not quite blame the booksellers, when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*."

Scott explains how the good author must indemnify the publisher for loss by the bad one, which may be very consoling to publishers, though not particularly so to authors like Southey, whose bread was in his pen. In the same letter, in speaking of the young Roscius, he gives this incidental opinion of the value of classical learning:—

"I quite agree with you about the plan of young Betty's education, and am no great idolator of the learned languages, excepting for what they contain. We spend in youth that time in admiring the wards of the key, which we should employ in opening the cabinet and examining its treasures. A prudent and accomplished friend, who would make instruction acceptable to him for the sake of the amusement it conveys, would be worth an hundred schools."

Southey he advised, knowingly, and in a most friendly spirit, on the subject of booksellers and copy-rights, and consoled for slow sales. He invited him to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, premising—

"The only reason which occurs to me as likely to prevent your affording the *Edinburgh* some critical assistance, is the severity of the criticisms upon "Madoc" and "Thalaba." I do not know if this will be at all removed by assuring you, as I can do upon my honour, that Jeffrey has, notwithstanding the flippancy of these articles, the most sincere respect both for your person and talents."

He makes this sound critical remark in the same letter—

"Wordsworth is harshly treated in the *Edinburgh Review*, but Jeffrey gives the sonnets as much praise as I usually does to anybody. I made him admire the song of Lord Clifford's minstrel, which I like exceedingly myself. But many of Wordsworth's lesser poems are *caviare*, not only to the multitude, but to all who judge of poetry by the established rules of Criticism. Some of them, I can safely say, I like the better for these aberrations; in others they get beyond me—at any rate, they ought to have been more cautiously hazarded."

Southey would have nothing to do with the corps of *Edinburgh Reviewers*, for "reasons, moral, political, and critical;" and Scott speedily followed his example, though not for exactly the same reasons. Southey, like every good and rational man, not bitten by the maddest Toryism, detested Claverhouse; and he had censured Scott's fanatical enthusiasm on the subject of that cold-blooded soldier. Scott's pictures of the Covenanters, in his romances, may be forgiven—many of them are true and noble; but who can overlook the following sentence, in which James Graham, the author of the "Sabbath," is alluded to?—

"As for my good friend, Dundee, I cannot admit his culpability in the extent you allege; and it is scandalous of the Sunday bard to join in your condemnation, "and yet come of a noble Græme!" I admit he was *tant soit peu* savage, but he was a noble savage; and the beastly Covenanters against whom he acted, hardly had any claim to be called men, unless what was founded on their walking upon their hind feet. You can hardly conceive the perfidy, cruelty, and stupidity of these people, according to the accounts they have themselves preserved. But I admit I had many cavalier prejudices instilled into me, as my ancestor was a Killiecrankie man."

Now, Scott had no such prejudices instilled into him. His immediate relatives were "Presbyte-

rian true blue." His tutor, Mitchell, was a fanatic Whig, as he represents him. His Toryism or Jacobitism, like Dogberry's reading and writing, came by nature. All poets are Tories Hazlitt alleges—and he gives many ingenious reasons why this should be so; yet Milton was a republican, if Dryden was a worshipper of patrons and a servile Tory.

"Marmion" was received by the public better, if that were possible, than the "Lay." It has been alleged that Wordsworth, at least at one time, would not allow that Scott was a poet at all. His brief praise of "Marmion," reverting at once to those things which, next to his own poetry, were supposed to occupy his mind to the exclusion of every other object, is characteristic:—

"In the circle of my acquaintance, it seems as well liked as the 'Lay,' though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been much better than the 'Lay,' it could scarcely have satisfied the public, which has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition. The spring has burst out upon us all at once, and the vale is now in exquisite beauty; a gentle shower has fallen this morning, and I hear the thrush, who has built in my orchard, singing amain."

Scott could, like the untouched, with great philosophy, bid Southey not heed Jeffrey's criticism of "Madoc;" but when it came to his own turn, the lesson was not so easily taken. Jeffrey, with what some persons will be apt to consider either officiousness or singular obtuseness of feeling, though Mr Lockhart praises his magnanimous conduct to the skies, called Scott's attention to the severe review in a note, which is given; and Scott, like any man of spirit, was too proud to seem to resent the singular proceeding. Jeffrey had concluded his epistle by saying, "If you have any amity left for me, you will not delay very long to tell me so;" and Scott——but Mr Lockhart shall tell the story:—

At all events, Scott could make allowance for the petulancies into which men the least disposed to injure the feelings of others will sometimes be betrayed, when the critical rod is in their hands. He assured Mr Jeffrey that the article had not disturbed his digestion, though he hoped neither his booksellers nor the public would agree with the opinions it expressed; and begged he would come to dinner at the hour previously appointed. Mr Jeffrey appeared accordingly, and was received by his host with the frankest cordiality: but had the mortification to observe that the mistress of the house, though perfectly polite, was not quite so easy with him as usual. She, too, behaved herself with exemplary civility during the dinner; but could not help saying, in her broken English, when her guest was departing, "Well, good night, Mr Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid *you* very well for writing it."

The blunt speech of the lady shews the true feeling of the family, and does a wife no dishonour. Scott immediately deserted the *Review* corps, and shortly afterwards was the principal means of starting *The Quarterly Review*. His hands were now full of employment, his main business at this time being the editorship of those works which afterwards constituted so much of the dead or heavy stock of his partners. Then he patronised a whole host of poor but nameless authors, according to his biographer, and found employment for all and pay for all, and was the most generous of literary benefactors. Of whom this corps of the Edinburgh Grub-Street consisted, for whom Scott provided quarters and rations, it is not easy for us to guess. Not one, we have said, is named; and, to speak frankly, we are inclined to think that the numbers of this nameless awkward squad is exaggerated, while its quality is deteriorated. Scott paid small men of letters, who did work for him, exactly, we presume, as a manufacturer remunerates his workmen. There the account is balanced. Mr. Lockhart makes another statement liable to question. Of all men Scott seems to have been the most chary of never mixing his literary reputation with any undertaking not wholly his own, or of no advantage to him and his partners. Hogg was often extremely indignant at the ill success of his own applications for countenance of this kind—very importunately, if not meanly solicited, we admit, but never once gained. He might err in his judgment, but we freely acquit Sir Walter of the imprudence of either risking his own fame, or Constable's or Ballantyne's money, in bringing forward the work of any unknown inferior writer whatever. The only instance of this kind specifically mentioned by Mr Lockhart, is Struthers' "Poor Man's Sabbath"—a work so small that it could not involve the responsibility of ten pounds. Besides, Struthers had been warmly recommended to him by Joanna Baillie, now become his correspondent, and enjoying all his esteem. This case is apt, so far as it goes, but rather narrow, to rest so much praise upon, of a kind which, if Scott merited, the world of letters will be glad to hear the instances. Struthers gained from £30 to £40 by his poem; and we would fain hope that Scotland of itself could have done this much for so ingenious and worthy a man. Struthers' gratitude was, it seems, excessive. He made a pilgrimage to Ashestiel, to thank his patron.

Hogg, about this time, applied for Scott's interest to obtain an ensigncy in a militia regiment; but it seems that the Shepherd, besides being too rough-spun for the society of a militia mess-table, was a coward at bottom, though so brave in his war-songs. There is an under-current of dislike to Hogg, of insinuation and detraction, running through all these volumes. The Shepherd with Lockhart was, like Jeffrey with Sir Walter, not nearly so bad till he touched home. Far from us be the office of defending him; but Mr Lockhart, once unduly eloquent in his praise, should either let him alone altogether, or give it him well and roundly, and be done with him for ever. This seeming—

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"

is pitiful. In one place, he tells that the Shepherd, in one of his *tirrie-vies*, when Scott had offended him, by refusing some request, and, probably, a very unreasonable one, began a letter with "Damned Sir," and ended it "Yours with disgust."

Scott's circle of literary friends was now, as we have mentioned, increased, by the welcome addition of Miss Baillie, who was his guest at Ashestiel for a few days, and to whom his best letters were

afterwards addressed. Mr Morritt contributes a charming piece of reminiscence of a similar visit to Ashestiel, where Scott said, "He had, in a farm-house, pigeon-holes enough for all that, like himself, could live on Tweed salmon and Forest mutton." Mr Morritt say—

"There he was the cherished friend and kind neighbour of every middling Selkirkshire yeoman, just as easily as in Edinburgh he was the companion of clever youth and narrative old age in refined society. He carried us one day to Melrose Abbey or Newark—another, to course with mountain greyhounds by Yarrow braes or St Mary's Loch, repeating every ballad or legendary tale connected with the scenery—and, on a third, we must all go to a farmer's *kirn*, or harvest-home, to dance with Border lasses on a barn floor, drink whisky punch, and enter with him into all the gossip and good fellowship of his neighbours, on a complete footing of unrestrained conviviality, equality, and mutual respect. His wife and happy young family were clustered round him, and the cordiality of his reception would have unbent a misanthrope. At this period, his conversation was more equal and animated than any man's that I ever knew. It was most characterised by the extreme felicity and fun of his illustrations, drawn from the whole encyclopædia of life and nature, in a style sometimes too exuberant for written narrative, but which, to him, was natural and spontaneous. A hundred stories, always apposite, and often interesting the mind by strong pathos, or eminently ludicrous, were daily told, which, with many more, have since been transplanted, almost in the same language, into the Waverley novels and his other writings."

Mr Morritt's notice of the *kirn* leads Mr Lockhart into a long account of Mr Laidlaw of Peel, a Tweedside laird, at whose house it was annually held, and who went, in Scott's family and among the country people, by the *sobriquet* of *Laird Nippy*. We believe that this episode has given great offence on Tweedside, along with some other anecdotes, and that the facts are challenged.

Scott's kindly, and free and easy manner of training his children, is agreeably described. He followed no system of education—not even Miss Edgeworth's. Boarding-schools he held in horror; and his daughters were never taught anything out of his own house. He had no great respect for *accomplishments*; and we are better pleased to learn, that, with so many intimate personal friends connected with the stage, he disliked, from taste, and disapproved on principle, of the theatre as it exists. This that follows is very amiable, and, we think, very wise:—

He had now two boys and two girls—and he never had more. He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour, as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table; and "to sit up to supper" was the great reward when they had been "very good bairns."

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Of the irregularity of his own education he speaks with considerable regret, in the autobiographical fragment written this year at Ashestiel; yet his practice does not look as if that feeling had been strongly rooted in his mind;—for he never did shew much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education, in the case of his own children. It seemed, on the contrary, as if he attached little importance to anything else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiæ: delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. . . . . .
On Sunday he never rode—at least, not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but, after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," on the early history of Scotland.

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By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution.

Offence at Jeffrey and the Whiggish politics of *The Edinburgh Review*, and a feud with Constable & Co., had led to the establishment of *The Quarterly Review;* and a farther quarrel with Constable, Hunter, & Co. induced Scott to set up the rival house of John Ballantyne, bookseller and publisher, of which he was sole originator and the secret partner. This quarrel introduces a full-length and ill-natured description of the brothers Ballantyne, commenced in volume second, and often touched upon in the successive volumes. This account also has given offence, not only to the surviving relatives of the parties, but generally to the public of Edinburgh, especially as it affects the elder brother, the late Mr James Ballantyne; a man of very superior talents, exemplary in all the relations of life, and devoted with enthusiasm to Sir Walter Scott—to whom, it is not too much to say, that his zeal and abilities were invaluable. At his hospitable table Mr Lockhart must have sat many is the time and oft, and felt gratified in so doing; and James' theatrical criticism, now sneered at, wont, in days of old, if we remember aright, to be the frequent theme of laudation in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It may be very natural, as we have acknowledged, for Mr Lockhart to wish to see the Ballantynes made the scape-goats in all the subsequent unhappy transactions in which Scott's unfortunate avidity of gain originally involved him; but everything is due to justice, and, in this case, not a little to propriety. Mr Lockhart had an ungracious office, and ungraciously, in the case of James Ballantyne, has he fulfilled it. In order to depreciate the Ballantynes, Mr Lockhart sets seri-

ously about exalting Constable, the rival publisher, in mind, manners, and physiognomy. A strange hodge-podge is made of Constable's character altogether, for the purpose of making something out of him which nature never intended, but which should disgrace the Ballantynes. He was sincere, it seems, and yet he is christened "The Crafty;" and, though "butteraceous," he was yet "as deep as a draw-well." He made no pretensions to literature or criticism—yet, as a publisher, his judgment was, we are told, next to infallible; and he was one of "the most sagacious persons that ever followed his profession." Mr Lockhart seriously questions if anything, really originated by Constable himself—when he acted independently of such bad advisers as Scott, we presume—ever failed. A strange jumble, in short, is made of this leviathan bibliopole of "excessive vanity," which he could keep down when it suited him, and of a lofty self-complacence, which amused Mr Lockhart. Mr Lockhart ruins all by one fatal admission. This sagacious and bold, though sanguine person, had, as a man of business, we are told, but one small fault. Mr Lockhart goes further than us: he terms it, "one deep and fatal flaw;" for "he hated accounts, and systematically refused, during the most vigorous years of his life, to examine or sign a balance-sheet." There is, indeed, remarkable discordance in many of Mr Lockhart's expressed ideas of Constable's character. He was an excellent man of business, who did not know what his business was doing; and a man of gentlemanlike feelings and manners, who not alone set his hack authors to race for a pair of breeches after their charity dinner on Sunday, but one "who could more effectually control the extravagant vanity which made him ridiculous, or the despotic temper which held in fear and trembling all such as were in any sort dependent on his Czarish Majesty," than any one ever Mr Lockhart knew. These are amiable traits of Mr Constable—of whom the *Czar* was, it seems, the nick-name among the *trade*. How Mr Lockhart can have allowed himself to express such contradictory opinions of the same individual we are at a loss to conceive. "The Ballantynes," he states, "were jealous of him;" and it appears that Scott tried to play off the vanities and jealousies of the one party against those of the other. A perplexing and degrading game of fast-and-loose was played between the rival publishers—John Ballantyne always in the fore-ground, while Sir Walter secretly guided the game, in which "The Crafty," with all his cunning, was sometimes outwitted. Yet he did not nibble all at once, though the hooks were baited most deftly. It would be laughable, were it possible to treat matters involving principle and honour with levity, to trace Scott making secret conditions, that so much heavy or useless stock, which his rash projects had accumulated in his first passion for editing, printing, and publishing, should be coupled up, or slumped in a tempting bargain for a new Waverley Novel, or poem to be written and laid on Constable's shoulders, now that the house set up to rival him was tottering under it. He remarks, of Constable, in a letter to Ellis:—

"It is a chance but I may teach him that he should not kick down the scaffolding before his house is quite built. Another bomb is about to break on him, besides the *Review*. This is an Edinburgh Annual Register, to be conducted under the auspices of James Ballantyne, who is himself no despicable composer, and has secured excellent assistance. I cannot help him, of course, very far, but I will certainly lend him a lift as an adviser. I want all my friends to befriend this work, and will send you a *prospectus* when it is published."

Now, this was said of a work projected by himself, and of which he was the proprietor. His pique and party feelings, if not his interest, were now in the projected *Quarterly Review*; and a story is told to Ellis, to part of which Jeffrey would probably demur, as the "pacification" looks so like *capitulation*, from terror of some mischief "still sitting in the clouds," which was to annihilate the *Edinburgh Review* and its editor.

"Jeffrey has offered terms of pacification, engaging that no party politics should again appear in his *Review*. I told him I thought it was now too late, and reminded him that I had often pointed out to him the consequences of letting his work become a party tool. He said 'he did not care for the consequences—there were but four men he feared as opponents.'—'Who were these?'—'Yourself for one.'—'Certainly you pay me a great compliment; depend upon it I will endeavour to deserve it?' 'Why, you would not join against me?'—"Yes, I would, if I saw a proper opportunity; not against you personally, but against your politics.' 'You are privileged to be violent.' 'I don't ask any privilege for undue violence. But who are your other foemen?'—'George Ellis and Southey.' The fourth he did not name. All this was in great good-humour; and next day I had a very affecting note from him, in answer to an invitation to dinner."

Mr Lockhart acknowledges that

The scheme of starting a new bookselling house in Edinburgh, begun in the short-sighted heat of pique, had now been matured—I cannot add, either with composed observation or rational forecast—for it was ultimately settled that the ostensible and chief managing partner should be a person without capital, and neither by training nor by temper in the smallest degree qualified for such a situation; more especially where the field was to be taken against long experience, consummate skill, and resources which, if not so large as all the world supposed them, were still in comparison vast, and admirably organized.

With so many facts of this nature staring him in the face, how can Mr Lockhart hope that the world will impute the misfortunes of the house of Ballantyne & Co. to any other than the true cause?—neither to the alleged gourmandising and indolence of James, nor to the levities of the *roué* brother, but to a more fertile source than either—the wild projects of Scott. Mr Ellis, it is to be remembered, was, like Scott, a Tory partisan, and his correspondent takes him on their weak side; yet how, with his consciousness, could he write in the following strain? and why does his literary executor publish so very many of those strange aberrations?

I have some reason to believe that Ballantyne, whose stock is now immensely increased, and who is likely to enlarge it by marriage, will commence publisher. Constable threatened him with withdrawing his business

from him as a printer, on account of his being a Constitutionalist. He will probably by this false step establish a formidable rival in his own line of publishing, which will be most just retribution. I intend to fortify Ballantyne by promising him my continued friendship, which I hope may be of material service to him."

Scott had a younger brother, Daniel, the black sheep, or rather the *ne'er-do-weel* of the family, to whose failings he did not shew overmuch indulgence. Daniel was one of nature's step-children. He had no art of thriving. The mother opened her doors to the returning prodigal, and he was treated as a relation by the rest of the family; but the stern and prosperous brother had no mercy for a sinner who was poor in purse and poor in spirit. He would not acknowledge Daniel as a brother —he would not see him—he would not attend his funeral, nor wear mourning for him; yet Sir Walter, in the case of prosperous friends, favoured by fortune and fashion, was far from being straitlaced. But adversity—may we say happily?—had found him out; and, at the close of life, he expressed his sincere regret for having hardened his heart against his brother.

He had now edited Swift's works, and written "Don Roderick;" and he took a lively interest in the fortunes of the war in Spain, then just commencing—but in this war all liberal men felt warm interest. Perceval was shot by the malignant madman, Bellingham, and Scott was thrown into one of his periodical paroxysms of political alarm. His letter to Southey at this awful crisis, now more than a quarter of a century gone by, might, with propriety, have issued from the pen of his own Hazelwood of Hazelwood.

"That cursed compound of madness and villany has contrived to do his country more mischief at one blow than all her sages and statesmen will be able to repair perhaps in our day. You are quite right in apprehending a *Jacquerie*; the country is mined below our feet. Last week, learning that a meeting was to be held among the weavers of the large manufacturing village of Galashiels, for the purpose of cutting a man's web from his loom, I apprehended the ringleaders and disconcerted the whole project; but, in the course of my inquiries, imagine my surprise at discovering a bundle of letters and printed manifestoes, from which it appeared that the Manchester Weavers' Committee corresponds with every manufacturing town in the South and West of Scotland, and levies a subsidy of 2s. 6d. per man—(an immense sum!)—for the ostensible purpose of petitioning Parliament for redress of grievances, but doubtless to sustain them in their revolutionary movements."

Poor Sir Walter! These revolutionary movements of the weavers, animated by subsidies of half-a-crown a-year, of which, we venture to say, never fivepence was paid, were the terror and plague of his life.

Byron had by this time risen high in the poetical horizon; and Scott wrote him, in July 1812, a complimentary letter, though, only two months previously, he had, to Miss Baillie and Morritt, said things which might have benefited the young, spoiled, aristocrat bard far more, had any one in the world cared for him enough to have ventured the sound and true criticism:—

"Have you seen 'The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold,' by Lord Byron? It is, I think, a very clever poem, but gives no good symptom of the writer's heart or morals; his hero, notwithstanding the affected antiquity of the style in some parts, is a modern man of fashion and fortune, worn out and satiated with the pursuits of dissipation, and, although there is a caution against it in the preface, you cannot for your soul avoid concluding that the author, as he gives an account of his own travels, is also doing so in his own character. Now really this is too bad; vice ought to be a little more modest, and it must require impudence at least equal to the noble Lord's other powers, to claim sympathy gravely for the ennui arising from his being tired of his wassailers and his paramours. There is a monstrous deal of conceit in it too, for it is informing the inferior part of the world that their little old-fashioned scruples of limitation are not worthy of his regard, while his fortune and possessions are such as have put all sorts of gratifications too much in his power to afford him any pleasure. Yet with all this conceit and assurance, there is much poetical merit in the book, and I wish you would read it."

And to Morritt, he says—

"I agree very much in what you say of Childe Harold. Though there is something provoking and insulting to morality and to feeling in his misanthropical ennui, it gives, nevertheless, an odd piquancy to his descriptions and reflections."

Towards the close of the second volume, Lockhart notices the death of Leyden, announced to Scott by three letters—one from Lady Hood, another from Sir John Malcolm, and a third from another "enthusiastic admirer" of the grotesque animal so extravagantly misrepresented in the first volume—the Right Honourable Henry Ellis, now ambassador to Persia. Leyden died universally lamented—"a light too soon extinguished"—and we hope that Mr Lockhart, for his own sake, will make atonement, in some future edition, for the levity and caricature with which he has introduced him to the reader. In the same page which records Leyden's death, the eye is caught by a specimen of Scott's very cautious manner of backing the humbler brethren of the lyre. The letter was addressed to the Countess of Dalkeith, along with a presentation copy of Hogg's "Forest Minstrel," of which Lockhart speaks thus handsomely:—

"It appears to me a remarkable specimen of the simplest natural feelings on more subjects than one, couched in a dialect which, in any hands but the highest, is apt to become a cold one."

The letter follows:—

"Ashestiel, Aug. 24, 1811.

"Dear Lady Dalkeith,

"The Ettrick Bard, who compiled the enclosed collection, which I observe is inscribed to your Ladyship, has made it his request that I would transmit a copy for your acceptance. I fear your Ladyship will find but little amusement in it; for the poor fellow has just talent sufficient to spoil him for his own trade, without having enough to support him by literature. But I embrace the more readily an opportunity of intruding upon your Ladyship's leisure, that I might," &c. &c.

A train of complimentary consolation, elegantly expressed, follows, on the loss of a child. The Countess sent Hogg "the donation of a hundred guineas," through the hands of Scott. Surely the donations of noble, and indeed of all sorts of patrons, must be made in unblest coin. With poor Hogg, who received a very great number of them, they were like fairy-money, turning all into slate-stones.

Scott had bought the first acres of the domain now called Abbotsford, in a way very characteristic of the acquisition of the whole lairdship. The price was £4,000; two of which were bor-

rowed from his brother, and the other two raised by the printing and publishing-house, upon the credit of the long meditated but still unwritten "Rokeby." A cottage was modestly projected upon the farm, in the style of an old English parsonage; but a pseudo-Gothic castle was the bit-by-bit result. In announcing "Rokeby" to Mr Morritt, he notices:—

"The *Quarterly* is beyond my praise, and as much beyond me as I was beyond that of my poor old nurse, who died the other day. Sir John Sinclair has gotten the golden fleece at last. Dogberry would not desire a richer reward for having been written down an ass. £6000 a-year! Good faith, the whole reviews in Britain should rail at me, with my free consent, better cheap by at least a cypher."

Sir John had been *cut up*, it appears, in the *Review*, shortly before his appointment. To Miss Baillie, probably in answer to her inquiry, he thus introduces another countryman:—

"The author of the elegy upon poor Grahame, is John Wilson, a young man of very considerable poetical powers. He is now engaged in a poem called the *Isle of Palms*, something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. Perhaps you have seen him:—his father was a wealthy Paisley manufacturer—his mother a sister of Robert Sym. He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals."

The third volume opens with the flitting from Ashestiel to the new farm of *Cartleyholes*, or, as Mr Lockhart makes it, *Clarty-holes*, deftly transformed by Scott into Abbotsford. There he saw "Rokeby" published; and, with mystification which failed of its objects, "The Bridal of Trierman." He also wrote the Life, and published an edition of Patrick Carey, "a stout Cavalier," which must likely have been a bad speculation like so many more of "the bairns of his fathering," from all of which Constable blessed or banned himself, while he declared himself always affectionately disposed "to Scott's ain bairns." The purchase at Abbotsford may, in part, account for the immediate pinches of the Ballantynes; and now Scott began the system of raising money by bills. He was the ardent champion of the system of Scottish banking. As regarded himself, it had been better that factitious credit had never existed.

There is really not much in the third volume. The correspondence with Crabbe was commenced, which, as our readers may have seen it, in the Life of that poet by his son, we need not introduce here. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with the diary of a voyage to Orkney, Shetland, and the Hebrides, in the Light-house yacht; but really, after having drained the exquisite spirit of that voyage, in "The Lord of the Isles" and "The Pirate," and its substantial body in *The Annual Register*, it was too much to serve up the dry bones, without rejecting some of them. Scott was not apt to neglect anything that would bear printing, yet he never brought forward the Diary.

Shortly after the purchase of Abbotsford, the difficulties of Ballantyne & Co. drew to a head. In death-bed memoranda drawn up by Mr James Ballantyne for the use of the biographer who treats him so cavalierly, he states—

"My brother, though an active and pushing, was not a cautious bookseller; and the large sums received never formed an addition to the stock. In fact, they were all expended by the partners, [Scott and themselves,] who, being then young and sanguine men, not unwillingly adopted my brother's hasty results. By May, 1813, in a word, the absolute throwing away of our own most valuable publications, and the rash adoption of some injudicious speculations of Mr Scott, had introduced such losses and embarrassments, that, after a very careful consideration, Mr Scott determined to dissolve the concern."

Scott resolved now, but most reluctantly, to open a negotiation with Constable, whom he neither first nor last—however it may have been, in the flattering middle term of fallacious prosperity—considered so favourably as Mr Lockhart sees reason to do. But better might not be; and, about Christmas 1812, he writes thus to James Ballantyne, who proposed to offer Constable a share of "Rokeby" and *The Annual Register*.

"You must be aware that, in stating the objections which occur to me to taking in Constable, I think they ought to give way either to absolute necessity, or to very strong grounds of advantage. But I *am* persuaded nothing ultimately good can be expected from any connexion with that house, unless for those who have a mind to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. We will talk the matter coolly over, and, in the meanwhile, perhaps you could see W. Erskine, and learn what impression this odd union is like to make among your friends. Erskine is sound-headed, and quite to be trusted with *your whole story*. I must own I can hardly think the purchase of the *Register* is equal to the credit and character which your surrender will be conceived to infer."

Constable did take off much dead-stock, or part of Mr Scott's "injudicious speculations," and thus obtained shares of sundry copy-rights, and the affair was concluded. Scott wrote to John Ballantyne, then in London, that Constable had gained a great advantage, which was probably a great mistake:—

"I trust this sacrifice has cleared our way, but many rubs remain; nor am I, after these hard skirmishes, so able to meet them by my proper credit. Constable, however, will be a zealous ally; and, for the first time these many weeks, I shall lay my head on a quiet pillow, for now I do think that, by our joint exertions, we shall get well through the storm, save Beaumont from depreciation, get a partner in our heavy concerns, reef our topsails, and move on securely under an easy sail. And if, on the one hand, I have sold my gold too cheap, I have, on the other, turned my lead to gold. Brewster* and Singer† are the only heavy things to which I have not given a blue eye. Had your news of Cadell's sale reached us here, I could not have harpooned my grampus so deeply as I have done, as nothing but Rokeby would have barbed the hook."

But he was not yet out of perplexity. The sum of £2000 advanced by Constable went but a short way in permanent relief. Scott counselled abstinence to James, and circumspection to John Ballantyne, and praised both for many good qualities. Mr Lockhart imputes all Scott's involvements and tortures to his misplaced confidence in the brothers; but candour occasionally gets a-head

* Dr Brewster's edition of Ferguson's Astronomy, 2 vols. 8vo, with plates, 4to. Edin. 1811. 36s.

† Dr Singers' General View of the County of Dumfries, 8vo. Edin. 1812. 18s.

of his circumspection. He says, having first accused Mr James Ballantyne of being a lazy and hypochondriac gourmand—

His preachments of regularity in book-keeping to John, and of abstinence from good cheer to James Ballantyne, were equally vain; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that they had some reason for displeasure—(the more felt because they durst not, like him, express their feelings)—when they found that scarcely had these "hard skirmishes" terminated in the bargain of May 18th, before Scott was preparing fresh embarrassments for himself, by commencing a negotiation for a considerable addition to his property at Abbotsford. As early as the 20th of June, he writes to Constable as being already aware of this matter, and alleges his anxiety "to close at once with a very capricious person," as the only reason that could have induced him to make up his mind to sell the whole copy-right of an as yet unwritten poem, to be entitled "The Nameless Glen." This copyright he then offered to dispose of to Constable for £5000; adding "this is considerably less in proportion than I have already made on the share of 'Rokeby,' sold to yourself; and surely that is no unfair admeasurement." A long correspondence ensued; but, as the negotiation did not succeed, I may pass its details.

This poem turned out to be "The Lord of the Isles"—a much improved title. The negotiation altogether is a curious specimen of an author hungering for Cauldshiels Loch and old armour, like a very Grub Street veteran for daily bread, trying to entrap a speculating publisher, and the latter in perplexity. Perhaps it was wise in Mr Lockhart to pass the details. Matters became worse and worse. Bills—paper kites—were flying about in all directions, and express after express travelling to Abbotsford, for counsel and relief. Mr Lockhart gives, "with pain and reluctance," extracts of Scott's letters at this time, to shew "the incurable recklessness of his younger partner." Once, on the eve of going to visit the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig, he writes to John Ballantyne—

"I do not consider you as answerable for the success of plans, but I do and must hold you responsible for giving me, in distinct and plain terms, your opinion as to any difficulties which may occur, and that in such time that I may make arrangements to obviate them if possible. . . . . .

"Omit no exertions to procure the use of money, even for a month or six weeks, for time is most precious. The large balance due in January from the trade and individuals, which I cannot reckon at less than £4000, will put us finally to rights; and it will be a shame to founder within sight of harbour. The greatest risk we run is from such ill-considered dispatches as those of Friday. Suppose that I had gone to Drumlanrig—suppose the pony had set up—suppose a thousand things—and we were ruined for want of your telling your apprehensions in due time."

What a condition for a man in the receipt of £2000 a-year, as stated by himself, the author of "The Lay," and "Marmion," and "Rokeby," and many a successful volume, to be reduced to, by recklessness quite as incurable, in its own way, as that of "Jocund Johnny!" So deeply did he feel these harassing things at this time, that, when John Ballantyne adopted the new trade of auctioneer, he announced his resolution of retiring from the whole concern, declaring—

"Whatever loss I may sustain will be preferable to the life I have lately led, when I seem surrounded by a sort of magic circle, which neither permits me to remain at home in peace, nor to stir abroad with pleasure. Your first exertion as an auctioneer may probably be on 'that distinguished, select, and inimitable collection of books, made by an amateur of this city retiring from business.' I do not feel either health or confidence in my own powers sufficient to authorize me to take a long price for a new poem, until these affairs shall have been in some measure digested." . . . . .

The grapes were sour at this time. A month or so before, £5000 had been demanded by Scott for "The Lord of the Isles," which "The Crafty," by hanging off, ultimately obtained the half of, at 1500 guineas. At this time, the Prince Regent graciously tendered him the *laurel*, and he submitted the offer to his patron, the Duke of Buccleuch, when soliciting from him a guarantee to the bank for an advance of £4000, to save, as he stated, the throwing away of his copy-rights. The place was certainly, in every respect, unworthy of him, and below his acceptance. He felt it a ridicule, and said as much; and the Duke at once solved the dilemma:—

"I cannot but conceive that His Royal Highness, who has much taste, will at once see the many objections which you must have to his proposal, but which you cannot write. Only think of being chanted and recitatived by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen-pensioners! Oh, horrible! thrice horrible!" . . . . .

The Duke saw the matter in the true light. Having declined for himself, Scott very kindly offered his services in procuring the laureateship for Southey, who was very "grateful;" though he is not likely, we think, to have much pleasure in reading the published correspondence—at least, others for him, will not. Mr Lockhart says that he suppresses many letters of this period, telling the same story of pecuniary difficulty; and probably insinuates as much against the unfortunate Ballantynes, as the published letters would have borne him out in, when he states—

I have no wish to quote more largely from the letters which passed during this crisis between Scott and his partners. The pith and substance of his, to John Ballantyne at least, seem to be summed up in one brief *postscript*—"For God's sake, treat me as a man, and not as a milch-cow!"

Among the suppressed letters, one to Mr Morritt might have been placed. That gentleman heard the current rumour of the bankruptcy of the Ballantynes, and that Scott, as their surety, was involved to the extent of £20,000. He wrote, in anxious alarm; and Scott replied, as soon as he was safe to do so, equivocally, and without confessing how the case really stood:—

"I did not answer your very kind letter, my dear Morritt, until I could put your friendly heart to rest upon the report you have heard, which I could not do entirely until this term of Martinmas was passed. I have the pleasure to say that there is no truth whatever in the Ballantynes' reported bankruptcy. They have had severe difficulties for the last four months to make their resources balance the demands upon them; and I, having the price of 'Rokeby,' and other monies, in their hands, have had considerable reason for apprehension, and no slight degree of plague and trouble. They have, however, been so well supported, that I have got out of hot water upon their account. They are winding up their bookselling concern with great regularity, and are to abide hereafter by the printing-office, which, with its stock, &c., will revert to them fairly."

Notwithstanding all these annoyances, Scott

was voluntarily working as hard, as in similar seasons men must often of necessity work, at his edition of Swift, and a beginning to "The Lord of the Isles." At this time, he did one generous action, which James Ballantyne took care should not be hid under a bushel. He sent Maturin £50, "in a judicious letter of advice." We have the more satisfaction in noticing this, as, notwithstanding Mr Lockhart's eulogistic generalities—which he ought, as in this instance, to reduce to specialities—we have an idea that the world did not give the author of Waverley, with his large income, and the enormous, if well-deserved rewards of his literary labours, much, if any, credit for excessive generosity, his ample means considered.

A forgotten fragment—the beginning of "Waverley"—was about this time discovered; and the romance was finished and published. Of its success we need not speak. Mr Lockhart quotes the letters of many friendly critics. Scott told his friend Morritt, that he would not own it, for excellent reasons, indeed; and to John Ballantyne, in answer to his expostulations about the *secret*, he addressed, as he frequently did, a few doggrel lines, shewing his exquisite appreciation of that "flat-fish," whose nature he so well understood:—

"No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you Picaroon.
When next I try St Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa— shall bait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler.—WALTER SCOTT."

While on his northern voyage, he lost his "noble patroness and friend," the Duchess of Buccleuch; but "Waverley," published just before he embarked, as if in compensation, had had immense fortune. Mr Lockhart's swelling panegyric is worthy of the subject—

Loftier romance was never blended with easier, quainter humour, by Cervantes himself. In his familiar delineations, he had combined the strength of Smollett with the native elegance and unaffected pathos of Goldsmith; in his darker scenes, he had revived that real tragedy which appeared to have left our stage with the age of Shakspeare; and elements of interest so diverse had been blended and interwoven with that nameless grace which, more surely perhaps than even the highest perfection in the command of any one strain of sentiment, marks the master-mind cast in Nature's most felicitous mould.

About this time, he met, in Ballantyne's printing-office, Mr Joseph Train, his future ingenious and zealous purveyor in all manner of legends and traditions, who first told him of Old Mortality, and gave him the story of the Astrologer.

Money, still sadly wanting at Abbotsford and the printing-office, was attempted to be raised upon a future unwritten novel; and Longman & Co. bought "Guy Mannering" for £1500, together with £500 worth of old stock. In December 1814, the knowing Johnny put the following paragraph into the *Scots Magazine*:—"Mr Scott's poem of 'The Lord of the Isles' will appear early in January. The author of 'Waverley' is about to amuse the public with a new novel, in three volumes, entitled 'Guy Mannering.'" They appeared within a month of each other.

One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him; and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of "Guy Mannering." I give what follows, from Ballantyne's *Memoranda*:—"'Well, James,' he said, 'I have given you a week—what are people saying about the Lord of the Isles?' I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on much ceremony *with me* all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—*Disappointment*.' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event; for it is a singular fact that, before the public, or rather the booksellers, had given their decision, he no more knew whether he had written well or ill, than whether a die thrown out of a box was to turn up a size or an ace. However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long, than that it should have now at last given way. At length, he said, with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it—but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else:'—and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel."

The comparative failure of "The Lord of the Isles," was imagined a consequence of the vogue to which Lord Byron had then grown. On another evening, Ballantyne found him with a copy of "The Giaour," on which Byron had written "To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his Subjects." Ballantyne paid his compliments, and Scott said—

"James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." At this time he had never seen Byron, but I knew he meant soon to be in London, when, no doubt, the mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards would be accomplished; and I ventured to say that he must be looking forward to it with some interest. His countenance became fixed, and he answered impressively, 'Oh, of course.' In a minute or two afterwards, he rose from his chair, paced the room at a very rapid rate, which was his practice in certain moods of mind, then made a dead halt, and, bursting into an extravaganza of laughter, 'James,' cried he, 'I'll tell you what Byron should say to me when we are about to accost each other—

Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?

And then how germane would be my answer.—

Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the small?'"

"This," says the printer, "is a specimen of his peculiar humour; it kept him full of mirth for the rest of the evening."

Mr Lockhart can hardly forgive Ballantyne for being blind to the fact,

That, in "The Giaour," in "The Bride of Abydos," in "Parasina," and, indeed, in all his early serious narratives, Byron owed at least half his success to clever, though perhaps unconscious imitation of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed, only because his genius was, from the beginning to the end of his career, under the guidance of high and chivalrous feelings of moral rectitude. All this Lord Byron himself seems to have felt most completely—as witness the whole sequence of his letters and diaries.

Now, we humbly opine that Lord Byron did not go quite this length. He was no conscious imitator of any one. His pride, nay, his arrogance, made him loath the character. Superiority in Scott he might have acknowledged; but the idea that he was a disciple—an imitator of him, or of any writer or school, he never could have endured.

Scott made his first trip to the Continent immediately after the Battle of Waterloo; and published in consequence "Paul's Letters." "The Antiquary," one of the most delightful and homefelt of his works, was next written; and, it is stated—

Had been published by Constable; but I presume that, in addition to the usual stipulations, he had been again, on that occasion, solicited to relieve John Ballantyne and Co.'s stock to an extent which he did not find quite convenient; and, at all events, he had, though I know not on what grounds, shewn a considerable reluctance of late to employ James Ballantyne and Co. as printers.

. . . . . .

"DEAR JOHN,—I have seen the great swab, who is supple as a glove, and will do ALL, which some interpret NOTHING. However, we shall do well enough.

W. S."

The reason was obvious. Constable's father-in-law was old Willison, the printer, and his wife, we believe, Willison's only child. He had, therefore, quite as much interest in getting the printing of the books he published as Scott; and hence the treaties were protracted by his scruples about the matter of printing, which Scott, urged by *floating bills*, and the insatiable desire of adding a few more acres to Abbotsford, was anxious to conclude. According to Mr Lockhart, all the *cock-lairds* in his environs were quite as ready to take advantage of his folly, as he was to measure the foot of a publisher.

Thus he proceeded buying up lot after lot of unimproved ground, at extravagant prices, his appetite increasing by what it fed on, while the ejected yeomen set themselves down elsewhere, to fatten at their leisure upon the profits, most commonly the anticipated profits, of "The Scotch Novels."

John Ballantyne, it is stated, from selfish motives, tried to deceive him. The belief is inevitable that he deluded himself. In all these transactions, his was the moving mind. John Ballantyne—for James seems to have kept out of these scrapes—was his mere tool. The reader has seen part of his schemes, and Constable's reluctance to buckle to that galling sore, the "back-stock." It is not over-charitable in Mr Lockhart to affirm that John Ballantyne, "with cunning selfishness," kept this stock hanging on, in order that his own connexion with Scott might not be ended; yet to tell, at the same time, how "Jocund Johnny" sometimes cajoled Constable into taking it; for he does both. Was Sir Walter Scott a man to have permitted this game? How completely he conducted affairs of moment himself, appears in every page where matters of business are treated of. Mr Lockhart states that it was John Ballantyne who prompted Scott at times to desert "The Crafty" and "The Swab," and try other booksellers; but, unfortunately, the evidence he has adduced establishes the direct opposite. "Sharply," indeed, "did the unseen parent watch the negociations" concerning his offspring. Having asserted that John Ballantyne instigated desertion of Constable, which, by the way, he might have done from the best of motives, Mr Lockhart proceeds—

It was resolved, accordingly, to offer the risk and half profits of the first edition of another new novel—or rather collection of novels—not to Messrs Constable, but to Mr Murray of Albemarle Street, and Mr Blackwood, who was then Murray's agent in Scotland; but it was at the same time resolved, partly because Scott wished to try another experiment on the public sagacity, but partly also, no question, from the wish to spare Constable's feelings, that the title-page of the "Tales of my Landlord" should not bear the magical words "by the Author of Waverley." The facility with which both Murray and Blackwood embraced such a proposal as no untried novelist, being sane, could have dreamt of hazarding, shews that neither of them had any doubt as to the identity of the author. They both considered the withholding of the avowal on the forthcoming title-page as likely to check very much the first success of the book; but they were both eager to prevent Constable's acquiring a sort of prescriptive right to publish for the unrivalled novelist, and willing to disturb his tenure at this additional, and, as they thought it, wholly unnecessary risk.

How sharply the unseen parent watched this first negociation of his *Jedediah Cleishbotham*, will appear from one of his letters:—

"Abbotsford, April 29, 1816.

"DEAR JOHN,—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood. Briefly as follows:—

"1stly. Having only authority from me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright *for ever*. I will see their noses cheese first.

"2dly. He proposes I shall have twelvemonths' bills—I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that.

"3dly. He talks of volumes being put into the publishers' hands to consider and decide on. No such thing; a bare perusal at St John Street* only.

"Then for omissions—It is NOT stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding.—Secondly, I will have London bills as well as Blackwood's.

"If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried; giving half to the Longmans, and *we* drawing on *them* for that moiety, or Constable lodging *their* bill in our hands. You will understand it is a four volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the others; a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts. I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that, I would rather deal with Constable than any one; he has always shewn himself spirited, judicious, and liberal."

Mr Lockhart here enters upon a full explanation of what is to follow. In his appreciation of the late Mr Blackwood, those who best knew that active publisher will acquiesce. He might, indeed, at once have gone much farther, and have stated roundly, that, in sound judgment, in activity in trade, and enterprise, bounded by probity and discretion, Blackwood was far the superior of the rival bookseller. But then he had qualities which made him much less acceptable to Sir Walter than "the butteraceous friend at the Cross." With bluntness amounting occasionally to rudeness of manner, he was at least a sincere man; who, having been, by the ordinary motives which influence men of the world, once fairly converted from "a Whig and something more" into the proprietor of a violent Tory organ, deviated no farther, but at all times used plain speech to express direct meanings. Mr Lockhart states:—

A very little personal contact would have introduced

* James Ballantyne's dwelling-house was in this street, adjoining the Canongate of Edinburgh.

such a character as Blackwood's to the respect, nay, to the affectionate respect, of Scott, who, above all others, was ready to sympathize cordially with honest and able men, in whatever condition of life he discovered them. He did both know and appreciate Blackwood better in after times.

We have great doubts on this subject. Scott never liked Blackwood. He was not the sort of man for him. Mr Lockhart continues :—

But, in 1816, when this [Blackwood's] plain-spoken communication reached him, the name was little more than a name, and his answer to the most solemn of go-betweens was in these terms, which I sincerely wish I could tell how Signior Aldiborontiphoscophornio translated into any dialect submissible to Blackwood's apprehension.

"DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G— d— his soul! Tell him and his coadjutors that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.

W. S."

This "solemn go-between," Mr Blackwood's friend to the last hour of his life, is absolutely too much. We can now assure Mr Lockhart, and from the best means of knowledge, that, in the catastrophe which finally overtook the higgledy-piggledy concern of Constable, Scott, and James Ballantyne, the latter was the only individual for whom Blackwood expressed sincere regret and sympathy. He, like all his fellow-citizens, saw in Ballantyne a worthy man, of excellent talents and of great assiduity, who had created, and for more than twenty years actively superintended, a large and profitable printing business, living all the while in a moderate and becoming manner, all at once involved in bankruptcy, in great measure through the wild projects of Sir Walter Scott, and that system of mystification and paper credit so successfully carried on by the admirable man of business, who hated accounts and striking balances—and who had very good reasons for his backwardness.

It was, of course, quite impossible that "the solemn go-between" could make Sir Walter's energetic message known to Blackwood, who had spirit to pay back in kind. No man, we apprehend, latterly knew Sir Walter's failings better than his early, zealous, and enthusiastic friend; no one in reality had more cause of discontent; and no one ever treated him with such forbearance and delicacy. Sir Walter Scott was to James Ballantyne a sort of chief. He, indeed, lived and died the Evan Dhu Macombich of this literary Vich Ian Vohr.

A good deal has been said about a point-blank denial which Scott gave to Murray the bookseller, of being the author of the "Tales of my Landlord," in a letter that is here published. Would that this solemn denial were the deepest of his literary sins!—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the Tales, although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is disposed not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who choose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent. But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the fictitious from the real mother—and that is, by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child."

The review appeared in the *Quarterly*. Mr Lockhart imagines that the portion of it relating directly to the Waverley Novels was written by Erskine. This, however, was not the opinion of the Ballantynes, who must have known the fact; and the review of his own works, which, upon the whole, is only a fair one, we are also disposed to place among the most venial of his mystifications.

Mr Lockhart gives some exceedingly interesting particulars of the first idea of "Old Mortality." Mr Train, the supervisor, to whom Scott was indebted for so many Galwegian legends, breakfasted with him one morning, on the occasion of presenting him with the *spleuchan* of Rob Roy, or some such valuable relic, which bore the name.

He found him at work in his library, and surveyed with enthusiastic curiosity the furniture of the room, especially its only picture, a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse. Train expressed the surprise with which every one who had known Dundee only in the pages of the Presbyterian Annalists, must see for the first time that beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Scott replied, "that no character had been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee—that, thanks to Wodrow, Cruickshanks, and such chroniclers, he, who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman, still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the Devil." "Might he not," said Mr Train, "be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?" "He might," said Scott, "but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect." "And what," resumed Train, "if the story were to be delivered as if from the mouth of *Old Mortality*? Would *he* not do as well as *The Minstrel* did in the Lay?" "Old Mortality!" said Scott—"who was he?" Mr Train then told what he could remember of old Paterson, and seeing how much his story interested the hearer, offered to inquire farther about that enthusiast on his return to Galloway. "Do so by all means," said Scott—"I assure you I shall look with anxiety for your communication." He said nothing at this time of his own meeting with Old Mortality in the churchyard of Dunotter—and I think there can be no doubt that that meeting was thus recalled to his recollection; or that to this intercourse with Mr Train we owe the whole machinery of the "Tales of my Landlord," as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period for the scene of one of its first fictions. I think it highly probable that we owe a further obligation to the worthy Supervisor's presentation of Rob Roy's *spleuchan*.

The reader will of course receive with proper allowance, Dundee's "beautiful and melancholy visage—worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance." The authenticity of the portrait has been stoutly disputed; and, at any rate, *Ali Pacha* was the mildest-looking gentleman ever Byron saw. The smooth, effeminate, serpent-like features of the common portrait, given as that of the blood-dyed Claverhouse, makes one recoil with flesh-creeping disgust from the contemplation of a face not, however,

much at variance with his cold-blooded and detestable nature.

Scott's next publication was "Harold the Dauntless," which had not more success than it deserved. His prose had now put down his verse; he had extinguished himself; and henceforth he prudently resigned the lyre to Byron, as an instrument neither so productive of profit or fame, as the common goose-quill when in his fingers. On the back of this he attempted to exchange his office of Clerk of Session, for the dignity of the yet greater and more lucrative do-little place of a Baron of the Scottish Exchequer Court. As he had never risen at the bar, and had long ceased practice, he could not decently expect to be raised to the bench in the ordinary courts; but any lawyer was, we own, about as fit as another for the Exchequer bench of Scotland. He applied to his powerful patron, the Duke of Buccleuch, urging many pertinent considerations for his obtaining the appointment, and concluding—

"But whether all or any of these circumstances will weigh much in my favour, must solely and entirely rest with your Grace, without whose countenance it would be folly in me to give the matter a second thought. *With* your patronage, both my situation and habits of society may place my hopes as far as any who are likely to apply; and your interest would be strengthened by the opportunity of placing some good friend in Selkirkshire, besides converting the Minstrel of the Clan into a Baron —a transmutation worthy of so powerful and kind a chief."

In a subsequent letter to his "powerful and kind chief," who had been deeply offended by some depredation committed on his game, sagacity in insinuating advice to a great man, is mingled with that sort of servility by which the higher aristocracy are so often spoiled by those about them. His Grace had been disposed, it would seem, to put all the sutors of Selkirk to the ban, in his dire displeasure at the bird-nesting boys who had trespassed on his grounds. The Sheriff advises—

"I know hardly anything more exasperating than the conduct of the little blackguards, and it will be easy to discover and make an example of the biggest and most insolent. In the meanwhile, my dear Lord, pardon my requesting you will take no general or sweeping resolution as to the Selkirk folks. Your Grace lives near them —your residence, both from your direct beneficence, and the indirect advantages which they derive from that residence, is of the utmost consequence; and they must be made sensible that all these advantages are endangered by the very violent and brutal conduct of their children. But I think your Grace will be inclined to follow this up only for the purpose of correction, not for that of requital. They are so much beneath you, and so much in your power, that this would be unworthy of you—especially as all the inhabitants of the little country town must necessarily be included in the punishment. Were your Grace really angry with them, and acting accordingly, you might ultimately feel the regret of my old schoolmaster, who, when he knocked me down, apologized by saying he did not know his own strength. After all, those who look for anything better than ingratitude from the uneducated and unreflecting mass of a corrupted population, must always be deceived; and the better the heart is that has been expanded towards them, their wants, and their wishes, the deeper is the natural feeling of disappointment. But it is our duty to fight on, doing what good we can, (and surely the disposition and the means were never more happily united than in your Grace,) and trusting to God Almighty, whose grace ripens the seeds we commit to the earth, that our benefactions shall bear fruit."

The attempt to obtain the new office failed, from the Duke properly declining to interfere in the distribution of crown patronage. His Grace might also think that the office of Clerk of Session could more consistently be held by a frequent romance-writer, than that of those grave personages—supreme judges; and not improbably that Scott was not ill beneficed already.

Early in 1817, he was visited with a most painful malady, which, though with long intermissions, lasted for nearly two years. This was spasm or cramp in the stomach; and his suffering at first must have been extreme. It was about this time that his intimate connexion—continued until death—began with his old acquaintance, Mr William Laidlaw, of whom Scott's biographer, by the way, uniformly speaks in the most handsome and even affectionate terms, and as one quite capable of appreciating modest worth. Thus he tells the story:—

Shortly before this time, Mr William Laidlaw had met with misfortunes, which rendered it necessary for him to give up the lease of a farm, on which he had been for some years settled, in Mid-Lothian. He was now anxiously looking about him for some new establishment, and it occurred to Scott that it might be mutually advantageous, as well as agreeable, if his excellent friend would consent to come and occupy a house on his property, and endeavour, under his guidance, to make such literary exertions as might raise his income to an amount adequate for his comfort. The prospect of obtaining such a neighbour was, no doubt, the more welcome to "Abbotsford and Kaeside," from its opening at this period of fluctuating health; and Laidlaw, who had for twenty years loved and revered him, considered the proposal with far greater delight than the most lucrative appointment on any noble domain in the island could have afforded him. Though possessed of a lively and searching sagacity as to things in general, he had always been as to his own worldly interests simple as a child. His tastes and habits were all modest; and when he looked forward to spending the remainder of what had not hitherto been a successful life, under the shadow of the genius that he had worshipped almost from boyhood, his gentle heart was all happiness. He surveyed with glistening eyes the humble cottage in which his friend proposed to lodge him, his wife, and his little ones, and said to himself that he should write no more sad songs on *Forest Flittings*.

Scott's hasty notes to Mr Laidlaw, at this time, deserve much of the praise that Lockhart bestows on them. They are "a truly charming picture of thoughtful delicacy on each side." Mr Laidlaw was afraid of encroaching on Laird Moss, the late proprietor of Kaeside, and the occupier of the aforesaid cottage; and Scott replies—

"Nothing can give me more pleasure than the prospect of your making yourself comfortable at Kaeside till some good thing casts up. I have not put Mr Moss to any inconvenience, for I only requested an answer, giving him leave to sit if he had a mind—and, of free-will, he leaves my premises void and redd at Whitsunday. I suspect the house is not in good order, but we shall get it brushed up a little. Without affectation, I consider myself the obliged party in this matter—or, at any rate, it is a mutual benefit, and you shall have grass for a cow, and so forth—whatever you want. I am sure, when you are so near, I shall find some literary labour for you that will make ends meet."

He afterwards employed Mr Laidlaw in com-

piling the Chronicle for his *Annual Register;* and Laidlaw also found other temporary literary employment.

The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, subsequently known by the name of its projector, Blackwood, commenced in April of this year; and one of its editors, Mr Thomas Pringle, being a Teviotdale man, and an old acquaintance of Laidlaw's, offered to the latter the care of its *Chronicle department* also—not perhaps without calculating that, in case Laidlaw's connexion with the new journal should become at all a strict one, Scott would be induced to give it occasionally the benefit of his own literary assistance. He accordingly did not write—being unwell at the time—but *dictated* to Pringle a collection of anecdotes concerning Scottish gipsies, which attracted a good deal of notice; and, I believe, he also assisted Laidlaw in drawing up one or more articles on the subject of Scottish superstitions. But the bookseller and Pringle soon quarrelled, and the Magazine, assuming, on the retirement of the latter, a High-Tory character, Laidlaw's Whig feelings induced him to renounce its alliance; while Scott, having no kindness for Blackwood personally, and disapproving (though he chuckled over it) the reckless extravagance of juvenile satire, which, by and by, distinguished his journal, appears to have easily acquiesced in the propriety of Laidlaw's determination.

Mr Lockhart, by the way, gives an ingenious turn to a passage in the "Translation of an Ancient Chaldee Manuscript," in relation to Scott; and if it be true that, the rude idea coming from Hogg, Lockhart was the author of the manuscript, there might be, after Sir Walter became his father-in-law, some temptation. The passage—in which, up to the present moment, it has been believed that Scott's shrewd selfishness and cordial manner, and his practice of sending no respectable suppliant away with a sore heart, if a few plausible words would soothe him, were meant to be depicted—is said to refer solely to the jealousies of the two rival magazine proprietors, Constable, or "the man which is crafty" of the Chaldee, and Blackwood, "the man whose name was as ebony"—a construction which it will not bear. The whole Chaldee turns on the squabbles of Constable and Blackwood; but this passage appertains chiefly to Scott. The humour of it turns upon his replying to each apart, yet in exactly the same words:—"Lo! my heart wisheth thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hand to do it. . . . . Quit ye as men, and let favour be shewn to him who is most valiant. *Yet be thou silent; peradventure, will I help thee some little.*"

Rob Roy was now in progress, and Scott writes to John Ballantyne:—

"I have a good subject *for* a work of fiction *in petto*. What do you think Constable would give for a smell of it? You ran away without taking leave the other morning, or I wished to have spoken to you about it. I don't mean a continuation of Jedediah, because there might be some delicacy in putting that by the original publishers.

. . . . . .

"I shall be much obliged to you to come here with Constable on Monday, as he proposes a visit, and it will save time. By the way, you must attend that the usual quantity of stock is included in the arrangement—that is, £600 for 6000 copies. My sum is £1700, payable in May—a round advance, by'r Lady, but I think I am entitled to it, considering what I have twined off hitherto on such occasions."

By "Rob Roy," John Ballantyne makes a memorandum, which Mr Lockhart interprets into his having gained £1200. This is not easy to understand. Mr Lockhart evidently labours under a mistake when he says, that Scott's stipulation that John Ballantyne should have a third share of the bookseller's moiety of the copyright of "Rob Roy," could produce as much—a supposition which would make the novel yield of profit, in less than two years, and upon a sale of 13,000 copies, £7200. He states, besides, that, on their way to Edinburgh, from Abbotsford, "Jocund Johnny" cajoled "The Crafty" into taking £600 of his own share of dead-stock; which, we presume, accounts for a moiety of the £1200 which John says he gained. Mr Lockhart concludes—

Scott's kindness continued as long as John Ballantyne lived to provide for him a constant succession of similar advantages at the same easy rate; and Constable, from deference to Scott's wishes, and from his own liking for the humorous auctioneer, appears to have submitted with hardly a momentary grudge to this heavy tax on his most important ventures.

How so much of Scott's favour diverged upon such a person as John Ballantyne is represented in the memoirs—and one, moreover, who was now, in the capacity of auctioneer, picture-dealer, &c. &c., realizing a large income—save for private reasons, it is not easy to guess. The plain truth is, that, in fair transactions, James Ballantyne was the agent or "go-between;" while John volunteered to use his wits in diddling the simple "Crafty." No sooner had "Rob Roy" appeared, than Scott, now forgetting "delicacy to the original publishers,"

Desired John Ballantyne to propose to Constable & Co. a second series of the "Tales of my Landlord," to be comprised, like the first, in four volumes, and ready for publication by "the King's birth-day;" that is, the 4th of June 1818. "I have hungered and thirsted," he wrote, "to see the end of those shabby borrowings among friends; they have all been wiped out, except the good Duke's £4000—and I will not suffer either new offers of land, or anything else, to come in the way of that clearance. I expect that you will be able to arrange this resurrection of Jedediah, so that £5000 shall be at my order."

Mr Rigdum used to glory in recounting that he acquitted himself, on this occasion, with a species of dexterity not contemplated in his commission. He well knew how sorely Constable had been wounded by seeing the first Tales of Jedediah published by Murray and Blackwood—and that the utmost success of "Rob Roy" would only double his anxiety to keep them out of the field, when the hint should be dropped that a second M.S. from Gandercleuch might shortly be looked for. He, therefore, took a convenient opportunity to mention the new scheme as if casually—so as to give Constable the impression that the author's purpose was to divide the second series also between his old rival in Albemarle Street, of whom his jealousy was always most sensitive, and his neighbour Blackwood. . . . . .

To prevent the proprietor of the new journal from acquiring anything like a hold on the author of "Waverley," and thus competing with himself not only in periodical literature, but in the highest of the time, was an object for which, as John Ballantyne shrewdly guessed, Constable would have made, at that moment, almost any sacrifice. When, therefore, the haughty but trembling bookseller—"The Lord High Constable"—signified his earnest hope that the second "Tales of my Landlord" were destined to come out under the same auspices with "Rob Roy," the plenipotentiary answered, with an air of deep regret, that he feared it would be impossible for the author to dispose of the work, unless to publishers

who should agree to take with it *the whole* of the remaining stock of "John Ballantyne & Co.;" and Constable, pertinaciously as he had stood out against many more modest propositions of this nature, was so worked upon by his jealous feelings, that his resolution at once gave way. He agreed, on the instant, to do all that John seemed to shrink from asking—and at one sweep cleared the Augean stable, in Hanover Street, of unsaleable rubbish to the amount of £5270! I am assured, by his surviving partner, that, when he had finally rediposed of the stock, he found himself a loser by fully two-thirds of this sum.

Mr Lockhart attributes the sole merit of this outwitting of "the crafty," to John Ballantyne; but the impartial world will be disposed to give Scott, the proprietor of so much of the "unsaleable rubbish," a share of the praise due. Mr Lockhart must admire *trade* anecdotes, since he has garnished this memoir with so many. We shall follow his example, in one instance. No man was more sensible of Scott's avidity for money, than the leading publishers, and especially Constable, who afterwards smartly suffered. It seems to have become Constable's idea, that, as author, printer, bookseller, and editor in one, Scott wished to monopolize the whole gains in every transaction; which notion "The Crafty," to his private friends, wont thus to illustrate:—"Scott is like John Tamson's black cow: first she eats her ain fodder, and then the brown cow's supper; next licks out the calf's luggie; and then routs for mair!"

About this time, Scott received as visiters at Abbotsford, Wilkie the painter; Lady Byron, now separated from her lord, of whom he speaks very tenderly; and Washington Irving. What a relief, to turn from his bargaining and trying to beat-up, if not actually to circumvent publishers, to the domestic scenes so charmingly depicted by Mr Irving! He had now added some other farms to his yearly increasing manor, and obtained for a tenant, in his house of Toftfield, which he romantically re-christened Huntly Burn, his old friend, Captain Adam Ferguson, and the sisters of that gentleman. He was lord of all the spots which tradition connects with Thomas the Rhymer's interviews with the Queen of Fairyland; all the old haunts of "True Thomas;" and also of an ancient battle field near Melrose. Could he have been satisfied now, his future years might have known peace; but nothing could allay his desire for more acres, more signs of hollow grandeur of the sort which fed his feudal tastes. To Terry the comedian, who was one of his intimate and useful friends in the mischievous way of ministering to his puerile fancy for the baubles of antiquity, he writes—

"I have considerably enlarged my domain since I wrote to you, by the purchase of a beautiful farm adjacent. The farm-house, which is new and excellent, I have let to Adam Ferguson and his sisters. We will be within a pleasant walk of each other, and hope to end our lives, as they began, in each other's society. There is a beautiful brook, with remnants of natural wood, which would make Toftfield rival Abbotsford, but for the majestic Tweed. I am in treaty for a field or two more; one of which contains the only specimen of a Peel-house, or defensive residence of a small proprietor, which remains in his neighbourhood. It is an orchard, in the hamlet of Darnick, to which it gives a most picturesque effect. Blore admires it very much. . . . The Duke says my building engrosses, as a common centre, the thoughts of Mr Atkinson and Mr Bullock, and wishes he could make them equally anxious in his own behalf. You may believe this flatters me not a little.

"P. S.—I agree with you that the tower will look rather rich for the rest of the building; yet, you may be assured, that, with diagonal chimneys and notched gables, it will have a very fine effect, and is in Scotch architecture by no means incompatible. . . . . .

"I resign the idea of *coving* the library to your better judgment; and I think the Stirling Heads will be admirably disposed in the glass of the armory window. I have changed my mind as to having doors on the book-presses, which is, after all, a great bore. No person will be admitted into my sanctum, and I can have the door locked during my absence. I expect Mr Bullock here every day, and should be glad to have the drawings for the diningroom wainscot, as he could explain them to the artists who are to work them. This (always if quite convenient) would be the more desirable, as I must leave this place in a fortnight at farthest—the more's the pity—and, consequently, the risk of blunders will be considerably increased. I should like if the panelling of the wainscot could admit of a press on each side of the sideboard. I don't mean a formal press with a high door, but some crypt, or, to speak vulgarly, *cupboard*, to put away bottles of wine, &c. You know I am my own butler, and such accommodation is very convenient. We begin roofing to-morrow. Wilkie admires the whole as a composition, and that is high authority. . . . .

"I am quite feverish about the armory. I have two pretty complete suits of armour, one Indian one, and a cuirassier's, with boots, casque, &c.; many helmets, corslets, and steel caps, swords and poniards without end, and about a dozen of guns, ancient and modern. I have, besides, two or three battle-axes and maces, pikes and targets, a Highlander's accoutrement complete, a great variety of branches of horns, pikes, bows, and arrows, and the clubs and creases of Indian tribes. Mr Bullock promised to give some hint about the fashion of disposing all these matters; and now our spring is approaching, and I want but my plans to get on. I have reason to be proud of the finishing of my castle; for, even of the tower for which I trembled, not a stone has been shaken by the late terrific gale, which blew a roof clear off in the neighbourhood."

While thus absorbed, he could, nevertheless, write kindly and most philosophically to Mr Laidlaw, whose various offices about the household and the increasing domain, he appears to have requited by the certainly not extravagant remuneration of £50 a-year:—

"DEAR WILLIE,—I hope you will not quarrel with my last. Believe me, that, to a sound judging and philosophical mind, this same account of Dr. and Cr., which fills up so much time in the world, is comparatively of very small value. When you get rich, unless I thrive in the same proportion, I will request your assistance for less, for little, or for nothing, as the case may require; but, while I wear my seven league boots to stride in triumph over moss and muir, it would be very silly in either of us to let a cheque, twice a-year of £25, make a difference between us. But all this we will talk over when we meet. I meditate one day a *coup-de-maitre*, which will make my friend's advice and exertion essential—indeed, worthy of much better remuneration."

But there is still something in Scott as a landlord to set against the spirit of vain ostentation, so named in people of narrow fortunes, while in princes and magnates it is grandly termed, a taste for magnificence! In a letter to Mr Laidlaw, he desires him to consult with the neighbours about the best common route to a marlpit, and continues:—

"I told you I should like to convert the present stead-

ing at Beechland into a little hamlet of labourers, which we will name Abbotstown. The art of making people happy, is to leave them much to their own guidance; but some little regulation is necessary. In the first place, I should like to have active and decent people there; then it is to be considered on what footing they should be. I conceive the best possible is, that they should pay for their cottages, and cow-grass, and potato ground, and be paid for their labour at the ordinary rate. I would give them some advantages sufficient to balance the following conditions, which, after all, are conditions in my favour—1st, That they shall keep their cottages, and little gardens, and doors, tolerably neat; and, 2d, That the men shall on no account shoot, or the boys break timber, or take birds' nests, or go among the planting. I do not know any other restrictions, and these are easy. I should think we might settle a few families very happily here, which is an object I have much at heart, for I have no notion of the proprietor who is only ambitious to be lord of the 'beast and the brute,' and chases the human face from his vicinity. By the by, could we not manage to have a piper among the colonists? We are delighted to hear that your little folks like the dells. Pray, in your walks try to ascertain the locality of St John's Well, which cures the botts, and which John Moss claims for Kaeside; also the true history of the Carlin's Hole. I hope Mrs Laidlaw does not want for anything that she can get from the garden or elsewhere."

This is a letter worth a thousand; and we hope Abbotstown flourished, and that the *Laird* winked as hard at birds'-nesting as did the worthy Baron of Bradwardine.

It was in the summer of this year, (1818,) that Lockhart first met with his future father-in-law in private society. He then appeared on the very pinnacle of worldly prosperity. His various novels had, for some years, yielded, it is stated, £10,000 a-year, "his domain was increasing, his castle was rising;" and Mr Lockhart seems to insinuate that it was then expected, that, instead of a "simple knight," or even a baronet, he was to be created at least Baron of Abbotsford by favour of his gracious Prince, who had condescended to give him a dinner at Carlton House. He says:—

It was about this time that the compiler of these pages first had the opportunity of observing the plain easy modesty which had survived the many temptations of such a career; and the kindness of heart pervading, in all circumstances, his gentle deportment, which made him the rare, perhaps the solitary, example of a man signally elevated from humble beginnings, and loved more and more by his earliest friends and connexions, in proportion as he had fixed on himself the homage of the great and the wonder of the world.

. . . . . .

When the ladies retired from the dinner-table I happened to sit next him; and he, having heard that I had lately returned from a tour in Germany, made that country and its recent literature the subject of some conversation. In the course of it, I told him that when, on reaching the inn at Weimar, I asked the waiter, whether Goethe was then in the town, the man stared as if he had not heard the name before; and that on my repeating the question, adding *Goethe der grosse dichter*, (the great poet,) he shook his head as doubtfully as before—until the landlady solved our difficulties, by suggesting that perhaps the traveller might mean "the *Herr Geheimer-Rath* (Privy-Counsellor) *Von Goethe*." Scott seemed amused with this, and said, "I hope you will come one of these days and see me at Abbotsford; and when you reach Selkirk or Melrose, be sure you ask even the landlady for nobody but *the Sheriff*." . . . . I mentioned how much any one must be struck with the majestic beauty of Goethe's countenance—(the noblest certainly by far that I have ever yet seen)—"Well," said he, "the grandest demigod I ever saw was Dr Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton—and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt, but no more a poet than his precentor. As for poets, I have seen, I believe, all the best of our own time and country—and, though Burns had the most glorious eyes imaginable, I never thought any of them would come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron." . . . . In the course of this talk, an old friend and schoolfellow of Scott's asked him across the table if he had any faith in the antique busts of Homer? "No, truly," he answered, smiling; "for if there had been either limners or stuccoers worth their salt in those days, the owner of such a headpiece would never have had to trail the poke. They would have alimented the honest man decently among them for a lay-figure."

Scott wished to enlist Mr Lockhart into his corps of writers for *The Annual Register*, which he did in a few days through the Ballantynes. On this occasion, the young aspirant to literary employment obtained the entry into the *den* of the great author, whom he has thus graphically described:—

He at this time occupied as his *den* a square small room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches; and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner. . . . . The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c. in silver—the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin-boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust of the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture

of the room, except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hindsfeldt,—(so called from one of the German *Kinder-Märchen*)—a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida, with an air of dignified equanimity.

Mr Lockhart states that he "never thought it lawful to keep a journal of what passes in private society"—so, of course, he can give no *Boswellian* conversations of Scott. We are tempted to think that he sometimes strains at a gnat and swallows a camel. He may depend upon it that a literal transcript of the Ballantyne dinners he has described as taking place in St John's Street, and at Trinity Lodge, or "Harmony Hall," with the most extravagant license of caricature, would have been not only much nearer the truth, but far less misleading, and, so to say, far less malicious, than his sketches from memory. He makes an elaborate defence of Scott's conversational powers, which were much undervalued in Edinburgh society, and, as we think, a successful one. He says, with much felicity:—

The most sharp-sighted of these social critics may not always have been capable of tracing, and doing justice to, the powers which Scott brought to bear upon the topics which they, not he, had chosen for discussion. In passing from a gas-lit hall into a room with wax candles, the guests sometimes complain that they have left splendour for gloom; but let them try by what sort of light it is most satisfactory to read, write, or embroider, or consider at leisure under which of the two either men or women look their best.

The strongest, purest, and least observed of all lights is, however, daylight; and his talk was commonplace, just as sunshine is, which gilds the most indifferent objects, and adds brilliancy to the brightest. As for the old-world anecdotes which these clever persons were condescending enough to laugh at as pleasant extravagances, serving merely to relieve and set off the main stream of debate, they were often enough, it may be guessed, connected with the theme in hand by links not the less apt that they might be too subtle to catch their bedazzled and self-satisfied optics. There might be keener knowledge of human nature than was "dreamt of in their philosophy"—which passed with them for *commonplace*, only because it was clothed in plain familiar household words, not dressed up in some pedantic masquerade of antithesis. "There are people," says Landor, "who think they write and speak finely, merely because they have forgotten the language in which their fathers and mothers used to talk to them;" and surely there are a thousand homely old proverbs, which many a dainty modern would think it beneath his dignity to quote either in speech or writing, any one of which condenses more wit (take that word in any of its senses) than could be extracted from all that was ever said or written by the *doctrinaires* of the Edinburgh school. Many of those gentlemen held Scott's conversation to be commonplace, exactly for the same reason that a child thinks a perfectly limpid stream, though perhaps deep enough to drown it three times over, must needs be shallow. . . . . .

In truth it was impossible to listen to Scott's oral narrations, whether gay or serious, or to the felicitous fun with which he parried absurdities of all sorts, without discovering better qualities in his talk than *wit*—and of a higher order; I mean especially a power of *vivid painting*—the true and primary sense of what is called *Imagination*. He was like Jacques—though not a "Melancholy Jacques;" and "moralised" a common topic "into a thousand similitudes." Shakspeare and the banished Duke would have found him "full of matter." He disliked mere disquisitions in Edinburgh, and prepared *impromptus* in London; and puzzled the promoters of such things, sometimes by placid silence, sometimes by broad merriment. To such men he seemed *commonplace*—not so to the most dexterous masters in what was to some of them almost a science; not so to Rose, Hallam, Moore, or Rogers—to Ellis, Macintosh, Croker, or Canning.

We cannot tell what the other gentlemen may have thought of Scott's talents for conversation, which were certainly the very opposite of their own; but Canning, the fastidious wit, quite agreed with "the smart praters of the Outer-House," in declaring Scott's talk and old-world stories, which he could neither understand nor appreciate, "vulgar twaddle," of which his refinement and nicety were impatient.

But it is time to stop for the present, which we do, hoping that our next meeting with Sir Walter's literary executor, may be more pleasant.

A WILL OF ONE'S OWN.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

Alas, for the frailty of human nature!—how fond is every living soul of us, of having a will of his own! Who can resist the temptation of *troning** it, when occasion offers? Who—from the Lord Mayor of London, to the temporary president of a catch club—does not delight in being dressed in brief authority? Men and women are alike tyrants—petty or pretty. The Schah of Persia raises his right hand, and off go the heads of his unloving subjects; the Regent of England raises his right hand, and off go the tails of his loving life-guards: all great men have a mode and moment of their own for the exercise of their authority. The people love to give the law to the honourable members who represent them—the honourable members to give laws to the people whom they represent. The last act of our lives is often an act of despotism; as the malefactor, proceeding on his hurdle to the place of execution, cried aloud to the populace, pressing forward for places—"Not so fast, friends!—you shan't have no fun till I arrive."

Yes!—the last act of our lives is decidedly an act of arbitrary power; for one's last act, recognised by law, is that of making one's will! What a favourite exercise of the universal prerogative!—what a darling deed of despotism!—capable of overpowering even the antipathy to which weak man is prone, of dreading to consider his end, and what manner of death he shall die! "I have made my will"—"I am going to

* *Trôner* is a modern French verb that merits naturalisation.

make my will!'—how mean and common a threat! "He will find I have remembered him in my will!"—how common a cajolement!

A thousand homilies might in fact be moralized out of the textual record of Doctors' Commons. What humiliating littleness in their infinitesimal devisings!—"My second-best bed and hangings, next after the damask," wrote the poet of Queen Elizabeth's time, as a legacy to his daughter. "All my inedited MSS.," writes the poet of King William's, in cruel kindness towards some predestined editor. "My tortoise-shell tea-caddy," is bestowed as a legacy by one; "Five pounds for mourning," by another, (plainly indicating, according to the present cast of coats, that he means to be mourned for by *sans culottes*;) "My favourite old mare, which I charge him to turn out in comfort for the remainder of her days," is the assignment of some worthy uncle to a necessitous nephew; while another, more rigidly penurious, gives only his blessing! The most minute items of property seem to recur to people's minds when they find themselves under the necessity of giving them away. Forgotten joint-stools, and parcels of land ten feet square, long had in possession without enjoyment or recognition, assume importance when they are to be resigned—*nothing* to have, *much* to bestow. A dogkennel is property—a dogkennel forms an accession to the testator's consequence; for it is something by which some miserable legatee is to be made grateful.

Above all, your childless widow and your old-maid delight in the ostentatious manufacture of a will of their own. A will is perhaps the only MS. the ancient spinster has ever drawn up, or caused to be drawn up; it is perhaps the sole act of authority she has ever enjoyed the opportunity of exercising. On parchment, she assumes importance—she becomes somebody. "I, Marjory Mumps, being in a sound state of body and mind"—(when her body is tormented with lumbago, and mind she has manifestly none!) But the favourite maid—the favourite martyr—has seen the lawyer and his inkhorn introduced into the sick-room, and bows down at that moment in spirit to Mrs Marjory, as to the molten calf of her patient worship. *She* does not know, poor soul! that the income of the maiden lady consists in an annuity; that the twenty pounds per annum, about to be assigned her for the support of the cockatoo and poodle, saved out of the heroically endured pinchings of her own famine, are all the cunning old lady has to bequeath.

Still more barbarous the tantalizations practised by the will-loving widow. After pampering a family of poor relations out of all fitness for their original condition, she delivers, as her act and deed, during her last illness, a paper confirming the disposition of property made by her late respected husband, Jeremiah Scroggs, Esq.—who, forty years before, made over every shilling of it, "failing an appointment by his lady, to that excellent institution the Refuge for the Destitute." If the destitute of humanity were to be housed there, Madam Scroggs ought surely to find interment in its halls, instead of the parish church, wherein her laudatory epithet is to be writ on marble!

The law of the land is, perhaps, the justest of all will-makers; and, saving *in circumstantialibus* arising from tender weakness towards survivors, or tender weakness towards our own perishable remains, might be safely left in possession of the disposal of our property. Nevertheless, to comfort the departure of our arbitrary souls, the will must be a will of our own. We like those who come after us to feel that, for what they have received, they are to be truly thankful—that it is our own gift—our own bequest—our own benefaction. We might, of course, have carried it with us over the Styx—our ducats might have died with us—our lands and tenements been buried in the coffin with our own worthless clay. Nay, lest the legatees should feel themselves *too* much at home in the possessions reluctantly doled out to them, we render the grudging tenure as uneasy as possible: we create entails—we saddle the property with reversionary interests—we choose to be recollected in our views by the grandchildren of those who have pecked up the crumbs from our posthumous table. Even in our ashes, we manage to have a will of our own.

It is not every one who can attain that kingly pitch of callousness which prompted Louis XV. to exclaim—"*Après nous, le déluge!*" coolly bequeathing his whole kingdom to the revolutionary deluge evoked by the malefactions of his government. Less dignified individuals love to hope that the generation succeeding them, instead of being overwhelmed by the waters of strife, will sit under the vine which they bequeath, and enjoy the fruits of the field they tie down to them from father to great-grandson.

But, though every testator loves to create his heirlooms, it is remarkable that the heirloom we inherit forms the least treasured portion of our possessions. We may point it out with pride to others; but we regard it with personal pique and detestation. Concerning an heirloom, we can have no will of our own. A diamond necklace to be worn by our loving partner during our lifetime—a picture on which we are permitted to gaze, only till our eyes are closed for ever—is only a picture—is only a diamond necklace. It is not property—it is none of ours—we can excite no gratitude by its bestowal—we can provoke no expectations by its display. It belongs to our posterity—snatched from our grasp by some hard-hearted wretch of an ancestor. What cares the Duke of Marlborough for the diamond sword bestowed on Dukes of Marlborough to all eternity, by the Elector of Brandenburg? As well hang it at once to the monumental effigy of his great ancestor in the chapel of Blenheim Castle. Or can the whole treasury of the crown jewels affect a kingly heart so nearly as the simple chain of gold wherewith he may decorate the fair neck of a reigning favourite?

The Polish noble can experience small affec-

tion for his hereditary carcanets of emeralds, and coronets of rubies, which, per force of entail, remain in pledge from generation to generation; and which he is unable to devote on his death-bed to the beggared patriots of his ruined country. No! Heirlooms are naught; and Shakspeare displayed his usual tact, in placing in the peevish lips of the dying Henry, those tenacious yearnings after the retention of a crown which he had not so much as the power to bestow upon his successor.

A proof that the few among mankind are less equitable in their intentions than the law created by the many, exists in the mystery with which some people envelope the execution of their dearly-beloved wills. They sneak to their lawyers, or cause their lawyers to sneak to *them*; or they draw bolts and bars in their private chambers, ere they commence the task of testamentary autocracy. The sheet of paper before them is their throne, and their heirs must come and bow to it. *There* they decree and dictate; *there* they proclaim, like a Stuart or a Bourbon, "*l'état—c'est moi!*"

When the document is signed, sealed, and red-taped—when they are about to conceal it in their strong box—they look round, suspicious of watchers, like a cur scratching a hole in the ground, to conceal a stolen bone. We have known elderly men grow angry at the mere notion that some prying friend had caught a glimpse of even the outside of their wills. They chose that the secrets of the prison-house should not even be guessed at. If the needy legatee were to become prematurely aware of his rights, what would avail the privilege of having a will of one's own?

We *have* seen testamentary instruments, however, in which the will and the deed were alike honourable to the testator. The wills of great people, as already noticed, are usually made by their ancestors; their property is entailed—their moveables, heirloom—and "what can they bequeath, save their ennobled bodies to the ground?" Even if a king *should* presume to have a will of his own, it is corrected, like Louis XIV.'s, by the first council held under his successor, or tossed into the fire of the royal closet, like those of George I. and his father, the Elector. It is only the little world, therefore, that has its own wilful will; and, among its devisings, are to be found traits of tenderness honourable to the best instincts of mankind. Of these, we know none more affecting than the bequest of Farquhar, the dramatist, (expiring in the prime of life, without the means of providing for his family,) to Wilks, the comedian:—"DEAR BOB,—I leave you two helpless girls, for whom, out of the love you bear me, I entreat your protection.—Yours, G. F."

What a certificate of excellence in such a legacy! What a tribute does it imply to the virtues of the legatee! There are testaments extant combining the gift of paternal counsels with that of filthy lucre—the good things of this world with the good things of the next—in a manner to excite our warmest interest and commendation. But these few pathetic words from the lively pen which struck off the "Beaux Stratagem" and the "Recruiting Officer," will always retain the first place in our sympathy.

This chapter on wills, gentle reader, idle and rambling as it is, is motived by a serious text. We were lately moved to a contemplation of the willatiferousness of human nature, by perusing in the newspapers the last dying work of Greenacre. We had expected the Icon Basilike of the felon to be a confession—a love-letter—a profession of faith—or perhaps an address to the Electors of Westminster. It appeared improbable that such an outcast should have personal property to dispose of; and, even had he been rich as Rothschild, we fancied him hardened enough to exclaim, with the already-quoted King of France—"*Aprês nous, le déluge!*" It seems, however, that the malefactor was in careful possession of a pair of spectacles and a watch—a watch wherewith to number his numbered moments in an abhorrent world; and, frightful as must have been the reminiscences crowding upon his guilty soul, overpowering as ought to have been the consciousness that he was a mark for the hatred of every living being, the man actually found composure and leisure to make his will—nay, to particularize the watch by quality and number, to shew his full appreciation of the value of what he was snatching from the hangman, and withholding from his next of kin. Is not this a thing to make one's blood run cold? Could one obtain stronger proof of the propensity of despotic human nature to "*have a will of its own?*"

PUBLIC AFFAIRS—LORD DURHAM'S LETTER.

BEFORE *Tait's Magazine* is abroad, the time for speculation on the immediate policy of sincere Reformers will have passed. The elections will be generally over; nor had we anything new to urge upon liberal and honest constituencies. Our counsels to them have ever been open and consistent:—"Do not sullenly suffer your hard-won franchise to remain in abeyance; and, if the contest lie between a Whig and a Tory, you surely need not be told which to prefer."

It will become Tory policy to support the Radical candidates, in preference to individuals favoured by the rapidly consolidating Whigs, who are aiming to take a long lease of office; but the full force of this temporizing principle will not be apparent in the present election, though those Tories who formerly gave their votes to Ministerial Whigs merely to keep out Radicals, are already maintaining a guarded neutrality. Next election we prophesy they will

be active in support of a Radical, where a Tory cannot succeed; nor is it beyond the verge of probability, that a state of things may arise in which the Radicals, with no increased regard for Toryism, may yet be led to reciprocate politic offices.

But this is a distant and extreme case, which never may arise, and which, if the Ministerialists are barely wise in their generation—laying aside their high professions, as Reformers and lovers of improvement—never can arise. Yet, if such a day should come, the Reformers will not be found unprepared for this severe stage of trial. In the meanwhile, we sympathize in the hopefulness and almost joy, diffused by the amended aspect of public affairs. To return to our position of last month: the time is arrived when every professing statesman will be brought to the test. We have at last surmounted the state of suspended animation—of cold obstruction; and are enabled to probe the foundations of our confidence. We left off last month, saying—"Lord Durham's day has come." And so has Lord Melbourne's; though the use which the Minister, or the democratic peer, shall make of his accession of power from court favour and perfect freedom of action, remains to be seen. The Queen's Ministers, who owe more to the chapter of accidents than any set of men that ever guided the helm of Great Britain, are free to make a fresh start, with every circumstance in their favour, and with no loop-hole left for retreat, no apology for backwardness. Their majority in the House of Commons will, by our calculation, be more than doubled, even on the first day of the session; and the commencement of a new and popular reign, promising to be of long continuance, offers irresistible temptation to trimmers and waverers, and to all devout waiters upon Providence.

The Ministerial majorities—the working, pliant, subservient majorities—will be prepared for every good, as well as for many a questionable purpose; and we shall see the uses to which the facile instrument will be put. To confess the truth, we do not expect to see the political *morale*, if we may use the phrase, of the House of Commons greatly improved in the ensuing Parliament. The increase of Ministerial supporters we shall owe to change of circumstances, and little, if at all, to principle—much less to popular influence, acting directly upon the representation. The chief advantage which the People can promise themselves, from the Court and the Executive having been able to substitute a Whig for a Tory at Windsor, and in a few of the other strongholds of whoever is in power and enjoys court favour, will be, that a powerful majority removes every pretext for the delay of good measures. Now, we rejoice at this, as, we confess that, admiring Lord Durham as the representative of what is called "the Durham policy"—which, we trust, has been accurately defined—we have no good-will to delays—proverbially dangerous; and especially hate, in public affairs, every avoidable delay. As we remarked last month, to the energetic seizure and improvement of a few auspicious weeks at the commencement of the late reign, we owe the Reform Bill—a measure which, with all its inherent blemishes and ugly excrescences, we are not disposed to undervalue. What specific great measure—what improvement, *to have and to hold*—shall we owe to the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria?

"The Queen and Liberty! The Queen and the Constitution! The Queen and Reform!" which Lord Durham exhorts Reformers to raise as slogans, are all very well-sounding watchwords; but "THE REFORM KING AND THE BILL" was vastly more definite in meaning. "The Queen and Household Suffrage!" or "The Queen and no Corn-Laws!" would, for example, make an animating rallying cry at the present moment; and, moreover, be quite in consonance with the true constitution; if not with "the spurious constitution" alluded to by Lord Durham, which silently sprang up during ages of corruption, and of which the Reform Bill has not yet rid us.

The manifesto emanating from the Earl of Durham at such a crisis as the present, and at the most important moment of his political life, has naturally excited considerable attention among all classes of Reformers. Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of Stroud is so far satisfactory, that it is an intelligible declaration of Conservative Whiggery; while Lord Durham's letter to Mr Bowlby would, if we may believe its interpreters, puzzle the Sphynx. We have read and studied it—with the help, too, of the gloss of the Ministerial prints, and the gloze of our quondam Republican friend, the editor of *The Examiner*—and frankly confess our inability to attach any definite meaning, or to connect any substantial object with it. Now, this was not our wont; for, in his speeches at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Newcastle, we flattered ourselves that, in common with the men of all parties, we clearly and distinctly apprehended Lord Durham's views—now, according to the *The Examiner*, grown to such loftiness and breadth, that ordinary eyes are in danger of losing them in the haze of distance. This difficulty is probably not owing to any peculiar density of intellect that has crept over us in this hot month of July, since we find that Lord Durham's manifesto has not only conglomerated the brains of the most clear-sighted Tories, but raised Scotch mists among the Radicals. We, however, disclaim the current calumnious and slanderous Tory imputations upon his Lordship's consistency; for such the attempt to identify Lord Durham's declaration with Tory principles, and the insidious praise of their journals, must be held.

In the meanwhile, without mistrusting Lord Durham, we must confess deep regret that he should, for the first time, have imagined an obscure or diplomatic style necessary in speaking to the People; and that, too, at a juncture which emphatically called for and would have vindicated

the plainest and boldest speech. He must now perceive that there is something wrong in the document which has encouraged, at one and the same instant, the Tories to beslobber him with their insulting flatteries, while the enraptured *Examiner* invites electors to ponder on his words—"*Whatever principles are most dear to us, most deeply implanted in our hearts, may be, without reservation, identified with the name of the Sovereign.*" Nothing can be more comprehensive in phraseology than this. Fitly does the exulting republican journalist hail the "Great! proud! transcendantly important privilege!" And such, if proved a reality, we gladly admit it to be; only, in such cases, we desire specialties, and we like distinct pledges. The principles most dear to those Radical Reformers who hold *The Examiner's* old faith, are, as they have ever been. One of them is an extension of the suffrage—or Household Suffrage—Lord Durham's own standard. His Lordship's love of the Ballot, is also "deeply implanted in our hearts;" and Short Parliaments, the practice of the true, not the spurious constitution, are "most dear to us." Now, will Lord Durham be our guarantee that the nation may, "without reservation, identify the name of the Queen" with all or with any one of these objects? If so, we shall joyfully re-echo *The Examiner's* courtly strains, and hail the "Great! proud! important privilege!" But the people are tired of the vague use of words, which, if not yet *things*, have obtained more importance than to be shuffled about as counters by statesmen at their need. At the approaching meeting in Hull, the Earl of Durham will find a fair opportunity of giving his memorable letter that true interpretation which will set both Tories and Radicals right, and put an end to future misapprehension. We claim him to the cause of the people, by every sanction and every pledge; by honour, by interest, by the high patriotism which he has ever professed, and which he cannot flinch from now that his day has come. But, if it has not come now, when may we expect its dawning? "This is not a moment," as Lord Durham has remarked, "when supineness or apathy can be tolerated." There we quite understand him; and also when he says, that "a most glorious opportunity now presents itself, of strengthening the great cause of Reform, to which we have so long been devoted." His Lordship seems to limit this to the poll-booth merely; we would comprehend all honest means that can be employed to advance the cause of Reform.

We have been led to look back upon some of Lord Durham's past declarations, in consequence of an assertion in his letter to Mr Russel Bowlby. He states, that he has ever qualified the expression of his sentiments with the condition of "never forcing them peremptorily or dogmatically on the consideration of the government or the Parliament"—an exceedingly accommodating determination, which the honourable parties interested would be glad to see followed by such opinionated and troublesome individuals as Lord Brougham, O'Connell, Hume, Grote, Roebuck, and Warburton. Besides, his Lordship, so far as we see, takes credit for discretion and forbearance which he never before pretended to, or at least not to half the extent. Not press the measures with which he bids us unreservedly identify the Sovereign—the reforms the dearest to us, and those the most deeply implanted on our minds—upon the Ministry and the Parliament! What Liberal constituency would have accepted a candidate who voluntarily, or uncalled for, made such a declaration? What does Lord Durham imagine carried the Abolition of the Slave Trade? What the Emancipation of the Catholics? What the Repeal of the Test Act—Corporation Reform—The Bill? Certainly not the passiveness which he studiously avows as the rule of his future public conduct. We should beg to know the value of any speculative creed—Lord Durham's, or that of the Author of "Utopia"—any political theory, in short, which is independent of action? Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Pitt, Mr Lambton, (Lord Durham's father,) and Earl Grey, (his father-in-law,) were all favourable to *Household Suffrage* more than a half century ago, according even to his own speech at the Newcastle dinner; but many obstacles intervened; and they were not "peremptory or dogmatic" with governments and Parliaments. They are all long since in their graves, save Lord Grey, who has greatly retrograded in Liberal opinions; and the Suffrage, for them, is exactly where it was, and where it will be, until the People and their leaders shall be both earnest and peremptory in their demands of the rights which Lord Durham recognises but would not seize, until, drop-ripe, at some millenial period, they fall into the open mouths of the Radicals without any effort whatever. If Lord Durham can point to a single great measure that ever was carried without zeal, importunity, peremptoriness, and occasional coercion of governments, we shall adopt the policy which he, however, denounces, when he exhorts the electors of North Durham to activity in sending a proper representative to Parliament. Why should electors, liable to all the penalties attending the unprotected exercise of the franchise, be more "dogmatic and peremptory" against Tory candidates at the poll, than independent Liberal Peers and representatives are in pressing good measures in Parliament upon the Government? Really we can perceive no difference, save one, that ought to palliate that "apathy and supineness" in poor voters, which is unpardonable in rich legislators.

We have been betrayed into saying more on this subject than we intended. Our faith in Lord Durham is not altogether gone. He must be aware of what he owes to himself and the country, and of the real cause of that popularity and influence which he has the power to destroy far more rapidly than it was created. A change of times may give another chance to the cast-off of the Court; but for the cast-off of the People there is no redemption.

An exciting topic of public interest is the conduct of the new Sovereign of Hanover. It is admirable. We rejoice in this naked, undisguised despotism, and that the most rampant of

English Tories and Orangemen shews himself in the true light the instant he obtains power. Candour compels us to confess that, with one or two exceptions, we acquit our home-bred Tories, so violently accused by all the ministerial papers, of participation in this act of malignant madness. Willingly would they put down freedom, "and rally the people round the Throne, Lords, Commons, and Established Church," for the "preservation and strengthening of our old institutions;" but they are Britons, and not absolute maniacs.—And is the life of a young and delicate girl, whose health must be severely tried by a perpetual series of exciting events, all our defence, either from a violent revolution, or the successful attempts of this continental liberticide? This is a state of affairs to make men of all parties reflect; and, although we are not yet quite prepared to go Colonel Thompson's length, and alter the order of succession—which is, however, quite within the power of the Constitution—we would look well to our securities. The manner in which the late Duke of Cumberland shall shape his conduct in Hanover, ought to determine his fate in England. He has thrown out signs enough; but the last act is decisive. If there be a real revolutionist in the country, how would he exult in the certain accomplishment of his hopes, included in the accession of the King of Hanover to the throne of England! We are, by the way, edified with a learned disquisition in *The Quarterly Review*, which, deploring the sceptre placed in weak and inexperienced hands, reverts rather admiringly to the Salic law, though all the female reigns of England are acknowledged to have been glorious. This Tory organ, like the entire party, is quite chop-fallen. The Tories have fairly lost the tide. The young Queen is in the hands of the Whigs, there to remain in a sort of honourable captivity, while Whig matrons and Whig spinsters, the wives and daughters of Cabinet Ministers, and of men high in office, form that guard of honour which is in reality a band of fair jailers. Now, *The Quarterly* fancies it "neither constitutional in principle, nor convenient nor becoming in practice, that the sovereign should be enclosed within the *circumvallation* of any set." So will the nation think; but, unfortunately, the same thing has always existed, though the Tories never discovered its evil tendencies until now.

THE BIRDS.

Couplets addressed by BERANGER *to* M. ARNAULT, *on his going into exile. (January* 1816.)

THE winter comes!—hark, how he roars
Against our roofs, across our plains!
The instinctive birds to other shores
Are bearing hence their loves and strains;
But ne'er from us shall summer's smile
Seduce their faith, decoy their wing.
The birds the winter's storms exile
Shall all come back again with spring.

The doom of exile is their lot,
And we lament it more than they.
From palace and from peasant's cot
The echo trolled their joyous lay;
Then sped they where the bright skies smile,
And to the gladden'd natives sing.
The birds the winter's storms exile
Shall all come back again with spring.

Bound to the soil, with envious eyes
We view the tourists flying forth;
The murky clouds already rise,
And mutter fiercely from the north.
Oh, happy he who can awhile
Escape from hence on ready wing!
The birds the winter's storms exile
Shall all come back again with spring.

They'll think upon our plains; and when
The storm has shed its rage and pass'd,
They'll visit the old oak again
That has so often braved the blast—
To prophesy of summer's smiles,
Of days more lovely then to sing.
The birds the winter's storms exile
Shall all come back again with spring.

M.

AH! TALK NOT TO ME.

Ah! talk not to me of the deep sunny glen—
Of Roslin's sweet bowers, and the bright Hawthornden;
Where long, long ago, when my bosom was young,
O'er the charms of Eliza enamoured I hung;
When my heart it was warm, and my soul it was glee:—
Of Roslin and Hawthorden "talk not to me."

Ah! talk not to me of the maid that is dearest,
That sits in the circle, thy bosom the nearest—
Of the lip that is red, and the eye that is blue,
The smile that is life, and the heart that is true—
Though fair, true, and loving your bright maidens be,
Of their truth, love, and witchery "talk not to me."

I see it—I feel it—I own it is true!
Those eyes of enchantment are lovely to you;
For the young and the happy—the fair and the strong—
There is point in the wit, there is love in the song;
But my Rosebud of Roslin has withered away,
And the wife of my young heart lies cauld in the clay.

The June breeze is softness, the wood is in song,
And Esk murmurs gaily the woodlands among;
The daisies are starring it far o'er the lea;
There's the buzz of the sun-fly, the hum of the bee—
All Roslin rejoices; but when shall I see
The bright eyes that made it a Roslin to me!

Can I sport it again, as I sported of yore?
Can I dance it anew, as I danced it before?
Can I press the fond bosom once more to my breast,
As that bosom, *long motionless!* wont to be prest?
Renewed and revived are each feature and view—
But my heart's parted gladness, what spring can renew!

With you, my gay fellows, I'll tread o'er the hill;
I'll foot it and sport it by fountain and rill;
I'll coach it, and dine it, and drink it till morn;
And, true to your love-toast, aye bumper a horn;—
All else I will do, with a heart full of glee—
But of Roslin and Hawthornden "talk not to me!"

G.

WHO GOVERNS?

A TALE OF THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.)

I.—THE BOOK-KEEPER.

"I AM lost, Colas!" said Monsieur Larmes, as, coming home at an unusual hour from the office of the Admiralty in Paris, in which he was book-keeper, he threw himself, agitated and gloomy, into his arm-chair—"I am lost! We must part. I cannot longer provide for you, Colas. It grieves me that I cannot keep my word to your mother, and be a father to you while I live."

Colas Rosier, who had never seen his patron in such emotion, stood as if thunderstruck. In fact, but for Monsieur Larmes, who had taken him under his protection a year and a half before, he would have been the most utterly forsaken person in the world; for, in the country-town, where he had lived with his mother, a sempstress, he had learned nothing except to write an excellent hand; and with his earnings as a copyist he could then scarcely meet their small household expenses. Monsieur Larmes, an early friend of his mother, had kindly taken the young man into his house. Since then, he had treated him as his own son; and, on account of his beautiful handwriting, employed him in copying. Colas was a good soul, and, therefore, beloved by Monsieur Larmes; who, being a bachelor, sixty years old, and without relations, had designed him for the future heir of his moderate property.

"You are lost?" said Colas. "What have you done, Monsieur Larmes?"

"Ah! I have not done anything—I have it to do," replied the book-keeper, and threw his pocket-book on the table before him. "More of this hereafter. I shall give you my ready money as a last legacy. If you do not see me again to-morrow, or if I am arrested, get up and seek service where you can find it, and hold me for an honest man whatever people may say of me."

Colas was beside himself with terror and compassion. He entreated his foster-father, with tears, to confide to him what had happened. He swore rather to die than to forsake him.

The old man long kept silence. At last he said—"Colas, to you, but only to you, dare I speak. Wo to you if you babble!—it might cost you, as well as me, freedom or even life. But it is, perhaps, well that I confide the secret to you, that you, at least, may believe in my innocence, though no living soul else should. Be silent as the grave; and, if you will ruin yourself, speak only after I am lost."

Colas promised all that his foster-father required. On this Monsieur Larmes continued—"In the cash-chest of the Admiralty, there is a deficit of more than half a million. The fact is rumoured, and cannot longer be suppressed. My principal, Monsieur de Gatry, has ruined himself by his boundless extravagance. To save himself, he would now willingly sacrifice some one else. God alone knows by what sin I have deserved it; but Monsieur de Gatry chooses me as the victim. He offered me forty, he offered me sixty thousand livres, if I would, in a letter to him under my own hand, declare myself the culprit in his stead. He lay before me on his knees. He thought and said, that, because I am without wife or child, my own master, and have nothing to risk by the step, and all to gain, while he has rank, dignities, the honour of his distinguished family, wife and children, all to lose—he thought it must be an easy thing for me to make the sacrifice for him; to write him a letter, for every line of which he would pay me ten thousand livres, and to fly the kingdom. He sprang up like a madman when I, poor honest man! ventured, in all modesty, to express my just scruples. But then, again, he said to me, with deliberate coolness—'No retreat is here possible for you. I demand from you the check-books and cash-books. I have already altered them to suit my design. If you will plunge me into the abyss, by Heaven! you shall break your own neck first. Make your choice: our game is now life for life.' Something like this he said. I was in such terror, I knew not how to resolve, or how to help myself. He seemed, in his despair, on the point of murdering me. Then he would have had only to say that I had confessed myself to him guilty of peculation, had implored mercy from him, and, when I found none, had destroyed myself on the spot. Alas! Colas, of what are not such men capable?"

"The man is Satan incarnate," shouted Colas. "I will run to the minister, to Cardinal Bernis, to the King, and implore help."

"Will you throw away your life?" cried Monsieur Larmes. "You have vowed silence. Venture not a step—not a syllable. With time comes counsel. I will not have you plunge yourself down the precipice along with me. I demanded time for consideration. Monsieur de Gatry granted me twenty-four hours. To-morrow morning at ten o'clock, I must announce my determination—that is, I must carry to him, copied out word for word, the letter which he gave me, as if it had been directed by me to him, and then I must take post-horses and escape; or, at eleven o'clock, I am a prisoner. Till then I must not leave the house, nor must you either. He has forbidden you as well as me. He has set a watch on us. The penalty is your life and mine. The madman will venture everything."

"And what do you mean to do, Monsieur Larmes?" asked Colas, anxiously.

"I trust in God—He does not allow innocence to come to ignominy, Colas. I keep silence and have confidence. I will wait till they arrest me. In the hands of justice, I shall at least be secured against assassination. Then I will speak, follow what will. Till then, be silent! I give you my money. If I am condemned—if the villain conquers through the credit of his powerful relations—well: do you continue honest, and provide for yourself. Your ruin can avail me nothing."

They continued for a long time to converse on this frightful affair—the book-keeper, with the firm courage of a pure conscience; Colas, with the despair and sorrow of a grateful and affectionate son. In this conversation, Monsieur Larmes by degrees gained composure and recollection, the more that Colas lost both. The former, while he consoled his foster-son, was himself consoled. He told the young man to go to his chamber, to labour, and distract his mind as he best could. Colas obeyed silently and sadly, and went. Monsieur Larmes, who felt himself a dying man, put his papers in order.

II.—PAULINE.

Colas Rosier, pale and wringing his hands, went through the inner-court of the hotel, in the back part of which Monsieur Larmes inhabited some apartments. The hotel belonged to the Count D'Oron, who here, with his lady, maintained one of the most brilliant establishments in Paris. It was even said that Prince Soubise paid his court to the Count's daughter. It is true that the Prince was an assiduous visiter—it is true that he paid peculiar attentions to the young Countess. But he himself knew better than any one, that his visits were intended less for the Countess, than for her amiable playfellow or companion, Pauline de Pons. Pauline, a penniless orphan, dependent on the kindness of the Count, gave herself little trouble about all the sweet things which were whispered to her by the Prince, a man of forty, full of experience in intrigues, both as a courtier and as a lover. She, in the freshest bloom of life, had her eyes only the more open for her neighbour Colas, a handsome young man of twenty-five. Indeed, she had continually weighty affairs to transact with him. He wrote out for her or the young Countess, sometimes poems, sometimes music—and this employment gained him many a little payment; but that he had gained Pauline's heart, he never allowed himself to dream. His intercourse with Pauline, was a pleasing necessity to him. Why should he not have felt pleasure in the company of the delightful girl? But the silent glow of her look he was far from understanding. He went to her and came from her without beating of the heart, with all composure. He was utterly ignorant what passion is.

Pauline stood at the window, looking into the court, as Colas crossed, pale and wringing his hands. She started when she saw her favourite lost in his silent affliction. "Hist! hist!" whispered she towards him. He heard nothing. "Colas!" called she, and beckoned with her little hands, as he looked up to her. He obeyed, sighing.

"What is the matter with you, Colas? In heaven's name, what has happened to you?" exclaimed she, as he slipped into her apartment, and she remarked that he had been shedding tears. He kept silence and sighed.

"Dear Colas, do speak! Your silence kills me. Has any misfortune happened? Tell it to me—though it were the most horrible, I conjure you, tell it to me."

He kept silence, and sighed.

Pauline's uneasiness now rose to its height.

"How, Colas!" cried she, "do you deign no answer to me? Have I offended you? Have I no value in your eyes? Leave me no longer in this killing suspense. Speak!"

Colas shrugged his shoulders, and said—"Mademoiselle Pauline, let me be silent. I dare not say more than—we shall now part. To-morrow I leave this house, perhaps Paris."

At this announcement, Pauline turned as pale as death. She sat down powerless, looked fixedly at her friend, seized his hand, as if she would hold him fast and prevent him from parting from her, and stammered, "Colas, wherefore?"

He was silent.

After a short pause, she repeated the question with a faltering voice. Her eyes filled with tears.—"Have you," said she, "so very little regard for me, that you will not so much as tell me why you wish to leave Paris? Colas, if these were your sentiments, I should hate you with my whole heart, if I could. No, I could not hate you, Colas. Go, now! I had no friend on earth but you. Go! You will find friends enough, male and female, but no one who takes a warmer interest in your weal and wo. Go!" cried she, and covered her face, sobbing.

As Colas looked at the weeping beauty, his whole soul dissolved in grief. "Alas! lovely Pauline," said he, "it is not my fault that I must away. How gladly would I remain! How deeply does your sympathy move me! If you knew, what I"——

At these words Pauline looked up to him and said—"Oh, you hypocrite!—*I* dear to you, and yet you torture me so readily! I thank heaven that I have no brother; for, if he were like you, I should have been long ago in my grave."

"And if I had a sister," answered he, mournfully, "and she were like you—yes, then I should be happy, if I durst pour out my distress into her heart. But"——

"Do pour out your distress. Perhaps, dear Colas, I can help you with good advice. Suppose to yourself that I am your sister. Here is your sister's hand." She stood up and offered him her hand.

He kissed the little hand respectfully, and looked, perplexed, into the eyes of his beautiful sister, which entreated so tenderly for his secret. "What would it cost to unseal this dumb mouth?" said she, and patted his lips with her fingers, and let her hand sink carelessly on his shoulder. No-

body knows how it happened; but the brother and sister leant cheek to cheek, and then, mouth to mouth, forgot words for the moment. But Colas felt himself, as it were, transformed. He saw in Mademoiselle de Pons his actual sister. He had no longer a secret. He confided to her, under a vow of everlasting silence, all that he had learned, half an hour before, from Monsieur Larmes.

Pauline, however much frightened she was on hearing his story, still felt herself blessed. She loved; and dreamed that for love nothing is impossible.

"Compose yourself, good Colas!" said she—"you dare not, you shall not forsake me. We shall be able to invent means to save your foster-father."

"But," sighed Colas, anxiously, "without betraying anything!"

"If anything would but now occur to me!" exclaimed she, and rubbed her forehead. "Go, Colas, go! Leave me alone. I will reflect. Something must be done."

Colas went. On the threshold, however, he turned and held up his finger, warningly, with a smile—"Sister Pauline, if you betray me, I will never again in my life become brother to any sister."

III.—PRINCE SOUBISE.

Meanwhile the carriage of Prince Soubise drove up. The Prince was on the staircase as Pauline came out of her chamber. Her countenance still glowed from her sisterly conference. The Prince, who had never seen her more charming—and, in fact, in the radiance of first love, how could she appear otherwise?—almost lost speech at sight of the girl, etherialized in rapture.

"Heavens, how beautiful you are!" said he, kissing her hand. She conducted him into the parlour, and regretted that he had missed the Count, who had driven out with his wife and daughter.

"You condole with me, and I congratulate myself. May every misfortune of my life be compensated to me as happily as this one!" said he.

Pauline, accustomed to his flatteries, paid no attention to this and other compliments. She was, in thought, beside her newly gained brother, and meditated how help could be procured for Monsieur Larmes. At first, she had thought of discovering herself to Count Oron. She hoped, through his influence, as well as his shrewdness, to avert the calamity from the head of the old book-keeper, who, in pious confidence in heaven, and without any view towards earthly rescue, was about to meet his fate. But her courage sank again, when she recollected the Count's lazy selfishness, and his haughty insensibility to the sufferings of others. The arrival of the Prince ripened in her mind quite different designs. He—the courtier—the man who could approach Cardinal Bernis, at that time the all-powerful minister—and who had direct access even to the King—he, and no other, could here be the deliverer.

"My Lord," said she to him—"I pray you earnestly, lay aside all jesting. We will speak of something serious."

"How, fairest Pauline!" exclaimed the Prince; "do you then, in good earnest, hold love as a jest?"

"Yours, at least."

"If my love is no more than a jest, then is all of beauty which heaven and earth possess, a jest, and there is nothing true beneath the moon; yes, Pauline, then is your divine form, then is your glance, then is all the seducing magic which floats around you, no more than deceit and lie."

"Or else your eye lies to you, seeing more than it does see."

"No, seeing too little of the whole compass of your attractions, but already too much for my peace."

"I pray you, Prince, why do you say all this to me? Is it that you feel ennui in my company? Let us talk of something better. Or is it that you wish to prove to me, that you excel equally in wit, politeness, and versatility? I know it already, as well as the whole court and the whole city do. Or is it that I am to believe all the obliging things you say to me? Ah, my Lord, you surely will not think so ill of my understanding."

"What a sophist you are! Yes, if you ever believed in any truth, believe in the truth of the feeling which you have yourself inspired; believe that, for the truth of my word, I will every moment pledge my life, my blood"——

"Heaven protect me, Prince! do not speak to me of blood—I like not such stories. But, if I had the honour to have some claim on your esteem"——

"On all, all!" cried the Prince; and now followed a series of protestations and extravagances, with the relation of which we decline molesting our readers.

Mademoiselle de Pons, however, drew, after her way, the best advantage from them. She proposed a modest request, which the Prince declared as granted before he had even heard it. She now related to him, in the most profound confidence, the unfortunate story of the book-keeper, representing herself as having learned it quite accidentally, and as feeling the liveliest interest for the old man, from his living in the hotel. "You, Prince," she continued, "you can here extend the renown of your pacific virtues. You can rescue innocence; no one can perform the task like you, and this time no one else but you. Your recommendation to Cardinal Bernis"——

"Not a word about the Cardinal!" cried the Prince. "I trust him not. He is the patron of the spendthrift Gatry, and, if I am not mistaken, the adorer of his daughter. The Cardinal must be left quite out of the game. But"—— The Prince paused, reflected, rubbed his forehead, his face suddenly cleared up, and he said—"Mademoiselle, I leave you. We have not a moment to lose. I am jealous of every one who might rob me of the opportunity of gaining a little

merit in your eyes. Adieu, charming Pauline! I shall not rest till your virtuous and philanthropic wish is fulfilled."

He kissed the young lady's hand, and hurried away.

IV.—MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

He threw himself into his carriage and drove to the Tuilleries, where he immediately repaired to the apartments of Madame de Pompadour.

All the world knows what Madame de Pompadour was to King Louis XV.'s Most Christian Majesty. She was the unlimited mistress of his heart, his will, and his kingdom. Her days of bloom were indeed gone. She might number about thirty-five years. But her personal attractions had lost little by age, while her characteristic qualities of mind had gained by it. The King still continued to lie in her soft fetters. Against her, the will of the whole royal family, and the dexterity of the royal prime minister, Cardinal Bernis, were equally powerless. This was well known at Court, it was known in Paris, it was known over the whole kingdom. It is truly not particularly edifying for a nation which feels sufficiently what is due to itself, to be ruled over by such a royal "by-the-by." But it must not be forgotten, that at that period the French still did nothing but make verses and quaver songs; and held everything for true, good, and beautiful, so soon as the King had declared it to be so. France thus lay in adoring rapture with one knee before the King, with the other before his Most Christian Majesty's beloved. Only a party, which dared to have some claim to being jealous—for example, the Queen, the old nobility of the court, or a prime minister or so, like Cardinal Bernis—formed, but with the greatest forbearance, a kind of opposition.

The shrewd mistress of the King knew this well; but she feared the opposition little. The most eminent noblemen of the court stood on her side, or lay at her feet. Even Voltaire plumed himself on it, that she had looked graciously on him. But, next to the King, she looked more graciously on no one than on Prince Soubise.

In fact the Prince, though forty years of age, was a man in every respect formed to please—witty, inventive, and seducing. The favourite, with all her slyness and knowledge of life, could not prevent herself from hearing and seeing him with greater pleasure than any other man, and believing him, most willingly, when he vowed that he loved her for herself alone. The Prince was one of the strong minds who become all things to all men; so, beside the favourite, he was a lover bewitched by her beauty, who restrained, with difficulty, the outbreaking of a passion in his breast, which—was not in it. Madame de Pompadour often remarked, not without tender emotion, a secret combat between respect and love; and, against her will, her heart was drawn towards him, although it ought to have belonged to the King alone. She felt for the Prince what she did not wish to feel; and, just because she did not wish it, she was attached to him the more fervently. But the crafty woman of the world took good care not to let a fact be suspected, of which she was herself ashamed as something ridiculous. And in truth, the suspicion never occurred to any courtier, even in his dreams. Prince Soubise, however, knew what he knew, continued to play his part of Celadon, and laughed in his sleeve.

"What have you forgotten, butterfly?" asked she as he entered, for he had left her scarcely half-an-hour before.

"Ah, dear Marquise, in your presence I have always the misfortune to forget myself. And how can one help it?" said Soubise, and pressed her pretty hand to his lips. "I have forgotten myself, as sure as I live!"

"To the point, my Lord; for the sphere of yourself is so wide, that, when you speak of yourself, I do not always know whether you mean France or all Europe."

"You are inclined to-day, as it seems, amiable Marquise, to be somewhat tart; and yet, without intending it, you speak, instead of irony, the purest truth. Seriously, I wished to speak of myself—that is, of France—that is, of you."

"How lyrical your transitions are!" exclaimed Madame de Pompadour; "you have a talent for composing odes, Prince."

"And who has not, that feels the happiness of standing near you?"

"But you wished to speak of yourself, Prince."

"Yes, Madame, of myself; but my existence is dissolved in yours. What is against you, is against me. And I"——

"Prince, I cannot understand you to-day. Speak in prose; I hate the frosty fire of the lyric poets."

"Well, dry prose!—Do you know in what company the street-ballad was first distributed and sung, in which the place of wit is supplied by a certain libel of unheard-of lowness?"

"You mean the foolish thing aimed at me? In what company? Perhaps in the house of our poetical Cardinal? Have I guessed right?"

"Half-right: it was in the house of his protégé, the filthy De Gatry. The wretch is now betrayed by all his former boon companions: for he is on the point of becoming a sacrifice to his infamous conduct—of being sent to the galleys."

"How? What is it you tell me?" exclaimed the Marquise, in astonishment.

"In the cash-books of the Marine, of which he has the charge, there appear immense deficiencies. They speak of more than a million. And this was what I forgot an hour ago to tell you. I was, therefore, right in saying that it concerns me, since it concerns you and France."

"Have you, however, heard correctly, Prince?"

The Prince now related to her all the particulars with which he was acquainted, dressed up the facts as he thought fit, and, at last, detailed also the story of the unfortunate old book-keeper, Larmes. He painted the knavery of Monsieur de Gatry, and the despair of the oppressed Larmes, in tints so lively, and described so mov-

ingly the sufferings of the poor unprotected old man, that the sensitive Marquise burst into tears.

"No!" she exclaimed—"this must not be; this honest, innocent man shall not fall a sacrifice to the monster. We will discover the truth. Do you pledge yourself, Prince, that all is as you tell me?"

"I pledge myself for every word I have said."

"Then permit me to take leave. I must to the King. I thank you, my dear Prince, for having shewn me the way to a noble action. Such atrocities as De Gatry is hatching, shall not contaminate the soil of France: the King is too magnanimous."

"And his good angel does not leave his side. Allow me to kiss the hand of that angel, that I, too, may be in some degree hallowed."

The Prince retired. The Marquise made herself be announced to the King.

V.—THE KING.

"I have been waiting for you long, my dear Marquise," said the King, as he came to meet her.

"They told me your Majesty had granted a private audience to the English ambassador."

"Yes; but the man has wearied me with his affairs in the most cruel way. I am glad to be rid of him. I have at last cut him short, and dispatched him to the Cardinal. But what is the matter with you? Are you indisposed, Marquise? I do believe you have been crying. Are you not well?"

"In the presence of my King I am always well."

"Good Marquise! Sit down. Have you brought your work with you? I will help you to string pearls. I can tell you a precious little story about Mademoiselle d'Autun—a bit of a love affair that has not its like. You will hardly believe it. I have almost laughed myself to death at it. But I cannot endure to see the eyes of my little Antoinette red with weeping. Acknowledge to me, first, have you been vexed by anything?"

"I have indeed been vexed, sire, by the revolting wickedness of many individuals, and I have been pained to learn that, under the best of monarchs, they dare to misuse innocence most cruelly. For"——

"Tell me about it, dear child. I will truly, for once, give an example of severity. What am I then—what do I possess, if, with all my royal power, I am not able to prevent you from shedding any tears but those of joy? Who has affronted you?"

"One who has affronted you, sire—one who has affronted the dignity and the name of the most just and philanthropic of all kings."

The King started, and, with eager curiosity, asked for particulars. The Marquise related to him the story and the plans of Monsieur de Gatry, and how he was desirous of forcing the honest book-keeper to confess himself in writing guilty of the crime of the minister himself, who was to free himself of its consequences at the expense of some thousand livres. She described the incident with her characteristic eloquence, and the splendour of her imagination heightened the colours in the picture of human villany and helpless innocence. She was herself anew deeply moved.

"Now, then," said the King, when she had finished, with a kind of surprise in his tone and gestures—"is it only this, and nothing more? What is it to us? Let the courts of law look after the matter; they will inflict punishment in good time. Now hear my story of Mademoiselle d'Autun's droll affair."

"I venture only this one remark, sire—that, when to-morrow arrives, the courts can no longer give assistance. If de Gatry has the book-keeper's written declaration in his hands, and has assisted him to escape, the old man is banished; the other is honoured as a faithful officer, and your Majesty is cheated of a million."

"You are right. The Cardinal must be informed of the matter."

"He is Gatry's especial patron, as I have been told."

"Or the minister of police. He might, in the first instance, dispatch a confidential emissary to the book-keeper, to learn from him the particulars. After that, he may do what is proper."

"Excellent, sire; I cannot but admire your sagacity quite as much as your well-meaning heart. It certainly did not occur to me, that, if the police can get hold of Gatry's own writing, he is caught in his own net, and all is betrayed."

"Of course! You are a child, Marquise, to be astonished at the simplest course of events. Such a business is easily managed. I shall make the minister or——I recollect the chief of police is still at hand."

The King rang—a servant appeared. The King gave orders that the chief of police should attend him in the Blue Cabinet, into which he himself immediately withdrew.

"Do you," said he to the Marquise, as he went out, "stay here in the meantime. We must have a laugh at Mademoiselle d'Autun."

VI.—THE RESULT.

It was late in the evening. The book-keeper, Larmes, sat gloomily in his chamber at a writing-table, and noted down various memoranda. Colas stood beside him.

"Now, my son," said the old man, more cheerfully, after ending his work, "I have nothing more on my heart. All is finished. Happen what will, I shall never, in writing or by word of mouth, confess myself guilty of the peculation. I stand in God's hand. It is a glorious thing, Colas, a pure heart and conscience: with this armour one can face, scoffingly, a whole army of bailiffs, torturers, and executioners—ay, and all hell itself. Were I sent to the galleys, I should go with a smile."

Some one knocked at the door. A police-officer entered; and, as he opened the door, they

saw clearly, in the twilight, several armed men standing outside.

The officer excused his visit as made by order of his superiors, and asked for Monsieur Larmes. The old man turned pale, and, with a faltering voice, acknowledged his name. Colas quaked as in the shivering of a fever, and could not stand erect on his feet.

"You had this morning," said the officer to Monsieur Larmes, "a remarkable conference with Monsieur de Gatry?"

The book-keeper bowed; he could not stammer forth the syllable, Yes.

"Are you in possession of a note which he gave you to be copied?"

The old man was confounded at the omniscience of the police, and stared at the officer with fixed look and open mouth.

"Will you have the kindness to answer me?" continued the officer, more sternly.

The book-keeper bowed a second time.

"Answer, sir—I summon you in the name of the King; and if you have the note, you will deliver it to me without hesitating."

The book-keeper tottered to a side-table, took the note out of a pocket-book, and held it out to the questioner with a trembling hand.

"You will now have the goodness to accompany me, Monsieur Larmes. A carriage waits you without."

"Whither?" cried Colas, in despair. "He is innocent. Take me too with you. I know about everything; I will tell everything."

The officer looked at the young man with surprise, and said—"I have, indeed, no order to carry before the chief of the secret police any one but Monsieur Larmes; however, I can satisfy your wish. You, Monsieur Larmes, seem to be discomposed. Command yourself."

"Leave the young man behind," said Monsieur Larmes, "if you have no express order to take him with you. He can be of no use in the affair. I shall tell the truth without him. It was his friendship for me that prompted him to the inconsiderate request. I know already who is my accuser, and why I am dragged to prison. It is Monsieur de Gatry, my principal. I follow you."

The police-officer said—"I cannot enter into your affair with Monsieur de Gatry. You will, without doubt, have the honour of seeing him. He, too, is arrested at this moment. On the other hand, I must beg, young gentleman, that you also will accompany me."

"Monsieur de Gatry arrested!" said the book-keeper, with a half-glad astonishment.

"Have you not heard it?" cried Colas, joyfully; "Gatry is arrested. You are rescued. Now I mark, I see, I know all, all, all! Come, come! Oh," continued the youth in ecstasy, and stretched both his hands towards heaven—"Oh, thou incomparable, precious, heavenly"——he had almost said, "Pauline!" but he recollected himself, and ended with "Justice!"

They took their hats, followed the police-officer, stepped with him into the carriage, and drove away. The Minister of the Marine was with the Police-Minister. The book-keeper told what he knew. Monsieur de Gatry, on his examination, betrayed his evil conscience, even by his haughty denial of everything. But when his hand-writing was shewn him, when the book-keeper was confronted with him, he lost his self-possession, and implored forbearance for his family.

Monsieur Larmes and Colas were released the same evening. The same evening, Colas, with a sheet of music under his arm, stole to Pauline's chamber, on seeing it lighted up, and clasped to his glad heart his beautiful sister, who stood before him in her attractive ball-dress, ready to go abroad. The same evening, at the ball, in the midst of the dance, Pauline, full of tender gratitude, pressed the hand of the delighted Prince Soubise, and whispered—"You have performed a heavenly action!" The same evening, hastening early from the ball, the Prince lay at the feet of the Marquise de Pompadour, and exclaimed—"I must adore you—you are more than an angel!" The same evening, Louis XV., by the side of his mistress, confessed that he had never yet been more richly rewarded by her, than on account of the simple, foolish story.

VII.—THE PROMOTION.

The following morning, Gatry's arrest was the day's news of Paris. The cash and books of accounts of the Marine were investigated. A greater loss was discovered than had been expected. One investigation led to another, one examination of defaulters to another, one arrest to another. In the meantime, Gatry had recovered himself, and renewed his protestations of innocence. There arose a tedious lawsuit, the issue of which old Larmes did not live to see: for the alarm of that unfortunate day had deeply shaken his health. Colas was inconsolable for the loss of his paternal friend. He was, it is true, heir of his moderate fortune; but this comforted him little. He would have gladly become a beggar, if, by his sacrifice of himself, he could have purchased back his good father Larmes from the realm of shadows.

The question now was, What should he undertake next? for, from the little inheritance, he could not possibly support himself with respectability.

"Well," said Pauline, "have you no wish to become book-keeper in the Admiralty, in the place of Monsieur Larmes?"

"Heavens, Mademoiselle! what are you thinking of? How should I raise my thoughts so high? Book-keeper of the Admiralty! It is true I have often, under the inspection of Monsieur Larmes, especially when he suffered from rheumatism in winter, performed his whole duty: he had only to sign his name. But what are you thinking of, Mademoiselle? Book-keeper in the office of the Minister of Marine! Monsieur Larmes proposed me three times, and in vain, though only for a vacant secretaryship. No, no; my thoughts do not soar so high."

"Oh, the dear modesty! how prettily it be-

comes you!" said Pauline, and regarded the diffident young man with secret pleasure. "You grant, however, that I stand at least as high in rank as your book-keeper of the Marine?"

"Mademoiselle, you are in jest."

"Now—and yet your thoughts soar even to me?"

"No, no; your heavenly goodness only stoops to me, fair Pauline."

Some days after this, when Mademoiselle de Pons was able to speak to Prince Soubise unobserved in a brilliant assembly, said she to him—"Are you aware, my Prince, that fright and grief have killed the old book-keeper, Larmes; and that he has thus still become the victim of Gatry's profligacy?"

"I have not heard a word of it, bewitching Pauline."

"Have you no inclination to complete your noble action? You are in a situation to appease the shade of the venerable old man, if you take under your patronage his son—that is, an adopted son, Nicolas Rosier—who now stands a lost and unprotected outcast. It is the same young man who, at the famous examination, prayed for permission to devote himself to prison and death, if it must be so, in the place of Monsieur Larmes."

"I recollect."

"Now, this Rosier was really the acting book-keeper: old Larmes gave only his name to the work performed by the other. Fulfil a sigh of the dying man, who parted from life with affliction for the fate of his son. You said to me once yourself, that the old man Larmes must be richly indemnified for the vexations he had suffered. How will you indemnify him? He is no more. Grant your protection to his adopted son. This heir of his father's integrity deserves his vacant place in the Marine. But he stands lonely—no mouth speaks for him."

"How! No mouth speaks for him, when pity and commiseration speak for him from lips so beautiful!" whispered the Prince. "How blessed were I if those lips would only once address to me as compassionately a word of pity! Believe me, I deserve your compassion more than the book-keeper's son."

"Now, my Lord, do you but become seriously unfortunate, and I shall not be wanting in compassion for you, as you are never wanting in raillery for me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Prince—"it is enough! Why must a hundred intruding eyes be now looking on us? How willingly would I say to you on my knees, how much I suffer! But I take you at your word. What is the young man's name?"

Pauline mentioned the name of Nicolas Rosier. The Prince wrote it down.

He recollected it at a proper time, as he afterwards sat beside the Marquise de Pompadour in confidential conversation; and when the Marquise herself adverted to Gatry's law-suit, and, in doing so, spoke with interest of the old Larmes, who, through the baseness of his superior, had been brought nearly to perpetual imprisonment, or even to the grave.

"Nearly to the grave?" answered the Prince. "No—say quite to the grave, Madame. Anxiety and terror have killed the feeble old man. He stands before God, and names, thankfully, among angels, the name of the angel on earth who saved him from destruction."

The Marquise was affrighted and moved. The Prince remarked it, and changed his tone to a mournful key, speaking of the lot of many noble spirits. "He has ceased to suffer!" continued the Prince—while a tear really trembled in his eye—"for him there is no further compensation or redress."

Madame de Pompadour saw the tear in the Prince's eye. This sight softened her still more. "Has he left a family?" asked she. "I know the King is good."

The Prince mentioned the vacant post of book-keeper, and the distinguished accomplishments of the adopted son, Nicolas Rosier, and spoke with a genuine inspiration of his severe integrity. Then he continued—"And this deserving man must starve, because he stands without protection. He is only the heir of his foster-father's virtue and his poverty!"

Madame de Pompadour, filled with fervent emotion, seized with both hands the Prince's hand, and said—"Prince, as an adroit and amiable man of the world I have always known you, but not as a good and feeling human being. Be not, in my presence, ashamed of your tearful eye. Such a tear honours the man. Take for it this kiss. Rosier must have his father's place."

When the Marquise opened the subject to the King, she said—"In fact, the Minister of the Marine has just brought me here a portfolio of nominations for signature. Look through it, and see if the man you speak of is on the list." The Marquise obeyed, and found in the nomination to the post of book-keeper of the Marine, the name Meuron.

"Very well, we will leave it alone. The Minister, of course, knows this Meuron. He understands these things better than we do. We must not interfere with their trash."

"Sire," answered the Marquise, "your interference alone can complete the noble work which you have begun, and which still fills all Paris with rejoicing and approbation. Your Majesty has unmasked the haughty criminal, and rescued innocence. You, sire, were the last thought of the dying old man, for you had saved him. He carries your name with gratitude to heaven."

The King laughed aloud. "I have always suspected," cried he, "that you maintain correspondence with the spiritual world—how else could you know what the book-keeper's soul has trailed thither with it? My name, was it? Much obliged for the honour! I must, of course, as a requital of courtesy, send his foster-son's name to the office of the Admiralty." He struck out Meuron, and inserted Nicolas Rosier.

"Oh, how bad you are, Sire, and yet so good!"

said the favourite, and kissed the Monarch's hand which had written the name.

VIII.—THE BOX ON THE EAR.

Colas was beside himself with astonishment when he received the royal nomination. He immediately set out to present his respectful and grateful compliments to the Minister and the superior officers in the department.

"It gave me sincere pleasure to propose you to the King," said the Minister, "since I wished to see the memory of Monsieur Larmes honoured in your person."

"My merit in your nomination is trifling," said the Chancellor of the Minister's office. "I confess, however, I had some opposition to combat, in regard to it. But I was acquainted with your admirable performances, given up in the name of Monsieur Larmes. I could not, as an honest man, recommend to the Minister any one but you."

Colas remarked, on his visits, that, like these two gentlemen, all the other superior officers had, unknown to him, exerted themselves for him in the most generous way. When he mentioned the fact to Mademoiselle de Pons, she said, with a laugh—"You are a fool, Colas. You have forgotten the principal actor. To-morrow, ask an audience of Prince Soubise, and kiss his hand—do not forget."

"And the principal actor is not Prince Soubise," said Colas, "but my modest, beautiful sister, whose hand I kiss a thousand times more willingly." However, Colas was prudent enough to kiss, next day, the Prince's hand likewise; and the Prince, seeing in Colas an agreeable young man, was prudent enough to recommend to him to offer his grateful respects to Madame de Pompadour. The book-keeper of the Marine obeyed; and the favourite did not continue insensible to a homage which she was certainly conscious of having deserved. Her good deed pleased her the more, because she had performed it for a man who was not only grateful, but also young and remarkably handsome.

Monsieur Rosier, who was no novice in the business of his department, soon acquired the approbation of all his superiors, and of the Minister himself—not, indeed, from his performance of his duties, but because none of them knew how he had arrived at obtaining a post for which all of them had favoured and recommended another. It was conjectured that he must have influential connexions at Court; consequently, every one treated him with the greatest distinction.

Colas, perfectly contented with his good fortune, and now acquainted with the secret road which destiny had strangely opened between him and King Louis XV., enjoyed the gifts of accident with all modesty. He had formerly possessed humility enough to make no pretensions to such a lot as he had gained; he did not now possess presumption enough to require anything higher. His moderation, in truth, was the result, not of any peculiar wisdom and virtue, but of a disposition happily compounded of phlegm and levity. He was invited into all circles of society to which his want of noble birth made him admissible; and many a pretty Parisian threw over him her magic net, which, however, his levity and phlegm tore like a spider's web. For, even towards the seducingly beautiful Pauline, he felt no more than respectful tenderness; and the confidential relation between him and her was more the effect of habit than of passion.

Pauline felt more tenderly and more profoundly—she loved with fervour; and, however discontented she might perhaps sometimes be with his cold respect, yet occasionally, when she was more collected, she thanked him in her heart for his fraternal carelessness. She was, notwithstanding, convinced that she was beloved by him with a passion befitting her attractions. Colas, in his confessions to her, described all his female acquaintances, and detailed many an attack made on his heart. How could he better authenticate his fidelity to her? And yet she objected that he was beginning to bestow too much time on diversions, and that she saw him less.

"I almost repent," said she to him, poutingly, "of having promoted you to be book-keeper in the Marine. It were better I had retained you as a music-copyist. You would have staid more at home, and I could have spoken to you as often as I liked."

He promised reformation, and soon kept his word—though after a fashion which was quite contrary to his intention.

On repairing, one evening, with some friends, to Drouet's gardens, where there were illuminations and balls, to which the whole elegant world, even many of the highest ranks, were accustomed to resort, he found, among the dancers, one of his female acquaintances, the daughter of the bookbinder who worked for the office of the Marine. She was known by the name of the beautiful Juliette. He was perfectly indifferent about the girl; but she was dancing like a sylphide with Mr Browne, an Englishman—an *attaché* of the British ambassador at Paris, the Earl of Albemarle. Colas stood admiring her, and felt himself flattered when, in floating past, she remarked him, smiled sweetly to him, and, in dancing, did not cease to throw now and then a look across to him. Mr Browne, her partner, watched this game of looks. It seemed not to be half so agreeable to him as to the good-humoured Colas. When the dance was over, the Englishman accompanied her to a sofa to rest; and, while he was engaged in conversation with her, Colas came up to them. She appeared to have expected him—broke off from the Englishman—stood up and followed to the dance the young book-keeper, who had not even directly asked her. The Englishman, standing gloomily aside, followed the pair with his eyes. It was visible that an internal fire devoured him.

"I hope I have not committed a robbery on the gentleman yonder," said Colas to the pretty

Juliette, "in leading you out to dance? He is making a face like a hurricane."

"On the contrary, I thank you, Monsieur Rosier, for having rescued me from the wearisome wretch!" answered the girl. "It is enough that, for these two months, I have had to see the gentleman almost every day at home, where he overwhelms my father with presents. I accept nothing from him. He is as hateful to me as a spider, and steals after me like my shadow."

For an hour and a-half, Colas was unable to get rid of his partner, who seemed to have resolved on making a conquest of his heart. He was rejoiced when at length he escaped into the illuminated garden, which, with its variegated fires, sparkled like an enchanted world. Seeing that others were drinking punch, he ordered some to be brought him into one of the prettiest of the arbours. In sitting down at one of the tables, it happened that he took his place directly opposite Juliette's unlucky adorer. Beside him sat one of his acquaintances—a private secretary, named De Bonnaye.

The company were in lively conversation on political questions; and particularly, being composed of a mixture of French and English, on the subjects which had brought Earl Albemarle to Paris. In the arbour, as in the cabinets of the powers, reciprocal reproaches were thrown out—the Frenchmen upbraiding the English with their claims on the immense tract of country between New-England and Acadia—the Englishmen reproaching the French with having erected forts on the Ohio with the design of interrupting the trade of England with the savages. The gentlemen seemed not less inspired by punch and wine than by patriotism.

Colas, entering in the midst of the conversation, held his peace, and played the part of an unconcerned auditor. Mr Browne, over-against him, the man with the hurricane-countenance, became still more vehement and fluent, on perceiving the book-keeper, who had ravished his sylphide from him. He now thundered more loudly than ever against the diplomatic usurpations of France; he seemed to believe that, if he smote all France with his anger, he must necessarily hit his detested rival. But no one felt the attack less than the inoffensive Colas. He left to his countrymen the task of repelling the Englishman's haughty rudeness; and he did so the more willingly, from perceiving that the debate was conducted with more heat than was exactly required in a pleasure-garden for giving flavour to the beverage.

The quieter Colas kept, the more hotly stormed the enraged Mr Browne. At every powerful oath which the Englishman rapped out in confirmation of his reproaches against the French state-policy, he fastened his look on the innocent Colas. One Frenchman after another stole away. The worthy gentlemen were afraid that the debate was going too far, and, especially, that Mr Browne's political spirit contained too much spirit of wine. His countrymen, too, perceived his situation, and exerted themselves to appease him. But he grew only the hotter.

"It is true," he exclaimed, addressing himself to the Frenchmen, "the cabinet of St James' understands its interest badly. I must allow you are in the right. If our King wished to be successful in diplomacy, he should have sent to Paris, not Lord Albemarle, but a London girl of pleasure. And we have a thousand of them who are handsomer than the worn-out Pompadour."

When Colas heard the name of his benefactress thus profaned, he broke silence, and said to the man of the tempestuous countenance, but with the greatest politeness, leaning across the table, and speaking in a half-whisper, to avoid putting the Englishman to the blush—"Do not forget, sir, that you stand on French ground!"

While the book-keeper was in this attitude, Mr Browne, by way of answer, let fly at him a mighty fillip on the nose, making this remark—"What does the pert young fellow mean by poking his nose in my face, and presuming to give me instructions before I ask for them?"

He had not finished the last words, which he addressed to the company, when Colas returned him a ringing box on the ear. At the blow, Mr Browne, like an oak overturned by a tempest, fell sideways with his head against his neighbour, who was in the act of lifting to his lips a glass of warm punch. The glass was upset, and emptied itself in a stream over the hurricane-countenance, whose owner could not but believe that it was coloured with his own dear blood.

All the English sprang up; the French did the same. Mr Browne drew his sword, and Colas his, to defend himself. Before the rest could step in and part them, Colas had received a thrust under the right arm, which, a span lower than the arm-pit, penetrated the flesh without touching the breast-bone. All was over in a few seconds. Just as quickly vanished from the arbour most of the Frenchmen, to avoid being entangled in an affair which was the more critical from its affecting a member of a foreign embassy; just as quickly disappeared the Englishmen, taking with them their furious countryman, to prevent him from further excesses. Only Monsieur de Bonnaye remained behind with the wounded Colas, accompanied him to a carriage, and carried him immediately to a surgeon. The surgeon pronounced the wound insignificant, as it had only passed through the thick of the flesh. He bound it up, and Colas drove, with his faithful comrade, to his home, in the hotel of Count Oron.

IX.—WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Monsieur de Bonnaye—who, in the arbour, had been one of the most lively orators for the cause of France against England—continued in the carriage to make an outcry against the insolence of the English. Colas, who had no cause to be pleased with them, chimed in with the abuse from the bottom of his heart.

Monsieur de Bonnaye said—"I am surprised that our Court hesitates so long to chastise the shameless arrogance of the Cabinet of London.

If it depended on me, war should be declared to-morrow."

This idea was genuine balsam to the book-keeper's wound. His resolution was taken. He pressed his friend's hand with an air of assurance, and said—"Calm yourself. Before a fortnight passes over our heads, every Englishman shall be out of Paris, and the war shall be declared."

Monsieur de Bonnaye smiled to himself, for he thought of the influence of the punch; but Colas thought of the influence of Pauline.

Next day the wounded man had to keep his chamber and his bed, by order of his physician. He had lost much blood, and had fevered. In a few lines he informed Mademoiselle de Pons of his accident, before she should learn it by public report; for Colas doubted not that Court and city were full of his adventure. He was mistaken. Nobody spoke of it—nobody knew of it. The Englishmen had neither been acquainted with the Frenchmen at the punch-table, nor had the latter known each other, having been blown together by the breath of pure chance. The occurrence, besides, would be regarded as nothing more than one of those heroico-tragical events which are so common over a glass.

But not in this light was it regarded by the loving Pauline, when she had read the note of her friend. She passed the long day in anguish of soul for the risk to which his life was exposed. In the evening, pretending indisposition, she excused herself from attending the Countess d'Oron into society, and stole through the corridor, in the inner court of the hotel, to Monsieur Rosier's apartments.

In the blush of innocence and love, she approached the bedside of the sick man. The honest old Marcus—Colas' servant, an heir-loom bequeathed by the deceased Monsieur Larmes—modestly and shrewdly withdrew, to stand sentinel.

"How are you?" lisped Pauline anxiously to her friend, who held out his hand to meet hers. "What have you been doing? Who has wounded you? What was the cause? Has the physician not forbidden you to speak? When did you fight? Where was it? Do you feel weak? Who is your physician?"

Materials enough to fill up a whole evening with answers. Colas detailed the quarrel with all circumstantiality, and not without offering fitting incense to Pauline's beauty in his remarks on the pretty Juliette. Mademoiselle de Pons acknowledged with secret pleasure the fidelity of her lover. She was aware of the renown of Juliette's charms, but she was also aware that Colas in fact cared little about them, and that he never entered the bookbinder's house, however much occasion he might have to do so. She perceived that the Englishman, from groundless jealousy, had persecuted, insulted, and all but murdered the good Colas.

"The wretch!" cried she—"he owes you the heaviest satisfaction. If he were a Frenchman, he should get lodgings in the Bastille. But he belongs to Lord Albemarle's embassy. We must consider the affair well."

"There is little to consider, Pauline," said Colas; "if I meet this Mr Browne, I will run him through; or rather, if I were once recovered, I will challenge him to meet me in the Bois de Boulogne. He attacked me while unprepared, not like a man of honour, but like an assassin."

"Would you make yourself still more unfortunate?" exclaimed Pauline with uneasiness. "If fortune were against you, O Colas! could I survive you? And, if you were to kill him, would you not be obliged to leave France and me for ever?"

"He and I cannot live together in Paris," answered Colas. "The best way is, that all the English be expelled. They say our court hesitates between peace and war with England. Cardinal Bernis is for peace; so is Prince Soubise. Speak with the Prince. War must be declared against the insolent English. If it is not, I see misfortune on the way. The prince must be converted to our opinion. He has remarkable influence."

Colas and Pauline were at one as to the declaration of war against England, as soon as the word was pronounced. Both rejoiced over their revenge. It was surely excusable in an attached girl, that, in anger for the shedding of her lover's blood, she desired to destroy all England.

A day or two afterwards, on the first opportunity Pauline found of explaining herself to the Prince, she did so with all her characteristic female slyness:—"You are aware, my Prince, of the unlucky story of the book-keeper, Rosier, who has gratefully and honourably repaid with his blood the favours which you had the kindness to confer on him."

"With his blood!" replied the Prince, in astonishment. "I have not heard a word of it."

He entreated Mademoiselle de Pons to repeat the story. In her relation there was not a word about the pretty Juliette, who, as a subordinate object, behoved to disappear in the general outline; not a word about the slap on the nose, which was an incident too unpoetical for an adventure in which the book-keeper, Rosier, was to figure as hero. On the other hand, the Prince was skilfully given to understand that the abusive language of the Englishman had been levelled in an especial degree against the Prince and the favourite, and that this was the circumstance against which Monsieur Rosier's faithful heart had risen up in mutiny. In what shape had the affront been put? On this part of the subject, the Prince was allowed to do no more than draw inferences from Mr Browne's expressions regarding the Marquise de Pompadour. Soubise, after hearing everything, pressed to be informed of still more, especially what injurious expressions the Englishman had used regarding him. Mademoiselle de Pons played the part of perplexity, as if she felt an invincible reluctance to repeat indecencies. The more obstinately she

refused to speak, the more discomposed grew the Prince, and the more atrociously did his imagination depict to him, in a black series of possibilities, the insult he had suffered.

"And is it with such individuals you connect yourself, Prince?" continued the young lady. "What must Paris think of you, if you are one of the most zealous advocates for peace with a nation which makes it an amusement to ridicule France in the face of the whole world, and, even on French ground, to hold up to contempt the most amiable of French princes?"

The affair made so deep an impression on the Prince's susceptible heart, that he forgot even the expressions of tenderness which, on other occasions, when *tête-à-tête* with the young lady, he never neglected. "But from whom have you learned these circumstances with such exactness?" inquired he.

"The whole city knows them and relates them," answered the lady: "but you would probably be the last person to hear them; and the reason is intelligible—no one would wish to give you the annoyance of a moment. But, forgive my loquacity, or, if it finds no mercy, forgive my jealousy over the purity of your fame."

The Prince gratefully covered her hand with his kisses. Till now he had certainly been opposed to the war, because he was opposed to the Duke de Richelieu, who had wished for war in order to obtain the chief command of the army. He desired, however, to inform himself more minutely regarding the occurrence in Drouet's garden. From Pauline's narrative he fortunately recollected the name of Monsieur de Bonnaye. He sent for this gentleman, as the most authentic witness, and ordered him to relate the facts with the most unreserved openness. De Bonnaye obeyed. The Prince heard some additional particulars, but nothing of what immediately concerned himself. He put questions. Monsieur de Bonnaye shrugged his shoulders, excused himself on the plea of ignorance, but, out of revenge against the Englishman, was malicious enough to let a suspicion glimmer, as it were, through his assertions, that it might have been that the Prince had been attacked even more virulently than the favourite. The Prince instantly paid a visit to the Duke de Richelieu.

"I have," said he to him, "perused your last memorial on the demands of England. You have conquered me with your pen, as you will conquer the English with your sword. I unite with you. The British embassy must be sent home, and the manifesto of war after it."

The Duke de Richelieu was agreeably astonished by the conversion of his opponent. He embraced him. The reconciliation was completed. They concerted their further measures for altering the sentiments of Cardinal Bernis, the whole court, and the King. The Prince promised to secure the influence of Madame de Pompadour.

He found no difficulty in doing so. Mr Browne's words—that "the King of England ought to have sent to Paris, instead of 'la Albemarle, a woman of pleasure'"—opened the path to victory. But the addition—"we have a thousand of them who are handsomer than the worn-out Pompadour"—kindled a deep red on the Marquise's cheeks, and a deadly hatred in her breast.

Colas was not a little surprised, when several courtiers of rank were announced at his apartments. They were commissioned by the Marquise to receive the book-keeper's account of the incident in Drouet's garden. His words were written down and signed by him.

Three days later, the British Embassy received its passports to return across the Channel—war was declared with England.

X.—THE PATENT OF NOBILITY.

Mademoiselle de Pons received the first intelligence of the important event from the Prince's own mouth. In her rapture she could have thrown herself on his neck. He saw this ecstasy. He read in it nothing but the revelation of a heart beating for him; and, like a soldier who had gained experience under the banners of the god of love, he ventured to avail himself of the conquest, which was favoured by solitude. He pressed the blooming form to his breast, and robbed her lips of his first kiss. Pauline blushed, became grave, and repulsed the eager lover with maiden pride. Nevertheless, he held himself certain of her affection, and left the fair prude with a passion which her reserve had only kindled higher.

With so much the more impatience did she wait for the evening, to surprise her friend pleasingly with the intelligence of the war. Unluckily, Count Oron had a party, from which she durst not absent herself. She sent Colas some lines with the news, and begged him to expect her, though it should be late.

Colas was by this time half cured, and had been for some days out of bed. When Pauline's note appeared, he had already learned the departure of the English Embassy in a manner yet more surprising. An officer of the embassy had come to him and presented a letter of the following import:—"Sir, I have only been able, at the moment of our return to England, to learn your name, as the name of the man whom I wronged in Drouet's garden in the most unworthy manner. I acted in intoxication: you were innocent, and I shed your blood. I will not leave France without performing my duty. Permit me to believe that you forgive me, and that I may presume to offer as your property the accompanying bills on the French East India Company, which produce annually ten thousand livres of interest. I will carry with me out of the detested country nothing except your forgiveness.—S. T. Browne."

Colas had sufficient spirit to return the bills to the Englishman, along with assurances of his forgiveness. But the Briton retained only the latter, and sent him the bills back.

It was almost midnight when Pauline stole

through the corridor. Colas hastened to meet her. How much had they not to say to each other! He led her into his chamber, and shewed her the correspondence. She was surprised and affected by the Englishman's magnanimity. "If we could have foreseen this," said she, "we would have let the war with England alone. The man whom we persecuted has made you rich. He acted, perhaps, quite as passionately in his magnanimity as in his jealousy: and he was both times in the wrong. You are now richer than I am, Colas. Do you know what you yet want to secure you a brilliant career?"

"Nothing," said Colas, and clasped Pauline to his breast: "I possess everything!"

"But will everything continue in your possession?"

"Who can forbid it? Who can part brother and sister?—Yes, Pauline, I do still want one thing—a patent of nobility. If I had that, I might say to you"——

He trembled to say more, from fear of offending, by the boldness of his wishes, which Pauline understood sufficiently by his sudden pause. With bashful love she laid her cheek to his, and whispered—"You are right: you do want the patent. We must demand it."

In consequence of this resolution, Prince Soubise received, as usual, on the first opportunity, the requisite hints, when at Pauline's feet he prayed for an affectionate word; for, since that stolen kiss, she had put on an air of extreme severity, and he was afraid, in good earnest, of having offended her.

"Say to me at least, divine Pauline, that you do not hate me!" cried he.

"I have no right to hate you," replied she; "how could I be so presumptuous towards you?"

"You have, I know, been hurt by my audacity, fair Pauline," continued he; "but, if you ever entertained any esteem for me, how can you withdraw all friendship on account of one poor kiss? Why are you so beautiful? Accuse your own loveliness, not its effects. You know, you cannot but know, I adore you."

"Allow me, my Lord," returned Pauline, "to take at their real value the unmerited compliments with which you honour me. Your generous spirit has often, against my will, transported me with admiration for you. And yet—yes, I confess it frankly—you have yourself certainly suggested to me a suspicion unfavourable to this nobility of mind."

"I! For Heaven's sake!—do you believe, Pauline, that I have ever played the hypocrite before you?"

"I cannot say so, Prince; but I can say with truth, that your wounded honour operated actively in the banishment of the rude English, without thinking of the brave man who shed his blood for your insulted name. I expected from your sensibility, that you would distinguish this man; perhaps, intercede for him at the foot of the throne; perhaps, in recompense for his chivalrous action, give him, through the King's hand, the nobility which he has deserved. You have forgotten him in the gratification of your revenge."

"The book-keeper Rosier? Is it he you mean?"

"I mean the man who, when your name was about to be profaned, when every Frenchman present was dumb, had alone the courage to speak and to face the haughty Englishman—the man who is probably still suffering from his wounds, received for your sake and yours alone."

"Oh, how hardly and unjustly you judge me!" cried the Prince, who felt himself hit. "Do you know all? If you had asked me, you would have learned what steps I have taken with the King; you would have learned that it is already in view, not merely to elevate Monsieur Rosier into the rank of nobility, but to bestow on him the cross of St Louis—that the writings are, perhaps, already executed."

Mademoiselle de Pons, outwitted by the Prince, came, with a pleased surprise, a step nearer. "Have I done you injustice? Then it is my turn to entreat your pardon."

The reconciliation was sealed, as reconciliations of the sort usually are: the hearts came nearer to each other than they had ever done before. Soubise departed more deeply enamoured than he came.

But he did not forget that he had purchased the sweet hour of reconciliation by a white lie. It had never come into his imagination to patronise Rosier. Though a hundred Rosiers bleed for a Prince, no thanks to them! The low-born rabble ought to think it matter of rejoicing, if they could obtain the honour of breaking legs and neck for a man of so illustrious ancestry. But to purchase a look of loving sweetness from a Pauline—yes, for that reward one must truly use a little exertion.

With the Marquise de Pompadour the Prince had an easy game to play, in persuading her that the handsome young man who had combated so chivalrously for her honour, deserved the titles and dignity of chivalry. It is needless to say that Rosier's merit was represented as more brilliant than it in fact was. In such cases what matters it for a few magnificent figures of speech more or less?

Behold! There appeared the patent of nobility and the cross of St Louis. The worthy and valorous book-keeper, with his children and children's children, entered into the number of France's noble knights. At the magic word of the King's Majesty, his birth transformed itself into a noble birth, and his wretched cradle glistened with gold. Nobility, when newly-baked, is not worth much; one must spend a little money on it; and for a couple of gold-pieces we can have it in a quarter of an hour rendered old—ay, as old as the oldest. From the affinity of the names Rosier and Rosni, a heraldic juggler instantaneously inferred an immediate relationship with the Duke de Sully, Baron de Rosni, Henry IV.'s celebrated friend; and a family tree, whose roots lay among the mists of the tenth century,

grew up with its splendid foliage, for the son of the sempstress.

"What do you want more?" said Pauline to him with a laugh.

With a laugh, he replied: "I have found, thank Heaven! my ancestors, to whom, alas! my family tree no more avails. I now want only the children and children's children expressly specified in the patent, and these are the parties who would profit most by the whole affair. We must consider how I can come by them. In this point no heraldry can aid us."

XI.—THE VEIL.

Many, it is true, beheld with surprise the good fortune of the book-keeper, who, from his obscurity as a poor copyist of Monsieur Larmes, had mounted into the illustrious ranks of the nobility. And they had fair reason to be astonished at the fact. Not that such phenomena were unheard of, or even rare—oh, no! people every day saw unknown forms advancing out of nothing to renown and power, and celebrated individuals, at the stroke of a minister's pen, vanishing into their original nothing. Men sported like flies in the sunshine of royal caprice. Some flew the eagle's flight, others fell headlong with singed pinions. Those were still the good old times, which, alas! have disappeared with the unlucky increase of intelligence among the nations, and of which we now behold only a seducing picture in the Sultan's Court on the Black Sea, or in the person of the adored sovereign of Morocco—those were still the times, when, happily, merit in the service of one's country bore no price, or rather all merit was dangerous, and the weakest heads, the emptiest hearts, were capable of making the fortune of their possessors, if they could but contrive to gain themselves some patronage or other, through an amiable treachery, through powerful relations, or other means of the sort.

This was the very circumstance which awakened a just astonishment at the giant steps which Monsieur de Rosier took on his path of success; for one saw no patrons or patronesses declaring themselves in his favour; one saw him dancing attendance in no antechambers of all-powerful courtiers; one did not so much as see him figuring in the swarm of adorers of any celebrated court beauty. And no one ever thought of the poor, orphaned, penniless Mademoiselle de Pons, who herself played but a subordinate part in the house of Count Oron, who, again, was quite destitute of court influence.

But Monsieur the Cardinal listened long to what was said; and it did not escape him that Prince Soubise had shewn a peculiar interest in the book-keeper of the Marine. It was incomprehensible what motive the Prince could have for his exertions, since Monsieur de Rosier was remarked to stand in no connexion whatever with the Prince; but still it was certain that he must, from some cause or other, be held in estimation by his Highness. The Cardinal, who readily used every means which promised, sooner or later, to advantage him, threw accordingly his glance of favour on the honest Colas, and sought to attach him to his interests.

Colas was one evening summoned to attend the Cardinal. The latter received him with his own peculiar politeness, and said—"Monsieur de Rosier, I have long been an admirer of your shining talents. You are destined by nature for a higher career. I am delighted to become an instrument in the hands of your destiny. Receive here your nomination as Conseiller de Roi. You will in future be employed under me as an officer of my ministry, in the diplomatic department."

Colas was certainly pleasantly surprised. There was no want of assurances of gratitude, and of the most unconditioned devotion. But in his heart he thought of Pauline, and was convinced that she had been the author of his new promotion.

"Not in the least," replied Pauline; "such things happen of themselves. As long as you were nothing, the foot of every lackey would have trodden you, with all your virtues, into the dust. Now, when you have become something, the slaves respectfully shrink back to make room for you. It will not in the least surprise me, if you in time become minister, count, and duke. You have as good capacity for everything as Cardinal Bernis, who was once nothing better than a small versifier, and glad of enjoying a pension of fifteen hundred livres."

What pleased Colas best in his exaltation of rank, was its allowing him a more unrestrained intercourse with Pauline. The Count D'Oron courted the society of the Conseiller du Roi—Pauline easily contrived to bring that about. The former neighbour, whose existence in his back-rooms people had scarcely deigned to be aware of, took a whole wing in the same hotel, and so became the immediate neighbour of Pauline's modest apartments. Count Oron would have had no objection to see in him an admirer of Pauline. But Colas and Pauline took good care not to appear openly in the meantime, as being to each other what they in secret were; for Pauline feared Prince Soubise's jealousy, who, if he had known how formidable and how successful a rival Colas was, would infallibly have annihilated him. And Colas, on the other hand, contented himself with his secret happiness; the appearing openly as Pauline's adorer could not have increased the happiness he felt.

His new career carried him into new connexions and relations. He speedily learned this lesson—that the art of diplomacy is not so very difficult. The information in which one was deficient, could be had for money, in the person of a clever bourgeois secretary. The being an agreeable companion; the managing the thread of a delicate intrigue; the accommodating one's self with pliancy to every man's humour; the awakening and feeding of other men's passions, without expressing any passion of one's own; the listening everywhere and seeing everywhere, and yet standing everywhere as if deaf and blind—these

accomplishments were soon learned. Colas thought—"How people are mistaken, when they stand yonder down in the dust, and look up at the gods of the earth! In good truth, every merry periwig-maker has as much talent for diplomacy as a pretty washerwoman has for being favourite of a king, and mistress of a mighty kingdom!" But all this he only thought to himself, and was already too good a diplomatist to tell tales out of school.

With the same faithful zeal which he had shewn in the bureau of the Marine, he now devoted himself to the duties of his new office—even the most difficult and fatiguing of them—among which, doubtless, must be ranked, the numerous diplomatic entertainments and visits. He was absent from no dinner, from no party of pleasure. His handsome figure gained him the liking of the fair sex. He was, therefore, a consummate statesman. Owing to Prince Soubise's intimacy in Count Oron's house, it happened that the Count's family, and, along with the young Countess, her friend and companion Pauline, were frequently invited into the circles of the foreign ambassadors. Colas and Pauline saw each other in those parties with renewed pleasure; but no man remarked, from the behaviour of these two diplomatic persons, the relation in which they privately stood to each other. On their return home, Pauline's confidential boudoir became the scene of a rehearsal and discussion of everything which both of them had done, said, heard, and seen.

"And you, bewitching Pauline," said Colas, pressing the beloved form to his heart, "you continue the queen of all the beauties who glitter yonder in manifold splendour."

"But, Colas," rejoined Pauline, "did you observe yesterday the young Countess Staremberg? No lady at the ball came near to her in loveliness; and yet her person is not so very marvellously beautiful."

"It is true," said Colas; "I was almost struck with her even at your side."

"You were struck with her?" replied Pauline hastily; "but did you observe particularly her magnificent veil? It is a real magic veil, the most perfect of the kind I ever saw. It awakened the envy of every woman in the room. Paris cannot shew anything like it. Heavens! if I could have such a veil!"

Colas smiled and said—"There will surely be more than that single one in the world? I shall ask the Austrian ambassador where the young Countess procured the veil, and what was the price of it. You must have one like it."

"Ah, you good child," sighed Pauline, "you understand nothing of the value of this veil. As we all stood round the young Countess, admiring it, she told us it was a present from the Empress-Queen. The world contains only three such veils. The Empress herself wears the second—the third is probably not destined for me."

"Who knows?" said Colas. "All depends on the attempt. Are not we two all-powerful?"

"Colas!" cried Pauline, in ecstasy, and threw her arms with delight about his neck—"Colas, if that were possible! Colas, in that veil Pauline will become, without resistance, Madame de Rosier."

This was a high price. Colas' indifference had vanished long ago. How could he have remained cold in the dangerous neighbourhood of so lovely a sister? He loved. His highest aim was to be able to lead Pauline to the altar. Pauline was inclined to give him her heart, but not her hand. The blood of nobility does not disown itself, even in a loving girl at the side of a bourgeois lover.

XII.—THE ALLIANCE WITH AUSTRIA.

Count Staremberg, as ambassador of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, had, as yet, been quite unsuccessful in the object of his mission to the Court of the Tuilleries. His task was to move the French Court to an alliance with Austria against Prussia. The Prince of Caunitz, as ambassador extraordinary of the Court of Vienna at Paris, had already pretty far paved the way. Frederick the Great of Prussia himself had done so still farther, by having entered into an alliance with the English. Notwithstanding all this, Cardinal Bernis, as well as the Marquise de Pompadour, and every man of sense, detested the idea of an alliance with Austria, France's hereditary enemy, against Prussia, the natural ally of the French crown.

Colas, busied with the thought of the veil, entered the apartment of the ambassador just as the latter had returned, half in despair, from a long conference with the Cardinal Minister. An alliance between the Courts of Paris and Vienna was no longer to be thought of. The ambassador, however, let no trace of his vexation become visible; the more especially as the appearance of Monsieur de Rosier gave him again a faint glimmering of hope that the Cardinal might have sent this gentleman to knit up, perhaps, a negociation in some other shape. "France, perhaps, wishes to sell me her alliance dear!" thought the Count, and gave Monsieur de Rosier the most obliging reception possible.

The conversation soon turned on the last ball—on the beauty of the young Countess—on the magnificent veil, the envy of all the sex. The Count listened—Colas lay on the watch. The parties shifted nearer to each other. The Count said that the veil was of incalculable value, and came from the Netherlands; that what the young Countess had said was correct; that there existed in the world only two similar veils, both in the hands of the Empress. Colas now did not conceal that this veil had enchanted a person who was dear to him, and that he was certain of the completion of his happiness, if he could offer her such a veil.

"My best friend," exclaimed the Count, "both of us are then to be commiserated. It is as impossible for you to obtain one of these veils, as for me to persuade your King to the alliance with our Court."

"One must never despair, Monsieur le Comte!" said Colas, and at once understood the price at

which the Brabant lace was for sale. "How much is possible in the world, if one only regards it as not impossible!"

The ambassador started at these words. "Friend," cried he, "do you regard the alliance as possible, after the whole Court have unanimously expressed themselves against it—after the Cardinal and the Marquise de Pompadour have declared to me their fixed resolution to refuse it?"

Colas reflected for a moment, and ran over in his mind all which he had already found possible. The review inspired courage. "Do not despair, however difficult the task may be!" said he to the ambassador.

"Friend," cried the latter, in rapture, and sprang up—"let it cost what it may, if you succeed in effecting the allianoe, I shall succeed in rewarding you with the veil. If I can fulfil the most ardent of my Empress's wishes, she will not allow my petition for a veil to remain unheard."

The two diplomatists had now come to a mutual understanding. They entered more minutely into the affair. Colas was informed of its whole history. He promised to exert his influence with the Cardinal. The Count promised his word with the Empress.

With Cardinal Bernis, Colas was unsuccessful; being sharply repulsed, with a hint that it was his duty, as a French diplomatist, to avoid being led by foreigners. He was more successful in the private closet of his Pauline. The moment she knew the price at which the imperial veil was to be gained, she said—"Now let me exert myself, Colas!"

And she did exert herself conscientiously, the first time she was able to speak with Prince Soubise without witnesses. He, dissolving in his usual way into tenderness, had no more important information to give her, than that he had dreamed of her—that in the dream she had made him a divinity—that in the dream she had been infinitely more amiable than she was in his waking hours—because in the dream she had been less prudish towards him than in the reality.

"Ah, my Prince!" exclaimed Pauline, smiling and perplexed, "I am almost afraid some malicious fairy haunts us. Now, I too have had a dream—and, would you think it, in the dream I saw you! Yes, I too saw you more brilliantly amiable—I saw you at the head of an army, in splendid uniform, surrounded with conquered banners. You returned as a conqueror and a hero. I stood among the millions of spectators who huzzaed around you. I stood trembling, and seemed to forget myself in the presence of the deified hero. But he remarked me graciously. He approached me. I had no longer any command of myself, and"——

The Prince, with all the vehemence of his glowing passion, snatched the fair speaker to his breast. But she repulsed him with gravity. "Not so, Prince!" said she, in a tone which commanded respect. "Do not forget that we are no longer in the dream—that you want the army, the colours, and the conquests. If I were capable of ever feeling a weakness, Prince, I should be capable of it towards none but a hero who should reflect glory on France. Yes, and if you were as a man less amiable than you are, I should consider it my duty—so good a Frenchwoman am I—to adorn the hero of France with the garland of my undivided love, if he deigned to accept it in the splendour of his renown."

"Oh, you are a wicked, cruel girl!" exclaimed Soubise; "you are an arch enthusiast, or the most artful of Penelopes! You exhibit to me happiness in the back-ground of impossibility."

"Of impossibility?" asked Pauline, with an air of wonder. "Have we not a war with England?"

"What though we have?" answered the Prince. "You are well aware I am no seaman, and by land one can never come at the English. Yes, could I throw a bridge from Calais across the Channel, I myself would not reckon on the reward of love, till I had planted my colours on the Tower of London. But do you, lady, build me the bridge!"

"Why should I not, my Lord, if you order me?" rejoined Pauline. "Attack the English in Germany. Does not Hanover belong to the King of England? Why is it spared?"

"Mademoiselle," replied Soubise, with a smile, "you are better versed in the policy of love than in the policy of courts. I presume you are not aware that the King of Prussia has concluded a league with England, by which Hanover is covered."

"Covered! By whom?" inquired Pauline. "By the little King of Prussia? Why does not our court conclude the offered alliance with Austria? Keep the King employed with the Austrians, and he will trouble himself little about Hanover. Why are you yourself, Prince, in contrariety to the wish of all France—yes, and contrary to the demands of your own fame—why are you opposed to the connexion with Austria and the attack on Hanover? Ah, if you knew what Paris thinks of you!"

The Prince held up his finger with a comic air of threatening—"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I hear Count Staremberg from your sweet lips."

In this style the conversation was spun out for a long time. The Prince, against his will, was intoxicated with Pauline's flattering images of future military renown, and he saw no possibility of realizing the beautiful dreams which she conjured up before him, unless the court should unite with Austria in a continental war.

For some days he combated with himself. Of one thing he was certain—that he could not fail to procure, by the favour of Madame de Pompadour, a very high command in the army. Pauline had aroused his ambition. The artful girl had not found it so peculiarly difficult to make him jealous of the laurels of the Duke de Richelieu and Marshal d'Etrees. He had already half taken his resolution, to exert himself

for the alliance with Austria, when Mademoiselle de Pons, in a second conference, determined him completely.

He, with all his adroitness, now applied himself to Madame de Pompadour. But all his adroitness continued ineffectual to persuade the Marquise in favour of Austria. It was in vain for him to set in motion all the springs of female vanity, in order to embitter her against the King of Prussia.

"I have no love whatever for this poetical King," said she, "and know well that I find very little favour in his eyes. But quite as little have I the good fortune of pleasing the Queen of Hungary. Accordingly the one consideration balances the other, and the fame of our King outweighs both."

The Prince endeavoured, in vain, to insinuate more pleasing ideas of the Empress Maria Theresa, and in vain assured her that this Princess was accustomed, in confidential circles, to speak of her with the most lively admiration and regard.

"No," said the Marquise, laughing; "you are too good-natured, my dear Prince, and accept Staremberg's fair words as current coin. Do not trust him. I, for my part, shall not believe what you report to me, until the Empress herself assures me of the truth of it in writing."

Prince Soubise dissembled his ill-humour. He felt that he was still far from being invincible with the Marquise. All his hopes would have vanished, had not the last expressions of Madame de Pompadour suggested a new plan. "All depends on bringing the Marquise's pride into play," said he to Pauline. "The Empress must be persuaded to write the Marquise a friendly letter. The step costs the Empress nothing. On the day when Staremberg shall present this letter, the alliance is as good as concluded. But how are we to convey the suggestion to the Austrian ambassador? No one must conjecture that the proposal comes from me."

"Leave the task to me," said Pauline; "a girl is more easily forgiven for such an idea than a Prince is; and what would I not risk for a Prince like you!—what would I not do for the thought of seeing you at the head of an army, and in the list of the first generals of Europe! Oh, my Prince, on the day when you receive the supreme command!—ah, then, you will not cast one look on me!"

Soubise lay, swearing everlasting fidelity, at the feet of the cunning Pauline, who was inexhaustible in devices to inflame his imagination for the glory of his future victories. The thought of the veil strengthened every faculty of her mind.

Colas was immediately initiated by her into the secret. Colas again conferred with Count Staremberg. Staremberg made couriers fly to Vienna. Pauline was not more impatient in her hopes for the veil, than Soubise in his expectation of the letter of the Empress Maria Theresa to the Marquise.

One evening, when there was a party at the Marquise's, the Prince made his appearance. Madame de Pompadour was in uncommonly good spirits. She took the Prince aside, and said to him, with a sweet smile—"I am afraid, my Prince, we shall have to part."

"And can you tell me so with a joyful smile?" returned the Prince, in alarm.

"Even if I am robbed of the happiness of enjoying your society, Prince," answered she, "I shall be consoled by the joy which you will feel in the fulfilment of one of your noblest wishes. The King will, without doubt, bestow on you very soon, the Marshal's baton, and the chief command of one of his armies."

Soubise's countenance sparkled in silent delight. "But how is this possible?" exclaimed he.

"The King is inclined to accept the alliance with Austria; but the Empress has performed impossibilities. I confess it—she is by far the most intellectual princess of our time. You should but see the amiable lines with which she has honoured me."

"The Empress has written to you?"

"Not a word on that subject, Prince. To-morrow you shall learn more."

Late the same evening, about midnight, a finger tapped softly at Pauline's door, as the young lady had just left the society of the Oron family. It was Colas. He entered, glowing with joy. He unfolded and spread over her the most gorgeous of all veils. She stood before him with the ecstasy of the contentment of her highest wish, like an angel in a cloud of light. She threw back the veil, and sank into the arms of her enraptured lover.

In a few days, the alliance of the French court with Austria was signed. Cardinal Bernis had, in vain, struggled against it with all his eloquence. He could not comprehend how the King, the Marquise de Pompadour, the Court, had so suddenly shifted about. But he was compelled to sign the treaty of alliance, unless he chose to forfeit his whole authority, and, perhaps, his Premiership. He execrated, in his heart, the Duke de Choiseul, whom he regarded as the author of the unlucky and unnatural coalition. He never conjectured that the longing of a pretty girl for a beautiful veil had baffled the whole art of diplomacy, and that one of the subordinate officials of his own ministry had decided the affairs of two powerful courts.

XIII.—LONGINGS FOR SOLITUDE.

"The accursed alliance makes me sick," said the Cardinal, when Rosier soon after entered the Minister's closet, with a memorial he had prepared. "Just lay down the papers. I am not in the mood either to have them read or to read them myself—either to hear or to see them. All exertion in the world is vexation and vanity. I could turn philosopher out of sheer despair."

"I do truly wish that the laboratory of philosophy, which is said to contain medicine for all evils, would furnish, for the good of your Eminence's health, a dose of indifference, or of

laughing contempt for the follies of life," said the royal counsellor.

"I should be capable of laughing, but that I foresee too much ignominy and misfortune for France," answered the Cardinal. "And to me will the world ascribe all the impending miseries, because the political abortion has appeared under my name, and been baptised after me."

"Ah, my Lord! with how many a father in the world do you share this common destiny!" said Colas, in a tone of comic compassion.

"If I had but the honour to know the true father of this diplomatic changeling! Help me to get on his track, Rosier!"

"My Lord Cardinal, if, contrary to expectation, the changeling turns out well, and brings good fortune and renown, I wager more than one father will own it as his offspring. You know that many a city, which at first was ashamed of and disowned her son, has afterwards erected triumphal columns to honour his greatness. And, my Lord, who is the fortunate seer that at this day could prognosticate the fortunes of a child in the cradle? Let us await in silence the issue of events."

The Cardinal smiled, and said—"In truth, young as you are in years, I should not have expected in you so wise and cautious a comforter. You are in the right. In playing the miserable game, we must assume the mien of victory. But do you believe, in good earnest, Monsieur de Rosier, that this coalition with our hereditary enemy and hereditary rival against the ally whom nature herself has given us, can ever be named a wise deed, even though it should in the end prove a lucky one?"

"My Lord, beneath the moon ill luck alone is foolish, while good luck is always called wise."

"Friend," cried the Cardinal, "this is the opinion of the great blind mass of men. But he who does not belong to the mass, does not listen to the judgment of the blind who compose it—people of understanding—will say it was a foolish deed, and it is no merit of the doer if it succeeded. Thus will history one day speak of me and this alliance."

"Oh, my Lord, do not fret over the judgment of the historians. These folks measure every thing by its result. Therefore, they glorify Brutus, Cæsar, and Alexander, and execrate Cromwell, Spartacus, Attila, and Cartouche. Men of understanding will say at most, 'Cardinal Bernis played at hazard, and won.' Those who are yet more subtle will say, 'You judge like shallow fools. The Cardinal was one of the mightiest of intellects, and saw the great events of the world in a connexion totally different from that which they present to you in your closets. What appears to you an act of foolhardiness, was with him a matter of simple calculation, which could not deceive him. What you consider as fortune and accident, was the product of his efforts, guided by his sagacity.'"

"I am content if fortune is but for this once so kind to folly. But, dear Rosier, I am afraid the thistles will bear no grapes."

"Since I had the honour of entering, under your Eminence's orders, on the field of diplomacy, I have learned two great truths, which console me for everything which can happen."

"You should not withhold these truths from me, for really I would fain enjoy a little consolation."

"The one is—We must not in the least imagine that we, from our cabinet, govern the world. It is the world that governs the cabinet. From the throne to the Savoyard who brushes the dust from our shoes, there passes an invisible ligament, which connects all, without our knowledge or our wills. Historical events are but fruits of invisible actions and reactions in the social chain, which put to shame all our wisdom. The second truth is—In politics, as in other matters, Heaven is the guardian of dunces; for I have seen how even the most excellent heads miscalculated, and how the activity of the most active men effected in the end no more than the industry of the squirrel which turns round its wheel in the cage in which a boy confines it. On the other hand, I have seen the most absurd measures of simpletons attended with astonishingly beneficent results, and the inactivity of heavy blockheads producing the most wonderful effects."

"You are in the right, Rosier!" said the Cardinal; "you make me your pupil. Fatalism is the philosophy of despair, and I am quite in the humour to become a philosophical convert to your creed of destiny. Meanwhile, I candidly avow to you I find this perplexed business hard to digest. I long for solitude and repose. I will into the country for some weeks, and divert myself. The King has granted me permission to visit Fontainebleau. I beg you to accompany me thither, Monsieur de Rosier. In the wildly beautiful loneliness of the woods and rocks, we shall be able to philosophize with each other uninterrupted. It does me good to escape for once out of the storms and struggles of the court, and breathe fresher air in the freedom of vernal nature. Accompany me, then, in the end of this week—travel with me to Fontainebleau."

Colas bowed, and felt himself too much flattered, by the Cardinal's kindness and liking, to be able to conceal his pleasure at this distinction.

Pauline did not feel so much pleasure on receiving the intelligence. "Must we part for perhaps six weeks, perhaps two months?" cried she. "It is an eternity. Ah, Colas! what would I give to be able to accompany you, and stroll arm in arm with you through the quiet gardens of Fontainebleau! How happy should we both be there, where we could belong to each other, undisturbed by intruders!"

"Yes," said Colas, "we would create for ourselves there an Arcadia. But does not Count Oron possess a farm and a handsome mansion beside Fontainebleau? Persuade the young Countess to enjoy there the month of May."

"A delightful idea!" cried Pauline, exultingly; and, instantly repairing to the young

Countess, depicted to her the attractions of the pastoral life with the most glowing colours. The two girls soon came to an understanding.

"Ah," said the young Countess to her father, "I long for solitude! The winter has not agreed with me. I must breathe the country air. I have never been at our farm at Fontainebleau. Allow me to live there for only four weeks. The court is in Paris. We could at this very time enjoy the splendour of Fontainebleau quite alone and undisturbed."

The old Count, who had pleasure in fulfilling the wishes of his daughter, made no objection. Prince Soubise, as a friend of the family, naturally learned their intention. He calculated on the spot that Pauline would feel ennui at Fontainebleau; that he could there enjoy her society with more freedom from conventional restraints; that there, in the shade of blooming bowers of roses, the dearest happiness perhaps awaited him. He at once resolved, without betraying to her a word as to his design, to surprise her by his presence in the country.

"I long infinitely for solitude," said he to Madame de Pompadour. "Before I depart for the army, and plunge into the tumult of camps and battles, I would fain cheer myself once more with the beauty of nature, and, in quiet among maps and books, prepare for the campaign. Would the King permit me a few weeks' residence at Fontainebleau? One word from you, Madame la Marquise, and through your kindness I am happy."

The Marquise promised him the King's consent to his desire, and in fact he soon obtained it. While, in the meantime, Madame de Pompadour pondered secretly on the fancy which had struck the Prince, and reflected that her favourite would, in a short time, have to quit France, it pained her to lose his society sooner than was necessary.

"Sire," said she to the King, "I feel an invincible longing for solitude. The glittering sameness of the court fatigues me. Your Majesty is in want of amusement. We had fixed on spending the summer at Marly; but the spring entices one into the country. What if we were to trifle away some weeks of May at Fontainebleau?"

The King was plagued with ennui. "I feel as you do!" said he. "Make your preparations. Marly will not run away from us. Let us to Fontainebleau—the sooner the better."

XIV.—ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The Cardinal had passed scarce three days with Colas at Fontainebleau, in philosophic repose, and immortalized his happiness in some pretty verses, which we at this day read in his works; when, lo! all became alive on the neighbouring estate of Count d'Oron.

"I am glad we have so good neighbours," said the Cardinal to Colas: "the young ladies are amiable. We will pay them rural visits. We shall thus enjoy variety in our monastic solitude."

A day later, Prince Soubise made his appearance, and, with a numerous suite, took possession of a wing of the palace.

"It seems as if we were not to remain so wholly by ourselves," said Colas to the Cardinal.

"No, indeed," returned the other; "I am, however, scarcely displeased to behold a little more stir in this lifeless world. I confess I feel rather dismal in the silent wilderness which the palace presents. Every footstep echoes through its hundred chambers and corridors, as if all the hundred called on us to inhabit them. One who would live in the country must seek his happiness in a narrow hut."

Two days later appeared twenty waggons with the royal wardrobe and kitchen paraphernalia. In coaches and on horseback there drew up in the courts of the spacious palace, a whole host of valets, waiting-women, cooks, equerries, footmen, masters of ceremonies, secretaries, butlers, lords in waiting, clergymen, players, huntsmen, court-tailors, dancers, male and female; washer-women, pyrotechnists, periwig-makers, pastry-cooks, and *mâitres de plaisir*. Gardens and courts, chambers and halls, swarmed with motley shapes of every kind. There was a bawling and bustling, a knocking and hammering, that threw all nervous folks into convulsions. With colours flying, and regimental bands playing, some battalions of the royal guards marched in on foot and on horseback, and made a lodgement in the barracks and guard-houses. For the court as well as for the military, butchers and bakers were with all speed furnished with quarters and set to work.

"Heaven and earth!" shrieked the Cardinal, as Colas came to him. "Do look at the sight! Miserable man that I am, what evil spirit tempted me to choose Fontainebleau for my recreation!"

Next day the cannon thundered. All the bells of the little town rang out. The drums beat. The King arrived amidst the shouts of the people: "Long live our beloved King!" Some hours later, the Marquise de Pompadour drove up, followed by seventeen coaches.

"This rural retirement is enough to drive one mad!" wailed the Cardinal, some days later, when perfectly worn out with visits and audiences, which he had paid and received: "Paris has at least the advantage, that it is a large city; that, in case of necessity, people can slip aside and avoid each other; that, amidst the universal turmoil, one can be alone; that one can, at all events, deny himself, if he is resolved to escape importunate visits. But here, in this confined nest, patched up out of four chateaus and five courts, we are pressed together to suffocation. At every step we run against each other and tread on one another's toes. It is quite unavailing to fib, and say one is not at home. Every soul knows the corner we are hidden in. If I durst, I would this very day hasten back to Paris. But my greatest annoyance is, that, in presence of the King, the Marquise, and the

whole gang of courtiers, I must rejoice at being allowed to breathe in the vicinity of Majesty."

"I commiserate at once your Eminence and myself," returned Colas. "However, we shall, perhaps, soon be again lonely together."

"Nothing of the sort, Monsieur de Rosier. On the contrary, the King finds the place delightful, the Marquise finds it enchanting, the Court find it divine."

"I am glad at any rate to be able to communicate to your Eminence this consolation, that people speak confidently of the removal of the Court to Marly."

"Heavens! dear Rosier, that is no more to be thought of. The King said so late as yesterday evening at the fire-works—'I have not for a long time had so much pleasure in the country. I am almost inclined to pass the whole summer at Fontainebleau.'"

Colas consoled in vain. When in the dusk of the evening he stole to the farm, he learned from Pauline how Prince Soubise had stumbled on the idea of coming to Fontainebleau.

"Hum!" thought Colas: "I see it all now. I drew Pauline, Pauline drew the Countess d'Oron, the Countess d'Oron the Prince, the Prince the Marquise, the Marquise the King, the King the whole Court. A respectable tail I drag after me!" The conceit made him laugh aloud. Yet he modestly doubted the correctness of his notion. "All would depend, however," thought he, "on a counter-experiment. Let us see, if I go to Paris, whether the tail follows me. If it does so, my poor Cardinal too is relieved."

"Why so reflective and taciturn?" asked Pauline of her favourite, while strolling with him through the lofty beechen avenues of the Royal Gardens. "Has any one of the lovely maids of honour made a conquest of Monsieur de Rosier? It is perilous to live beneath one roof with so many beauties."

"Nothing could be farther from the truth, wicked Pauline; since I began to live beneath the same roof with the charming Mademoiselle de Pons, I have been so lost in that peril, that I have now no further danger to dread."

"Well, confess to me, Colas, and let your shrift be an honest one. Why are you seldomer with me at Fontainebleau than in Paris?"

"Because here I am less my own master. We expected we should here be able to belong to each other from morning to evening. But we are now less lonely here than in the Hotel d'Oron. And if we have to live for four weeks more in this bustle, I shall expire of ennui and impatient longing for you. I long for Paris again."

"You speak my very mind, Colas. I came hither for the sake of us two, and not on account of these gardens and the shows of the Court. If you can shake yourself loose from the Cardinal, and go to Paris, I follow you. To-day I catch cold, to-morrow I have a headache, the day after to-morrow I drive to Paris, and—recover my health in your company."

The game to be played was concerted. Colas waited on the Cardinal, who continued peevish, and poured out maledictions on the Court. Colas had no difficulty in giving the matter a sportive turn. "If your Eminence," said he, "will grant me your confidence, I will make trial of my skill in magic, and blow the Court away again from Fontainebleau."

"Blow, blow, till the Court with all its baggage fly into the moon."

"Do you allow me to go to Paris, my Lord? In eight days you are, perhaps, as lonely in Fontainebleau as a hermit. But it is in Paris I must manufacture my magic wind."

The Cardinal laughed. "I understand you, my friend. You wish to make your escape from the mad turmoil which reigns here. Go by all means: for I cannot now bestow on you the solitude I promised: you cannot keep me company, for I have other company more than enough. A pleasant journey to you! I envy you. I would willingly follow you. But I am forbidden by etiquette. Go, certainly. I must remain here. But when you are in Paris, do not forget instantly to climb the tower of Notre-Dame and to blow with all the strength of your lungs, till the last scullion is blown away from Fontainebleau."

Colas sent Pauline a note, and departed. Pauline was seized with headache and sickness. She prayed the young Countess to allow her to return to Paris: she was afraid, she said, that a severe illness was coming on, for she felt in every limb as if broken to pieces. Next day Pauline grew still weaker. She longed for Paris with tears. The young Countess did not choose to part from her. The Count dispatched the two young ladies to Paris, particularly as a physician who had been called in, had really put on, at Pauline's bedside, a mien of inquietude, because he was quite unable to unriddle the nature of the approaching illness. He believed, however, he would in no event be wrong, and would least endanger his scientific reputation, in expressing a conjecture that Mademoiselle de Pons had, by a cold, brought herself into a situation which certainly might produce evil consequences.

Scarcely had Prince Soubise the intelligence of Pauline's illness and departure, when Fontainebleau ceased to be the place for him. He presented himself with the utmost dejection to Madame de Pompadour. "I had hoped once more at Fontainebleau, in your vicinity, to embrace the whole fulness of the joys of heaven—I must away. I have dispatches from Marshal D'Etrées. My presence in Paris is pressingly demanded. The preparations for the campaign must be accelerated. In my absence, all business is at a stop. Allow me, lady, to prefer to my highest happiness the duties I owe to the honour of our King."

Madame de Pompadour was taken by surprise. She endeavoured, softly, to change the Prince's mood. He, however, contrived to represent, in a light so strong and lively, the necessity of his presence in Paris, of his attendance at the mus-

ter of the troops which were marching through, and the importance of his duties in the War-Office; and all the time his grief at parting from Madame de Pompadour was so affecting—yes, and authenticated by hot tears, which he in vain strove to hide—that the Marquise at length said to him, with profound emotion, "Go, my dear Prince, where duty and honour call you. I am the person who lose most when you quit Fontainebleau. Be calm. I will play the miser with the moments during which I can still have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris. It seems as if the air of Fontainebleau did not agree with the King. The weather has continued rather raw. Perhaps the court will return to the Tuilleries earlier than you think, for the purpose of removing from thence for its summer residence at Marly."

The Prince took leave. He was not admitted to the King's presence, because his Majesty did in fact feel indisposed. The Marquise had mistaken only the cause of the indisposition. It was not the climate of Fontainbleau, but an oyster-patty, that had hurt the King.

When Cardinal Bernis saw Prince Soubise set off with his whole retinue, he could not keep from laughing. "It begins well!" muttered he to himself. "I verily believe my wind-manufacturer, Rosier, is really standing on the tower of Notre-Dame and blowing."

But when the rumour spread that the King could not bear the climate of Fontainebleau, and that the Court was to return to Paris; when the waggons were really packed; when the gentlemen in waiting, the equerries, court tailors, dancers, musicians, pyrotechnists, butlers, and the rest, prepared to depart; when the King drove off for Paris, and the Marquise followed; when the whole Court disappeared, and, down to the last scullion, flew off like dust; when the body-guards marched out, with colours flying and music playing, till Fontainebleau lay in the silence of death, like a corpse from which the soul has parted—the Cardinal exclaimed, beside himself with astonishment, "What is this? Accident? Or has the wind-manufacturer, Rosier, a league with the evil spirit?"

XV.—THE BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

The departure of Prince Soubise for the army on the Rhine broke a link in the magic chain by which Colas had, till now, been more powerful than he had himself thought. The incident of Fontainebleau had been the first thing to give him a kind of conviction, which now indeed came too late. He did not, however, in the least regret not having become conscious of his own strength, till he could no longer derive any advantage from the discovery. Naturally light-minded, and early accustomed to be content with little, he saw himself in a situation of such prosperity as he for his own part had never anticipated. His diplomatic post—his credit with Cardinal Bernis—the consequence which, without knowing how, he had acquired in the eyes of the foreign ambassadors—brought him both very considerable salaries and rich presents. The unexpensive simplicity with which he lived, contenting himself with his old, confidential Marcus as his only servant, heaped up in his coffers savings upon savings. He laid out these in purchasing, on a favourable opportunity, a considerable manor in one of the provinces, the rents of which were in themselves sufficient to secure him all the comforts of life.

He wanted nothing more. He would ere now have exchanged his political career for that of a country squire, but that Pauline, somewhat wilfully, declared against the step. She loved him, she obtained for him the fulfilment of all his wishes, except the single wish of becoming her husband, which she refused to grant.

"You must wait yet a little, Colas," said she; "and I think you may do so with all convenience. A girl attaches a peculiar value to being a girl, and not a married woman. There is something flattering in seeing humble servants of all sorts hovering about us, admiring us, adoring us. Vouchsafe to my girlish vanity a few more holidays. As a wife, I should at once forfeit a considerable part of them. Alas! we poor children see only too soon the hateful summer of maiden maturity. Then good night, days of bloom! I would rather die than be called a young lady of twenty-five years of age."

Colas submitted. But a girl outlives nothing more quickly than her year of full bloom. Then was the diplomatic bridal veil produced, and Pauline de Pons was metamorphosed into Madame de Rosier.

It happened that her wedding-day was the very same on which the French lost the battle of Rossbach. The same messenger of evil who handed the intelligence to the Court, had also a billet from Prince Soubise for the young wife.

"Commiserate me," wrote he to her—"commiserate me, amiable Pauline! I have let the little King of Prussia outwit me, deceive me, beat me. Yes, you have cause to commiserate me, since, without fault of mine, I was reduced to the necessity of giving battle. They urged me to it on all sides; and, when matters came to the push, the accursed Imperial army left me in the lurch. I have thus been vanquished by the King of Prussia and by you; by you two alone, and without being able to conquer in my turn. I execrate the Prussians, but love Pauline. You desired to see me at your feet in the character of a hero: if I cannot be the hero, I yet continue your prisoner."

On the instant Pauline wrote back—"Commiserate me, amiable Prince! I have let the little Nicolas de Rosier outwit me, deceive me, and take me prisoner. Yes, you have cause to pity me, since, without fault of mine, I was reduced to the necessity of giving battle. My heart urged me to it against my will. I might, perhaps, have conquered; but, when matters came to the push, my youth left me in the lurch. Only think, I am now twenty-five years old, and those years are more dreadful than an Imperial army. By Rosier and by my years, then, and by

those alone, have I been conquered, without being able to vanquish either of them in my turn I execrate my years with my whole heart, but I love my agreeable husband.

"Seriously, Prince, we must both of us refrain from fretting. It is, at last, of wondrously little consequence to the world whether or not a General or a girl is conquered. How many battles, how many marriages have already happened and been forgotten, and the world goes on quietly in its old way! Your defeat will not, in the slightest degree, injure the renown through which you will continue to exist in history, as I shall in the persons of my children."

After the battle of Rossbach, which was speedily forgotten at Court, Cardinal Bernis fell into grievous ill-humour.

"I foresaw these disasters," said he to Colas, while the ill-fortune of the French arms continued in the following year. "They can jest at them at Court, but my honour is ruined; for France and all Europe must regard me as the author of the pernicious alliance with Austria."

"My lord," replied Colas, "a man of your wisdom and knowledge of the world should treat the verdict of France and of Europe with perfect indifference, since you yourself know how erroneous the decision of mankind, on events and their causes, generally is."

"But I am Minister—I have had to negotiate and subscribe the unhappy league—my name is the stake for which the game is played. The present and future generations will say, with reason, 'Who, then, in all France, has done the act? Who governs, then, if the minister, Cardinal Bernis, does not govern?'"

"No, my Lord, I represent to myself the present and all future generations as people of far too much understanding to be capable of saying anything of the sort. Yes, you are as surely Minister, as His Most Christian Majesty is really King. But you know my views. Every man of sense knows that neither does the King rule, nor do you govern."

"What do you mean? Who rules, who governs, then? You mean Madame de Pompadour?"

"Excuse me—the Marquise is as innocent as you and the King."

"Do you think so?—Well, who governs, then? You strain my curiosity. Speak out!"

"I have no possible means of knowing who governs. Perhaps chambermaids, tinkers, copyists, wives of the royal counsellors of state—perhaps their daughters, or sons, or cook-maids, or footmen, or coachmen, and such trumpery. To-day this one, to-morrow the other. Where no fixed law rules with its iron sway, accident is the ruler. Between the necessity of law, and the sport of accident, there lies no intermediate point. Ministries, and the king himself, are, in the end, no better than executors and instruments of other people's ideas."

"You are capable, I believe, of disgusting me with my ministry. You consider France, I think, not as a monarchy, but as a monarchical anarchy. Express yourself intelligibly."

"I cannot make my meaning clearer. Your Eminence has expressed my thoughts strikingly in two words—monarchical anarchy. This anarchy is found in every country, where the king is the state, and the people exists for the sake of this state. It is found in every country where the will of a single man is the law of the land, and the fickle humour of the prince forms the constitution of the kingdom. In fact, the will and humour of the single individual, whose decision in such a country is omnipotent, alter between morning and evening. Where, on the contrary, the law stands separated from the power of the prince, and even exalted above it, there exist an abiding and firm sovereignty and order, which are nowhere else to be found. This sovereignty and order are firm and abiding, as is the interest of the millions of subjects from whom they proceed; and they are as difficult to alter as the will and views of the individual legislators chosen from among the people are hard to unite."

"Hum!—I observe you have been reading the Abbé Mably, and are, with Montesquieu, a worshipper of the English constitution, or, perhaps, one of our philosophizing malcontents."

"Not in the least. I find myself extremely comfortable in our monarchical anarchy; and am modest enough to believe, that, in a monarchy of law, I should scarcely have had the honour of serving your Eminence with my poor talents. You will yourself, however, acknowledge that with us nothing is more possible than that the determination of the monarch, on the most important questions, may be ruled by a series of reciprocal influences—the king being influenced by a mistress or a minion, these by their favourites, these again by their friends, and so downwards till the chain ends with a shoe-black. It occurs to the monarch, as little as to the shoe-black, to suspect that the one has exercised so mighty an influence on the other."

"Small causes of great effects!" returned the Cardinal. "I admit it. But British Parliaments and legislative senates do not appear to me in every case necessary for avoiding what you call monarchical anarchy. A prince, with firm resolution towards good, and surrounded by intelligent counsellors, is, as I think, better qualified for bestowing on the nation effective laws, and directing aright the progress of business, than an assembly of legislators from the different ranks of the people; for the king and his ministers having the whole system under their eyes, must evidently distinguish more correctly what is necessary, than the best heads of individuals among the people."

"Your Eminence will permit me to doubt. In our country, although a new Henry IV. sat on the throne, the decisive influence on the government would be possessed, and the effective assistance in deciding the concerns of state would be furnished, not by him, but by every paltry tailor, by every one of the meanest under-officials in the land."

The Cardinal and Colas conversed long on this subject; but our readers would scarcely thank

us if we were to weary them with a recital of the discussion.

XVI.—THE EXILE.

An effect of this conversation, which Colas did not anticipate, was, that after it he rose in the minister's esteem—won always more and more on his confidence—became his usual companion—and was employed by him in affairs which were honourable and profitable, without demanding peculiar mental endowments. A genuine shower of gold spread itself on Monsieur Rosier's desk and Pauline's toilette, in the shape of gold jewelled rings, watches, snuff-boxes, ribbons of knighthood, ear-rings, chains, and all the rest of the unpaid-for ware which passes from hand to hand in the commerce of diplomacy.

Colas felt himself deeply indebted to the Cardinal. "I have my good reasons, dear Rosier," said the minister, smiling, "for employing you in things which cost little trouble, are coupled with no risk, and are most liberally remunerated—harvests, in short, without seed—the true business of nobility. I would willingly indemnify you before-hand for any misfortunes which I may one day bring upon you."

"You bring misfortune on me, my Lord?" asked Colas, in surprise.

"And you, with your plain, sound common-sense, are you surprised at the hint? Do you know that it is by yourself, and no other, I have been warned on how slippery ground I stand in our monarchical anarchy? To-day I am minister—do you know what I shall be to-morrow? The truth is, my friend, I myself know as little how to answer the question, as the Grand Vizier or Caimacan, at the Turkish Court, can tell, regarding himself, if the humour of the Sultan will, for twenty-four hours longer, tolerate his interference in business, or his existence in the world. You have the misfortune of pleasing me, because you are an honest man. It is my duty to provide for your interests, like a friend. If I fall, you will fall with me, and the new minion will fill every post with his creatures."

Colas was affected. He strove to reconcile the Cardinal to the future, but was too well acquainted with the Court and the world to believe in his own arguments. Pauline went even farther than he did, and said—"Colas, to-day they cringe in your presence: it is of no consequence though they do. If you once fall because the Cardinal falls, you will be spurned by the whole rabble of courtiers and officials. This is of more consequence. Choose the more prudent part: retire voluntarily; request your dismissal. The Cardinal has forebodings, which rest on more than bare possibilities. He seems inclined to give you the hint. Embrace it. You will thus preserve universal esteem. We shall live independently on our estates, or enjoy the winter at Paris, when we grow tired of the still life of the country: what more do we want?"

She was able to picture so attractively the happiness of independence and obscurity, and prattled so seducingly of the loveliness of a rural life, that Colas did not resist for a moment.

When, in a few months, Monsieur Rosier solicited his dismissal, the Cardinal regretted his resolution, but made no objections to it.

"Where nothing depends on the laws, and everything on the caprice of the master and his minions, universal selfishness becomes natural; and where a man has no native country, he creates one for himself beneath his own roof," said the Minister. "Go, my dear friend; I cannot take your determination amiss. You have a pretty country-seat, a young and beautiful wife, an independent fortune. Why should you desire to be servant when you may be master? Why should you not, in the full, healthy vigour of your life, enjoy uninterrupted the happiness of existence?"

The royal counsellor received the most gracious dismissal, accompanied, on account of his important and faithful services, with a moderate but respectable pension, on which Colas had not so much as reckoned. He did not refuse it. Colas and Pauline flew joyfully to their beautiful estate.

Here, in an agreeable district, surrounded by romantic scenery and friendly neighbours, they swiftly forgot the confusion and perplexities of the capital. Colas, more enamoured of his young wife than he had ever been of the girl Pauline—Pauline, existing only in her husband—both lived in the paradise of wedded and domestic happiness.

In no long time, the newspapers announced that Cardinal Bernis had requested and received from the King his dismissal. Choiseul came in his place. Soon afterwards, as Colas and Pauline one day sat close together in an arbour of their spacious garden, they were not a little surprised when suddenly the form of the Cardinal stood before them. It was the Cardinal himself. His carriages halted before the outer court of the chateau, while he himself, with a view to surprise them, had made the servants point out to him where he should find the lord and lady of the manor.

"Happy people!" cried the Cardinal with a laugh. "I regret interrupting you; but I wished to see you in the fulness of your heaven."

He embraced his friend Rosier, and kissed the blushing cheek of his beautiful wife. The Cardinal was successfully pressed to spend a couple of days with them; but he was not to be induced to tarry longer.

"You are not aware, children," said he, "who it is you harbour. I am banished from France. I must quit the land of my fathers. I go to Rome. I shall console myself in the arms of the Muses as well as I can."

"How? You, my Lord, banished from France?" exclaimed Pauline and Colas in astonishment.

"The fact gives a philosopher like Rosier no reason for astonishment," returned the Cardinal. "I have now experienced in earnest the truth of the answer which you once gave, half in jest, to my question, 'Who governs, then?' when you said, 'Perhaps tinkers, Savoyards, washer-

women, and the like.' Do you know how the Duke de Choiseul raised himself into the King's good graces? A pretty girl, a kinswoman of Choiseul's, and one of the Queen's maids of honour, had the happiness to please his Majesty. The young lady dreamed of playing Madame de Pompadour's part, was not coy, and the intrigue took its natural secret course. The Duke knew everything. He feigned himself blind; the King was grateful to him for his discretion. The moment the Duke perceived that the King's transient inclination was on the wane, the Duke was the first to beat an alarm, and instantly removed his kinswoman from the Court and from Paris. The King was again grateful to him. But the Duke, like an adroit courtier, had wished also to reap the gratitude of Madame de Pompadour. He had, in the most profound confidence, and from real devotion to her person, betrayed to her the Royal amour; and his removal of the girl followed at once on the Marquise's demanding it. He guided his intrigues with a masterly hand, and became immediately ambassador at the Court of Vienna. But for so devoted an adherent, the Marquise had more occasion in the neighbourhood than at a distance. Accordingly, as soon as I sent in my resignation, from being no longer able to bear all the shame of the unlucky league with Austria, and the war with Prussia, Choiseul became my successor. To be blind at the proper time, and to recover one's sight at the proper time—these two accomplishments have made the Duke de Choiseul Premier of France."

"But," said Pauline, "what draws down exile on you?"

"A trifle," replied the Cardinal—"I had the misfortune to fall into disfavour with a market-woman."

"Your Eminence is jesting!" said Colas and Pauline.

"Not in the least. I have traced to its fountain the stream whose inundation carried me away from the throne; and at that fountain sat, as the author of my fate, a market-girl, of worse than doubtful virtue. One of my grooms, who was to marry this girl, was discharged by me, because the rascal got drunk every day, and had been convicted by the coachman of having sold the horses' oats. The girl, far advanced in pregnancy, fell at my feet, and implored forgiveness for her red-nosed bridegroom. I repulsed the wench. She ran with complaints of my cruelty to her particular protector, a young Lieutenant in the Guards. The guardsman ran to the wife of the Controlleur-general. The lady prevailed on her husband to talk over the matter with me. I refused his request, and he, irritated at the refusal, complained of it to his mistress, one of Madame de Pompadour's waiting-maids. The girl said of me, heaven knows what, to the Marquise, and the Marquise heaven knows what to the King. In one word, I received a letter from His Most Gracious Majesty, intimating to me, that I was empowered to exchange my residence in France, for any other, according to my pleasure, but as speedily as possible, because I had (it was said) significantly evinced that his Majesty's measures had not the good fortune to meet with my approbation. So I am on the direct road to Rome."

In two days the Cardinal departed. Colas and Pauline commended the happiness of their own obscurity. They maintained a correspondence with their banished friend, who was not restored to the full favour of the King till after the death of the Marquise, in the sixth year of his exile. He took good care not again to accept a post at court. "For," thought he, "WHO GOVERNS?"

WRONGS OF THE CAFFRE NATION.*

THERE is one hopeful sign of the age: no great wrong or injustice can longer be perpetrated, whether upon individuals or communities, without rousing some generous spirit to proclaim and denounce it, and to vindicate the claims of outraged humanity, unheeding country or colour, the hope of favour or the frown of power. The Caffre nation has found a voice in England, which will make its wrongs be heard. The atrocities which attended the late war between the Caffres and the colonists, and the cold-blooded murder of Hintsa the Caffre King, has filled up the measure of aggression and cruelty, which, with slight exception, has been the rule of the Dutch and British colonists in their treatment of the aborigines, whether Hottentots or Caffres, since the Cape Colony was first established.

The philanthropic author of "The Wrongs of the Caffre Nation," takes a brief retrospect of the early history of the colony. There is no darker page in the history of civilised nations than their first dealings with those whom, terming barbarians, they treat like brutes; and the Cape colony forms no exception to the rule, never once broken save by Penn and the early settlers of Pennsylvania in their dealings with the Red Indians, and, for a time, by the Jesuits in Paraguay. When oppression could go no farther in dispiriting and crushing the Hottentot tribes, and feeble reaction commenced, the same spirit was directed against the nobler Caffre race, whose fertile territory, and numerous herds of cattle, presented stronger temptations to Christian cupidity. Frequent incursions of the colonists, attended by plunder and bloodshed, naturally produced reprisals; and this system went on until the lawful proprietors of the soil were formally declared "irreclaimable barbarians and perpetual enemies," and their expulsion by force of arms was resolved on. This was, in part, effected in 1812, when the Caffres were driven beyond the Fish River. It was, however, much

* Wrongs of the Caffre Nation. By Justus. London: 1 vol. 12mo.

Campaign in Caffre Land. By Captain Alexander, of the 42d Regiment. London: 2 vols. 8vo, with Plates.

easier to drive them back than to occupy their lands in peace and security. The senseless and unjustifiable policy of Lord Charles Somerset completed what had, in the same spirit, been begun before he became Governor of the colony. Formidable irruptions of the Caffre tribes, under their different chiefs, seriously threatened the security, if not the very existence, of the new colonies, planted since the peace, in the country from which the Caffres had been expelled; and, from these outbreaks, a series of fresh plunderings and expulsions arose, attended by abundant shedding of barbarian blood, and the wanton and impolitic, if not treacherous, murder of different chiefs. Many just causes of offence had, about the close of 1834, exasperated the Caffres into a general war. The author of the narrative of their wrongs states that—

In the winter of 1833, and the whole of the year 1834, the commandos* were carried into Caffreland with increasing severity; the year 1834 may be described as one of unremitting plunder; the patroles were constantly making seizures of the cattle belonging to the Caffres, and every month, almost every week, they were provoking and injuring that miserable people. The Boors and farmers who had advanced into the neutral territory, and others in the eastern parts of the colony, now found that nothing was so easy as to augment their own herds without the trouble of purchase; they had but to complain to the military stations, and immediately, without examination, the patroles were set in motion, and brought back to the complaining farmers anything they wanted; if they could not find the cattle, which in many instances had never been stolen, they brought other beasts instead, and frequently at the rate of two or three Caffre oxen for one of the colonists, on the plea that the colonial cattle were of much greater value than those belonging to the Caffres. Indeed, it seems to me, that it was the express object of some persons in the colony, about this time, to provoke the Caffres to a war; anticipating that the result of such a movement would end in a still further siezure of the territory of the Amakosa.

The previous wrongs, suffered by the Caffre chief, Macomo, at his expulsion, must still have been rankling in his mind when the war broke out.

W. Gisborne, Esq., a gentleman who was travelling in the colony at the time, thus narrates the story:—"Macomo's country was taken by actual violence against his will. I do not know the extent of it, but it must be many miles each way. I accompanied one of the military parties as a friend of the officers, when they were sent into it. I think the military was divided into three or four parties, who were in it for two days, going about the country and destroying the villages; and the country was so extensive that our party had no communication with any other. The other parties were sufficiently *far* from us not to be aware they were in the country, *except by seeing the smoke of the villages burning*; and it was only on the evening of the second day we joined them again, so that the country must have been many miles each way in extent. It was very good pasture-land at the time it was taken. It was said to be the best land in that part of the country. It was spoken of at the time as being a *very great acquisition, and the best situation for the colonists*. The party of military I accompanied went into the country; they met with no opposition; they found a number of people, who immediately fled into the woods. They captured all the cattle they saw feeding, and burnt every village and every house which came within their range. We had no communication with any Caffres at the time, except with one man, who had got on the other side of a rocky ravine while a village was burning. He called out to us in the Caffre language, which was explained to us by an interpreter, and asked us why we were burning his house; and it seemed difficult to make a reply;—*there was a general silence throughout the party.*" . . . . .

In the midst of this scene of violence Macomo did, however, find a friend. Mr Ross, the missionary, who was then resident in the chief's country, wrote an indignant letter to Colonel Somerset, setting forth the wickedness of thus driving out the chief and his people from their lands and habitations. It was a letter such as is rarely addressed to persons in authority in that realm of despotism, and it led to an angry interview with Sir Lowrie Cole, who, in mingled wrath and fear, accused Mr Ross of intending to excite a commotion by publishing the letter he had written. In spite of the anger of the Governor, Mr Ross, nothing daunted with the frowns and threats of authority, wrote a second letter on the same subject, and in a style equally unpalatable to those who are accustomed to see their arbitrary commands implicitly obeyed. There is little doubt that this unexpected resistance compelled the ejectors to pause in their proceedings, not indeed so as to make them undo their act of spoliation, but to change the destination of the territory they had thus unlawfully seized.

Justus quotes from "The Abstract of Evidence, given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons," the opinions of different witnesses about the character and treatment of Macomo.

"Macomo was a favourite of mine," says Colonel Cox to the Committee of the House of Commons. "I confess I thought a good deal could be done with him; and I thought, in some instances, he had been *rather harshly treated*. I had a more favourable opinion of Macomo than of any other chief. I commanded at Fort Beaufort for seven years; I had frequent interviews with Macomo; I thought a great deal might be done with him; I do not attribute any duplicity to him. He has more intelligence than the other Caffre chiefs, and more might be done with him than the others. He has reason to complain; he has been removed two or three times from his territory. I should *most certainly* have felt justified in reposing confidence in any engagement into which Macomo might have entered, as far as his personal influence went.

"I believe," says Mr James Read, "I believe that Macomo had a sincere desire to *sit down*, as he called it, and to promote the civilization and improvement of his people. I do not derive this confidence in Macomo from my own personal observation alone; but every missionary that I have met with, that had any knowledge of Macomo, spoke in the highest terms of him. The Rev. Mr Ross resided with him three years at Balfour, and he said he found him always correct in all his proceedings; and I have not met with a military officer that has come in contact with Macomo yet, who has not given him a good character." . . . . .

Dr Philip says, "My own opinion of Macomo is, that he has been faithful to the colony, and that the colonial government will not be able to find among all the Caffres a chief more deserving of its confidence, or one whose influence may be increased with more safety and advantage to the colony."

A host of corroborating testimony is brought forward for this unfortunate chief, who, as "the buttress of the Caffre nation," has been the especial object of persecution. We have but faintly indicated the subterfuge, trickery, and actual fraud with which Macomo was treated.

Justus gives a very interesting account of the Caffre tribes—their manners, customs, and form of government, which is feudal, and substantially the same as that which existed, until a recent period, in the Highlands of Scotland:—

The Caffres are a pastoral people; their flocks and herds constitute their chief riches; they *love* their cattle

* Our readers will afterwards learn, from Lord Glenelg's dispatch, the nature of those commandos; which were, in fact, armed parties, licensed to plunder.

with all the simplicity of a purely nomade affection. They study the habits and properties of their beasts with great care, single out their favourites, and boast of their promising qualities. The young herdsmen amuse themselves with twisting the nascent horns of the cattle into fantastic shapes, which give them a strange appearance when they grow old. They ride races also on the fleetest of their herd, and the victor beast is extolled to the skies with a thousand eulogies. Of late years, horses have been introduced amongst them, and some English gentlemen have kindly endeavoured to improve their breed by presents of valuable brood mares and stallions. Horses have become, as was likely amongst such people, surpassing favourites; and it is probable that the bullock race will be forgotten in the superior attraction of the horse race. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, but do not as yet pay sufficient attention to the cultivation of the ground; for, though they grow Indian corn, millet, and other cereals, it is only for immediate use—the pastoral cares entirely preponderate.

The Caffres are, in personal appearance, a remarkably fine race of men; their noble figures and power of limb, their lofty stature and graceful deportment, have drawn the attention and excited the admiration of many travellers; probably no people could anywhere be found, surpassing them in manly strength and comely proportions. Their colour is a dark brown, mixed with a warmer tint of yellow; their hair is black and woolly, but their faces approach to the European model, and far surpass, in our ideas of beauty, the Hottentot's or the Negro's. They have no clothing but a cloak of skin, and this chiefly for ornament, as, in other respects, the men are quite naked.

In dispositions, they are cheerful, frank, and good-natured, very intelligent, great talkers, and, like the Athenians, in one respect, at least, always ready "either to tell or to hear something new." They are much alive to the national honour, and deeply feel an injury to the tribe, or an insult to their chiefs, and yet they are withal eminently placable when compared with the vindictive barbarians of other nations. This appears to me the fairest part of their character; for surely it is no small merit to overlook offences such as civilized nations never forgive, and to pass over grievous provocations as soon as a wish for conciliation is manifested.

Their religion consists of a few superstitions, which our author thinks shew an original affinity with Egypt. We think they shew a remarkable affinity to those of Madagascar. They practise circumcision, abhor swine's flesh and fish, and venerate great serpents; but, as happily they have no trading priesthood, their superstitions sit lightly upon them. They believe in witchcraft; and wizards and sorcerers mischievously supply the place of priests. They have regular tribunals, and, without lawyers or books, a fair administration of substantial justice.

About the end of 1834, the Caffres, restrained by Macomo, who had been elected regent of some of the tribes, were waiting with impatience the arrival of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the new Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, from whom they were led to expect justice—or at least such justice as the strong give to the weak—when a slight accident precipitated the war.

Early in December, a patrol under the command of an Ensign Sparkes, a youth about eighteen years old, entered Caffreland, to take, as usual, some cattle from the Caffres; the colony had lost four horses, but they went to seize forty oxen; the seizure was resisted; the young gentleman became angry; there was either a scuffle or a fight, the soldiers fired, and a Caffre threw an assegai, which wounded the ensign in the arm. This was considered an enormous crime by the military; the officers were in a fury at the wound of the ensign, and it was forthwith decreed that the precious blood shed on that memorable occasion, should be valued at the rate of three hundred head of oxen, a triple hecatomb to atone for the wound of this favoured stripling. This fine was levied on the chief Eno. Very shortly afterwards, another expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Sutton, went into Caffreland to make another seizure; and for that purpose was directed to Tyali's kraal, though it was not even pretended that his people had stolen from the colony. It so happened that Tyali was not at home; but his younger brother Xo-xo, who was there, went up to the patrol, followed by some attendants, and said to the officer, "Why are you taking my brother Tyali's oxen away? there is no war between us; have you traced the track of oxen or cattle into our country?" No answer was made to this very simple and inoffensive question, but the musket was raised, and the young prince was shot in the head. The patrol rode off, driving away the cattle.

. . . . . "Every Caffre who saw Xo-xo's wound went back to his hut, took his assegai and shield, and set out to fight, and said, '*It is better that we die than be treated thus: life is of no use to us, if they shoot our chiefs.*'"

Tzatzoe being a Caffre chief of the royal lineage, and related to Xo-xo, must know perfectly what was the immediate cause of the war. He says distinctly that it was caused by the shooting the young prince; and he further adds that Xo-xo between his fainting fits said to the Caffres who crowded to see him, "FIGHT AWAY!" Thus, then, began the Caffre war.

The colonists were quite unprepared for the irruption, when the Caffres, represented as ten thousand strong, but without anything like plan or combination, entered the neutral territory, so recently their own soil. They bravely attacked the forts, ravaged the farms of the settlers, who, in great alarm and distress, flocked into Graham's Town, the city lately planted on the frontier. The loss of property was considerable, nor was life spared, though Caffre hostility is not marked by the savage cruelty which generally attends barbaric warfare. They are humane and even chivalrous in their treatment of women in war. Immediately on the war breaking out, Macomo addressed a vindicatory letter to the Governor, of which the following is an extract:—

"No one has told you how the colonists have been accustomed to deal with the Caffre people. It is true, Colonel Somerset communicates with you about the transactions on the frontier, but he tells you only one side of the story. Colonel Somerset for a long time has killed the Caffres, he has disturbed the peace of the land, and torn it in pieces; and matters are now come to such a crisis, that you alone are able to rectify them. Colonel Somerset has ruined me. This he did in 1829, when I aided Bowana in punishing some Tambookies who had stolen from the colony† * * without any good reason killed one of Eno's sons in his own house. In 1830, * * came into Caffreland in search of colonial cattle and horses. At that time * * requested Feku, one of the sons of Hahabi, to come and speak to him in a friendly manner, unarmed. The chief went to speak to him, when * * killed him without a cause. Lately * * wounded one of the sons of Gaika. You, sir, must give an authoritative word, in order to settle our affairs. You alone can step in as a peace-maker, and bring matters to a happy termination. I wish that you would not forget that the country of Gaika was taken from him, though he did not fight against the colony. An English officer was wounded by the Caffres near Fort Wiltshire; satisfaction for this was demanded, and 400 head of cattle were immediately given to him. But when innocent Caffre chiefs are killed and wounded, no satisfaction is given to us.

"MACOMO."

Macomo was advised to write to Colonel Somerset, but

† *Justus*, from delicacy we presume, leaves out the names. The individuals bearing them scarcely merit his forbearance.

he positively refused to have any intercourse oral or epistolary with such an enemy.

Gaika was the father of Macomo, and King of the Amakosæ.

We shall see afterwards what effect this letter had. About this time Mr Kayser, a missionary then in Caffreland, hearing that Fort Willshire had been attacked, sought an interview with Macomo, of which he gives the following account :—

"On the road to his residence, I met a Caffre who informed me that an order was issued the preceding day for all the young and able-bodied Caffres to proceed to the colony that night, to plunder the farmers of their cattle. On arriving at Macomo's residence, I was informed that he was not at home, but in the bush. I was called by the council, which being told that I wished to see Macomo, they said, 'It is in vain for you to see or to speak to him—we are the persons who have begun the war, *and we can bear no longer to see our chiefs shot.* In times past, several of our chiefs have been shot and we remained quiet, but now we are determined to fight.' At last I procured a guide, who brought me to the opposite side of the Keiskamma, on a height near the fort, where I met Macomo in the bush, with a great body of his warriors, sitting on the ground. At the sight of Macomo my heart was ready to burst, and I could not speak for tears. As soon as I had recovered, I asked Macomo what he did there? He said :—'I am a bush-buck, for we chiefs are shot like them, and are no more esteemed as chiefs.'"

Mr Kayser remonstrated, and appealed to the feelings of the chief, who candidly replied, that it was quite true that "great bloodshed would follow; but the fire is burning, and I cannot quench it . . . Go to Colonel Somerset, and tell him you found me here, in the bush, *because my brother has been shot in the head.*"

Hintza, the late head chief or King of Caffreland, was no party to the war; and, although the contrary is alleged, no proof has been adduced against him. Messengers sent to him from the inferior chiefs, before the war broke out, returned with this answer—"*Hintza sends his word to you; and Hintza says, you must not fight, for he does not fight.*" Yet was Hintza involved in the direst penalties of the war. The detail of this war, as given in the official documents, must fill every humane mind with disgust, and excite scorn in really brave men who are at all capable of reflection. Colonel Smith, who enjoys a bad eminence throughout the whole of the late campaigns against the Caffres, writes, in this wise, to the Governor :—

"The savage enemy has already, since the 8th January, when I acted on the offensive, sustained a loss of four hundred warriors killed; and the number of the wounded must be considerable, as the Burghers fire with remarkable precision, and use the large shot, which they call lopers. I have, besides invading his own territory, driven Eno from his kraal, (he himself only escaped by stratagem.) *killing two of his brothers*, one of *his sons*, and thirty of his warriors, of whom many had fire-arms. Tyali's kraals have also been destroyed."

In another dispatch he suggests the expediency of including within a boundary line, already far too extended for so weak a colony, laying the question of justice out of view, "a large portion of the country now occupied by the treacherous and murderous savages." Unequal in every respect as were the opposing forces, it took many months to subdue the Caffres.

The rest of the war, as described in the Governor's dispatches to the Colonial office, "consisted in chasing from one mountain to another the retiring Caffres; in surrounding and shooting them in their kraals, and taking away large droves of their cattle, and vast flocks of their sheep and goats." His Excellency the Governor, after receiving the reports of Colonel Smith, reports to the Colonial office, in a tone of imagined dignity and moderation, that, "The tribes of Gaika and 'Slambi had lost 4,000 of their warriors, and among them many Captains." He adds, "Our loss has not on the whole amounted to 100; and of these only two officers." He continues, in a tone of modest exultation—"There have been taken from them also, besides the conquest and alienation of their country, about 60,000 head of cattle, and almost all their goats; their habitations have been everywhere destroyed, and their gardens and corn fields laid waste. They have, therefore, been chastised, not *extremely*, but *sufficiently*." Yes, truly! this might well pass as sufficient punishment for a first offence; and no doubt Sir Benjamin D'Urban and his official and military friends anticipated the warmest thanks of the Home Government for their noble achievements. They were, however, disappointed, and probably indignant, at the very extraordinary dispatch transmitted to the Governor by Lord Glenelg. Sir Benjamin appears to have believed that he was addressing Lord Aberdeen, during Sir Robert Peel's ephemeral administration; and he, accordingly, looked for entire sympathy. But Fate, or the Radicals, so ruled, that Lord Glenelg was the respondent. "Lord Glenelg," says *Justus*, the narrator of Caffre wrongs—

Lord Glenelg is the first minister of the British nation who has dared to check the misrule of South Africa; and he has done it so effectually in his golden dispatch to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, that it will not be easy for the violent party to reconstruct the old system. It now stands on record, that the home government has thoroughly examined and entirely condemned the aggressive policy; and the labours of the committee of the House of Commons have produced a mass of evidence, which not only abundantly justifies all the positions of Lord Glenelg's dispatch, but overwhelms the old system with a weight of condemnation, from which it will never entirely recover.

We would recommend to our readers the perusal of this "golden dispatch." Such documents rarely emanate from official bureaus. We can give but a few excerpts. His Lordship adverts to the nature of the commandos, and states—

It is evidently impossible to weave into any one connected history the long catalogue of these border forays; nor would such a narration, if it could be compiled, answer any useful purpose. But throughout the whole of these incidents, the mode of proceeding against the Caffres for the restitution of stolen cattle was one which it is impossible to condemn too strongly as unjust, or to lament too deeply as productive of calamitous results.

He describes the injustice perpetrated by the armed parties, who robbed, in turn, upon the most frivolous pretexts, and proceeds :—

The injustice of such proceedings, of course, requires no proof. Their disastrous results are scarcely less evident. The Caffres were unavoidably converted by them

into a nation of depredators. The inhabitants of the pillaged kraal had before them the alternative of perishing for want, or of imitating the conduct of their aggressors, by retaliating upon the nearest proprietor of cattle whom they could surprise or overpower.

. . . . . .

This system of reprisals appears to have been the established usage of the colonists, under the direct sanction, and with the constant co-operation, of the officers of government on the frontier. It was pursued from year to year, even down to the very close of the year 1834. I have before me the evidence of eye-witnesses, whose statements in this respect derive strong incidental confirmation from the official reports which you have transmitted, and who assert that, at the eve of the invasion, they saw the kraals burning, and the Caffre chiefs lamenting, with bitterness of heart, the injuries which they had sustained by the punishment of their defenceless and unoffending people for the imputed robberies of their fellow-countrymen. . . . . .

With such facts before me, I cannot refuse to the Caffres the benefit of this second apology for their irruption into the colony. They may indeed have been, nor can I doubt that they were, accustomed to harass the inhabitants with their depredations. But, driven as they had been from their ancient and lawful possessions, confined within a comparatively narrow space, where pasturage for their cattle could not be readily found, and urged to revenge and desperation by the systematic injustice of which they had been the victims, I am compelled to embrace, however reluctantly, the conclusion, that they had a perfect right to hazard the experiment, however hopeless, of extorting by force that redress which they could not expect otherwise to obtain.

You, indeed, would deny the last of these statements. In your dispatch of the 21st of January, you denounce the irruption of the Caffres as inexcusable, for a reason which you assign in the following terms:—"I was in special negociation with them for a new, and, to them, a very advantageous order of relations, into the details of which Dr Philip, chief of the London mission, had personally, as well as by his missionaries living among them, entered fully with them, as lately as October 1834, with which they had expressed their satisfaction."

It is no impeachment of your habitual accuracy to say, that you have inadvertently fallen into a misconception of the facts of this part of the transactions under review. I have before me evidence the most conclusive, to shew that Dr Philip did not, either in his own person, or through the agency of any other of the missionaries of his society, make those communications to the Caffre chiefs, with which you state him to be charged by you.

In another part of the dispatch, his Lordship states—

In the midst of all the calamities incident to their situation in our immediate neighbourhood, the Caffres, under the guidance of their Christian ministers, have built places of public worship; have formed various congregations of proselytes, or of learners; have erected school-houses, and sent their children thither for instruction. In the meanwhile, no inconsiderable advance has been made in agriculture and in commerce. A trade, variously estimated, but not amounting to less than £30,000 per annum in the purchase of European commodities, had been established on the frontier; and as many as two hundred British traders were living far beyond the boundaries of the colony, protected only by the integrity and humanity of the uncivilized natives.

To such a people, the character of "irreclaimable savages" cannot with justice be assigned. Nor, indeed, even if well-founded, would this reproach come with a good grace from us, unless it can be asserted that we have, as a Government, fairly brought to the test of experiment whether they can or cannot be reclaimed.

The Colonial Government had, by some means, obtained a flattering address from certain Wesleyan missionaries, on their prowess, and the glorious termination of the exterminating war, against the "irreclaimable savages," in which 4000 of them had been killed; and of this address, the Governor boasted, tacitly setting it against the opinions of the other missionaries. The circumstance is thus adverted to by Lord Glenelg:—

In your dispatch of the 21st of January, you observe, that "all the missionaries on the border, men of peace and religion, concur in one opinion of the wanton atrocity of the invasion, and of the impossibility of any other remedy than that of the sword." This statement, however, was evidently made under a misapprehension of the real facts of the case. I have before me the conclusive proof that the missionaries of the London and Glasgow Societies, instead of regarding the invasion as a wanton and unprovoked act, considered it as a natural reaction on the part of the Caffres against a series of extreme and intolerable oppressions. So far are they from thinking the sword the only remedy, that, on the contrary, they insist, even with importunity, on the certain efficacy of other methods, of which kindness, conciliation, and justice should form the basis.

Lord Glenelg expresses a hope that the Methodist body will disavow all participation in the opinions avowed by Mr Shrewsbury and another of the missionaries.

One would like to have been standing by while his Excellency, Sir Benjamin, read the following passage:—

Your measures for repelling the invaders were conducted on a most extensive scale. You collected on the frontier an army of no less than 5,000 men; leaving one division for the protection of the frontier, you advanced with the larger portion of your troops into Caffreland, on an expedition, of which the success never appears to have been checked, even for a moment. The only opposition which you encountered was from disorganized bodies of men, skulking in their natural fastnesses; and, after a campaign of nearly three months' continuance, your loss in killed and wounded amounted only to eighteen men. . . . . .

When I contrast with these results the fatal consequences of the war to the Caffres, it is impossible not to be deeply impressed with the inequality of the contest, and the utter helplessness of their undisciplined hordes in an encounter with regular troops. The various General Orders published by your officers and by yourself, abound with accounts of the most formidable losses, both of life and property. I find no reference to the capture of any prisoners, but on various occasions hundreds of Caffres are noticed as having fallen. Amongst many passages illustrative of the manner in which the war was conducted by the British troops, I select for illustration the following, from a letter addressed by Colonel Smith to yourself on the 11th of June:—"The enemy, although his traces were numerous, fled so rapidly, that few were killed, and only three shots fired at the troops. The whole of the country has been most thoroughly traversed; upwards of 1,200 huts, new and old, have been burnt; immense stores of corn in every direction destroyed; 215 head of cattle of all sorts captured; several horses, and nearly 1,000 goats, have fallen into our hands. . . . . It is most gratifying to know that the savages being the unprovoked aggressors, have brought down all the misery with which they are now visited upon the heads of themselves and their families; and that the great day of retribution and the punishment of the unprovoked atrocities committed by these murderous savages on our colonists, had arrived."

Reading these statements at this distance from the scene of action, I must own that I am affected by them in a manner the most remote from that which the writer contemplated. In the civilized warfare of Europe, this desolation of an enemy's country, not in aid of any military operations, nor for the security of the invading force, but simply and confessedly as an act of vengeance, has rarely occurred, and the occurrence of it has been invariably followed by universal reprobation. I doubt, indeed,

whether the history of modern Europe affords an example even of a single case, in which, without some better pretext than that of mere retribution, any invaded people were ever subjected to the calamities which Colonel Smith here describes.

The murder of Hintza, the King of Amakosæ, is the most striking incident in this ignoble war. It may yet employ the pen of poets and dramatists. Sir B. D'Urban, for some reason still unexplained, suspected Hintza of playing a double game; and that, while affecting neutrality, he was secretly instigating the other chiefs. Of this, as we stated before, there is no proof. Stolen cattle were, indeed, driven through his wide territory—the marauders taking advantage of the fastnesses and intricate paths of his wild country; but this it was impossible for him wholly to prevent, even had it been Hintza's desire to act as a police to the Colonists. His real crime seems to have been declining an alliance offensive with the Colonists, whose functionaries would have had him declare war against the chiefs west of Kei. After the murder of Hintza had been committed, the Governor reiterated his accusations—as he had ascertained, *beyond all doubt*, his being the instigator of the combination among the chiefs of the savage tribes of Western Caffreland against the colony. Justification was needed when the cruel deed was done; but specific proof is completely wanting. The historian of Caffre wrongs says, emphatically—"This accusation is, in every sense of the word, untrue, and evidently untrue by its own internal evidence."

The Governor sent his commands to Hintza, requiring him to meet him in five days; and, as Hintza fancied it imprudent at once to accept this peremptory invitation, the Governor proclaimed war against him; and Colonel Smith commenced hostilities "by penetrating into the mountains near the residence of Hintza, 'whom he very nearly surprised,' and concluded that 'brilliant affair' by driving off '20,000 head of beautiful cattle,' part of them the personal property of the king."

In a few days, the Caffre King came to the English camp, attended by his ordinary retinue of fifty followers, and obtained a not over-gracious reception. He was told of all his supposed or imputed crimes against the colony, after which it was announced to him,

That his Excellency had been pleased to "take under his especial protection" the Fingoes; in other words, had taken away from the King sixteen thousand of his subjects, who had fled to his territory from the persecution of a neighbouring African monarch, and were living quietly amongst the Caffres. This "especial" humbug of philanthropy will be presently examined. His Excellency further commanded Hintza to "restore" 50,000 head of cattle, and 1000 horses "to be approved by commissioners"—half of the "restoration" to be paid immediately, and half a year afterwards; and also to pay a fine of "600 good cattle" for the murder of two English traders within the territory of Hintza. "As acknowledged chief of Caffreland," Hintza was also to lay his "*imperative commands, and cause them to be obeyed*," upon the belligerent chiefs and their dependents instantly to cease hostilities. To all this Hintza is said to have cheerfully acquiesced, and so a conditional peace was concluded between the high contracting powers.

Colonel Smith had already taken 20,000 head of "beautiful cattle" from him. The King and his son, the heir-apparent, were kept as hostages in the camp, to secure payment, and afterwards declared prisoners, for no reason that can be sustained. The first instalment was not paid before he had been declared a prisoner; and when he was forced, as Sir Benjamin states, to send out orders to the inferior chiefs to cease hostilities, he spoiled the effect of the whole message, by daring to add, in warning—"Take care of yourselves; for I am a prisoner." He was afterwards permitted to go among his subjects to collect the cattle levied from him; but only under the care of Colonel Smith and a strong escort. Hintza probably contemplated being able to escape when once out of the camp; and, for this, who shall condemn him? The narrative now becomes exceedingly interesting.

Where the captive king and his jailor halted on the 10th, does not appear; but on the 11th, by his desire, they marched towards the mouth of the River Bashee, and came on the track of numerous cattle; "it was evident," says Colonel Smith, "that the cattle from all the kraals in the neighbourhood had been driven in the direction Hintza pointed out; I therefore readily acquiesced in his desire to march this way." At twelve o'clock of the night of the 11th, they continued their march, and marched till eight o'clock next morning; Colonel Smith testifies that "the track of the cattle was recent and numerous," as was observed on the morning of the 12th; this, therefore, was evidence of Hintza's sincerity. At breakfast, the king appeared particularly uneasy, and said, according to Colonel Smith's account, "What have the cattle done, that you want them? or why must I see my subjects deprived of them?"

At ten o'clock, on the 12th of May, they marched onward still, and Hintza, shortly after setting out, made this remark, "See how my subjects treat me; they drive their cattle from me in spite of me." He then requested permission to send his counsellor Mutini with a message to his subjects, forbidding them to drive away their cattle. This request was granted. When they came to the Kebaka, they found the track of the cattle divided, one track going up "a stupendous mountain," and the other up "a very high, abrupt, steep, woody hill." Hintza advised Colonel Smith to follow the track up the hill, and here he determined to attempt an escape. The Caffre king was well mounted, the path through which the party was advancing was a narrow cattle path, occasionally passing through the cleft of the rock. When they had nearly reached the top of this steep ascent, Hintza rode off at full gallop, the guards crying out "Look, Colonel!" Hintza's flight was down a gradual descent of land to the River Kebaka. Colonel Smith spurred on his horse at full speed to overtake the fugitive monarch, and coming near him, snapped two pistols at him, but neither pistol went off. Coming still nearer, he struck Hintza on the head with the butt-end of his pistol; but still the race continued, Hintza keeping a little a-head of his pursuer. After about a mile and a-half of pursuit, Colonel Smith came so near the king as to be able to pull him off horseback; but Hintza rose from the fall, threw an assegai at his pursuer, and ran off with great speed. Colonel Smith was unable to manage his horse, which ran away with him; but Mr George Southey, of the corps of guides, came up, and at about two hundred yards distance called on Hintza to stop, or he would shoot him. The king ran on; Southey fired and wounded him slightly in the leg; still, however, the king continued running, and was then shot by Southey through the back. Hintza fell headlong forward, but springing up again, and closely pursued by Lieutenant Balfour, Colonel Smith's aid-de-camp, he precipitated himself down a kloof by the Kebaka, and, according to Colonel Smith's narrative,* refused to

* This is Colonel Smith's statement, which, however,

surrender. Southey then fired, and shot the monarch through the head: he fell down dead into the waters of the Kebaka. A person, whose name I have, but will not publish, lifted the head of the murdered king out of the water, and cut off the ears, whilst one of the party cried out to him not to do that, "because it would set people a-talking;" the ears, however, were cut off, and were afterwards taken in triumph to Graham's Town. Another person, whose name I have, then cut off the flesh of the chin, and took a bayonet belonging to one of the soldiers, with which he dug out the teeth; after this horrid butchery, this same person was preparing to cut off the head, but seeing it too much disfigured, he desisted.

Sir Benjamin immediately sent a despatch to the Earl of Aberdeen, saying—

"I would rather, *perhaps*, that this event had not occurred, inasmuch as it may, however unjustly and unfairly, be made a handle of by a party at home. For Hintza, individually, he richly deserved the fate which he brought upon him, and which he had earned by a series of acts of flagrant bad faith, aggression, and injury to the colony; *having been the author and prime mover* of the horrors which so recently covered it with blood and ashes. He had, within a few days of his death, sufficiently proved what he was, and what he would have been to the last—a treacherous, ungrateful, and cunning savage, whom no obligations could bind, and no benefits attach; and his blood, *most unintentionally shed*, has saved, in all probability, that of many of our people as well as of his own."

It fell to Lord Glenelg to answer this dispatch, as the Peel Administration had been broken up, and the Earl of Aberdeen was out of office; although the heroes of the Caffre war were still christening their conquests by such names as *Glen Aberdeen* and *Peel Valley*. Lord Glenelg, in reply, remarks:—

"After anxiously examining every word which has been written on the subject by Colonel Smith and yourself, I must avow that I am not satisfied, either that this chieftain was the legitimate object of your military operations, or that his death admits of any satisfactory justification. . . . I will not pause to inquire whether Hintza was justly detained in your camp as a prisoner, or whether he was really liable to pay with his life the penalty of attempting to escape from the detachment which accompanied him. All this being conceded, there yet remains the question, not hitherto solved, nor, as far as I can perceive, even discussed. He was slain when he had no longer the means of resistance, but covered with wounds, and vainly attempting to conceal his person in the water into which he had plunged as a refuge from his pursuers. Why the last wound was inflicted, and why this unhappy man, regarded with an attachment almost idolatrous by his people, was not seized by the numerous armed men who had reached his place of concealment, has never yet been explained. The case assumes a peculiar importance, from the circumstance that Mr Southey, who gave the death wound, appears to have been subsequently twice commended in general orders, though not indeed with any express reference to his conduct."

Either this Southey, or an individual of the same name, shortly before the war, had four horses carried off. He tracked them to the kraal of a Caffre, named Kallaty, with whom, as it got dark, he spent the night. The night had been very rainy, and the track was effaced before morning; but Southey, determined that he should be no loser, rode back to the nearest military station, and returned with a party, who seized sixteen head of cattle from his hopitable and unsuspicious host! It was in vain that Kallaty protested that it was no blame of his that the rain had obliterated the tracks. The colonist was not to lose. The horses were afterwards found in the possession of another man; but Mr Southey refused to return Kallaty's cattle. This circumstance, so illustrative of colonial justice, was given in evidence by the friendly Caffre chieftain Tzatzoe, who is at present in England. Those Caffre *spreaths* appear a blessing to the Boors and British colonists, who, with a military party, take off double the number of cattle they have either lost or pretended to have lost.

The low state of moral feeling among individuals in this colony—from whose education and profession much better might be looked for—is painful and humiliating. The general tone may be inferred from a speech made on a solemn occasion at Graham's Town, in presence of the Governor, by a Dr Murray, who was on the medical staff, and so high in favour with his Excellency, that one of the forts, erected in the new province, has been named after him.

Dr Murray thought fit to libel a noble, if rude people in this ribald style:—

"He would say that the Caffre, *Parthis mendacior*, is born and notoriously bred a cattle-stealer and a rogue. Detected in a lie, in a theft, or in cheating, he is never disconcerted; in fact, lying, cattle-stealing, and cunning are esteemed the greatest accomplishments amongst this treacherous race of savages; they hate the colonists, and would have butchered you all at any former period, the same as they would now if they could; and assuredly they are only to be kept in subjection and order by the iron rod of power."

Dr Murray is a very facetious person, though somewhat pedantic withal. He chose his figures from his own profession, and declared that

"Some of the most eminent surgeons had recommended strong remedies, such as *firing*, scarifying, &c., which were used at first with much advantage; but the plan was decried as being inhuman, and only fit for tigers and wolves, and it was left off. In lieu thereof *a plaister* had been recommended by a new staff-surgeon, who had just arrived, which he called the '*Hue and cry*,' or '*Catch-'em-if-*

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is certainly not true: the Colonel says, he even "lifted up an assegai," as if in all this chase, and with these severe wounds, and after falling down twice, he had kept his assegai! The fact is, that Hintza plunged into the water, and called out repeatedly for mercy, which was granted by the Hottentots, but refused by the officers.

The following particulars are from one of the corps of guides, who was an eye-witness, and who, though he himself had been a sufferer by the Caffre invasion, could not behold the murder of Hintza without horror. "After Hintza had been wounded twice, he jumped down a kraantz, and sheltered himself behind a large stone. The first who came up to him was one of the Cape mounted rifles, who jumped down the said kraantz, and when in the act of levelling his gun, Hintza cried out for mercy, on which he lowered his piece: the next that followed down was another of the mounted rifles, who at the point of shooting, was deterred by the supplications of the king. Immediately arrived at the top of the kraantz, the corps of guides, not one of whom seemed disposed to go down. Hintza then stood up and cried out to them, 'Faku amapakati,' which is to say '*take me as your prisoner*, which they all heard—when Southey fired, and blew the upper part of his head off. Thus fell the chief of the Amakosa, supplicating for mercy, whose death was predicted by all, when it was known that he was at the mercy of those comprising the corps of guides. *Much to the dishonour of this corps, the chief's ears were brought in triumph to Graham's Town.* The glory of this deed has been the subject of a poem, and Southey has been extolled as the saviour of mankind; which poem attracts the attention of the public by being affixed to the church door."—*Note by Justus*

you-can plaister;' and this was tried for some time, but without any advantage whatever; on the contrary, the sore was increased by it. *The constitution is different here to what it is in England.* At this time some quacks who had been for a long time intruding their advice, and had got the ear of the patient, and of the medical board at home, by professing that they had a mild and effectual remedy for the disease, obtained leave to try their *patent specific*, which was nothing more or less than to give the patient *sugar-plums*, (Hear, hear, hear; loud applause,) and a large bag of them had actually arrived in Cape Town from England, and the government waggon was preparing to bring them up, and the patient had been told to expect them daily; but, in the interim before their arrival, it so happened that a pretty strong *catch-'em-if-you-can plaister* had been applied to the sore by some young surgeons, in consequence of some bad appearances in it, which made the patient very angry, and *he refused to submit to any more plaistering, as he had been promised the sugar-plums and would have them*; and it made him so obstreporous, and fretted him so much, that he broke out into an eruption all over his body, and the sore over the cancerous set-fast put on a very malignant appearance. The general doctor, (*i. e.* Sir B. D'Urban, the Governor,) upon this came up, and took the treatment into his own hands. He discarded the quacks and their charlatanerie, which he saw to be *stark-staring nonsense*, and had immediate recourse to *phlebotomy, firing, lead pills, and low diet*, by which means the eruption soon disappeared, and the patient assumed a healthy condition.

"But mark me, gentlemen, take care that no more *placebo plaisters* be tried, and that the patient be not again tampered with by benevolent theorists and Caffre maniacal quacks. The *cancerous set-fast* must be cauterized and thoroughly subdued, and strong *in terrorem* measures, such as firing, with bandaging and spare regimen, will for a long time be required to prevent a recurrence of what has happened."

This speech was received with enthusiastic acclamations. The Chairman, Dr Atherstone, proposed a toast of "Dr Murray's radical cure of the Caffre set-fast;" and the military band played, by desire, "The Rogues' March."

What can be looked for in a colony where men, presumed to be of liberal education, can speak and applaud such trash as this? We find this medical orator of the *lead pills* and low diet, incidentally mentioned in a work just published, which, although the author's feelings and prejudices set strongly in the other way, strikingly corroborates the statements of *Justus*. The book to which we allude—an extremely elegant, and in many respects an entertaining one—is, "Narrative of a Voyage of Observation among the Colonies of Western Africa, and a Campaign in Caffre Land in 1835. By Captain Alexander, of the 42d Highlanders." The author, like Dr Murray, was on the Staff; and he dedicates his book to Sir Benjamin d' Urban. Dr Murray is noticed by him as loyally christening a shrub the *Adelaide spice tree*; and we make no doubt that the Doctor is also the identical canny Scot referred to in the following story. If so, he had especial reason to approve the Caffre forays, as doctors seldom obtain much booty of this sort in civilized warfare. "A certain medical officer was on this, as on all other occasions, particularly active; and we used to jest afterwards about three hundred head of cattle falling to the Doctor's bow and spear on a Sunday. Cattle-lifting seems natural to Scotchmen."—*Captain Alexander's Campaign in Caffre Land, Vol II., page* 124.

Far indeed is Captain Alexander from intending or imagining any improper exposure of his brethren in arms, or of his commander in this war. But he is open and unguarded, and, to say all in a word, sees no harm whatever, and, on the contrary, much daring and gallantry, in everything that chanced—knocking Hintza on the head among the rest of the transactions. His narrative is animated and picturesque—sometimes almost dramatic. We shall borrow from it a few features of the war, and certain soldierly opinions about the rights of man and of the military, and the nature of these "irreclaimable savages." Of "Suta, the great widow of Gaika," he tells—"When a hundred and fifty Caffres rushed at a trader at Barnshill, to murder and plunder him, and when their assegais were uplifted to pierce him, Suta interposed her body between the deadly weapons and the Englishman; and declared they must pass through her first, before they reached him." Another Caffre chieftainess, "the Regent of the T' Slambies, acted in a similar manner, and shewed herself equally adverse with Suta to the attack on the colony. They told their people that the English had done them no wrong. Both of them, by their influence, saved missionaries, and traders, and much property; and shewed," it is added, "that all Caffres are not equally bad." But how happens it that the missionaries of the London and Glasgow Mission are the best friends of those "irreclaimable savages," from whom they never apprehended harm? Subsequently, Suta, the noble Caffre woman, came out, upon the message sent to all the border chiefs by Hintza, while in durance in the British camp, reaching her. Captain Alexander relates that she was, at her own request, brought to Major Cox's camp, to have an interview regarding her children, as she named the clans subject to her late husband. She was accompanied by eleven female attendants; and now mark the levity of the civilized warriors:—"The Caffre ladies said that they would have come out before; but that a staff-officer had, on one occasion in the mountains, taken liberties with 'a maid of honour;' and that they were, therefore, afraid to leave the bush. We never could get at the truth of this story; and can only hope that the Jesuits of the anti-colonial party will not make a handle of it at home, to the ruination of our characters." Of course, the anti-colonial party, in the eyes of Captain Alexander, consists of every man at home and in the colony who supposes the aborigines entitled to justice. More effectually than in the statements of *Justus* himself are the wrongs of the Caffres, exposed by the random stories of Sir Benjamin's admirer. Here is one:—

An anecdote may here be told of Van Wynk, who so ably assisted on this occasion; as it shews better than many paragraphs the system which the pseudo-philanthropists had caused to be introduced on the frontier, previous to the grand foray with the Caffres. Soon after the invasion of the colony, Van Wyak arrived at Graham's Town for orders, and received them from Colonel Smith, who directed him to collect the burghers instantly, and repel the enemy. "I must have a license to shoot Caffres,

mynheer.' "The devil! has not the war begun? I tell you, you are to shoot as many Caffres as you can." "I know better than to do that," replied the sturdy Dutchman. "I may get myself shot by the Government if I do that, and all my property confiscated." "That's all nonsense," cried the Colonel—"go and shoot immediately." "Is, mynheer; dat is goot; ik will so doen; verdoem de Caffres! But I must have all that in black and white before I draw a trigger." So he got a regular license, signed by the Colonel, "to shoot Caffres wherever he could find them;" the English officers thinking it not a little absurd that any obstruction or scruple should be entertained on the subject. When the shooting was all over, Captain Alexander says—"Like Mathews, we might have exclaimed, 'Nobody to be shot to-day? Oh dear! oh, dear! we are losing all our amusements."

There was very pretty amusement in shooting some 4000 Caffres, while only 100 British fell, and that chiefly by their own temerity, and senseless contempt of their foe. Colonel Smith's exploits receive the full meed of praise from Captain Alexander, in such pithy notices as the following:—"After the affair of Trampitter's Point, he pursued a retreating body of the enemy some way into Caffreland. He shot some of them, though the main body escaped through the fatigue of his horses. He burnt huts and cattle-kraals, and then returned to Graham's Town with 1200 head of cattle."

Captain Alexander never questions the justice of the war, nor Hintza's perfidy, though a vestige of proof he never thinks of citing. Instances of Caffre bravery he gives with a true feeling of the gallantry of spirit which distinguishes these savages; and also others, which shew that all British officers were not of the temper of those who chastised properly but not *extremely*. He says, in one place—"I mentioned before, that a single Caffre, if surrounded, would stand and throw his assegais to the last. This determined spirit of no-surrender is to be admired; as much as the spectacle of a dozen stout fellows galloping after and 'shooting down' a single foe is calculated to excite only disgust and contempt. But I here give a trait of an opposite description. Major Gregory of the 98th regiment, noticed one day in the field a Caffre dashing across an open spot. He galloped after him, quickly covered him with his gun, and being one of the best shots in the colony, would certainly have destroyed him; but, upon seeing him a solitary straggler, the gallant Major threw up the muzzle of his piece, and said, with the characteristic humanity of the man, and with the spirit of the true soldier, "I can't shoot that poor devil."—Many such "poor devil" was shot. One evening Captain Alexander, contemplating an enchanting landscape in the country which the British were devastating, breathed a wish that the people enjoying this heavenly climate and those noble scenes might yet dwell in peace in their lovely valleys without dread of either foreign or domestic oppression. He finishes his landscape—"It was necessary that an example should be made, to shew our superiority in arms, to drive the enemy to submission, and thus speedily stop the further effusion of blood. The fire-brand was therefore applied, and hut after hut sent forth a dense smoke, sparks, and red glaring flames. The clear atmosphere and the beautiful colours of the landscape were marred by the conflagration, *but it was necessary and ungvoidable.*" In the heart of another beautiful and magnificent forest scene, the deep repose of which had never before been disturbed by the fiend-like inventions of the white Christians, he says—"The woods were known to be full of Caffres; the six-pounders awoke echoes among trees and rocks until then unknown; and rounds of spherical-case came smoking and hissing through the air, and loudly bursting, and scattering. Two-score bullets were fired into the hollows. The third round was followed by a far-off death-scream; and we afterwards found that the chief Eno then narrowly escaped destruction, seven of his men falling dead by his side." It is scarce worth while to examine Captain Alexander's statements regarding the Caffre King. They substantially confirm those of *Justus*. He says that, when Hintza wrote to the other chiefs to take care of themselves, for that he was a prisoner, he told a gross falsehood. But why was Hintza entrapped into the British camp and jealously watched, if he was not a prisoner? The only excuse given for his murder was his attempt to escape. But it is only prisoners who make such attempts. Captain Alexander says a great deal about the Radical press at Cape Town, which publishes "barefaced and malicious falsehoods;" and of the "anti-colonial party" at home and abroad, missionaries, and others, who have ventured to think that the conduct of the late war, and the murder of so many of the chiefs and people, concluding with that of Hintza, reflect small honour on the British name. Mr Buxton, it would appear, has received the communications of the malecontents, and made them public at home, in his capacity of Secretary to the London Mission. Of the Mission at the Cape, Captain Alexander reports most unfavourably. His kindness is all reserved for those Wesleyans who have been so laudatory of the Governor. We quote Captain Alexander's report of Bethelsdorp, not as believing the London Mission there deserving his censure, but in order that, once known, his statements may be disproved:—"The sect of Independents (London Mission) does not encourage the Hottentots to enter into service; neither could we discover that, among the Bethelsdorp flock, either marriage or agriculture was promoted; or that title-deeds were given to the Hottentots for allotments of missionary land. *They were kept for ever in a state of pupilage, immorality, and concubinage; and completely subjected to the jesuitical influence of the missionaries.*" This goes beyond a joke, and merits instant examination and contradiction. But, as we have already stated, although *Justus* had never come forward at all, out of Captain Alexander's book and the public dispatches, the conduct of the military and other authorities are sufficiently condemned. The government of the Cape appears peculiarly jealous of the missionaries, and of the *Radical press* at Cape Town. The reason is not ill to divine.

THE SORCERER'S LAST CHANT.

THE smile of eve along the wave
In colder light was fading,
As midnight's withered sorcerer scanned
Through clouds the dim stars wading.

He stood upon the shingly shore,
Close by a rocky cell;
And there, 'twas said, 'neath rock and wave,
Did that old sorcerer dwell.

Whence he had come none knew, nor when;
Men feared his evil eye,
And spoke of him, when waves were loud,
As muttering fierce and high.

They said no bourne of time had he—
He waited not the grave;
That age on age swept o'er, unharmed,
The wizard of the cave.

I gazed on him:—his eye was fixed
On Ocean's darkening brim;
He seemed some shadowy form to view,
Unseen by all but him.

He raised to heaven his withered hand,
And, in his glassy eye,
Wild words, that trembled from his lips,
Were uttered visibly.

"Fast waning star of gloom to man,
To me of boundless power!
Thy evil spell hath burst for aye,
Star of my natal hour!
Eighteen bright centuries have told
Their years, since thou, in treacherous gold,
Amid the waves of ether rolled,
Light of Abaddon's reign!
And I, beneath thy influence, hailed
Thy radiance o'er the main.

"I knew the spell, I felt the might,
That linked my fate to thine;
I was thy sole dark worshipper,
This hoary rock thy shrine.
I felt the fervour of thy beam,
In mystic radiance, on me stream,
What time thy angel dimmed the gleam
Of that more glorious star
That shed its light of peace and love
From Judah's skies afar.

"Amid the gaze of million eyes
I hailed thy ruthless smile,
When shone, on Cæsar's palace hill,
The Christian's funeral pile;
And 'mid the arena's crimson flood,
When Afric's hungry lion stood
Stained with the dying martyr's blood:
Then earth's proud Queen was thine,
Th' Imperial Eagle's tameless crest,
Th' altar and the shrine.

"I watched thy cold and treacherous smile,
When Piedmont's peasant brave
Vowed, sword in hand, his fathers' faith
And mountain home to save;
When, with Christ's symbol o'er their brow,
Like avalanche of Alpine snow,
Rushed o'er the vales of quiet Vaud
Dark Alva's bigot band,
And flashed along the blood-stained rocks
The persecutor's brand.

"Bright was *that* smile what time the cross
Its early lustre shed
O'er the green forest solitudes
Of climes unvisited;
When rose to heaven the sacred fire,
Th' unyielding Indian's funeral pyre;
And, through his own deep woods, the ire
Of panting bloodhounds burst,
To tear the noble warrior's form,
As by his God accurst.

"And, brighter still, when, o'er the Seine—
While other stars were few—
The midnight murder chimes were pealed
Of dread Bartholomew,
Thou lit th' assassin's clouded way
To where his pillowed victim lay—
And, o'er Coligny's blood, thy ray
Its fiery splendour flung;
While loud through heaven's eternal arch
Thy own '*Te deum*' rung.

"In later times my feeble power
Hath marked thy fading ray;
But one brief glory o'er me fell,
As in the olden day—
When, leagued to stem the pauseless flood
Of freedom, Europe's despots stood—
A crowned and holy brotherhood;
And Austria's chains confessed
Thy might; and Poland's eagle fell,
With stained and bloody breast.

"Bright planet of the curse! thy beam
On Time's horizon hovers;
Another star, with milder light,
Thy ancient empire covers.
No more thy worshipper shall sweep
In thunder-cloud along the deep,
Or ride the whirlwind o'er the steep—
A mighty presence—felt
From clime to clime, 'mid burning skies
And snows that never melt.

"Star of the fading beam! receive
Thy worshipper's farewell;
Strange forms are beckoning me—my ear
Hath listened to a knell.
A few more rolling tides of Time
Shall sweep from all thy subject clime
The hoary idol pomp of Crime;
And thy last trembling light
Shall melt from earth—free, glorious, good—
Into eternal night."

The sorcerer ceased, and sought the cave
That stretched afar, 'neath rock and wave;
And ne'er, 'tis said, his spectre form
Hath since careered upon the storm

G. P.

A DAY IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

THERE are few things more amusing in their way than an Irish fox-hunt. Besides the real pleasure of racing over stock and stone after the hounds, there is so much humour and originality in the Irish mode of arranging matters, that a good horseman, mounted on a hack that he does not greatly care about, and fully determined to ride through all the alternations of rock and bog that lie in his path, without regard for his horse's feet or his own neck, will hardly look upon the day as ill-spent, although the game be none of the best, nor the pace of that "killing" description to be met with nowhere in such perfection as in England. The English conduct their fox-hunts, as they do everything else, with a regularity and business-like air which shew that those engaged in the sport are fully up to their work, and determined to have "no nonsense" about it: the covers are drawn with the precision of a General reconnoitring the enemy; the probable line of country to be taken by the fox is discussed beforehand, as if for a charge of cavalry; and (not unlike one) when the fox breaks, off they go, close and compact, well in rear of the hounds, the fox scampering gaily a-head, and the dogs, within the compass of a horse-cloth or a birding net, giving tongue in chorus, while "echoing hills repeat the pleasing tale." Now, an Irishman looks upon all these little items as perfectly subordinate to the "general run" of the hunt: as long as he goes apace, and has an excuse for shouting and shrieking, he would not care if the pack were bull-dogs, and the fox a donkey. His object is to beat his fellows, and not to enjoy what, strictly speaking, may be called the "pleasures of the chase"—hence his utter disregard of all rule and regulation, and noble resolve to be "in at the death," as he would say, "before the fox himself."

Such were my meditations the other day, while riding home from a hunt in one of the far western districts of Ireland, where hounds are more plentiful than foxes, and herring "drags" more in vogue than either. I had been told a day or two previously that good sport might be expected, as most of the best horsemen in the county were to be present, and a bag-fox and a herring provided, in case of their not having a "find." Accordingly, I went to the little village of Ballynoggin, where, at the appointed hour, I fell in with ten or fifteen couples of decent-enough-looking fox-hounds, and a field of thirty or forty riders, attired in all the colours of the rainbow, from the smart scarlet coat and gilt buttons of the W. B. H., or "Western Ballynoggin Hunt," to the black frock or white Mackintosh of the non-elect. Crowds of ragged men and boys followed the cavalcade on foot, and the ridges of the surrounding country were alive with groups of peasantry, eager for the fray, and anxious for a glimpse at the "*fax*." In fact, the whole country-side appeared to be in a state of agitation, far more intense than that political one of which our "Grandmother Herald" takes such daily pains to furnish terrific accounts to her sexagenarian readers: an Irish parson might have distrained for tithe, or "canted"* a cow, fearless of the issue; and Popery would have followed the fox, while Protestantism hunted the loaves and fishes.

The day was dry and clear — a somewhat remarkable circumstance in this part of the world, where, as a native told me, "it rains eleven months in the year, and the twelfth is *moist!*" a thin canopy of grey clouds hung overhead, which ever and anon broke into masses, and, letting out a flood of sunshine, tinged the waters of the distant Shannon, and lit up the peaks of the surrounding hills, like a smile brightening the aspect of a gloomy countenance. The cover was not far distant — if cover it could be called, which consisted of a large rocky field, with here and there a stunted furze-bush shaking its golden ear-rings, as if in mockery of the desolation around; and to it we hied in search of a fox, which some one had heard somebody else say had been seen the week past by Pat Kearney's brother-in-law's sister's husband, as he was digging potatoes at the back of his cottage, "quite convanient." Here a curious scene presented itself — the riders collecting in knots round the edge of the cover, hallooing and cheering on the dogs to their work, as if *that* would give them a scent if there was none; and others judiciously planting themselves forty or fifty paces a-head, in the direction the fox was thought likely to take. Two or three prudent gentlemen were even seen leathering along the high-road to Kilbaggy, that being the place he was last averred to have been seen at.

"Mermaid! Mermaid! — Blucher, my boy! to him! find him and catch him!" sung out the old huntsman, with his cracked voice, as he proceeded to collect the pack, which shewed evident symptoms of straggling over the country — "to him, and find him!"

"Yelp! yelp! yelp!" from one of the hounds.

"By Jasus! he's there!—I'll hould you fifty tumblers of punch he makes for the *corkusses*,"† says one, spurring his horse towards a large, grassy bottom about a mile off.

"Divil a bit was it the fax!—Snifler smelt the red-herring in Pat Maloney's packet."

"Or the bag-fax on Dan Kearney's shoulder."

"I'll bet you a wager he rins for Knocknonny, if he's the same iligant fax we chased last Saturday."

* To "cant"—to sell by auction goods distrained for rent.

† Low marshy bottoms, intersected by enormous drains, and not over safe for man or horse, are called *corkusses* or *cacasses* in the West of Ireland.

"Arrah, by Jasus! there's Phil Roughan on Dan O'Connell, and O'Shaughnessy on Repaler—they 'll give us Ballyhooly this time, for they 're wicked fencers, both of them."

At this moment a cry is heard of "Tally! tally!" from the other side of the cover, followed by an almost simultaneous "So-hoing" on *this*—a fox and a hare break from different parts of the brushwood—the dogs rush part on one, and part on the other—and as each takes different points of the compass, the field is speedily divided, and presents the extraordinary spectacle of men congregated professedly for the purpose of hunting one sort of animal, enjoying the double pleasure of running after two.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! hold hand! hold hand, for the love of God! don't be making mischief among the hounds!" roars one at the top of his voice, reining in his horse, and vainly attempting to restrain the torrent of dogs and horses that swept past him. "Hillo! hillo! Blucher!—Wellington!—cover, hoy! back, dogs, back!"

As well might he endeavour to turn the tide of the Shannon with a pitchfork. Away they go in different directions, sweeping over the country—yelping, screaming, and swearing in all the several dialects of English, Anglo-Irish, and Celtic—until Puss is luckily throttled by a cur-dog that jumps out from behind a hay-stack, and the fox is run to earth, leaving the dogs and riders in confusion worse confounded, staring one another in the face, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you may get him?"

"Arrah, now, i'faith—it's too bad of Pat Maloney not to stop the earths, when we had such an iligant chance of a fine run."

"Divil choke you, Pat!" groan all the bystanders to a stalwart man, about six feet three, dressed in the hodden grey of the peasantry, with a brimless straw-hat, a long stick in his hand, and his somewhat ancient corduroys tucked up to the knees; leaving his naked feet and calves, covered with mud, and torn with brambles, to speak for their owner's alacrity in crossing country.

"Houd yer tongue, you vagabone!—houd yer tongue, and mind how you talk to a gintleman," quoth Pat, paranthetically giving one of his fellows a touch with his "switch,"—"is't stopping the earths I'm to be, without the price of a pipe of tobaccy in my pocket? Who'll rin a drag through the crassest country entirely better than Pat Maloney, for a pipe and a drap of whisky? I'll rin ye one now, gintlemen, from Ballynoggin to Knocknonny, and from Knocknonny back again by Kilnahinch, for the price of a shilling—and may the Lord save ye, gintlemen, and prosper all yer ways!"

And, with this pious ejaculation, he produced the fag-end of a herring, which he fastened to a bit of string, and telling the field to give him a quarter-of-an-hour's law, he sprang over a fence, dragging the fish after him, and was out of sight in an instant.

By this time, the hounds had been got together in some sort of order, and the two divisions of cavalry had formed a junction, much to the delight of the old huntsman, who kept slapping his thigh, and declaring that "We should have a day's sport, after all;" on the strength of which, he doffed his velvet cap, and "went the rounds," collecting shillings and half-crowns from most of the riders, according to the extent of generosity possessed by each. I now began to wonder what was intended to be done with the unhappy bag-fox on Pat Kearney's shoulder; but found, on inquiry, that, though "an iligant fax intirely," he had received a hurt in his last chase, and was altogether so far incapacitated from running, that a leaping drag presented much greater chances of sport. Accordingly, we all made up our minds to run the fish instead of the flesh; and bets were laid that we should run into Pat Maloney before the first mile. The hounds were round the huntsman, cowering at his feet, and rolling themselves on the grass; the horsemen gathered in a kind of single rank behind, so as to have a fair start, and were pulling down hats and buttoning up coats; while some, to shew their *nonchalance*, vented a remark or two on trivial subjects.

"Splendid speech, that of Sheil's, the other night in the House, O'Shaughnessy."

"What an iligant wipe at Lyndhurst!" burst from a group of "aliens" simultaneously.

"By Jasus! he gave him Ballyhooly, the d—d insolent son of a sign-painter!" resumed the first speaker, colouring as red as his coat with indignation. "And then to speak of *Irr*eland as he did!—I'd have tipt him a sprig of shillelah to have heard him."

"Gentlemen, no politics in the field, if you plase. Time's up—and off we go! At him, Revenge! Shamrock, at him and tear him!"

The hounds were laid on; and loud and shrill their cry rose on the air, as, following the rank scent of the track, they sped merrily over the turf, the very incarnation of punishment dogging the steps of the offender.

"It's a fine pace, at any rate, though it's only Pat Maloney we're rinning," quoth one, tipping his horse with his whip as he cleared a five-foot wall with a broad drain on each side. "I'll be bound he crasses the *corkusses*, and makes for the Nockroony Hills."

"Ah! there goes Phil Roughan into a bog, up to the girths!—he'll stay there some time before he gets out."

"No use inquiring, at all at all; we're rinning too fast to pull up—so Phil may make up his mind to wait till the Repale."

Here a great clattering of hoofs on hard ground was heard; and, casting our eyes to the right, we beheld a whole string of elderly gentlemen, young lads and young ladies, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey," mounted upon all sorts of nags, galloping along as fast as they could put foot to ground; and, as the direction of the road appeared to run parallel with that of the drag, there was every probability of the "highwaymen" being in long before the

others, who had to contend with moving accidents by flood and field.

"Shame! shame!—*off* the road, gintlemen! Shame!—ye've bribed Maloney to rin the drag by the side of the road!" burst from the lips of twenty enraged riders at once, as they began floundering in a bog, the depths of which they seemed very likely to explore. "It's a burnin shame to any Christian sowl in the county to play such a trick. Och! bother!"

And so it was. A good old gentleman, whose hunting days had long been over, but who retained mettle enough to rattle along a safe road at a very unsafe speed, had "crassed" Pat's hand with a piece of silver, to "rin the drag quite convanient;" and there we were, men, women, and children, cheek by jowl, some on the road, and some on the field; scampering, clattering, and floundering away to our hearts' content; some getting a fall at every fence, others sticking fast in a bog, but by far the greater number enjoying themselves at the top of their speed, on as good a mail-coach road as ever lay between London and Brighton. And yonder, some mile a-head, was Pat Maloney, springing over the ground, with his inch of red herring after him; now leaping a drain, now scrambling a bank; and, at length, evidently pondering "refuge from his toil" by some desperate expedient, that might give the field a few minutes' check, and enable him to improve his start. Suddenly diverging to the left, he struck off from the vicinity of the road, to the great dismay of those partaking the joys of the chase on its level surface, and made for a rugged track of rocky land, behind which there lay a small brook. A week's rain had flooded it to more than half its ordinary dimensions; and, as Pat Maloney skimmed over the frail bridge thrown across, with the rapidity of a swallow, it creaked and bent under his tread in a manner that struck terror into the foremost of the field, and destroyed all hope of finishing the hunt dry-shod. Five horses plunged into the water, the riders dismounting, and attempting to lead them by the reins alongside of the bridge; but the strength of the current swept them down; and, like large water-rats, the horses plunged and splashed, in vain attempts to reach the opposite bank. In the meanwhile, the dogs were crossing rapidly; and Pat Maloney in the distance, screaming with exultation at the discomfiture of five-and-thirty of the best riders in the W. B. H., bounded along like an enlarged buck, or a dancing ostrich in the Zoological Gardens, evidently making for his own *sheelin* in the highlands.

I happened to be somewhat in the rear when the uproar first took place—the little nag on which I was mounted being unable to keep up with the thorough-breds on level ground; but whatever he wanted in "foot" was made up in "head;" and, as we reined up on the banks of this sporting Beresina, he gave a little snort of disdain at the sight that presented itself. Half-a-dozen horses, his betters in blood and bone, were plunging wildly in the stream, and lashing up the red mud from the bottom with their hoofs, —the riders shouting—the dogs yelp-yelping, as one by one they took to the water—and the "finest pisantry in the world" running down from all quarters with ropes to the rescue. Nimrod's Wisserdine* was nothing to it; and, although the pace had hitherto been "*too good* to inquire," it was evident that now we were likely to have plenty of leisure to condole on all our misfortunes. I dismounted, to swim my horse like the rest, and approached the small wooden bridge for the purpose. It was as awkward an affair as can well be imagined, being composed of two small trees thrown across the brook, and simply covered with sods of turf, fitted for the passage of nothing but a cat or an Irish milkmaid. It bent under my foot until it touched the water; and, just as I was turning round to exhort my nag to jump in, to my utter astonishment, not unmingled with horror, considering the precarious nature of my position, he firmly planted his fore feet on one end of the trees, and, with a little mincing gait, like Taglioni on a tulip, trotted across and landed in safety on the other side. If his feet had slipped between the trees, he would have snapped his legs like a carrot, and floated down the stream—a wreck of proud ambition, a mangled piece of horseflesh!

The example was speedily followed by some others, not without various capsizes into the water; and, at length, three of us having got over, we struck spurs into the flanks of our reeking steeds, and again made after the dogs, whose yell, echoed back from rock and glen, came faint but cheerily on the breeze. It seems that my companions were better acquainted with the country than myself; for they made a considerable circuit, instead of holding on straight, which I did manfully, in spite of the injunctions of a "pisant," who, hat in hand, screeched to me from the top of a pile of turf, that the road I was taking was "too crass entirely." Heedless of the warning, man and horse speedily found themselves up to the girths in a soft, black bog, sinking deeper at every effort to get out, and doubtless mutually cursing all the "crass roads" in the country, which by this time I began to find out were not *short cuts*, as might vainly be imagined from the word "cross," but something like General Wade's "before they were made"—some all rock, high, dry, and sharp, like the top of a garden wall set with broken bottles; and others, like the one I was at present recreating in, nothing but bog, and not even with the prospective "hard bottom" which Matthews' country bumpkin assured the befloundered Cockneys that they were only "half way to."

However, with spur and rein, and divers tugs at the ears and tail, we scrambled out; and a wiser, though a dirtier man, I started afresh in rear of my three predecessors; and gloriously did we come in. Pat Maloney, seeing our spent condition, but not tired a whit himself, ran into a paddock, coolly put the red herring into his

* See Nimrod's articles in the *Quarterly Review*.

pocket, and springing upon a haystack, cried—"Now, gintlemen, a rin for the brush!" A charge at the haystack, won by half a neck; a disappointed whimpering from the hounds, running in circles about the field, and dumfounded at the disappearance of the scent; an Irish screech from two or three Irish maid-servants looking out of the garret windows of the house—and the hunt was over. Happy the man who got home without a wet skin or a spoiled horse; for, as we turned into the house to enjoy a glass of hot whisky-punch at the invitation of the owner, we caught a glimpse of the forlorn thirty-one, contending with the brook, from whence in weary plight they straggled in; and long the tales in which were fought again the scenes of this my first and last day with the Western Ballynoggin Hunt.

R. S. T.

LETTER FROM PARIS; BY O. P. Q.

THE PEDIMENT OR "FRONTON" OF THE FRENCH PANTHEON.

"Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante."

Paris, July 14, 1837.

MY DEAR TAIT,—I have just returned from the PANTHEON, to which I was kindly invited by DAVID, our great sculptor, in order to inspect his now finished pediment of that national edifice. We call it in French the "Fronton" of the Pantheon; and one of the novelties of the "*seventh*" anniversary fêtes of the Revolution of July, will be the opening to the public view of this beauteous pediment. I have thought that an early sketch of so magnificent a work of art and patriotism, would gratify your readers; and that you would like to present them with a bird's-eye view of a national monument in France, at the same moment that France herself was engaged in contemplating the reality. And so, my dear Tait, whilst my mind is fresh with its recollections, and whilst my heart is warmed by the poetry, life, and genius of this masterpiece of sculpture, I shall attempt to place before you this superb effort of taste, talent, liberty, and truth. You may be sure that I would not give myself the trouble of writing, nor you the *ennui* of reading a mere artistical account of this Fronton, as drawn out by myself, were there not some good lessons to be learnt of sound democracy from the whole of this very interesting and delightful national monument. The name of *David* is not unknown to your readers. His life I have sketched in your Magazine already; and you will not fail to remember that he is our first sculptor in stone—a Republican—and a man who devotes his fortune, genius, and life to the arts, and to the improvement of his species. But, first of all, I must introduce you to the *Pantheon*, and then to the *Fronton*, the special subject of to-day's letter.

The Church of St Genevievè at Paris, originally built by Clovis, having fallen into ruins, Louis XV. resolved on erecting one near it on a large and magnificent scale. Designs, presented by Soufflot, were adopted; and, on 6th September 1764, that monarch laid the first stone. The preparatory works occupied a period of seven years. You will perceive that I have brought you through twelve centaries with tolerable rapidity; but, though transplanted from the reign of the fifth to that of the sixty-sixth king of France, I am sorry to say, that, "as it was in the beginning, it was then, and, I suppose, ever will be," that kings and regents consulted little their subjects, and a great deal themselves and their flatterers; and whilst the priests were the *ruiners* of Clovis, the regent of the 18th century was the victim of the famous or infamous "*Law*." These were the times of Bourbon, Condé, Cardinal de Fleury, and of Stanislas of Poland; and of the times when a former *Duke of Cumberland* dishonoured the English name in his disasters and defeats, and when the Electorate of Hanover was conquered by France. But these were also the times when the *Society of Jesuits* was suppressed, and when the literary giants, Massillon, Crébillon, Piron, Gresset, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu, existed to honour their country by their talents, or ruin her by their false philosophy.

The Place of the Church of St Genevievè, as rebuilt by Louis XV., consists of a Greek cross 340 feet long, including the portico, and 250 broad. In the centre rises a dome sixty-two feet in diameter, originally supported in the interior by four pillars, so light that their bulk was scarcely perceptible among the columns which sustain the four naves. The same lightness prevails in the vaults of the building where dormar windows were contrived, which gave them the appearance of the Gothic style, and shed a favourable light on the delicate sculpture which abounds in the edifice. The height of the principal vault from the beautiful stone and marble pavement is 170 feet. The interior is adorned with 130 fluted columns of the Corinthian order, supporting an entablature of which the frieze is ornamented in foliage. Above, are galleries skirted with balústrades. The spherical vaults of the temple are adorned with bas reliefs. The *portico* is composed of twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns, fifty-eight feet in height, including the bases and the capitals, and five and a half feet in diameter, which support a triangular pediment 120 feet in breadth, by twenty-four in height, at its greatest height. In the centre of this pediment, there used to be a bas relief in bad taste, representing a cross in the midst of clouds. This is now supplanted by the gigantic and glorious fronton of David. Upon the plinth are the words which I have prefixed to my letter—"AUX GRANDS HOMMES, LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE." The dome which crowns this building is a noble object. It is surrounded by thirty-two Corinthian columns, and presents the appearance of a circular temple, above which rises a cupola surmounted by a lantern, and terminated by a ball and cross of bronze gilt, exquisitely wrought. The total height of the dome is 282 feet. The description of the vaults would take up too much of your space, and of my time; but I must, before I proceed to describe the pediment or frontoa, continue the history of this, *now* national monument.

At the Revolution, the destination of this grand edifice was changed. In 1791, the *National Assembly* decreed, that it should be consecrated as a place of burial for such French citizens as had shed lustre on their country by their talents, virtues, or achievements. Quatremere was charged to convert it into a FRENCH PANTHEON. The symbols of a Christian temple gave place to others more appropriate to its new destination. It underwent several alterations, both within and without. In the frieze of the portico was placed the inscription of PASTORET, now once more restored—"Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!" By the same decree, MIRABEAU, then lately dead, was declared worthy of this honour; and the National Assembly attended his obsequies. The same year, the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau were transported, with great pomp, to the Pantheon. In 1806, Napoleon Bonaparte ordained that the Pantheon should be completed, and restored to Divine worship, under the invocation of St Genevievè; but it was not intended to change the destination given to it by the National Assembly. The remains of Lagrange, De Winter, Bougainville, Lannes, Thevenard, and others, were deposited in the vaults of this vast building; and, when the

empire expired, the Pantheon was half a religious edifice and half a national temple.

But the restoration changed all this. The priests of the time of Clovis revived again; the Jesuits of the time of Louis XV. once more stalked abroad at noonday; and the tombs of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau* were removed from their original situation, and placed in an obscure vault. On the 3d January 1822, the Pantheon was once more styled the Church of St Genevievè; was consecrated by the Archbishop of Paris; and from thence, till 1830, divine service was performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. But it was neither a parish church nor a chapel of ease. It was supplied by Jesuit missionaries; and the bas reliefs and ornaments representing modern philosophy, with which the Pantheon was embellished, were partly destroyed, and replaced by emblems of religion and royalty. Le Gros was ordered to paint the dome, and was made a baron. It is a magnificent composition, covering a superficies of 3256 square feet. On the lower part, are four groups, united together by figures of angels and other emblems, each of which represents a monarch of France, who, by the lustre of his reign, or the influence of his age, formed, at least, a good or a bad epoch in the history of the country.

The *first* is Clovis, who, at the voice of his Queen Clotilda, is represented as embracing Christianity.

The *second* is Charlemagne with his Queen; both are in an attitude of devotion, and the King holds in his hands a globe, the symbol of empire.

The *third* group is St Louis, (for we have had even kings for saints in France,) who shews to his consort the fruit of his labours in the cause of religion. Angels bear before him the standards of his two crusades; and on his left is a crown of thorns upon a cushion.

The *fourth* represented Louis XVIII., accompanied by the Duchess D'Angouleme, protecting with his sceptre the Infant Duke of Bordeaux; two angels were made to hold open, near him, the tables of the charter—and throw afar off the funereal crape with which the cradle of the young Duke was surrounded. All these worthy folks appeared to render homage to St Genevievè, who was descending towards them upon a cloud. In the heavenly regions were obligingly placed, (in return for 100,000 francs paid to Le Gros for his picture,) Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII., and Madame Elizabeth!! A gleam of light at the loftiest point indicated the abode of the Deity.

This was the state of the Church of Genevievè, when the people of Paris rose "*en masse*" in July 1830; and drove a perjured Prince and a Jesuit dynasty from the throne of their ancestors.

One of the first demands made by the people, not only of the capital, but of the country, was, that the PANTHEON should be re-established—that the inscription of Pastoret should be replaced—and that the names of the citizens who died in defence of the cause of the liberty and the laws in 1830, should be affixed in letters of bronze, and in tablets on the internal walls of the building. These desires were complied with. The mummeries of the Restoration and of the Jesuits were removed; and DAVID, the great sculptor and statuary, was charged with the mission of preparing a suitable bas-relief for the Pediment or Fronton. The selection of David did great honour to the ministers of the day. His principles are known to be Republican. He has not been controlled in his subject. He has been left to his own style, taste, and moral and political conceptions—and he has now completed his labours in a manner worthy of himself, of his subject, of the Pantheon, and of his great and noble country.

As David was left to the choice of his subject, as well as of his material, his Fronton is in *stone*, and not in marble. "I approve of the choice of stone," said Victor Hugo, in my hearing; "it is more solemn—more imposing—more national—more suited to the gravity, and even sombre character of the monument." I think the poet is right. I felt him to be so, as I examined, by his side, this wondrous production.

David has been not less happy in the subject of his *Fronton*, than in the selection of the *material* in which his thoughts are embodied. He has placed in the centre of this pediment, a colossal figure of FRANCE, or "LA PATRIE." The height of this figure is 24 feet. *The country*, or France, is crowned with stars, and is represented with her two arms extended, holding in each hand a vast number of crowns, ready to confer on all citizens who can claim them from her, as having served or honoured her, by their talents, acquirements, or achievements. Her head is bent slightly forwards. She appears to be looking on the generations which are to pass before her. Ever just, ever grateful, ever loving, ever vigilant, she is there, in the centre, looking at all—observing all—watching all—examining all—and ready, with her crowns of glory in her hands, to reward those who shall honour and serve her. "This is in itself a poem," said Victor Hugo. He was quite right. When Pastoret thought of the inscription placed in the frieze of the portico—

"Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante"—

he little thought how exquisitely his idea would be embodied in living stone. "To great men—from a grateful country." Yes! the Pantheon is opened by the country to receive the ashes of great men; and how could the idea be more perfectly represented, than for the country—("La Patrie")—France—to be there—a colossal, a mighty, a glorious figure—at the entrance of the vast building—distributing crowns and laurels to those whom she recognised as worthy of being entombed in that national temple?

On the "*Estrade*," which serves for a sort of elevation, is seated, at the right of France, the figure of LIBERTY, who arranges and prepares the crowns which the Country is to distribute. This is noble. Yes! without liberty the rewards conferred on great men must be so conferred merely by courts and thrones, and ministers, and favourites. They are not national—they are only dynastic or courtly honours. *The Country* rewards her great citizens—but it is a free country, and liberty is, or must be the handmaid of the arts, the sciences, literature, and religion; and, believe me, that *David* has sculptured for us no shabby "Liberty"—no half-and-half goddess—no apology for something he did not dare to represent. Oh, no! The "Liberty" he has placed at the right hand of the country is a colossal Liberty; and the *Phrygian* cap is there too, as large as life. Some Doctrinaires and *juste-milieu* men have called this a dangerous poetic license! Imbeciles that they are! What! do they not know that France and liberty are synonymous; and that, though for a moment, institutions may be broken down and hopes destroyed, that France is yet the not less resolved to conquer, possess, and one day enjoy all the blessings proposed by the Revolutions of 1789 and 1830.

On the left of *La Patrie*, or the Country, or France, is the magnificent figure of History, inscribing on blocks of granite and on monuments of brass, the names of the great men whom the country so free and so counselled rewards. How beautiful, how calm, how true, faithful, and impartial is the face of History! It is a noble study. There she is, amidst all the agitations of parties—the rise and fall of empires—and even, as it were, the wreck of worlds—writing her quiet, faithful, impartial page, which is to live, and live, and live, when the actors on life's fitful drama shall be reduced to that dust to dust, which is the lot and the destiny of our poor humanity.

At the feet of "*La Patrie*," is the Gallic cock—the sign that it is France which is the country in question. Its wings are spread forth, and it is surrounded with a crown of oak. This is national and beautiful; it is an episode to a drama—not the drama itself. France is not represented, as during the Restoration, by "Fleurs de lis," or by a white flag—but by a Gallic cock, and a crown of oak. How well was this conceived! Not even the drapeau of the Revolution was placed there—but the yet more permanent emblems of France!

On the *left* side of the "Patrie" are represented all the corps of the National Army, coming forward to receive their recompenses at the hands of the Country. They are all offering their laurels to France. The *General*, Bonaparte—young, active, energetic, and daring, as

he was in the times of his campaigns of Egypt and of Italy —is rushing forward, with impetuosity, up the steps which are supposed to lead to the spot in which the Country stands, delivering her rewards and honours. His ardent regards are fixed on History, who appears to be looking at the young hero with admiration. The right hand of Napoleon holds within it his MS. of the Immortal *Code* which bears his name, and the bulletins of the Grand Army. His other hand is stretched forth to grasp the crown, which the Country is about to bestow. David has conceived and executed this fine, athletic, ardent impassioned figure of Napoleon, with patriotism and with truth. He has not represented the Emperor—the tyrant —the enemy to liberty and to representative institutions; but he has drawn Napoleon in Italy, and Napoleon in Egypt, and Napoleon the "Code"-bestower on a great and glorious people. *That* is the Napoleon we are bound to revere—bound to respect—bound to love; and *that* is the Napoleon on whom the country—yes, and all humanity, and all time, and all nations—will confer, not one, but a million of crowns. "*How he lives and moves, that Napoleon!*" said Victor Hugo, as his fine poet's eye rolled round and round, contemplating this mighty effort of his fellow-countryman and friend. I said to him, "Chateaubriand is right, M. Hugo— France is a soldier." "Yes," he replied, "it is true— we are essentially military in our tastes and inclinations."

Behind Napoleon is an old *Grenadier*, with the butt of his musket on the ground, and the other end in his hand. His attitude is one of waiting, not of pressing onwards. His haversack is on his back—he is bending forward on his musket, and is waiting for his recompense, with that resignation which a man will feel, and does feel, who knows that he has done his duty, and who already is satisfied with the consciousness of having performed it. The contrast between the young and ardent Napoleon, who is flying past the rest, and ascending rapidly the steps, to the place from which the Country is distributing its rewards, and the mute, calm-waiting patience, resignation, and self-approbation of the old and worn-out grenadier, is perhaps the finest portion of this sculptured poem. I asked David, what part of his own composition most pleased him? He told me, "without exception, the old grenadier." He added, "I have frequently found the tears in my eyes, or running down my cheeks, whilst engaged about my poor old grenadier." In fact, it seems to say, "I have done my duty. My musket and my arm have been faithful in many a battle —in many a conflict. My race is run. The young and the ardent are outstripping me, and the General Bonaparte of Egypt and of Italy is carrying away, in triumph, his crown; but my aged steps and worn-out limbs will not allow me to do more than to stand at arms, or repose on my musket, and await the result."

As David belongs to the people by his origin, his principles, and his tastes, he has not presented in his *Fronton*, either the marshal, the admiral, or the other high grades of the military service—for a young drummer is the next figure which arrests your attention, who is pressing the crown he has received to his heart; whilst a cuirassier beside him is, whilst dying, depositing on the altar of his country his conquered trophy of arms. The altar is covered with palms. His left hand presses the crown he has received to his heart, whilst his right yet grasps a sword—broken, indeed, in the conflict, as a sign that such conflict was unto death, and as a proof of the courage and zeal he had displayed.

This side of the Fronton terminates by a group of young men, as large as life, of the Polytechnic School, and of the schools of St Cyr and of the Marine, studying the military and naval sciences, in the hope that one day they may serve, with honour and success, the cause of their country. The student of the Polytechnic School, placed next the dying cuirassier, older than the rest of his comrades, and better able to understand the feelings and expressions of the wounded warrior, is regarding with a sentiment of energetic courage and admiration the glorious death which he receives; and seems, by his form and gestures, his eye, and his apparent movement, to say— "When I shall have terminated my preparatory career, I also will seize the sword, and buckle on my good cuirass, and, remembering thee, noble warrior! will avenge my country for thy broken sword." Instruments of military and nautical science are strewn about where these youths are sitting.

I think there is but one defect in this portion of the Fronton, and that one I must name. It is the omission of the NAVY. True, indeed, there are one or two students from the naval school; but this is not enough. A sailor from "*La Pelouse*," inscribing his name, as he did inscribe it, and the country to which he belonged, on the bark of a tree before he died, could have been introduced with effect. Or the sailor who first landed at the storming of Algiers, as he planted the French colours on the soil of Africa, could have supplied a suitable subject for the chisel of David. Perhaps, indeed, the sculptor has felt, that France has been less distinguished for her navy than for her army. This is true; but I confess this would supply me an additional reason for bringing forward the navy, in order to encourage the nation to pay more attention to it, as well as to reward those who have distinguished themselves in that branch of the public service.

We must now turn to the left side of the Fronton. This is the civil, as the other was the military side. I call it the left side, because as you stand to look at it, it really is so; but if, instead of the spectator, the figure of the *Country* be taken as the starting point, then it is the right side of the whole; for on the right side of the country David has placed the arts, science, and religion, and, on the left, war and the army.

On the right, then, of the Country, and near the splendid figure of Liberty, placed on the right side, and near Liberty, on purpose, and with a clear and obvious design by the sculpture, are MALESHERBES, the friend of Franklin, in the costume of a magistrate; MIRABEAU, as the type of eloquence; the learned MONGE, whose fame is as vast as his acquirements; and the good FENELON, who practised religion as well as taught it; and who makes us forget the errors of his church in his lessons of piety and humility.

Behind these colossal figures, is the noble deputy MANUEL, expelled, as he was under the Restoration, by an unprincipled and anti-national faction. This was a bold step in times like these, when the *Marseillaise* is looked upon as "dangerous," and when the "Restoration" is spoken of as the most enviable portion of French history. But David cannot compromise. He has fixed, by this one figure of Manuel, a permanent mark of reprobation on the "Restoration;" and the Fronton must be destroyed, and the figure of Manuel torn down, before this stigma can be effaced from the eyes of the people. Manuel is pressing a crown to his heart with one hand, and is holding in the other a MS., on which is written the famous words, "*Sitting of 4th March 1823*"—the sitting where, by force, and against law, reason, and right, he was expelled by bayonets from the Chamber of Deputies.

Carnot is also there, who organised the victory; and the celebrated *Berthollet* and Laplace, who so well deserved, by their lives of assiduity and research, the honours they received. The next group is composed of the great *painter, David*; of *Cuvier*, the profound and the patriotic; and of *General Lafayette*. And Lafayette is placed in this group, and on this side of the Fronton, because he was always more distinguished as a citizen than as a soldier. Lafayette committed great faults, and too often allowed his heart to get the better of his judgment: but many a victory he gained for the popular cause, and his name will long live in the annals of his country.

Farther removed, and in a sitting attitude, are *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*. The sculptor has represented them seated, because, during a long period of time, their ashes have been deposited at the Pantheon. *Voltaire* is represented as turning round, looking towards the Country, to enjoy the scene—whilst ROUSSEAU is meditating profoundly—his head reclining on his hand. This, then, is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, preached by stone. "They are not dead—but sleep"

Their souls—their minds—their imagination—their passions survive. Their ashes are reposing in the Pantheon—but their souls are immortal. I do not know whether my good friend *David* has intended to say all this—and I even doubt if he meant it—but this is at least the lesson which ought to be derived from it. I am almost sorry to find Voltaire in the *Fronton*—and I will tell you why, by relating a very short anecdote.

A few days ago I dined in company with Arago, and some other men of note, at the house of a private gentleman. At that party I met with a young French artist who had just returned from England. Our conversation turned to the subject of religion—and to the necessity for a union of religion and liberty. "But *what religion?*" asked the young artist. "*Christianity*," I replied. "That is impossible," he retorted. "*Voltaire* has overthrown Christianity in France—you can never re-establish it. I admit that his arguments are bad, unfair, illogical, and dishonest; and I admit that it would be easy to reply to every objection he has made, except one—and that is the all-powerful argument of RIDICULE. He has ridiculed Christianity so triumphantly, that no young man dares to profess himself a Christian." It is useless to go on with our conversation; but my objection of immortalizing Voltaire, can now easily be understood. He has substituted sophistry for reasoning—burlesque for argument—and ridicule for truth.

Near the figure of Rousseau is Xavier Bichat, crowned with laurels, and dying in the act of depositing on the altar of the country his unfinished work on "*Life and Death.*" His failing and trembling hand still holds the pen, anxious to terminate the work he has nearly accomplished. This work of Bichat is one of the favourites of David—and he always calls it "sublime." A lamp is placed near Rousseau, and in the corner is a group of young men, who are studying the sciences and the arts. All is calmness and silence on this civil side of the Fronton—whilst, on the other, all is movement and action.

I observed sketched on the drawing book of one of the sculptured youths in this last mentioned group the head of a child. "What is that?" I asked David. "Why there, he replied, I mean to place a plaster cast of my little boy. This is all I ask for myself. This is the weakness of a father, if you will, but it will cost nothing, and will please the mother." And there before me were both the mother and the child; for they spend the live-long day in the midst of the stone and the chisels, the dust and the scaffolding suspended in air, with their husband and father. The five-years old boy gamboled about on planks, and 'midst uncouth piles—whilst the mother, in a plain cotton dress, was talking to her friends, who were invited to the rickety temporary building which surrounded the massive Fronton—holding in one hand a volume "*of the novels of the author of Waverley.*" She reads English. David understands it. "Gambol on, pretty boy!" I could not but exclaim, as Victor Hugo looked lovingly upon him; "and may you one day be as good, noble, patriotic, and truly great and useful a man as David your father!" Madame David has the simplicity of the English character, combined with the courteousness of the French; so she accompanied myself and my friends to the door of her aerial cabin, placed so high as to make my poor head turn quite dizzy with the giddy height; and, delighted and grateful, we returned to our home, to reflect on the FRONTON or PEDIMENT OF THE FRENCH PANTHEON.—Yours faithfully,

O. P. Q.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE close of the publishing season, if it ever know a close, has stolen on by surprise, and left us considerably in arrear, not with the smaller wares of literature, but, what is far worse, the most important and enduring books which 1837 has yet produced. Yet it is not altogether our fault, if good works are published faster than our nimble twelve-penny pace can overtake them, since they distance still farther our Quarterly masters of the six-league boots. Out at once upon us comes Babbage's volunteer "Bridgewater Treatise," outdoing in originality and power all the regulars of the series; Professor Nichol's eloquent and beautiful work on Astronomy—the "Architecture of the Heavens"—and it might as fitly be named the Philosophy and Poetry of the Heavens; Bulwer's "Athens;" a world of new travels, and several more valuable works on national education. But this is not all. Here, laid upon Colonel Shaw, our own gallant countryman's bustling and spirited Life, reposes Sergeant Talfourd's Letters and Life of the well-beloved Charles Lamb. How is it possible in the same month to do the barest justice to such works as these? And others press on us, which we have neither the heart nor the conscience to thrust into the small print at the end of the Magazine, which is usually devoted to light, pleasant, or useful matters, such as poetry, new tragedies, novels, or the *minor classics* of the nursery and school-room. We trust to be able to do justice to our sense of their high deserts before the flood of publication again reaches the height.

The Highlanders of Scotland—their Origin, History, and Antiquities. By William F. Skene.*

This gentleman wields a two-edged claymore. With one side he has destroyed all former theories of the origin of the Highlanders; with the other, remorselessly hewed down the family-trees and bardic genealogies of every great clan, without exception. The Gael are, it seems, every mother's son of them, neither more nor less than the descendants of the northern Picts or *Pechts*; and the chiefs, if bigger, are no better men than their vassals. Never was so severe a blow inflicted upon the national pride. And the unkindest cut of all, is the Highland Society of London rewarding Mr Skene's mortifying researches with the premium they offered for the best Essay on the History of the Clans. The Scottish Highland Society could not have fallen into so egregious a blunder. The first volume is devoted to the history, laws, manners, religion, and social usages of the descendants of the northern Picts or Caledonians; and with the second commences the *raid* on the clan traditions, to which the author is encouraged by some scribbling on a sheep's skin, which he congratulates himself as warmly upon having discovered as if it confirmed every fond conceit and vain assumption which it overthrows. This impertinent M.S. was written about the middle of the 15th century, and had lain buried among the rubbish of the collections of the Faculty of Advocates, until brought to light by Mr Skene. Many of our northern readers will give the diligent inquirer small thanks for his trouble, or we are mistaken—at least as soon as they learn the nature of the contents of the "MS. of 1450," by which he sets such store. Fiction may sometimes be better than truth.

> "*They* have a vision of their own—
> Oh, why should *he* undo it?"

If we were not past the days of Buchanan and Targe, Mr Skene's labours might be likened to the trick of a mischievous boy throwing a handful of nuts or nut-shells amongst a group of monkeys. Not one flattering tradition is allowed to pass unquestioned—from those of the greatest clan family, to those of the least. The great Argyle—Macallian-More himself—is, alas! neither a Norman nor yet a Campo-Bello. The latter instrument, so far as regards the Campbells, is a mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The Mackenzies are no more Normans and Geraldines, than the vulgarest Smiths, Thomsons, Whites, Browns, or Blacks of the Lowlands; nor are the claims of the Macleans any better founded. The Macleods have no right whatever to boast that their

* 2 volumes.

great progenitor was a Norseman, and a very illustrious sea thief; and the Mackintoshes are no more descended from Macduff, Thane of Fife, than from Prester John. Indeed, Mr Skene doubts if any such Thane ever existed, while he altogether denies Kenneth Macalpin, the royal but fictitious head of the Macgregors, or Clan Alpine. Moreover, the present chief of this clan of the mist, seems to us to possess a rather suspicious title to the dignity. He is only an elected chief—and that, too, somewhat after the manner of a Member of Parliament for the borough of Stafford. A still unkindlier cut to the chief of the Mackintoshes, than repudiating the visionary Thane of Macduff, is exalting Cluny Macpherson into the head of the Clan Chattan. In like manner, the Macmartin Camerons, and not Lochiel, would seem to be the head of the Camerons. The Camerons, and also the Grants, claim a Danish descent—the former from Cambro, a Dane, the latter from Aquin de Grandt, who is sometimes a Dane, and sometimes a Norman. These pretensions are declared equally groundless and empty with those of the imaginary descendants of the Campo-Bello and the Geraldine. It fares no better with the other clan-heads. The Macdougalls, Macneils, Macdonalds, Macgillivrays, &c., &c., are all stripped of the borrowed plumes which their bards and sennachies had stuck in their bonnets; and some of the obscure and less potent clans would seem to be of the purer and more ancient descent. Having noticed from what among the Norman or Norseman fountains of honour the clan-chiefs do not proceed, we must leave the reader who feels interest in the matter, to find out the origin from which Mr Skene derives them. Thus, upon the faith of his invaluable MS., he derives the Mackenzies from a certain Colin Oig, or Young Colin, the son of Gillion *Na L'Airde*, the ancestor of the Rosses. The only decided Norman whom Mr Skene recognises in the north, is the head of the Frasers, now Lord Lovat. He completely crushes the clan pretensions of the Laird of Chisholm; but makes handsome atonement to wounded dignity, by conjecturing that the Lowland family from which Chisholm *may* have sprung, *may* have been of Norman descent—for it is all guess work. Mr Skene has also given a kinsman's lift to those family claims of the late Glengarry with which the northern world has long been amused, if not edified. In this he runs directly in the teeth of the late Mr Gregory, who, in his ingenious work on the Highlands,* decides this important controversy in favour of Clanranald. Who shall agree when doctors differ? Mr Skene has bestowed quite as much space upon this family dispute as its great importance in Highland history demands. And have the Macdonalds of Keppoch always acknowledged the chiefship of Glengarry? We have doubts on this head. One might also suppose, from Mr Skene's statement, that Glengarry is, if not the Lord of the Isles, a co-equal dignitary—the "patriarchal chief," in opposition to "the rival family of the Lord of the Isles"—thus altogether setting aside the chiefship of Macdonald of the Isles over all Macdonalds and Macdonells whatsoever.

But we respectfully leave this mighty matter to the learned; and are Gothic enough to confess that we almost regret to see such waste of industry, and what we must consider misapplication of talent, unless Mr Skene's labours are to be viewed merely in the light of an exercise of patience in research, and ingenuity in balancing conflicting evidence. But for what purpose? Only to prove that all Highlanders, chiefs and vassals alike, are mere "Red Schanks," or "Redshankes," and for ever to destroy the flattering dream that the chief towered up to a dignified bearing and stately stature in virtue of his aristocratic Norman blood, while the aboriginal clansman remained a stunted sinewy Celt. Instead of the generous Norman blood producing this physical and moral superiority of the chieftains, it turns out, according to Mr Skene, that the Utilitarians must always have been right in believing it to be solely owing, where it does exist, to a better allowance of beef, salmon, and venison. The blood and flesh of kine and muttons have more virtue in noble veins than that —so long drained off—of the doughtiest followers of the Conqueror. The physical difference between the clan-head and the clan-tail is much the same in character as that which exists between a Lewis stirk newly exported and the same animal swollen to an ox in English pastures—between the most stunted Kerry boy and the colossal Liberator—both alike being at all points genuinely Irish, and only differing from the nurture of a few generations. To make amends for his detection of the frauds of the bards and sennachies—who, like the Colleges of Heralds in former times, dealt out family honours at all prices, and the highest to those who paid best—Mr Skene gives a qualified admission to the authenticity of Ossian's poems.

* Gregory's History of the Western Isles, reviewed in this Magazine in August 1836.

Sketches of Young Ladies. By Quiz. Illustrated by Phiz.

Here we have two dozen specimens of the leading classes into which young ladies may be divided. The classes have their characteristic traits sharply seized, and neatly and pointedly discriminated. Thus, for example, the *Young Lady who Sings*—

In general has a voice like that of a tin kettle if it could speak, and takes more pride in reaching as high as D sharp than if she had reached the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Whenever she is invited out, her "mamma" invariably brings four songs, by "that dear Mr Bayly," three German songs, two Italian, and one French song. Sometimes, but not always, an ominous green box is brought in a fly along with the music, inclosing the valuable appendage of a guitar, with a sort of Scotch plaid silk ribbon, of no earthly use, dangling from the handle.

If any young gentleman is so unfortunate as to reply in the affirmative to the young lady's inquiry "if he loves music," his fate is sealed. He is thus told his melancholy duty:—

At the conclusion of each song, it will be your particular business to repeat over again the words "most beautiful" three several times; and, while inwardly longing to be flirting with all the six pretty girls in the corner, you will be obliged to beseech and implore the young lady who sings to delight the company with another solo. Hereupon the young lady who sings coughs faintly, and says that she has a severe cold; but, much to her private satisfaction, is overruled by her "mamma," who, turning round from the sofa where she is seated, talking scandal with the lady of the house, says reproachfully, "Well, my dear, what if you have a cold—does that prevent you obliging us? For shame!" Then follows a short pantomime between mother and daughter, touching and concerning the next song to be sung.

When this is happily got through—

"Mamma" asks successively each of the other mammas whether any of their daughters sing, and, receiving a negative, addresses her daughter thus:—"Julia, love, do you remember that sweet little thing of Madame Stockhausen's, which she sang the other evening?" Hereupon another song follows, and then another at the particular request of the lady of the house, who is all the time dying for her own daughters to exhibit. In this manner the evening is spent; and, if you are particularly fortunate, you have, in return for your patient listening, the exquisite gratification of putting on the young lady's shawl, before she steps into the fly, in which she hums all the way home.

There is much more of it, equally piquant and truthful. But the title ought surely to have been, "The Young Lady who Sings, *and her Mother.*" In such cases mamma is often the greater bore of the two. *The Romantic Young Lady* is also very good. She *dotes* on everything; she *pities* everything. She is a continual ecstasy of love or hate. She has read all the love novels in Christendom; and, at present, is quite in love with "that dear Mr Bulwer." She really hates scandal and gossip. Her novel reading saves her from that vulgarity. Her great crises are thus described:—

The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which time she gradually subsides into common sense.

We have no doubt that, after the last era is passed, the romantic young lady degenerates into a careful, vigilant housewife, and excellent mother to six or eight small children; becomes very indifferent to the moon; instead

of buying the last edition of Wordsworth's Poems, remembers the sensible poet's present to a young wife, and purchases a pair of scales for the storeroom; seldom opens anybook, save "The Housewife's Manual" of Meg Dods; and gets quite tolerant of "that dull woman Mrs Briggs," and that "dry book," Hume's History. We are half afraid of *The Evangelical Young Lady*; yet she is a fair type of the young feminity of Coleridge's *Slangi* nation. Our author traces the disease to the first symptoms:—

We carefully watched the whole progress of this disease in destroying the innocent mirth of our neighbourhood, and can affirm most indubitably, on the strictest historical evidence, that it began with Miss Slugs, the attorney's daughter, about a year-and-a-half ago. That distance of time has now elapsed since upon paying a visit in that quarter, we found the once cheerful and vivacious Miss Slugs, sitting in the drawing-room in a very plain dress, with an extremely sulky look, and doing nothing. We began our conversation with her in our usual mirthful style, which she had been accustomed to approve of. But to each of our several witticisms she replied with only a cool yes or no. At last, fancying that we had hit on something to please her, we asked whether she was going to the ball on Friday. What was our surprise when, starting back in the utmost horror, Miss Slugs answered in this manner—"I thought," said she, "you were aware that I never go to balls now. I consider them to be extremely improper." After this she gratuitously quoted for our exclusive information two or three pages of Scripture, to all which we listened reverently, as we always do when Scripture is read, yet not without pain at thinking how greatly she perverted those doctrines, which, however serious in their ultimate object, are yet, in our humble opinion, by no means opposed to occasional mirth. We did not again visit Miss Slugs for some time; but every now and then reports reached us that she was becoming daily more particular. First, we heard that she had prevailed on her mother to dress the two maid-servants in a plain uniform of blue and white. . . . . Accounts now spread of various small quarrels between Mrs Slugs and Miss Slugs on the subject of religion. It seems the old lady could not be prevailed on to forswear a pink ribbon in her cap. Anything else she was willing to give up to please her daughter, but not the pink ribbon. The pink ribbon, therefore, was a perpetual source of dispute, which did not end till the daughter herself cut it off one night when her mother was in bed.

The end of Miss Slugs is in correspondence with the beginning:—

As we were walking on a Sunday morning along the banks of a small river, we came upon a shady place, where about two hundred persons were collected, all looking very intently upon the centre of the stream. We ourselves turned our eyes in the same direction, and beheld the anabaptist blacksmith and carpenter in the very act of turning Miss Slugs backwards into the water. She was dressed in flannel for the occasion. The case was plain. Miss Slugs had become an anabaptist, and the next day—married the carpenter.

The *amende honorable* is made to the evangelical young ladies thus:—"But it is better to become an anabaptist at once, like Miss Slugs, than, like some ladies whom I know, to waste heart, health, and energy, in a continual pursuit of irreclaimable frivolity."

The Manly Young Lady is just a Die Vernon, without Die's charming dash of romance. She marries a young clergyman, and becomes, all at once, a most domestic and useful wife. We like *The Manly Young Lady*. She is a gentlewoman at all points, in spite of her *uproariousness* and alleged vulgarity. Quiz asserts that her way of doing things, her natural stylishness, redeems her from vulgarity and, whatever the ladies may say to it, we are inclined to believe him. *The Young Lady who is Engaged*, is one of yet another class, and a well described specimen; but, unhappily, in these times of prudence and moral restraint, she is much more rarely to be met with in society than *The Interesting Young Lady*, whom we have at full length—

Sitting on the sofa by the fire-side, with an air of the most profound melancholy. She is generally jammed in between two fat old ladies, who talk across her, but in whose conversation she never bears a part. Her face is unusually long; something between tallow and spermaceti in complexion. A long corkscrew ringlet dangles down at each side, round which she occasionally twists her forefinger in a solemn, melo-dramatic style. Evidently her thoughts are "far away." She never utters a syllable to any one. Now and then she wrinkles her forehead, just to denote the intense misery that is passing within. Her posture, so far as can be contrived between two fat old ladies, is essentially picturesque; her head thrown back in a delightfully negligent manner; her eyes turned up to the ceiling; her legs crossed, with the toe slanting downwards, as straight as a ruler, and one of her hands thrown carelessly on her lap, upside down.

At each introduction, she bows in the most elegant style imaginable. A gracious smile lights up her features for a moment; after which she relapses into her former unconscious state of profound thoughtfulness. Blue, diversified with white, is her constant dress; not an ornament is to be seen, except that simple little black cross, which gives the final touch to her interesting appearance, making her look like that most touching of all beings, a persecuted Roman Catholic young lady.

"What an interesting young creature!" says every one to every one. "Poor thing! how melancholy she looks! What can be her name?" "Eliza de Lacy," replies the lady of the house, highly delighted. "Eliza de Lacy!—What a pretty name!" says each young lady who hears the disclosure, and straightway retires into a corner with some other young lady, to talk over the interesting pale unknown.

At an early hour, the interesting young lady's papa comes from his rubber, puts a shawl of some unusual pattern round her very carefully, and marches her away. Every one feels relieved at her departure; and yet the interesting young lady has gained her end. She has produced a sensation. No sooner is she outside the door than she becomes perfectly natural and merry again—satirizes the two fat old ladies most unmercifully—retails all their scandal in the most piquant manner—quizzes the mistress of the house till her father splits his sides—and, finally, goes to bed with the delightful conviction that all the neighbourhood will be talking of her, more or less, for the next week to come.

Then we have *The Petting Young Lady*, with her poodles and canaries, her kittens and lambs, which are always meeting with fatal accidents, and keeping her drowned in tears and misery. *The Natural Historian Young Lady*, a genus that is fast increasing, is a sad bore—the most troublesome extant, next, perhaps, to *The Young Lady who sings*, or to *The Clever Young Lady*, who is, indeed, five or six ladies in one. *The Abstemious Young Lady* is the very reverse of *The Manly Young Lady*, who eats openly and heartily, and frankly bids you fill up her glass. One never sees those abstemious ladies eat—

And yet they are tolerably stout, too. We have known them weigh from eleven to twelve stone, which is pretty well for an abstemious young lady. At a dinner party they leave everything on their plate, after just picking up a morsel not sufficient for a tom-tit. Observe how daintily they hold their knife and fork—just by the extreme end of the handle—so that, even if they were disposed to that vulgar habit of eating, they could not lift up more than one grain avoirdupois. The lady of the house is continually pressing them to eat, with the most anxious solicitude for their well-being. "Really, Miss Carolina, you must eat something. Take a piece of boiled turkey—do, pray. A little bit of roast beef. John, take Miss Carolina Webster's plate for a slice of beef." "Really, Mrs Hopkins," answers the abstemious young lady, "I do assure you I have made a most excellent dinner. I never eat more. Ask mamma."

The abstemious young lady makes herself ample amends at a substantial daily dinner, which passes under the name of the children's lunch.

We cannot go farther with our young ladies; but this lively, good-humoured little work ought to be widely circulated among them, for the correction of some of the many amiable weaknesses so gaily, lightly, and gently touched. Quiz is not a sour or bitter satirist of their sex, but a gay banterer and laughing philosopher, who, warmly admiring all sorts of young ladies, ought to be listened to by them with patience and good-humour equal to his own.

Angling Reminiscences. By Thomas Tod Stoddart, Esq., author of "The Scottish Angler," &c. &c.

"The gentle brothers of the angle" are getting rich in

a very peculiar and pleasing kind of literature. We know not how many volumes could now be mustered towards an angler's library—poetical, descriptive, charmingly rural, and daintily epicurean, moralising, philosophizing, and gourmandizing; from the patriarch Walton, who shaped their course, to Mr Stoddart, who follows, with freer gait and larger scope, in Izaak's track. Nimrod may descant on hunting, and Barclay dilate on training, but how many great names does Angling boast! Cotton the poet, Davy the philosopher, Jesse, who makes the driest details of natural history poetical, and the great Christopher North! The Reminiscences consist of a series of dialogues, carried on by the members of a fishing club, each of whom is formally introduced. Very respectable and amusing personages they are; and every one is a man by himself—an individual. The scenes of their exploits range from Tweed-side, and St Mary's Loch in Yarrow, to the wild scenery of its Highland cousin, Loch Maree in the wilds of Ross-shire. The dialogues are pleasantly relieved by lusty lays connected with the craft, trolled gaily forth by the side of streams by the fishers. In short, this, in its own way, is a most desirable bit of furnishing for the angler's basket, gently raising and blending his pursuits with better things.

Regimental Coventry.

An unfortunate gentleman, Mr Connell, late assistant surgeon in the 3d Light Dragoons, has not only written, but published, two mortal volumes, containing many hundred octavo pages, touching his persecution in that regiment. He has not, in all probability, been the wisest of regimental surgeons, yet he certainly has something to complain of. Out of the range of barracks, mess-rooms, and military clubs, his book may not have much interest; yet we have no doubt that it will produce replies, rejoinders, &c. &c. It makes, incidentally, some curious revelations of the interior of regimental economy; and it does not, certainly, in any respect, tend to exalt the moral influences of the profession of arms.

NEW NOVELS.

Romances, which, if not positively immoral, are yet of an enervating, morbid, or unhealthy tendency, are multiplying so rapidly in England, that some of the grave and dignified literary censors, who, in denouncing, have made known the still more offensive productions of this class which disgrace modern French literature, ought to pass immediate judgment on, among others, "Paynell, or the Disappointed Man;" and also on the somewhat less offensive "Jeanette Isabella." Fortunately, there is nothing in either of the works to excite that powerful interest which might make them dangerous. "Paynell" is a feeble specimen of the Satanic, and the other of the pseudo-sentimental school. We should hope that the public has no appetite for these effusions, and that the booksellers will speedily find their account in discouraging their production.

Doveton; or the Man of Many Impulses,

Is a romance of unexceptionable moral tendency, written in a very pleasing style, by a man of taste and reflection, whose aims are pure and elevating. It is by the author of "Jerningham," a work of which we thought very favourably on its appearance last autumn.

The Widow's Offering; a Selection of Tales and Essays. By the late William Pitt Scargill, author of "Truckleborough Hall," &c. &c.

This selection from desultory writings scattered through newspapers and magazines, conveys a very favourable impression of the talents, versatility, and town-bred taste of the ingenious author. The essays, sketches, and tales, embrace a world of topics, and form altogether a very pleasant and instructive miscellany. Many of the pieces have already enjoyed, and most deservedly, a high degree of temporary popularity. To meet again with our old favourites gathered into a knot, is very agreeable. We predict that many readers will take great pleasure in adding the "Widow's Offering" to their "Ramblers," "Indicators," and "Round Tables;" nor need these standard-favourites be in the least ashamed of their new associate. We have but rarely seen so much diversified beauty and excellence of the sketchy sort from a single pen.

REPRINTS.

A small, neat, cheap volume, containing the whole poems of Campbell, has just been published by Oliver & Boyd, and will form an acceptable present to many of his young countrymen. "Good gear," according to the national adage, "goes into small bundles." One could scarcely imagine the entire poetical works of Campbell within such narrow compass; but then they are all quintessences. The same publishers have also issued a new edition of Cowper's works, in one thick but portable volume.—A new edition of the "Essays on the Formation of Opinion" has just been published, at a price so much reduced as to give the work a still better chance for diffusion.—But the most apt and seasonable reprint is the fourth edition of

Chambers' Picture of Scotland.

Reduced in price, and throughout revised, and brought up, as the map-makers say, "to the latest authorities." We do not pretend to trace all that is *fresh* in this edition of a work which felicitously unites the qualities of a useful guide with those of a lively companion, stored with all manner of that sort of quaint and pleasant local information, antiquarian and legendary, which kindles our Scottish scenery into life and soul, beneath the eye of the spectator. Among other new matter, we notice a minute Guide to the Beauties of Abbotsford, now become the most attractive of our modern show-places, for the "auld *nick-nackets*" with which it abounds, independently of its late illustrious master; and, also, to the still more interesting scenery of the domain—interesting, we mean, from traditionary and poetical associations. Our contemporaries, we observe, have lavished praise upon the former editions of this national Picture; and their eulogium certainly does not exceed its deserts. The author possesses aptitudes, and peculiarities of taste and knowledge, which singularly fitted him for his task; and a warm spirit of nationality, which must communicate a sympathetic glow even to the Southron. We have omitted to say that a good map of Scotland satisfactorily closes the work, which is, besides, studded with views of celebrated scenes, castles, and waterfalls.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Among those we may class Mudie's "Spring and Summer," two neat small volumes of natural history, composed in a popular and discursive style, by a thorough-bred *redacteur*. The matter is abundant, and the skill of the practised literary artificer turns it to profitable and pleasant account.

The Progress of Creation. By Mary Roberts.

This is another pleasant and popular small work on natural history, interspersed and enlivened with a variety of interesting and entertaining facts. Each day of the creation furnishes matter for a distinct discourse, devoted to the objects created upon that particular day; thus comprehending all the kingdoms of nature, and the outline of many sciences. The fair author would be none the worse of consulting Mr Babbage's "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise."

Investigation; or Travels in the Boudoir. By Caroline A. Halstead.

We have here a series of dialogues between *Mamma* and *Agnes*, in which the mother makes her child acquainted with a variety of the products of art and ingenuity, and other matters, somewhat tediously at times. The book is a very neat one, and, we have no doubt, well adapted to the intended object, though grown people cannot be expected to relish this pap of literature, or milk for babes. The numerous illustrations are clear and pretty.

Fidele, and other Tales.

This is a small volume of juvenile tales, which we consider greatly above the average merit of such productions, and in character exactly what such little natural stories should be. The tales are sensible and sage; and, in spirit, affectionate and kindly. They are, moreover,

either about poor people's children, or those of the middle rank. Now, from the general run of children's books, one might fancy they were all expressly written for young people whose parents kept their carriages, and had ample fortunes. To our young friends we can safely recommend these nice stories.

Of new serial works, we must notice Part I. of a "History of British Birds," by Mr Yarrell, the author of the "History of British Fishes." The wood engravings are truly beautiful, and the letterpress, we make no doubt, worthy of them.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

INCREASE OF TAXATION.—We believe that one of the benefits the most generally expected from the Reform of Parliament was a reduction of the taxation; and many will be surprised to learn, that, notwithstanding taxes to the amount of ten millions have, within these seven years, been repealed, the Revenue is much greater at present—that is, more money is drawn from the people than in 1831. In that year, the gross amount was £42,433,170; while this year it is £47,244,000. It would naturally be imagined, that, with an increase of five millions of revenue in time of peace, there would be a large surplus revenue to apply to the reduction of taxation—but no! Those who have the administration of other people's money always contrive to spend it—more especially if any benefit accrues to themselves from the expenditure; and the consequence is, that the revenue at this moment exceeds the expenditure by only £348,000, and no reduction of taxation is to be made. We confess that, at a time like the present, when tens of thousands of operatives are starving in the manufacturing districts—(at Paisley alone, there are 7540, including women and children)—when Parliament has refused to allow the foreign grain, rotting in bonded warehouses, to be entered for their consumption free from duty—we cannot approve of such grants as the following:—£30,000 for educating the Negroes, while there is not more than one half of the Scottish Highlanders, in many parishes, who can read; £14,140 for the ecclesiastical establishment of the North American colonies; £7000 for presents to the Indians in Canada; £14,000 for the repairs of the Rideau and Ottawa canals in Canada—so it appears that these absurd and extravagant works do not pay their own maintenance; £6300 for the purchase of a single picture for the national gallery; £1200 for Etruscan vases; and £1575 for purchasing shells for the British Museum, &c. &c. It would be curious to know how much of these sums is really expended upon the objects for which they are voted, and how much sticks to the fingers of those through whose hands the money passes. The great cause of the difficulty of reducing taxation, is our keeping up so many colonies and settlements in all parts of the world. Upwards of £200,000 have been voted this session for the North American colonies alone. No one, we suppose, is now so ignorant as to view these colonies as contributing directly to the resources of the mother country, when, besides the sums annually drawn from our taxes to support their civil and ecclesiastical establishment, the erection of fortifications, the formation of canals and other works, it must be obvious that they occasion an expenditure of at least eight millions on an army, and many more than there need otherwise be. But then, it is alleged, these colonies and settlements are essential for the successful carrying on of our trade. Now, we doubt if the profit of all our export trade together is worth what our colonies cost the country; and, for a decisive proof that foreign commerce can be carried on most successfully, not only without colonies and fortifications, but without even a single ship of war, we point triumphantly to the example of the United States of America. The truth is, it is for the very expenditure of the money of the people of this country they occasion, that the colonies are valuable in the eyes of our aristocracy. The Governorships, and other offices in the colonies, and the command of ships and regiments, form snug berths for the younger sons and brothers, and for the repair of fortunes dissipated in extravagance and profligacy; and, we may rest assured, that, as long as we retain our colonies, any material reduction of taxation is hopeless.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.—It appears that, as was hoped and expected, the Queen Dowager is not to go to Germany to spend her £100,000 a-year, but to remain in England as a rallying point for the Orangemen and Tories. The first consequence of this has already appeared in a vote of £21,000 for repairing Marlborough House, that being necessary in the way of landlord's repairs; and £40,000 more for fitting up, must be disbursed by the Queen herself, to make it habitable for the sister of a German Duke. Now, Marlborough House was altered and fitted up at an enormous expense for Prince Leopold; and Lord John Russell admits he would have been bound to keep it in repair, *had not his pension gone to the government account.* He took care, however, not to tell how it went. We will tell him. It is now six years since Leopold became King of the Belgians, and, during that period, £300,000 must have been paid to his trustees; but how much has been repaid by them to the treasury? Just £93,000, as appears by a return, dated 2d March last. It is full time that this fraudulent king were deprived of his pension. It is contrary to all maxims of state policy, and even to decency and common sense, that the king of one country should be the pensioner of another, or hold lands in it; and, were not the Belgians as mean and sordid as they are cowardly, they would long ago have forced their king to give up his degrading connection with Britain. We hope the next Parliament will have the spirit to forfeit entirely his pension, and not allow him to pocket, as he has done, three-fourths of it, through the juggle of trustees; and also to deprive him of Claremont.

CHURCH LANDS.—We are glad to see the Tories beginning to act on Radical principles. On one of the last days of the Session, Colonel Sibthorpe moved, as an instruction to the Church Leases Committee, "to inquire into the present value of all the property, of any nature whatsoever, which originally belonged to the several religious houses, and which, for other purposes than those for which they were intended, have been from time to time alienated from the Church; also a return of the names of the individuals to whom, and the periods at which, such have been granted, and by whom at present enjoyed." In moving the resolution, the gallant Colonel spoke at considerable length, and, in the course of his remarks, stated the Russell family held no less than £150,000 of church property. The motion not having been seconded, fell to the ground. Shame to the Radicals in the House! But, ere long there must be such an inquiry, and also a similar inquiry into the Crown lands; and then all the Church and Crown lands, not held for adequate consideration, must be handed over to the national creditor, in full payment of his claims, and the sponge applied to the balance. It is neither just, nor, indeed, possible to go on for ever paying thirty millions of interest of a debt contracted for no other purpose than to keep up Toryism.

SCOTLAND.

Mr Abercromby and Sir John Campbell met the electors of Edinburgh in the Waterloo Rooms on Monday. Their reception, particularly that of the former, was flattering, and their speeches more liberal than was generally expected. They were interrogated at considerable length by a deputation from the Radical Association and others,

and declared themselves favourable to a revision of the Pension List, Free Trade, particularly in Corn, Triennial Parliaments, and Abolition of Flogging in the Army and Navy. It struck us, from the answer to the question about the Corn-Laws, that the Attorney-General of England is ignorant of the fact, that live cattle, sheep, and fresh meat of all kinds, are prohibited to be imported. The candidates, of course, declared themselves opposed to Household Suffrage, Expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, and the Ballot. On the last subject Sir John gave the answer he has done for the last nine years—that he will support the ballot when all other means of preventing intimidation fail. How long we are to wait for the result of this experiment we know not; and it must be some considerable time, since during the last three years no attempt to commence it has been made. This answer of Sir John's is similar to the declaration of the Tories, expressing their willingness to reform *proved* abuses—they reserving to themselves the sole right of the proof. It was declared by a large majority of the meeting, that the candidates were fit and proper persons to represent the city; the working classes—who are radicals almost to a man—thought, however, otherwise, and at a meeting of two or three thousand of them, held in the evening, on the Calton Hill, they voted that the answers to the questions put to the candidates were unsatisfactory, and that they were unworthy of support.

THE ELECTIONS.—As most of the Scotch elections will be over before our Magazine will be in the hands of our readers, it is useless for us to speculate on their probable result. We do not anticipate much change of strength to any of the parties. If Sir George Sinclair be turned out for Caithness-shire, Andrew Johnston for the Fife burghs, and Sir Andrew Agnew for Wigtonshire—the three saints who obtained their seats under false pretences—we shall be content, even should their places be filled by *honest* Tories.

DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.—Some feeble attempts have been made to defend the Highland lairds from the charge of being the chief cause of the distress in the Highlands; but with so little success or even plausibility, as not to require any answer. They have carefully avoided the best refutation of the charge—a liberal subscription for their tenantry, combined with reduction of rents; and there is every reason to believe that the money subscribed by others will speedily find its way into the pockets of absentee lairds. That the faces of the peasantry are ground by exorbitant rents is not seriously denied by any one. On the sea-coast, the rent of the patches of arable ground is fixed, not in reference to the agricultural value of the land, but is regulated by what the occupant is likely to gain by fishing—for not even the sea escapes the rapacity of the landlords. Of late years, there have been several bad fishing seasons, the consequence of which was that the peasantry got into arrears; and every farthing realized being absorbed in rent, their nets, lines, and boats, when worn out, could not be replaced. The result is, that the fishing on the west-coast is rapidly declining. The boats and fishing apparatus are so defective, that it is only when the herrings reach the lochs and coasts, that the fishermen can venture to attack them. On the east coast, the fishing is conducted in a very different manner, the boats often going from ten to twenty miles from the shore, which they are enabled to do by having stout boats manned with well-fed men, and possessed of strong nets adapted for fishing in deep water. But even on the east coast the value of the herring fishery is not duly appreciated. We learn from *The Shetland Journal*, that, by the middle of June, herring busses from Holland begin to arrive in Shetland; and, on the 25th of that month, no fewer than eighty-six busses, each manned by about fifteen hands, sailed from Lerwick to prosecute the fishery, while the Shetlanders would not think of beginning till a month later. The falling off in the value of kelp is another cause of the misery of the people. At its present price, the sooner its manufacture is altogether discontinued the better, as the sea-weed would be much more profitably employed in the cultivation of the soil. It is in vain to suppose that the manufacturers of Britain will ever again submit to a prohibiting duty on barilla, for the purpose of increasing the rents of the Highland proprietors, whose rentals, as we have lately shewn, have, within the last half-century, been increased, in many instances, eight or ten-fold. Before any further appeal is made by the Highland proprietors to their southern neighbours, they should apply at least some portion of these increased rents to the relief of their distressed tenants. In England, even under the new poor-law act, one in ten or twelve of the population receives parochial relief; and the yearly assessment will not, in all probability, be permanently brought lower than five millions, or 6s. 8d. a-head for each inhabitant. In Scotland, the assessment does not exceed one shilling per head, and not more than one person in forty-eight obtains parochial relief; and this only in the low country; for in the Highlands—though the proprietors are generally absentees—assessments are altogether unknown; and of the intensity of private charity we may judge from the following return of the population and expenditure on the poor in three Highland parishes:—N. Knapdale, 2184, £15—Kilmun, 4864, £20—Lismore, 3407, £34—being 1¼d. for each of the population! Whatever may be thought of poor-laws in the abstract, it is indisputable that, as long as the present corn and other starvation laws are in force, the landlords are bound to maintain those they insist upon keeping in a state of idleness and destitution; and, as long as the aristocracy insist upon foreign grain being kept in granaries till it rot, and on prohibiting the import of foreign cattle, it is the duty of every working man to teach and inculcate upon his children, that the land is the patrimony of the poor.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A violent struggle is going on between the advocates of a gold and of a paper currency, and both parties appear equally determined to carry their point. A very large meeting was held in New York, on the 16th of May, at which a series of resolutions were passed in favour of a metallic currency. The preamble to the resolutions states—"That it is impossible for the business of the country to revive and prosper so long as banks are allowed every few years to turn the balance of trade against us by depreciating the currency; and that the present is an opportune season for entirely eradicating the curse of paper money, and, by adopting an exclusively metallic currency, to establish a low scale of prices, and thus render this a selling instead of a buying nation." It is then resolved to support the General Administration in putting down paper; to oppose the erection of a national bank; that those who voted for the suspension of cash payments are traitors; and that the nation will not be happy and free till "the paper bubble is perfectly destroyed." We hope those who take an interest in the all important subject of the currency, will watch carefully the present crisis in America.

THE CANADAS.

After all their blustering, Ministers are afraid to seize the money in the treasury of Lower Canada; so, after voting good round sums for repairing Canadian canals, paying Canadian preachers, paying Canadian patriots for losses in 1813, bribing Canadian Indians, they conclude by carrying a vote, forty-three to ten, for £142,640: 14: 6, for paying arrears of judges' salaries, and other officers in Canada! Thus, whatever goes wrong in any part of the world, we must pay for it; and all that we will ever get for our money is Lord John Russell's promise, that Ministers are determined to act vigorously on the Resolutions next session. We don't think they will.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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HOW IS THE QUEEN'S GOVERNMENT TO BE CARRIED ON?

The heading of this paper embodies a question which, we admit, is easier put than answered. Every man has his own opinion of the matter, there being only union in the belief of the impossibility of going longer on upon the policy avowed by the talking or Conservative members of the Cabinet. It is proved to every man's conviction that, between the Tories—no longer supple and courteous, but triumphant and adventurous—and a really Reforming Government, lies the only choice. The result of the elections demonstrates the disgust and apathy of the country with mere Whiggery, to be deeper and more widely diffused than the most far-seeing Liberals apprehended. It would be as futile as dishonest to disguise the bitter disappointment which the Whigs, as a party, have sustained, and the injury done to the cause of Reform through their paltering, feeble policy. Those anxious reformers who, alarmed at the late retrograding symptoms in the Cabinet, and the avowed determination of Lord John Russell to refuse every comprehensive and effectual measure for improving the defective system of representation, were afraid that the election, and the power and influence of the Court, might make the Whig party too strong, are, however, quit for their fears. The tremulous, enervated Government has come out of the trial anything but too strong. It is existing—and that is all.

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less;"

the *Ministerial* majority dwindling away in every successive *Reform* Parliament and Session, is now reduced to about the last ebb. Still we will not despond: there is a chance left; nay, it is within the verge of possibility, that the defeat which the Government has sustained may be turned to the means of its salvation, and advance the great cause which that defeat seems to retard. Apparent prosperity might have been their ruin; for this country will never submit to be governed by Tories under the name of Whigs; and, from anything we can see to the contrary, augmented strength might have been employed for such a purpose.

There is a certain description of persons who are proverbially said to be under the special care of Providence, from not being very able to take care of themselves. Her Majesty's Government may be ranked among those favoured individuals. They have O'Connell's luck and their own. One more chance, and that the very last, is offered them; one more golden opportunity to redeem past failures, and improve the future. Have they sense, courage, and vigour equal to the crisis? Are they, in one word, sincere in their professions of regard to the cause of Reform?—or are they indeed doomed to sink inch by inch, never to rise again, and to go down to posterity laden with execration, as the only set of statesmen who, having it in their power to improve the institutions of their country, and to be the honoured instruments of extending the blessings of liberty and civilization to the whole human race, dallied at their post like imbeciles, and then deserted it like traitors? There is no longer time for hesitation, nor have the Whigs any power of choice. The time to have resigned with dignity and effect is past, never to return to them. They must be vigorous reforming Ministers—or worse than nothing. Coalition, that last refuge of baseness and imbecility, is hopeless to them as a party. The Tories have more sense than submit to the odium of being burdened with even one of their damaged men. If Tories are to reign, they will reign alone. If they defied the Whigs at the height of their power and popularity, disdaining their advances, they will hold them far cheaper now. No party has sunk like them. The People have temporarily lost a few votes in the House of Commons; and, what we reckon worse, the services of some of the best and ablest of their friends. We admit, while we lament the full extent of this calamity. But still it is not loss of honour nor of influence. Roebuck is not dead to the country, though silent in the House. The truth and courage of Ewart and Thompson are still animating energies. The Tories also have sustained merited and indelible disgrace in the persons of some of their chosen captains. It is not a feeling of revenge, but the holy sense of justice, which makes us exult in the discomfiture of persons such as Sir James Graham and Mr Emerson Tennent. Much as we rejoice that Peter Borthwick sits once again for the Tories of Evesham, it is yet more delightful to see Emerson driven out by the Liberals of Belfast.

But, in these complicated losses and gains, it is the Whigs chiefly that have suffered. They are sadly crippled, even numerically; but that is not the worst. They have lost votes, and failed to gain supporters, because they had first lost moral influence in the country; and the favour of the Court, on which so much reliance was placed, it is found cannot counterbalance the indifference of the People.

Court influence has indeed been shewn in an entirely new light by the issue of the late elections. We freely admit the power, the activity, the foul acts, and, to say all in a word, the incredible small villanies of the Tory party, lay and ecclesiastic, in their well-organized conspiracy against Reform; but, taking their arts and influence at the highest estimate, no such mortifying results as those we have witnessed could have arisen, save for what the Ministry itself has done or refused to do. If a Cabinet had been expressly organized for the purpose of creating, first distrust, then disgust, and finally apathy, its operations could not have been more effectual. And, to mend the matter, Lord Durham, at the critical juncture, struck in to set his seal upon the very gratuitous Conservative declaration of Lord John Russell. No Cabinet Minister has opened his mouth, or written a letter in the last Session, save to defend some abuse hateful to the People, or to discountenance Ballot, Extended Suffrage, or some one of the great measures on which they have set their hearts, as necessary to their well-being.

But while we impute Whig defeat in so great a measure to the inaptitude of the Ministers to those measures, and to the shallow policy of really acting upon Tory principles under the deceptive name of Reformers, we deny that the Liberal cause has suffered by anything deserving the name of reaction. Reaction, as understood by the Tories, is a moral impossibility. Tell us that the People demand the re-institution of the Star Chamber or the torture, that they would wish to see re-established the rights of Seigniory, or the Slave-trade, and we shall believe that a nation co-existent with a free press, with the spectacle of democratic institutions in America, and the spirit of liberty alive in France and kindling over all the face of Europe, shall fall back upon the servile principles of Toryism! There are at all times a few persons with a larger endowment of animal spirits than brains, bawling at the head or tail of every movement, who, lately flaming Whigs or Radicals, are now as vociferous Tories, sometimes from selfish motives, but as often from no reason at all. And those persons, we presume, are to be cited in proof of reaction. We confidently appeal to every popular assembly—not made up of Tory bludgeon-men—from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, to disprove reaction. The exulting greetings, "the forest of hands" held up around every hustings—the hard-working, productive hands of those who, though non-electors, are yet the sinews of the State—triumphantly disprove reaction. Even where the candidate was but a shade more liberal than a rival Tory, he was the approved of the People. Well does Sir Robert Peel understand those intelligible signs of reaction. Take another and infallible test. Small as the Ministerial majority is likely to be in the House of Commons, a very large majority—an immense majority—of the aggregate constituency of the United Kingdom has sent it there. What then? One Mr Peter Borthwick, or a single Mr William Holmes, and their handful of voters, can neutralize a Dennistoun, or a Bannerman, or a Parnell, representing the numbers, property, and intelligence of Glasgow or Dundee. Even with all the means of gross bribery and intimidation employed by the Tories, their majorities were generally as narrow as possible, where there was a contest at all. The honest agricultural dullards of the English counties, who have voted either for or against Reform, and either for Methuen or the wretched apostate Burdett, exactly as the landlord or the parson, the bailiff or the gamekeeper, scared, drilled, or drenched them, will probably jog on in the same track during their generation, even although protected by the Ballot; and the verminous old boroughs, whether large as Liverpool or pitiful as Harwich, are not elements which statesmen can take much longer into account, however embarrassing their dead-weight may be in the meantime. But, surely the way in which those counties and towns have gone, is no proof of reaction. Sir Robert Peel cannot lay that flattering unction to his soul, even while he well knows that the smallest creature from the most rotten hole, has as much power to retard a good measure in the Melbourne Parliament, as a Member for Leeds, Manchester, or Birmingham has, by his individual vote, to advance it. The Reform Bill has many inherent faults; and not the least drawback on the whole reformed system is the ill-balanced representation. Many more of those pestilent decayed Whig and Tory-ridden holes should at once have been swept into Schedule A. We have representatives enough in all conscience; but they are most unfairly or perniciously divided. Scotland was submissive, glad to obtain some small share of the representation upon any terms; and Ireland, in the meanwhile, kept tolerably quiet, upon the same principle. The consequence is, that some wretched little rotten place, or some town overrun with pauper freemen, can, in Parliament, swamp those large, prosperous, and public-spirited new communities which form the strength of the empire, and which are the strongholds of reform and of all social progress. This is a great grievance. Yet the disfranchisement of any class of men is a remedy to which we like ill to resort. The representation must be adjusted and equalized by the extension, not the deprivation of the franchise. We would swamp, and ultimately reform the dishonest voters, by pouring a better class among them; purify the stagnant stream, by turning a fresh and copious new current into it.

But we have lost sight of our main question, in

another, which is, however, closely connected with it. We have shewn that, notwithstanding the blundering, cold, obstructive, and perhaps deceptive policy of the Whigs, the nation is still sound at heart, and holds fast by the great principles which roused and made it formidable to its prescriptive oppressors. We do not hope for the recurrence of so favourable a crisis as that which Earl Grey advisedly threw away, and which Lord Melbourne did not improve. Still—*We will not give up the ship.* The registries are open to the electors, and a way of escape and salvation is open to the Government. Will they follow it? They have completely failed in conciliating the Tories. As a reforming Ministry, they have nothing to hope from the aristocracy. But, save as a reforming Ministry, they cannot exist. The higher Whig aristocracy are already deserting the Whigs. They need none of their bits of patronage. The pocket-Member for Sutherlandshire is as great an anti-O'Connellite as Sir Francis Burdett. To the neutrality, to call it no worse, of the Whig Duke of Hamilton, may be imputed the loss of the important county of Lanark, if it is lost. The Whig alarmists can just perceive that the Ministers must be Reformers, to secure the alliance of the Liberals of Ireland, England, and Scotland; and Lord John Russell, if a Reformer, is to them quite as obnoxious as Joseph Hume. The Tories in action, Conservative principles, rallying round Church and State, as in the Pitt times, can alone lull their terrors, and secure their privileges; and they, accordingly, desert the poor Whigs at their utmost need. Every adventitious aid fails them. Nothing, save the solid, the legitimate, the sole element of the strength of all popular Governments, remains. Will they bravely and honestly trust themselves to that?—not to any insulated influence or interest, Irish or Scottish, but upon the only safe and honourable, and certainly the only permanent foundation of power—the People, who never did desert them, until they deserted the popular cause.

Mercy will be cried for Ministers once more, on account of their difficulties!—Consider their difficulties! We have been considering them for five years, and have never been able to get rid of the idea that they are either self-created or wilfully magnified; that they have grown by tolerance, and have sometimes been not unwelcome. Before sincere Reformers, these phantoms must either have disappeared or taken solid form long ago. There was a period when the Crown was hostile, when Ireland was almost in insurrection, and Mr O'Connell denouncing Earl Grey's government "as base and bloody." These were tangible difficulties—for O'Connell is a formidable foe, whatever sort of ally he may prove;—but where now is the invincible obstacle? Has the want of the confidence of the country in Ministers taken place of all those exploded difficulties?—or, rather, does any difficulty exist, save this dilemma, that the Tories will have office, and the People will have reform? And how can a Government act in the difficulty created by these violent antagonists, especially when it has resolved neither to surrender office, nor yet to give reform? Truly these difficulties inspire great sympathy! It is, however, comfortable to think there must be speedy relief in some shape or other.—Nor can we forgive Whig difficulties the disgrace reflected incidentally upon some of the leaders of the People, heretofore their ablest and most consistent champions. It is grievous to see patriots like Mr Hume, inveigled by the vain desire of aiding men who will not help themselves into fighting hopeless battles with party tactics. Such individuals cannot fail to lower themselves, and injure their immediate usefulness. If there be no honest constituency which, without Whig aid and influence, is willing and proud to return such men as Ewart and Hume, without involving any compromise whatever, their time for retirement has come. But there are numerous constituencies that would have received them on their own strength; and their character and services would have illustrated the most obscure electoral body in the empire. It is their own fault, or the blame of a too delicate consideration for Whig difficulties, that has kept several good men out of Parliament. Look at the manly part acted by Captain Wemyss in Fifeshire and Mr Harvey in Southwark? Both these gentlemen threw Whigs, Tories, party interests, and party engines overboard, and frankly told their respective constituencies, "Take me or want me. You know the value of my services, and you know my price. I will not trammel nor degrade myself, by any party compact, nor engage in truck or barter for a seat. I will neither canvass, corrupt, cajole, nor yet flatter you. Treat me like a man, and I will do your business, and my own duty in Parliament, if you return me upon the only terms a man should listen to." The electors understood this spirited and generous appeal, and nobly answered to it, as scores of constituencies would have done to the defeated Mr Hume, had he not been embarrassed by the difficulties of his allies. Let us hope that the issue of the two elections to which we have referred, may be of good example. For, even now, in the midst of the active organization of a system of electoral corruption, co-extensive with the empire, there never was a time in which truth and the courage requisite to speak it out unreservedly, found so direct and powerful a way to the hearts of men.

In the meantime, the Reformers have as yet, though Ballot may come, no solid foundation of hope, save in the registries. The time for them is past for this year—let us trust it has been improved: but we doubt it. The sheer effrontery, the downright, brazen impudence of the Tory agents, at this time, exceeds all their former doings. Their sole rule now is, "Object to every man; and, through indolence, inadvertence, or trick, be sure a good per centage, on the whole, will hold."*

* The Tories are trying to disfranchise all Glasgow. Not only is every new applicant objected to, but 3000 of those already registered. Shall we have Sir Robert

The Government must now be aware of the bad consequences, even to Ministerial interests, of the clumsy encumbrances placed upon the exercise of the franchise. It is at present far easier for a liberal man to marry a few times, to christen his child, to bury his mother, or to enter upon a good inheritance, than to obtain the privilege of giving an unchallenged vote for a Member of Parliament. The consequence may easily be divined. Many votes are necessarily lost, especially when it is seen that all this preliminary torture is probably to lead to loss of customers, loss of patrons, and intimidation and persecution of all sorts.

We said, we are willing to hope that the reverses of the Government may be the very means of saving it, if Ministers are disposed to take the lesson aright, and improve by adversity. They were in some danger of being intoxicated by Court favour, which, by itself, apart from either the People or the Oligarchs, is now demonstrated to be a thing more ornamental than useful, either to the strength or stability of Cabinets. Lord Melbourne was the Minister of William the Fourth in spite of the monarch's teeth, because the nation willed it; and it is just possible that Sir Robert Peel may be the Minister of Queen Victoria, in defiance of her wishes, if she have, indeed, any wish in the matter. No Court will long cling to a Government unpopular on all sides. The Court, therefore, by itself, we reckon little of at any time; and less than ever since these elections. The check to Whig pride and security has just come in time. Gladly, we doubt not, would they have *cut* the Radicals, and most gladly broken off whatever was most galling in Irish claims, and annoying among Irish claimants, had the English elections been favourable. There were indications of this temper—almost indecently obvious—until one defeat after another

> Changed their hand, and checked their pride.

This preparatory good is gained by disaster—that the Whigs are emphatically made to feel their "whereabouts." Another great good is attained in the rapid advance of the question of BALLOT. The present Parliament, with all its bad ingredients, comprehends many Ballot men; and we should see converts in the Cabinet also, but for one grand cause, a reason paramount to all others, though never once avowed. Ballot is a two-edged weapon, against which, however, the Whigs, if sincere Reformers, are invulnerable; but if not, then, at the very first election, the power they have granted would be sure to be turned against themselves. There is the rub. Here lurks the cause why what protects the independence of voters, and promotes morality in France and America, is—un-English; while bribery, promise-breaking, corruption, and the grossest debauchery, are good old constitutional practices, too sacred to be invaded—a portion of our ancient usages and institutions! The secret dread the Whigs have of Ballot might be overcome even by what they observe. The People complain of them to be sure, but they loath and detest the Tories. Ballot would mend and quicken Whig policy, and the Whigs would undoubtedly reap the advantage of the only measure which, short of the immediate extension of the franchise, can enable them to combat longer against aristocratic influence and Tory gold. But we would warn them that Ballot alone will not now rouse the united People in the might of 1831 and 1832. Great distrust and even alienation have unhappily crept in between the middle classes enjoying the elective right, and the working classes aspiring to the franchise. To excite a powerful movement—"to get up the steam" once more—both classes are wanted. Power is wanted; but, above all, union. And Ballot alone will not now give union. Still it is a most desirable and necessary measure, with which, whatever Lord John Russell, adopting the weak inventions of the enemy, may say, the interests of those who will not at once directly reap its benefit, are, nevertheless, closely bound up.

But to return—for what beneficial purpose is the Administration longer to exist? Some of its members have surely sufficient sense and manliness to have put this question to themselves since the elections. Notwithstanding all that their flappers are saying, they cannot be satisfied with their position. They must feel that the last two sessions of Parliament are a disgrace and a ridicule on the civilization and intelligence of the country. Cushioning their single principle, they were diligent in nothing save laying the foundations of the disasters which have overtaken them. But let that pass. They may rally still. For what are they preparing now? According to some of their oracular exponents, for the basest, the most degrading and venal policy that ever was followed by the most profligate statesmen in the worst of times. Let them, we entreat, in the name of their own honour and their country's welfare, not be misled by creatures, shallow and false; who, for one more half-year's salary, or some piece of paltry preferment hoped for in a few months, would sacrifice honour and country. Such persons are hinting pretty plainly that the Whigs may rub on for a long while, if they only make a judicious, that is, a corrupting use of their patronage, strengthen their faction in Ireland and Scotland, and pare down their measures so as to neutralize Tory opposition in the House of Commons. They will thus have patronage to corrupt the needy and greedy of the aristocracy; titles and baubles to gratify the vain and ambitious; and they will give no offence, no handle for offence, to any honest Tory breathing; nor, if possible, to the traders of that faction, whether

Peel for Glasgow next Parliament? One bad consequence of the growing discontent of Reformers with the Ministry, is latent suspicion of the motives of the agencies organized, generally under Whig patronage, to watch over the registries as they affect the Liberals. The applicant may have little time or inclination to battle for his own right, but he also becomes suspicious that the obliging gentleman who volunteers to battle for him, has some design of establishing a future claim to his vote, for the Ministerial candidate, and so he allows himself to be disfranchised rather than tied up. There should be a proper understanding about this.

headed by Lord Lyndhurst or Sir Robert Peel. Thus, their hopeful dependents imagine, or, at least, would make them believe, they may *jog on*, and *rub on*, until the close of a seven years' Parliament. These flatterers don't even pretend that Lord Melbourne can retain the reins of Government uncontrolled, or sit manfully in the saddle; but then he may cling firmly to the royal English mane, and hold lustily to the stanch Irish *tail*, and thus stick on, through mud and mire, however bespattered. The gentlemen—we lay them aside as politicians—forming the Melbourne Cabinet cannot descend to a trial of this degrading policy. And it is as foolish as despicable. Government wholly by patronage, is no longer practicable in wealthy England. It was possible to buy Old Sarum and twenty more places, and it is still possible to bribe and buy vain men by peerages and baronetages, and to corrupt Norwiches and Beverleys, and twenty more English towns, with a few sovereigns. But what patronage, what *national* bribe, have Ministers to offer to London, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow?—how do they propose to *bribe* and *corrupt* the whole people? The entire constituency are looking for *bribes*, which they call justice. Some require the abolition of the Corn-Laws; others expect the protection of the Ballot; a great many demand Extension of the Franchise. Some will only accept, as a sole bribe, of a thorough Church Reform.

The Irish people look for *bribes* too, suited to their taste. They must be relieved from their most intolerable burden, their *alien* Church. Are these things comprehended in the ways and means contemplated by those sage persons who indicate how the Melbourne Government is to *rub on* for at least seven years, by which time the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst will have been gathered to their fathers, and Sir Robert Peel be dead of sciatica, and buried in cotton; after which the Tories, perceiving no shade of difference between themselves and the Whigs, will settle down in peace under the vines and fig-trees Whig patronage may have reared for them—never more causing annoyance at elections throughout the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria, the royal patroness of Whiggery!

We will not insult the Government by supposing even one member of it capable of being deceived by the silly belief that it can be supported in power by anything short of fixed and distinctly recognised principles of a Liberal policy, and by promptitude, energy, and resolution in acting upon such principles. Let them take heart, purge and strengthen the Cabinet, and encourage the People—and they are safe still, and will grow to popularity.

DR NICHOL'S ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.*

Astronomy is beyond question the most spiritualizing of the sciences. With the highest knowledge, and the most sublime range of speculation, it combines religion and poetry. It is the study of the saint and the sage. It reveals the growth and also the decay of suns and planetary systems. It carries us out into infinity, and enables us to track and measure our way through the depths of space. How sublime the idea thrown out by the learned author of this admirable work, when he speaks of the elder Herschel, "sounding the heavens" with his powerful telescopes—"casting out lines, as we do at sea, to fathom and record its profundities!" These noble instruments of science may, without irreverence, be likened to the visioned ladder of the patriarch; who dreamed—"And behold a ladder set upon earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; *and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it!*"

The leading object which Dr Nichol proposes in this work, is to popularize the splendid discoveries of modern astronomy; to bring the stupendous wonders which it unfolds, and its overpowering sublimities, within the comprehension of all intelligent minds; and to displace vague conceptions and bewildering notions of the phenomena revealed by science, by accurate knowledge, and clear ideas of the probable march of farther discovery.

The volume might have formed a suitable and admirable *Bridgewater Treatise;* and, though more strictly scientific than Dr Chalmers' popular Astronomical Discourses, we have, since their publication, had no work in the same department of literature, so calculated to make a deep and permanent impression. The work opens with many just and well-expressed compliments to Sir William Herschel, of whom our author is the popular interpreter. Beautifully he illustrates the gradual expanding of a sublime range of discovery, before the mind of that philosopher—the slow withdrawing of that veil with which ignorance and timidity had shrouded stellar creation, and the unfolding of the true scheme of the universe. Previous to the bold hypotheses, which were confirmed by the subsequent investigations of Herschel, astronomers had rested content in the flattering and not unnatural belief, that our heavens stretch out to infinity—that our stars, or those within our ken, were diffused throughout all space. "It was the Telescope," says our author, "which in this case carried us into outer regions, and revealed their contents, hitherto unseen by human eye. And most splendid is the perspective. Divided from

* Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, in a Series of Letters to a Lady. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D., Professor of Practical Astronomy, in the University of Glasgow. In 8vo. Edinburgh: Tait. London: Simpkin & Co.

our firmament and each other, by measureless intervals, numerous FIRMAMENTS, glorious as ours, float through immensity, doubtless forming one stupendous system, bound together by fine relationships. Those remarkable masses are placed so deep in space that, to inferior telescopes, they seem like faint streaks, or spots of milky liquid, upon the blue of the sky; but the instruments which had just been called into being, resolve their mysteries, and disclose their myriads of stars." One of those faint streaks, or spots, is seen in the constellation Hercules. Its glorious stellar clusters are represented as seen with the telescope, in a plate—one of the many beautiful and singularly effective engravings (in which the stars, like gems or crystals, are relieved on a dead-black ground) which illustrate this volume, and greatly assist the bewildered reader, who is at first apt to be overwhelmed and perplexed by the grandeur and immensity of the objects and ideas presented to his mind.

In referring to the plate representing the curious stellar cluster seen in the constellation Hercules, Dr Nichol, in apology for popular scepticism, remarks:—"After all, how easy the belief to *its* indwellers, that a mass, thus surpassingly gorgeous, is—infinite! What wonder although the inhabitants of a planet, revolving around one of its central suns, should have mistaken his own magnificent heavens for the universe, and needed the dim and distant vision of *our* firmament, appearing to his telescope as a starry speck, to remove the veil from his mind, and give him juster notions of the magnitude of creation!"

Step by step Dr Nichol leads his disciples through the stupendous truths he has marked out, in revealing the structure and mechanism of our firmament, and the scheme, affinities, and unity—so to speak—of the universe. From the interior aspects of the heavens, as seen with the most powerful telescopes—which he illustrates by the example of the brilliant mass seen in the constellation Hercules—he descends to the shape of our FIRMAMENT, by which term he understands not alone the solar system, but the entire mass of stars, of which, in a clear night, we can see only the nearest portion. As an example of the simplicity, clearness, and fulness of Professor Nichol's mode of instruction, we are tempted to borrow, for it is impossible to abridge, his luminous exposition of the shape and dimensions of all that is contained in what he thus denominates our firmament; yet, without exhibiting his few simple diagrams, the reasoning might be difficult to follow by the uninitiated in science, nor is it easy to comprehend his account of Herschel's method of computation, when he "sounded the depths of the heavens," without the similar tangible aids afforded by the plates. The results of Herschel's observations are exhibited in a plate or chart of the heavens. How overwhelming, and yet how elevating are the following remarks on that small engraving!—"It has the aspect, and is larger than the size under which that firmament, so magnificent to us, may appear to spectators, in remote clusters, situated in a line passing through the milky way, and nearly over our heads—spectators who, perhaps, are, even now, marvelling, as they descry it through their telescopes, what that *sprawling spot* may be, which just somewhat, and only in one trifling point, bedims the azure of their heavens!"

The work is in the form of letters to a lady. Having, in the first letter, given a general idea of the structure and dimensions of what is comprehended in that which is at once so little and so vast, our glorious firmament, and shewn how astronomers have arrived at the exhibited results, the second letter is devoted to the power and reach of telescopes; and the third, to the sublime objects of those wonderful instruments.

One of the most singular discoveries brought to light by the power of the telescope, and by far the most interesting to human feelings, is the *double-ganger*, the *fac-simile* of our solar system, which is, indeed, to us, the "strangest, the most unexpected," discovery of modern astronomy. It is thus alluded to; and, even without the plates, our readers may be able to form a tolerably clear notion of what is at once so novel and so remarkable:—

> Although the telescope has not yet enabled us to lay out the plan of our cluster, from *interior* surveys, it exhibits what seems its very *picture*, hung up in external space. Look at Plate III. It represents an object resting near the outermost range of telescopic observation, not resolved, but doubtless a great scheme of stars, which is the *fac-simile* of that to which we belong! It has its surrounding ring of the precise form we have been inclined to attribute to our zone; and its section, figured in the same plate, or the aspect it would take on to a spectator at a great distance, looking from the direction of the white line in the margin, has the closest resemblance to Herschel's sketch. Singular affinity of forms! What link, what far-reaching sympathy can connect these twin masses—that unfathomed firmament and ours? What virtue is there in a shape so fantastic that it should thus be repeated? Or what is the august law, energising at the opposite extremities of space, which has caused these corresponding shapes to come into being? Prompted by reverential curiosity, we eagerly put such questions; but to resolve them baffles our loftiest philosophies.

It adds to the interest of this singular discovery, that our brothers inhabiting the stars, planets, and satellites of our counterpart system, see us in precisely the same aspect that we do them; and that their firmament is reflected in ours. We feel great curiosity about the nature and pursuits of the beings inhabiting our twin-planet, in particular—that other Earth. Do they engage in glorious wars? Are monarchy and hereditary wisdom, or democracy and representative government, established among them? Have they a rich hierarchy? and are they kept right in their place in the Heavens, by an Established Church? Have they discovered the art of printing? Do they require a Corn Bill, and the preventive check—the Ballot and Temperance Societies? Have their financiers contrived a funding system? Whether do they most resemble the Chinese, or the people of Europe? Have they had a Herschel, a La Place, and a Newton? And have they, simultaneously with us, disco-

vered their *fac-simile?* Have they had a Plato, or a Baron Swedenborg, dreaming about us? What a wide field of speculation and of idealizing this discovery opens up! And how many brains it would set a-working, were it once ascertained that, any demand, however small, existing, we could pour in upon the twin-planet, bottled porter, pianofortes, cutlery goods, and other such *Earthen*-wares! Such conceptions may be earthly and gross; but how else can we engage the busy inhabitants of our "sprawling planet" to pause on objects so remote, and to their interests so irrelevant?

And here we shall enter a nook of the vast and magnificent field of contemplation opened up to us in this absorbing volume. Far apart from "this dim speck called earth," the solar system, to which it belongs, and all that is comprehended by Professor Nichol, in those regions of space, and that endless number of stellar clusters which he denominates our firmament, he has already demonstrated the existence of other clusters or firmaments, distinct from ours, sustaining an independent position as individual constituents of creation. Into boundless infinity he now invites us to go forth, and investigate their character.

The number of such masses is very great. In the northern hemisphere, after making all allowances, those whose places are fixed cannot be fewer than between one and two thousand; and you will have a good idea how plentifully they are distributed, by remarking that this is at least equal to the whole number of stars which the naked eye perceives in any ordinary night. These clusters, the general aspects of which I am now to describe to you, have very various appearance to the telescope. In many of them, individual stars are distinctly defined. As they become more remote, the distances or intervals between the stars diminish, the light also growing fainter; in their faintest stellar aspect, they may be compared to a handful of fine sparkling sand, or, as it is aptly termed, *star-dust*; and beyond this we see no stars, but only a streak or patch of milky light, like the unresolved portions of our own surrounding zone. This is the state in which they are more properly called Nebulæ, and in which there is risk of confounding them with a singular substance not partaking of the nature of stars, but very common in our firmament.

Passing the speculations on this substance, we resume:—

In my first letter, I drew your attention to that splendid object in the constellation Hercules, represented in Plate II. Look at it again, and imagine its magnificence. This cluster, in respect of its leading characteristics, is a good specimen object, as it is a representative or type of a very large class. Notwithstanding the partial irregularity of its outline, it seems almost a spherical mass, in which, with a degree of greater compression probably towards the centre, the stars are pretty equably and regularly diffused, so that to the inhabitants of worlds near its central regions, its sky would spangle uniformly all around, and present no phenomenon like the milky way in ours. In Plates V. and VI. are representations of a few more of these spherical clusters, some of which, however, shew decided and great compression about the centre—a circumstance which would manifestly much augment the proportionate number of orbs of the first magnitude, in view of those living within the compressed portion, and thus render their visible heavens inconceivably brilliant. The same plates exhibit the degrees of distinctness with which these clusters appear to us. One of the figures in Plate VI., you will observe, is a very faint object, placed near the outermost verge of the sphere within which our mightiest instruments can descry individual stars; it is already in the condition of *star-dust*, almost fading into an irresolvable nebula. Firmaments, however, are by no means confined to the spherical form. Our own, and its curious cognate, are exceptions you already recognise; and there are many other equally remarkable shapes.

In alluding to the later observations of the younger Herschel, who is still at the Cape of Good Hope, and to the phenomena of the Magellanic clouds, our author, while quoting his words, opens up a new world of sublimity and wonder, "Fancy," he says, of the *Nubecula Major*, "a firmament shaped like a lover's knot; and, what is more, a group of firmaments manifestly related!" For it is thus Sir John Herschel describes the chief cluster:—"Some of the objects in it are of very singular and incomprehensible forms; the chief one especially, (30 Doradûs,) *which consists of a number of loops united in a kind of unclear centre or knot, like a bunch of ribbons—disposed in what is called a true-love knot!*" The astronomer is forcibly struck by the variety and fantastic shapes of the bewildering multitudes of unresolved systems, a few of which are represented as seen by the telescope, in the illustrative engravings; and, as we noticed before, with remarkable success. Professor Nichol emphatically winds up his speculations on the wonderful variety of form and aspect in these myriads of systems, and having now followed Herschel in sounding the stellar depths of the Heavens, concludes thus loftily:—

And is even *this*—the UNIVERSE? Where are we, after all, but in the centre of a sphere, whose circumference is 35,000 times as far from us as Sirius—and beyond whose circuit, infinity, boundless infinity, stretches unfathomed as ever? We have made a step, indeed, but perhaps only towards acquaintance with a new order of *infinitesimals*. In our first conceptions, the distance of the earth from the sun is a quantity almost infinite; compare it with the intervals between the fixed stars, and it becomes no quantity at all, but only an infinitesimal; and now, when the spaces between the stars are contrasted with the gulfs of dark space separating firmaments, they absolutely vanish below us. Can the whole firmamental creation in its turn be only a corner of some mightier scheme—a larger edition, so to speak, of such a group as composes the Nubecula Major of the South—*a mere Nubecula itself?* Probably COLERIDGE is not in error:—"It is surely not impossible, that to some infinitely superior Being the whole universe may be as one plain—the distance between planet and planet being only as the pores in a grain of sand, and the spaces between system and system no greater than the intervals between one grain and the grain adjacent!"

But let us not go on to bewilderment. Apart from considerations of space and time, we know this fact, that we are in the midst of being, whose amount, perhaps, we cannot estimate, but which is yet all so exquisitely related, that the perfection of its parts has no dependence upon their magnitude—of being, within whose august bosom the little ant has its home, secure as the path of the most splendid star, and whose mightiest intervals—if Infinite Power has built up its framework—Infinite Mercy and Infinite Love glowingly fill, and give all things warmth, and lustre, and life—the sense of the presence of GOD!

In the second part of the work, our author discusses what he defines as the Mechanisms and vital principles of the stellar arrangements; the probable universality of planetary systems; the relation of stars to each other; and the phenomenon of double and triple stars; the exist-

ence of large groups; and also the more complex relations of the constituents of stellar systems. This again opens up an immense field for retrospection, and for philosophical speculation and inquiry. What are these clusters doing? What is their *internal* condition? What their mechanisms, and the nature and affections of the bodies which compose them? Stupendous inquiries! yet not to be repressed, feeble as is the light afforded by our instruments and reasonings. And now our author traces the slow process of discovery from its first dim intimations; and relates the various hypotheses by which the phenomena of the heavens have been explained; and particularly dwells upon the discoveries of Sir William Herschel, and the truth of those bold conjectures, guided by science, to which Dr Nichol scruples not to give the name of prediction. We cannot pretend to follow our author in this mighty maze—through which he has himself taken the shortest and most direct path—and must, therefore, be contented to leave the reader to find his own way; but we are tempted by the exquisite beauty and fancifulness of the following passage:—

To one additional circumstance alone will I allude, in conclusion—partly because of its inherent interest, and partly because it unquestionably points to some important, although still undefined fact, relative to the physical constitution of the celestial bodies. The *light* of the stars is by no means uniform—the ray of Sirius, for instance, differs, not merely in intensity, but in *kind*, from the ray of Vega; and in countries where the atmosphere is less humid and hazy than ours, the difference is striking to the naked eye—one star shining as an emerald, another as a ruby, and the whole Heavens sparkling as with various gems. This attribute of variety of colour also characterizes the double stars; but the remarkable thing is, that, in many instances, where one star is of one marked colour, its companion is of the opposite. Instances abound in which a red and a green star are associated, or a yellow and blue. When the stars are of different degrees of brilliancy, this contrast may originate in an optical delusion—in that tendency which disposes the eye, when gazing on any bright colour, to endow fainter objects near it with the opposite or complementary colour, by way of relief; but the explanation is not universally borne out, inasmuch as many couples in precisely similar circumstances, shew no such contrast. Sir John Herschel was at first decidedly inclined to attribute the phenomenon to an actual difference of colour; and although he has since—perhaps on good grounds—half relinquished that conclusion, we have the acquiescing testimony of Struve, founded on observations with the Dorpat telescope, whose clearness has never yet been rivalled; so that we may not absolutely part with the early pleasing speculations of the British astronomer. "It may easier be suggested in words," says Sir John, "than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination, two stars—a red and a green, or a yellow and blue one—must afford a planet circulating around either; and what cheering contrasts and grateful vicissitudes, a red and a green day for instance, alternating, with a white one and with darkness, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, from the horizon!" The mention of planets starts speculations equally curious, and much less hypothetical. If, in consequence of a law at whose probability I have already hinted, small encircling worlds are a necessary appendage of each sun, what a field of various and strange life is opened by the idea of Spheres of the nature of ours *with two suns*—having sometimes one, sometimes both, and sometimes neither, burning in their sky! All the products of the material constitution of this earth, the character of its living families, perhaps the action of its magnetic and other influences, are co-ordinated and adjusted to the regular succession of night and day, or to the supply and absence of solar heat. No such families, then, none bearing other than remote analogies to ours, can exist in planets, engirdling those double suns. They, too, are surely the abodes of beauty and harmony; but their features are hidden from man—perhaps for ever.

In following another train of investigation, and ardently anticipating farther discovery, our author is led to notice Herschel's conjecture, that "all minor or peculiar clusters have a systematic character;" and, starting, if not difficulties, yet certain circumstances that are included in the general principle which Herschel had in view, he remarks:—

If, as is exceedingly likely, our sun has an extensive motion of translation, and, with his dependent train, is sweeping toward some remote point of space, or circling around some balanced centre of attraction, there is indeed no doubt that the effect of his motion will be mixed up in what will appear the proper motions of the other stars; but it has been distinctly shewn by BESSEL—perhaps the first practical astronomer of modern times—that the actual changes of the stars cannot be accounted for on this sole principle, and that we must attribute to a great number of luminaries a decided proper motion. We are surrounded, then, by a considerable number of orbs widely separated from each other, which yet have mutual affections of a nature we have not comprehended, but whose reality is indisputable; and *our sun being in the midst of this group, may be held as belonging to it, and mingling with its relations.* We know not how far the influence of this relationship may extend;—perhaps the planets attending the sun may owe to it something of the physical variations to which they are subject. The recent conjecture of a continental analyst is not to be summarily rejected or overlooked in a philosophical induction—that a degree of those changes of temperature which the earth has undergone since life appeared in it, and because of which our northern climes were one day capable of harbouring the palms and gigantic ferns of the tropics—may have supervened in consequence of our gradual translation into chiller regions of space. These notions are not comprehended within Herschel's principle; and, as I have said, they seem to point to the constitution and internal affections of a large group, but still of a mere *group*, and do not reveal, otherwise than *secondarily*, the nature of the mechanism of the complete or entire firmament.

Confessing the inability of science to explain the nature of the relations which bind together those countless subordinate groups which form the firmament, or the external clusters, seen in its mysterious depths, he leaves off in a passage which conjures up the most sublime and awful images that the law of gravitation ever awakened in the human mind.

This latter phenomenon decidedly indicates *compression* in greater or less degree—nor is it confined to masses having the perfectly spherical figure. "There are besides," says Sir William Herschel, "additional circumstances, in the appearance of *extended* clusters and nebulæ, which very much favour the idea of a power lodged in the brightest part. Although the form of these be not globular, it is plainly to be seen, that there is a tendency towards sphericity, by the *swell* of the dimensions the nearer we draw towards the most luminous place, denoting, as it were, a *course* or *tide* of *stars*, setting towards a centre. And, if allegorical expressions may be allowed, it should seem as if the stars, thus flocking towards the seat of power, were stemmed by the crowd of those already assembled, and that, while some of them are successful in forcing their predecessors sideways, out of their places, others are themselves obliged to take up lateral situations, while all of them seem eagerly to strive for a

place in the central swelling and generating spherical figure."

Those floods of stars, flocking towards, environing, and pressing upon the central seat of power, shadow forth a mysterious and unspeakable grandeur, before which the subdued soul at once quails and expands.

In systematically pursuing his office of a popular instructor in the most sublime of those sciences which have engaged the thoughts of men, Dr Nichol arrives at another stage in his "Architecture of the Heavens." We now have thousands of firmaments, of double and triple stars, and clusters and groups of all forms and characters, floating and revolving in the abysses of space, and holding on their path by the force of one powerful and all-pervading law, from periods that, in our limited language, are called eternity. We have been made familiar with whatever the telescope and the human understanding have revealed of the arrangements of stellar systems, their mechanism, laws, and vital principles. But, again, we launch forth:—"Are these arrangements fixed things? or are they results of a pre-existent state, and germinant of something future?" Such is the tremendous question raised by Professor Nichol, in entering upon a new branch of his subject—the *Nebulæ*—that singular matter, or rather modification of matter, wholly distinct from stars—a thin and filmy substance, diffused through the stellar intervals, and spreading through regions so immense, that its magnitude, or the space which it *fills*, is absolutely inconceivable. Sir William Herschel was, at first, reluctant to admit the existence of this "modification of matter." It was irreconcilable, as he then imagined, with his whole previous experience, in the long course of his observations; but his mind yielded to the force of internal conviction, growing upon continued observation.

The object which broke in upon Herschel's previous continuity of inference, was a *nebulous star*—a perfect star, with a halo or dim atmosphere around it—such an object as is represented in Fig. 1, Plate XIX.* I transcribe the record of the observation, and his subsequent remarks. After noting the elements which fix the star's place, he says, "A most singular phenomenon! A star of about the eighth magnitude with a faint luminous atmosphere of a circular form, and about 3′ in diameter. The star is perfectly in the centre, and the atmosphere so diluted, faint, and equal throughout, that there can be no surmise of its consisting of stars." Herschel arrived at the latter positive conclusion as follows:—"In the first place," says he, "if the nebulosity consists of stars appearing nebulous because of their distance, which causes them to run into each other, what must be the size of the central body, which, at so enormous a distance, yet so far outshines all the rest? In the next place, if the central star be no bigger than common, how very small and compressed must be the other luminous points which send us only so faint a light? In the former case, the central body would far exceed what we call a star; and in the latter, the shining matter about the centre would be too small to come under that designation. Either, then, we have a central body which is not a star, or a star involved in a shining fluid of a nature wholly unknown to us." The latter alternative may, at first sight, appear the strangest and the most remote, yet it is the one to which the balance of probability manifestly inclines. And our judgment rests upon this—the nebulous fluid, supposing it to exist, could not become known *under any other aspect or modification*; while, if stars of enormous comparative dimensions, were scattered through space, the likelihood is, that some one such body would be sufficiently near us *to permit of our recognising it under less ambiguous characters.*

Many other appearances—admitting of no plausible solution on the supposition that all those dim lights are sent from remote and accumulated stars—sustain the inferences just deduced, and thus greatly augment their probability. The wonderful Nebula in Orion, is in this respect a most instructive phenomenon.

But we cannot go farther with Dr Nichol, in mustering proofs of the truth of this bold hypothesis; and, indeed, we have all along consulted the taste of popular readers, and gratified our own feeling of admiration, by rather copying his eloquent and pregnant deductions, than by following his demonstrations or processes of reasoning, clear and convincing as they are. Thus he concludes of the great Nebula in Orion:—

This great Nebula seems to occupy in depth the vast interval between stars of the second or third, and others of the seventh or eighth magnitudes, and its superficial extent is probably corresponding. Its absolute size is thus utterly inconceivable; for the space, filled by a Nebula of only 10′ in diameter, at the distance of a star of the eighth magnitude, would exceed the vast dimensions of our sun, at least 2,208,600,000,000,000,000 times!

Although to the interruption of our course of logical proof, I cannot refrain from adverting to some of the engrossing contemplations which never fail to occupy me when I gaze upon this remarkable substance. What is the intention of such a mass? Is it to abide for ever in that chaotic condition—void, formless, and diffuse in the midst of order and organization?—or is it the germ of more exalted Being—the rudiments of something only yet being arranged? Then, too—although these questions were answered—what is its present state? It is not enough to tell us that for such and such ultimate purposes a certain object is destined. We would know farther, the peculiarities and adaptations of its present or actual constitution. No part of creation exists merely as *a means*;—everything is besides an *end* to itself; and within that looming mass, whatever be its final destiny, there are doubtless wide and systematic relationships—each particle of its matter will be arranged and adjusted to its neighbour; nay, who can tell, who that has looked on those monuments of bygone worlds—the fossil relics which mark the early progress of our own planet—but this amorphous substance may bear within it, laid up in its dark bosom—the germs, the elements of that LIFE, which, in coming ages will bud and blossom, and efflorese, into manifold and growing forms, until it becomes fit harbourage and nourishment to every varying degree of intelligence, and every shade of moral sensibility and greatness!

Having given other proofs in establishment of this theory of the nature of the Nebulæ, he comes to comets, which are nothing but *nebulosities*, small portions of a substance similar to that assumed in the hypothesis of Herschel. "Even their nuclei," says our author, "dissolve into a cloud under the inspection of the telescope."

These small nebulosities are not connected with the structure of our solar system; from which we infer that *they are connected with some system in the spaces external to our limited sphere.* There is no essential tie between us and these comets; the variety of directions from which they come, altogether distinguishes them from the bodies which roll around the sun with singular and

* It is tantalizing to the reader to hear so often of the illustrative plates. But we cannot avoid the reference. Our article does not pretend to place Dr Nichol's work before him; it only indicates its character and objects.—*E. T. M.*

systematic regularity; they are chance visitants, most of them perhaps never approaching us but once, for, unless in a few instances, there is little reason to believe that their eccentric paths are continuous, or that they re-enter into themselves, and form a definite and bounded curve. But shall we therefore go into the usual inference, that the comets are mere anomalies—freaks of nature? Because they have no connexion with the order of our planetary worlds, is it necessary that they should have no meaning—no place in the universe? Look around you! What is there, what existing creature—which has not such a place? Of the fine web of Being, fitness and relation are the warp and woof. Apparent anomalies are mere finger-posts, pointing where things lie of which we continue ignorant; and when such intimation is received with philosophic meekness, it invariably guides to unexpected discovery. These hazy bodies, now and then reaching our system, and leaving it without ever operating an appreciable effect, are *not* spectral and isolated monstra! As all things have a home in nature, they too doubtless hold relations with some grand external scheme of matter in a state of similar modification: and since, when influenced by the sun's attraction, they approach us from all quarters of the heavens, *the nebulosities in which they have their* ROOT, *must lie around us on* EVERY SIDE, *and be profusely scattered among the intervals of the stars.* What an error to fancy these Comets anomalies!

The immense diffusion of nebulous matter throughout space—the gradual gathering together or condensation of worlds, formed of this substance—of stars, systems, firmaments—which, under the operation of the great law of gravitation, in incalculably long lapses of time, assume form and order, involve speculations of such transcendant magnitude, that we may be pardoned for at once devolving upon the reader the solemn duty of following the lucid demonstrations of Dr Nichol for himself, without attempting even to point to the overwhelming results. We shall only borrow one of the many felicitous illustrations by which a subject so remote, and at first sight so inconceivable, is brought home to us, and made familiar:—

When we reflect on the Solar nebula in the act of condensing, it appears that the act consists in a flow or rush of the nebulous matter from all sides towards a central region; which is virtually equivalent, in a mechanical point of view, to what we witness so frequently, both on a small and large scale—the meeting and intermingling of opposite gentle currents of water. Now, what do we find on occasion of such a meeting? Herschel's keen glance lighted at once on this simple phenomenon, and drew from it the secret of one of the most fertile processes of Nature! In almost no case do streams meet and intermingle, without occasioning, where they intermingle, a *dimple* or WHIRLPOOL; and, in fact, it is barely possible that such a flow of matter from opposite sides could be so nicely balanced in any case, that the opposite momenta or floods would neutralize each other, and produce a condition of *central rest.* In this circumstance then—in the whirlpool to be expected where the nebulous floods meet—is the obscure and simple germ of rotatory movement. The very act of the condensation of the gaseous matter, as it flows towards a central district, almost necessitates the commencement of a process, which, though slow and vague at first, has, it will be found, the inherent power of reaching a perfect and definite condition, and from which consequences ultimately issue, not less various and astonishing than the foliage and stature of the noble tree, considered as the developement of an insignificant seed.

Having noticed that the myriads of single suns which astronomy has ascertained, have as probably come from the womb of the Nebulæ as our own luminary is proved to have done, the rotatory motions of clusters of these suns or stars is next in order thus ingeniously illustrated:—

Have you ever walked in a mood of tranquil thought along the side of a quiet river, whose waving banks reflect a thousand currents, by the intermingling of which numerous dimples or whirlpools are produced—their easy glide only marking the river's stillness? Have you seen these dimples follow and pursue each other as if in gambol, or watched the phenomenon of the near approach of two or three? Then have you witnessed the secret of the mystery of the double and triple stars! When one of these dimples reaches the verge of another, they begin *to revolve around each other;* and in fact they must, on approximation, act upon each other as *two wheels*, so that a revolution of each around the other *must* immediately supervene, and increase in rapidity, until by external pressure, they are forced into one.

Again we are forced to mutilate; but the application of the illustration is obvious.

The contemplation of phenomena of such vast magnificence, of such stupendous sublimity, might solemnize the most careless mind. In this consists one great use of the study of the ennobling science of Astronomy. The habitual tone of Dr Nichol's disquisitions is that of deep reverence. He displays throughout the intelligent admiration of enlightened intellect, expanding and warming as its light grows stronger and more perfect, until it rises to adoration and love, in the contemplation of that design and order, that illimitable progression, which, in his own words, "cannot but elevate our thoughts of that Being who, amid change, alone is unchangeable—whose glance reaches from the beginning to the end, and whose presence occupies all things!" How elevating and consolatory is the conclusion of this passage! But we here shall not irreverently break in upon the profoundest deductions, leading to aspirations the most spiritualized.

We have by this time seen the laws, the mechanisms, the grand scheme of the heavens. We have had set before us the progressive steps of the formation of worlds and systems; of their being, as it were, rolled together in the recesses of space, during those enormous lapses of time which our finite capacities are unable to separate from the idea of eternity, and gradually proceeding from the womb of the Nebulæ. We have now to learn of their decay and final dissolution:—

The system, though strong, is not framed to be EVERLASTING; and our hypothesis also developes the mode of the certain decay and final dissolution of its arrangements. Remember the effects of the Solar Ether! Although no mark of age has yet been recognised in the planetary paths, as sure as that filmy comet is drawing in its orbit, must they too approach the sun, and at the destined term of their separate existence, be resumed into his mass. The first indefinite germs of this great organisation, provision for its long existence, and finally its shroud, are thus all involved in that master conception from which we can now survey the mechanisms amid which we are! And mark the nature of this decay. It comes, not as Newton thought, by accident, derangement, or disease, but through the midst of harmony; it is an easy consequence of the venerable power which first evolved us, infused our scheme with the spirit of life, and gave it structure and strength. Our supposed origin of the planets gave them and their satellites that kind of orbits and that kind of rotation which produced their permanence; and the inherence of this same Nebulous parentage—viz., the existence of an ether—leads gently to their decline. So dies nature's unblemished child—the simple

flower! It bursts its seed, buds and blooms; and then, in unpained obedience, draws in its leaves and sinks into the lap of its Mother Earth.

The idea of the dissolution of systems—of

"The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds"—

so repugnant to uninstructed minds and to natural sensibilities, that philosophers have sought to evade the consequences they foresaw, affords Dr Nichol another opportunity of strengthening faith, by reverting to that yearning desire, that great law of being, under which "every thing and creature fails not to beseech incessantly for a substance and substratum in the idea of ONE—WHO LIVETH FOR EVER!"

We shall not impair the effect which even this meagre and imperfect indication of the character and majestic objects of Professor Nichol's work may produce on the minds of our readers, by a single phrase of commendation. A popular work, which brings the highest philosophies within the reach of the plainest understanding, by a clear and continuous chain of reasoning, and the most felicitous illustration—which places before us the most sublime and absorbing subjects of contemplation that the discoveries of science can submit to the intelligent—requires no praise of ours. It is enough to make it known.

The highest purpose of all, the Life within Life, is shewn in the motto to the volume—

"HOW MANIFOLD, O GOD, ARE THY WORKS! IN WISDOM THOU HAST MADE THEM ALL."

And yet how inferior the enforcement of this great truth to another inculcated in every page—namely, that "the grandest forms of present being are only germs, swelling and bursting with a life to come!"

THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

THE Tories are really a marvellous race of animals. They never cease to labour indefatigably in their vocation. When we think them sound asleep, they are often widest awake; and when we have reason to believe that they are at their last dying gasp, then it is that they are almost certain to rear themselves up the strongest, and to shew themselves the most dangerous. The more they are pommeled, the more vigour do they seem to acquire. Endowed by nature with what appears to be an inextinguishable vitality, you might kick them about like a football on a holiday on a village green; you might subject them to all the force of thrashing, which a sheaf of corn might receive from a well-got-up steam mill; nay, you might chop them in pieces, like straw and turnips, by means of the new patent cutting machine—and yet would their pestiferous spirits remain unimpaired within them, to poison our prospects—to blast our hopes—and to procrastinate the blessed period of the perfecting of our freedom.

We remember an Arabian tale of a certain princess, who had been taught the seventy rules of magic, and who made use of her art to disenchant a certain prince, who had been converted into an ape by a wicked genie, the son of the daughter of Eblis. Having placed herself in a circle, she uttered certain adjurations, at which the air grew dark, and the malignant spirit appeared in the shape of a huge lion, which ran at her to devour her. But the princess, instantly changing herself into a sharp sword, cut off the head of the lion, and straightway divided the body into two parts, which disappeared. The head then suddenly became a large scorpion, upon which the princess turned herself into a serpent, and furiously attacked it. The scorpion, finding himself no match for the snake, took the shape of an eagle, and flew away. The serpent lost no time in becoming an eagle of much stronger and swifter powers, which darted after the other, till both were lost to view. Some time after they had disappeared, the ground opened before the eyes of the spectators, and out came a black and white cat, with the hair of her back standing upright, and mewing fearfully. She was pursued by a black wolf, who gave Grimalkin no time to rest. Sadly beset, the cat changed herself into a worm, which hastily forced its way into a fallen pomegranate. The pomegranate swelled enormously, and rolling itself up into a high gallery of the Sultan's palace, it fell from thence into the court, and broke into several pieces. Meanwhile, the wolf had transformed itself into a cock, which began hastily to pick up the seeds of the pomegranate, devouring them all but one, which fell into the river, and became a little fish. The cock jumped in after it—was changed into a pike, and pursued the little fish for some hours. At last, the genie and the princess emerged from the water, all in flames, which mounted so high as apparently to endanger the Sultan's palace. The genie, having escaped from the grasp of his pursuer, blew flames of fire upon the spectators, from which all must have perished, had it not been for the princess, who forced him to retire; but not until the caitiff had succeeded in burning up the magnificently-flowing beard of the Sultan, her father—not to mention the smaller circumstance of entirely consuming the chief of the eunuchs, body and bones; whilst an eye of the unfortunate ape was destroyed by a spark. But a shout of victory followed; for the princess appeared in her natural shape, whilst the genie was reduced to a heap of ashes. The princess then dashed a cup of water over the ape, and, pronouncing a few cabalistical words, he was restored to his original human form.

The Tories are continually reminding us of this Eastern fable. They are quite as malignant and quite as difficult to destroy as the wicked genie. And, then, as to their power of metamorphosis, there is nothing that we know in the whole range of fairy history that can equal them. You have no sooner driven them out of one disguise than they instantly appear before you in another. On Monday—so to speak—they ap-

pear as Tories; on Tuesday you congratulate yourself that you have so mauled them that you will never again see them in that or any other character. But, on Wednesday, they arise before you as Conservatives. Under this new and most inappropriate name, you again prostrate them on Thursday; and on Friday they present themselves before you as Reformers. On Saturday you drag the mask from their hideous and distorted features; and, on Sunday, you are much surprised to find them sitting astride on the uppermost ridge of the church, shouting out that it is in danger—that they are its only champions and defenders—and calling on all the good folks of the parish to bear witness that they are the only true believers, and the only religious men in the nation. Nay, as to this sort of appropriation, who is there that can match the Tories? If there be any talk of loyalty, they are the only loyal subjects; and it matters not whether they are in support of the Crown at the time, or in opposition to it. If you believe them, the battle of Waterloo was gained by the Tories alone; for they would fain persuade us that they are the only people who have a right to celebrate the anniversary of that glorious British triumph. And now, from their talk at this time, we should really be apt to imagine that *they* were the persons who devised, brought forward, supported, and pushed through the Reform Bill into a law.

We should excuse these unworthy fools for all this harlequinade extravagance, were they contented to play tricks with their own persons alone. Well would it, indeed, be for us if they changed nothing but themselves. In that case, they might next call themselves Hanoverians, if it so pleased them. But their frolics sometimes become more mischievous than amusing; for, whilst pretending to adopt the Reform Act as their own beloved child, they have succeeded in giving it a transformation fully as debasing as that of the poor man into an ape; and, whilst we are eagerly bent in pursuit of them throughout all their various metamorphoses, they threaten the conflagration of the palace, as well as the combustion of the fair edifice of our constitution—nay, in the fury of their madness, they would burn up the sacred beard of the very monarch upon the throne. What reason have we, then, to thank our gracious stars that we are at this moment blessed with a monarch who has no beard to burn! And whilst we pray that we may have strength given to us to enable us to run down these disturbers of peace and checks to improvements, so as to reduce them to ashes at last, may *our Princess* shew herself to be so much more learned than they, in the seventy rules of magic, as to enable her to be the saviour of her country from the evil machinations of these malign beings, by restoring the great charter of our liberties to its proper shape, and by giving to it its full force and spirit; for all men are now aware that Tory incantation has already destroyed its substance, and reduced it to a mere name.

We have been thus called on to give vent to our spleen, by our observation of the imperfect working of the now emasculated reform act, during the recent elections in Scotland. Our opportunities of observation have neither been few nor small; for we have been engaged in several of the most important of them, and, we trust, we need not tell our readers, that, as we were not mercenaries, so our labours were bestowed in farthering the great cause of freedom, by promoting the return of Reform candidates, in opposition to Tories, who, with a lie in their mouths, dare to profess themselves to be Reformers; whilst, at the same time, they boast, with strange inconsistency, of the great reaction that has taken place against that reform in the cause of which they pretend to be embarked. But this asserted reaction is quite as false as their traitorous professions of liberality.

Scotland has, on this occasion, proved that she is making an advance in the direction of liberalism, which must be highly gratifying to every friend of Reform. Sutherlandshire being now admitted to be with the Queen's government, and the new member for Kilmarnock being with them upon all but the high church questions, we shall gain at least two votes in the counties, and one in the burghs. And when we come to consider the close run that has been made by the Reformers against the Tories in provinces so long overgrown with their domination, their corruption, and their undue influence, as Peeblesshire and Selkirkshire, and how very narrowly they have escaped being beaten in Stirlingshire and Lanarkshire, where the majorities were one only in each, as well as in several other counties of which they had possession—we shall have good reason to say, that, considering the powerful and unscrupulous anti-reform exertions that have been made to beat her down and subdue her, Scotland has made a noble and by no means an unsuccessful fight of it. How the Tories can talk of reaction, then, very much puzzles us to discover.

Yet it is to this pretended reaction that these cunning knaves would attribute the result of some of those elections which have been unfortunately carried by men hostile to the cause of freedom. But upon what shallow grounds do they reason! If they are right, and that a reaction towards Conservatism does exist—in other words, if the British people, after teaching the desire of liberty to the rest of the world, are now resolved to cease to care for it, or to demand it for themselves—this Conservative or anti-reform feeling must pervade not only the electors, but also the great body of those who, though not electors themselves, are quite fitted, from their intelligence, to be so. But how do we find the facts to bear upon any such supposition? Look at the manner in which the Tory candidates, on the one hand, and the Reformers on the other, have been uniformly received everywhere, as they appeared on the hustings before the faces of the assembled People. The individuals of the one party have been invariably assailed by groans, hisses, and hootings—whilst those on the Liberal side of the question have always been hailed with the most

enthusiastic cheers; and, whilst the seductive poison distilled from the Tory tongue has been rendered innocuous by its dilution in the flood of disapprobation in which his voice has been drowned, every refreshing word that fell, like the honey of Hybla, from the mouth of the genuine Reformer, has been drunk in by the thirsty ears of his auditors, with an avidity that sufficiently marked how healing they were to their wounded spirits. And then, when the show of hands came to be called for—whilst the perhaps polished, but, nevertheless, grossly impure palms of some half a dozen hirelings, have been held up in behalf of the Tory *professors* of liberality, but *practisers* of political corruption—the mere name of the true Reformer, the friend of the people, is no sooner uttered, than a perfect forest of hands—many of them soiled and hardened, indeed, by honest labour, but yet pure and uncontaminated by the touch of a bribe—start up from the living mass of congregated human beings, like the armed men from the teeth of the fabled Cadmean dragon. But, far from being disunited and ready for contention among themselves, like those ephemeral beings, these hands are uplifted by hearts whose enthusiastic shouts rend the very welkin, from the conviction that is in them of their own firm union of purpose and determination of soul. Where, may we ask, would the Conservative candidates of Scotland have been placed, had elections been decided by the show of hands? In some cases, we may have seen as many *individual* arms held up in support of that most unpopular side of politics, as there were *hundreds* on the other; but we have likewise seen only *one* solitary Conservative hand exalted on the one side, whilst *thousands* of those belonging to the votaries of freedom have sprung up in support of their candidate. Had the elections, therefore, been decided by the mere show of hands, not one Tory could have been returned—nay, the Liberal, standing for the smallest and least important constituency in Scotland, would have had more votes than those given to all the Tory candidates put together.

We do not profess that our personal knowledge reaches so extensively throughout England as it does through this northern part of Great Britain. But men are much the same everywhere; and, so far as we have been able to learn from the newspaper and other accounts, and overlooking a few rare exceptions where the ground had been pre-occupied by Tory hirelings and bludgeonmen, the *hustings* elections of the Members of Parliament have been nearly as universal in favour of the Reform candidates there as in Scotland. Talk of a reaction towards Conservatism indeed! The very idea of any such reaction is absolutely absurd and ridiculous. If there be any action of any kind—and we, for our parts, do think that there is—it will shew itself in the shape of a forward movement; and the Tories will soon find to their cost that it will proceed from a rapid and wide extension of the demand for that Radical yet rational reform to which the people of the British Isles are by birthright entitled, and without which they never can, and never will, and never ought to be contented.

Though there be no reaction towards Conservatism, then, what causes can be assigned for the failure of our hopes in many places where we had the best and most rational grounds for expecting the return of Liberal Members of Parliament? We answer that the causes are sufficiently obvious.

The first of these is the nefarious practice of making fictitious votes. Without noticing proprietors of minor note, we ask the reader to look at what that, in other respects, most amiable young nobleman, his Grace of Buccleuch, has done, especially in Selkirkshire, where it has pleased an Almighty Providence to endow him with large estates, to be used by him for the benefit of mankind, and for the use or abuse of which he will one day be called to account. How much it is to be regretted that he has placed himself so decidedly in opposition to the cause of the People! He seems resolved to make minced meat of his territories, rather than not to convert the county into a Conservative pie, for his own peculiar eating. Not contented with the host of worthy portions of himself which he has thus already chopped off and converted into living polypi, to devour the Reformers and Reform itself, he is said to be industriously preparing a fresh legion of these vermin, to be brought forward at the next registry. Yet this is no more than an example, though a remarkable one, of what *has been done*, and what *is to be done* over the whole counties of Scotland, and, from all we can learn, in England also. But, though this system was begun by the Tories, it is one which has, to a certain extent, been since adopted in self-defence by the Liberals. We trust that it is unnecessary for us to say that we hold it to be a system directly and entirely contrary to the very principle of the Reform Act; and, though we may say that self-preservation may compel us, when engaged in the bush-fighting of savage Indian warfare, to wield the tomahawk, and to resort to the same dastard wiles which are employed against us, but which a brave man would hold himself disgraced to use when opposed to a more open and more civilised foe—yet a little thought should have taught our friends on the Liberal side of the question, that this is a description of combat in which we must always be worsted by an enemy so very much overmatching us in resources, arising from the possession of that great wealth and extent of territorial surface, which these ancient oligarchs are so well known to hold among them. A little reflection, therefore, ought to have shewn us, that, despising all triumphs of detail, we should have submitted to individual defeats, however numerous, and rested our cause on the preservation of our honesty, and the approbation and support of the great and powerful mass of the people, upon whose hearty co-operation in their own cause we may always calculate as a resistless engine to effect the salvation of their rights and the establishment of their liberties.

To shew that we can do little or nothing by using this most piratical system of tactics, we have only to examine, and we shall find, that, had no such votes been created on either side, hardly would Scotland have returned a single Tory, with perhaps the exception of Bute, which is well-known to be the personal property of the noble Peer of that title. As a fair example of this, take the state of matters in Peeblesshire, where Mr Mackenzie, the Tory, beat Mr Carmichael, the Reformer, by six votes. Yet when we come to inquire into the real state of the poll, we find it to be as follows:—

	Mackenzie.	Carmichael.
Total polled, . .	251	245
Deduct fictitious, .	94	30
Real constituency,	157	215
	Deduct	157

Leaves a majority of the real voters for Mr Carmichael, the Reformer, of . . 58

Now, it is quite true, that, if Mr Carmichael's thirty fictitious votes had not been created, Mr Mackenzie's majority, instead of being six, would have been thirty-six. But what of that? This would have had no effect upon the result, and we should have held this mere difference of numbers as of little consequence. But we go farther. There may have been cases, where, if the Liberal candidate had not had some such fictitious votes made in his defence, his legitimate voters might not have been strong enough to have gained the battle for him against the foreign auxiliaries of his opponent. Yet we are disposed to think that it would have been better to have made even such a sacrifice as this, rather than to have quitted, even for one inch, that strong rock of integrity on which the cause of Reform is founded. We feel persuaded that it would have been infinitely better for the honour of Reform, as well as for its ultimate success, that all the foul play, and the whole of the odium of this most nefarious practice, had been left in the hands and on the shoulders of the Tories, who had the merit of inventing it; and the Liberals, aided by the loud cries of *shame!* which must burst forth throughout the whole country, would have then felt just so much the stronger for making their demand that it should be put down. Be that as it may, however, down it must go, if we would have honest and true men sent to Parliament—and we call on the people loudly to insist on its immediate overthrow.

The second cause which has operated against the return of Reformers is bribery, which, as Scotsmen, we blush to be compelled to state, that we know has prevailed to a certain extent in Scotland—though, for the honour of our poor but honest end of the island, we are happy in the belief that such abominable corruption has been less successful to the north of the Tweed, than it has been in *our good city of Berwick* upon that river, or in many of the constituencies to the south of it. But still there have been instances. Many articles of traffic rose in value, in an extraordinary degree, during the elections. It is said that, in Stirlingshire, poultry and mutton reached a price fully as great as they ever did among the starving inhabitants of any besieged town. The *Stirling Observer* quotes game-cocks at £6 each; geese at £12 per couple; and black sheep at £40 each. How Mr Forbes and his voters must have gormandized, to have produced so great a scarcity of these animals in that most fertile and abundant county, it is absolutely impossible for men of moderate stomachs like ourselves to imagine! In Perthshire, too, we have heard of £20 for a chicken, and ten sovereigns for a pound of butter. Now, though these few instances are nothing in comparison with the wholesale trade of bribery that is driven in some parts of England, yet we know that

"Totus grex unius porci scabie cadit."—Juv. ii. 80.

And may Heaven forfend that this most infectious English disease—even worse than that with which Scotland was wont to be especially upbraided—may ever corrupt the pure hearts of her honest and healthy-spirited children!

A third cause, which has most materially affected the elections, to the injury of the Liberal candidates, is that of the insane conduct of many of the clergy of the Church of Scotland. *Insane* do we call it? On reflection we have some doubts whether we should not have given it a much harsher name. But, however this may be, we have no difficulty in asserting, that these reverend gentlemen have placed themselves between the horns of a very sharp and stinging dilemma. Either they believe all their own wild assertions regarding the Church in danger, or they do not. If they do believe them, then are they the most ignorant, ill-informed set of men that ever stood up to be teachers of Christian flocks. And if, on the other hand, they do not believe what they thus so loudly vociferate, we leave them, in this other alternative, to be judged of by the People; for we cannot bring ourselves to employ, against men of their cloth, the epithet which naturally and justly befits such conduct. But, however they may have been influenced, there can be no question that they have, in many instances, been most indecently industrious in their exertions against the cause of the people; and it requires no great acuteness to discover, that, though the Church be safe enough as yet, a perseverance in their present practices must infallibly very soon bring danger upon it; and there is no need of great powers of prophecy to predict, that their day of retribution will come—and that, when it does come, it will be a terrible one.

We shall not go into the details of another cause, which militated in some degree against the success of the Reformers, in certain elections—we mean the political leaning of some poll sheriffs; for, though the partiality displayed by these individuals was sufficiently glaring, and merited the severest reprehension, yet they have been too few in number to have had any great influence.

But now we come to the last and most important cause of Conservative success—the cruelest curse of all those which have ever been vomited forth, over the fair blossoms of our freedom, from the pestilential jaws of that loathsome and many-headed dragon of Toryism, which so long entwined us in the foul folds of its voluminous tail, to the obstruction of the growth—nay, almost to the very strangulation of our liberties:—we mean that chilling venom of intimidation, which, falling even on the boldest spirits, so often extinguishes the warm patriotic fires that may be burning within them, and, by stupifying the ardour of their senses, gradually enables the monster to devour them in numbers. This it is, which, spouted forth in all directions over counties, cities, and burgh towns, paralyses the efforts of Reformers, and so often produces the melancholy failure of our hopes. We boldly declare, that this most atrocious of all nefarious political acts belongs to the Tories alone. It is well known that the great majority of the people, electors and non-electors, are Reformers; so that intimidation is with us altogether an useless instrument. But, if it were otherwise, it is an instrument which wealth alone can wield, and which we are too poor to be able to brandish. We, who have had occasion to canvass pretty extensively, as open and honest Reformers, have very rarely indeed met with any one who fairly told us—"Gentlemen, I am, and ever have been a Tory." When we did meet with such a *rara avis in terris*, we shook him heartily by the hand, saying to him—"Sir, you are an honest, straightforward fellow; though we differ widely from you in political opinion, we reverence your upright consistency, and would sooner put our hands into the fire, than stretch them forth to shake you from your conscientious faith. Vote with your party, and we shall respect you just so much the more for so doing." But what was the usual answer of those who declined to give their vote to the Reformer? With downcast eyes, that shewed with how much shame they spoke, they would thus reply—"My heart is with you and your cause, gentlemen; but the Duke, ye ken"—or "the Laird—I canna vote again' the Laird—ye see I'm unco parteeklar circumstanced—sae I really canna vote for you—I maun e'en vote as the Laird bids me. But, stay—I'll tell ye what it is—there's John So-and-so, and Tam Such-another, up by there: I'm thinkin that, if ye go to them, ye'll get them; and I'm sure I wuss ye a' manner o' success." And in this way, though the poor man had not boldness of heart enough—at the risk of injury, perhaps ruin, to himself, his wife, and children—to vote as his conscience told him he ought to vote, he would anxiously point out to us the way by which we might most easily approach his neighbours; and he was always eager and glad to know that our visit to them had not been in vain. This is no solitary picture of what we met with, but rather a fair sample of what was continually occurring. From our whole experience, therefore, we are perfectly warranted in stating, that, had no intimidation been used, and had the Tories, in reality, given the Reform Act that fair play, upon the present occasion, which they have uniformly, though most falsely, pretended that they wished to give it, not one of their number would have been returned to Parliament from Scotland. We are quite sure, indeed, that the Reformers, according to the particular circumstances of each, would have had from three-fourths to nineteen-twentieths of all the votes in the different constituencies.

This overpowering oppression of intimidation operates against the cause of freedom, much more in the counties than elsewhere. Unfortunately, the number of proprietors of landed estates, who unwisely oppose Reform, is infinitely greater than that of those who have the right feeling, as well as the good sense, to support it. The preponderance against us, therefore, is thus altogether overwhelming; for we have reason to know that the intimidating system is, with very few exceptions, universal among the Tory landlords—not only in Scotland, but in England also. So great, and so widely spread, indeed, has it been, upon the occasion of this general election, that we have the best reason for believing that *it has been the result of one great and systematically arranged and regularly organised combination*, to get at the root of which, we very much suspect that we should have to cross the seas to the Kingdom of Hanover; and to arrive at the full extent of the object of its formation, we may perhaps refer with advantage to that article in the *Quarterly Review*, alluded to lately, in a speech by Mr Ivory, who quoted a passage, where it was delicately insinuated, that, "for nearly five hundred years in our history, there is not a single instance in which the female heir of the crown was not violently deprived of her legal rights, *and generally by the next male heir.*" But, to whatever lengths its atrocities may be disposed to go, there is one circumstance which, more than anything else, satisfies us, that we are right in our belief of the existence of this grand *Tory Political Union*—and that is the fact, that many landlords, and even many Peers, who, though Conservative enough in their sentiments, have hitherto observed so much moderation, and manifested so much regard for the privilege of electors, as not to interfere with their tenantry, have yet, on this occasion, been compelled—though perhaps unwillingly—to participate in this same disgraceful union for the rifling them of their rights, by putting the pistol of their power to the heads of those by whose labours they live, most feloniously to rend from them, not only that which is their own, but that which they hold in trust for others. We have been, for some time, able to congratulate ourselves that foot-padding and highway robbery have been considerably done away with by the activity of the police of the country, and the wholesome fear of the law. But where are we to find a horse patrol suf-

ficiently numerous, and bold and determined enough, to grapple with these felon Squires, Lords, and Dukes of the land, who so audaciously travel over counties, backed by their factors and bailiffs—blunderbuss in hand—burglariously entering houses, and plundering their honest tenantry of their votes, which otherwise they could never command; and dooming their victims, at the same time, to disgrace in this world, and condemnation in that which is to come, for yielding up that to fear, which a religiously conscientious discharge of their duty would have made them die sooner than part with? Had such a crime as this existed before the time of Dante, how would the poet's brain have been racked to have discovered a fitting punishment for the unprincipled and unfeeling perpetrators of it!

It is quite true that, if the tenantry only knew their own strength, they might form themselves into associations of mutual safety, which would soon give an effectual check to the atrocities of these lawless marauders. We have had the delight and the good fortune to hear of one instance where some twenty or so of these oppressed men have so acted, resolutely, and so successfully, that they have been able to bid defiance to their oppressor. A certain great landed proprietor having attempted *gently* to influence his tenantry by intimidation, they met together, and entered into the following resolutions:—"Resolved, That we are convinced that the privilege conferred upon us by the Reform Bill, ought to be disposed of according to our own convictions. We are, therefore, determined that no person or persons, canvassing votes, shall dictate to, or influence us by any means they may think proper to use; and we hope and trust that no one whom we may or should respect, (whom we would serve to the utmost of our power,) will put us to the painful necessity of refusing to give him or them the disposal of our votes—which, we conscientiously believe, belongs to us, and cannot be given away by any other person." But such men as these may be considered as heroes, in this our age of mud—their names should be written in letters of gold, and hung up, on tablets, in every market-place throughout the United Kingdom, as a wonder and as an example to all. And well would it be if such honourable publicity might engender imitation in others. The soil of Wigtonshire is honoured by having produced them; and if all its tenantry had been made of the same stuff, Mr Murray of Broughton, that stanch Reformer, would now have been its member in the British House of Commons. But will it be believed that, even after this solemn league and covenant had been thus entered into by these honest and upright men?—will it be believed, we say, that the mad political zeal of the landlord should have actually carried him to the house of one of them, where he obstinately persevered in his attempt to turn him from the true path. But the elector continued to do his duty afterwards as an active member of Mr Murray the Reformer's committee. And how does the reader think that the matter ended? The proprietor, who, we must here remark, is a gentleman much and justly beloved by his tenantry, even in spite of the violence of his Toryism, absolutely planted himself at the polling booth, to intercept and to turn back his tenants from giving their conscientious votes in behalf of Reform. The man to whom we have alluded, having a strong attachment to his landlord, that would have led him, in the words of their united resolutions, to "*serve him to the utmost of his power*," felt unwilling to march up the street to act in direct opposition to the wishes of so worthy and kind-hearted a gentleman, and that before his very face. He hung off, therefore, till the very last hour, when his wife, who was a keen, determined woman, insisted on his going up to vote, and went arm in arm with him towards the polling place. There they were spied and immediately assailed by the eager landlord, who laid his hand upon them—so that, by force, and by threat, and by entreaty combined, he succeeded in keeping the man aloof from the polling place; and there the poor fellow stood within a yard of it, blubbering like a child from shame and vexation, till the clock struck the fatal hour that closed the poll. Can there be a more woful picture than this? And is it not a clear question in the rule of proportion, that, if a worthy and estimable Tory gentleman, as we know this one to be, is capable of doing such unblushing acts, to what extent of atrocity may not those who are made of worse materials be carried?

As opposed to human weakness, nothing stands in bolder relief than those rare instances of great and dignified moral courage, which we sometimes meet with in the humble annals of rural life. As a contrast to the thousands among the ten-pound Reform electors of Scotland, who were crushed down by the broad and heavy roller of Tory oppression that went over the length and breadth of the land, it gives us great delight to record the firm, upright, and unshaken conduct of one individual, the inhabitant of a quiet village in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. He had been employed, for several days, in mowing grass for a gentleman, a near connexion of a nobleman who is lord of the soil. Day after day, and hour after hour, did this gentleman haunt the hay-field, pestering the poor man with entreaties that he would desert the cause he loved, and promise to vote for the Tory candidate, Sir George Clerk; and, during that time, we believe, Sir George himself was brought frequently to converse with him. Tired out at last by his employer's importunities, the honest mower lost patience, and, shouldering his scythe—"I'll tell ye what it is, Captain," said he—"I'm just a'thegither sick o' this bather. Ye maun just get somebody else to cut your gerss, for I'm no gaun to plague mysel ony mair wi't. And I'll tell ye what it is—gif there wasna anither man in Mid-Louden to back me, I would gie my vote to Mr Gibson-Craig." Though we could not tell many anecdotes so cheering as this, we could fill a volume with the details of the success of Tory

intimidation, as well as of that of Tory oppression. But, even if our limits did not preclude the possibility of our making such an exposure, our own feelings, and a regard for those of our readers, would compel us to recoil from the task in disgust and abhorrence.

Although the effect of tyranny, when pushed to extremes, is generally to produce a reaction —and very often a reaction that is anything but agreeable to the tyrant himself—our hopes of the emancipation of these timid tenants of the soil from so great a curse as this, by firm associations among themselves, must necessarily be faint and distant. How, then, are these poor timorous sheep to be protected from those ruthless wolves who go about to devour them? To this question we fearlessly and readily reply, by shouting, in the ears of the people, to the utmost extent of our voice—

"THE BALLOT!—THE BALLOT!—THE BALLOT!"

And who is it, we should be glad to know, who should, in wisdom, be loudest in joining us in the call for some such protection for the voter? We say the Tory intimidator himself. He must be an idiot, indeed, if he cannot perceive that intimidation is a game at which two parties can play; and if he, in defiance of the rights of man and the laws of God, will persevere in going about himself, and in sending his bloodhounds of factors, and his beagles of bailiffs, and his terriers of agents, to worry and intimidate his poor dependents in detail—can he blame them for uniting together in resistless masses, and turning the tide of warfare upon him by bringing intimidation and terror, of the most dreadful description, not only to the door, but to the very hearth of their oppressors? If they do not see that this must be in store for them, then are they blind indeed to their own fate. As we freely confess that we belong to the same order that they do, we would fain remove their blindness, ere they rush headlong on their own destruction. The result is as certain as that the accumulated clouds do at last produce rain, storms, thunder, and lightning; and these gentlemen may depend upon it, that, when it does come, it will be a terrific and appalling storm for them. Who, we ask, will be the tremblers then? and where will the fools find pity?

We shall not waste time by entering into a tedious and tiresome discussion with those who are opposed to this more-than-ever necessary measure, the Ballot, either on the ground of its inexpediency, or that of its inefficiency. As to the first, we shall merely say that we conceive that, to any thinking person, who may not have all along considered, as we have done, that it ought to have been a necessary ingredient in the Reform Bill, from its very birth, we feel persuaded that a full knowledge of the intimidation and atrocities which have been committed during these and former elections must have, by this time, convinced all such of the imperious necessity of our immediately having some protecting measure or other. If anything better than the Ballot can be invented, in the name of Heaven, let us have it! But we ourselves can see nothing better; and we are perfectly prepared to be contented with the shelter it may afford from Tory atrocity. We contend that any arguments that may be brought against its efficiency, by those who found their objections to it on partial failures, which they may have observed in its working in other countries, are to be answered by the simple assertion, that human ingenuity is by no means as yet at an end, and, presuming upon this truth, we hold it as quite certain that any judicious mind accustomed to reflection, would, by a little consideration, most assuredly, in less than eight days' time, produce a system of Ballot which should be free from all those objections which can be brought against the Ballot hitherto used, and which have been over and over again asserted, by those who take a pleasure in opposing its adoption. But the Ballot must now be considerably raised in the estimation of many of those who have hitherto contended against it, by a fact which has just been brought to light. Lord John Russel has himself admitted, in his recent speech at Stroud, that it was originally intended, by the committee of Ministers, that the Ballot should have formed a part and parcel of the great Reform measure. "The plan," says he, in addressing his constituents, "originally contained no proposition with respect either to the Ballot or to the duration of Parliaments; but, in the course of the discussions that took place in the committee, proposals were made upon those subjects, which, after some consideration, were adopted, and, in the plan which we ultimately submitted to Lord Grey's cabinet, *we suggested that the vote by Ballot should be adopted*, and that the duration of Parliaments should be for five years." Alas! what a world of tyranny on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, might have been saved to the nation, had this most salutary measure not been rejected!

Then do we now say, let the people rise and call out for the Ballot, with that voice which they already know how to make heard. They will find that the intimidation used in these elections, has gained it many friends, and that, among these, are not a few Members of the new Parliament. We, ourselves, know several who have been sent back to the House of Commons, with new and more favourable views of this great question. Even Lord John Russel has declared, that, "if he finds intimidation and the corrupt influences so strong that the elector has really not the power of otherwise recording his vote, with that freedom of choice which the constitution requires—then *he* may give his support to the vote by Ballot." If his Lordship has been as conversant with the Tory intimidation used in these elections as we have been, we are, upon these his own premises, quite sure that the Ballot will now meet with his most sincere and earnest advocacy. But whether Lord John supports it or not, we are most certainly convinced that it must now daily and hourly gain ground, until the loud and resistless voice of the people shall carry it triumphantly through,

as it formerly did the Reform Bill itself. This would indeed be carrying the Reform Bill a second time—or rather, it would be producing a restored copy of it—since the first has been so riddled through and through, by the pestilential perforations of the Tory worms, as to have been rendered nearly altogether useless.

With such a remedy before us, then, are we, after all our exertions, tamely to submit to see the very essence of the Reform Act eaten out by these Tory vermin, and nothing left to us but the dry, shrivelled, and sapless rind? A little while ago, we were full of expectation, and panted with hope to see the flowers and fruits of Reform speedily and abundantly springing up in our path before us; and now, the very instrument by which they were to be produced, is in a fair way of being rendered rotten and unserviceable in our hands. Are we to bear this with asinine patience? If we do, we shall well deserve to have the pack-saddle put upon our backs—the bit and halter in our heads—and so to be subjected again to endless Tory domination; a fate that most assuredly will await us. The happy sunrise of a new reign has begun most propitiously to illuminate our dreary way. We have a young Queen, whose heart is said to be with her people. May God bless her!—May God protect her from those perils of which the *Quarterly Review* has so kindly and so considerately warned her!—And may God long preserve her life, confound the knavish tricks of her secret enemies, and make her, every day that she lives, more and more justly beloved by her happy and grateful country! It might have pleased an overruling Providence to have cut short her precious life in infancy, and, in that case, under whose *gentle* dominion should we now have been? Under that of the liberal and merciful, tender-hearted, virtuous, and much-beloved King of Hanover!—one whose departure from England, if not universally regretted by the British people, has at least most abundantly called forth the sighs of the Tories. But whose sighs, and tears, and groans, may we ask, would have been called forth had he been now sitting on the British throne? And, judging of his marvellous expedition in demolishing the constitution of his present kingdom, how should we have found reform prosper under him who holds such language as this to his Hanoverians? "Now, as by virtue of the right of primogeniture prevailing in our Royal house, the succession to the government of our Kingdom of Hanover has fallen to us, and we have already entered upon it, with all our hereditary rights, we are pleased hereby to make the same known; and we have full confidence in our loyal *spiritual and temporal servants, vassals* and subjects, that they will pay to us their bounden duty, fidelity, and obedience, and always be devoted to us with sincere attachment," &c. Fancy, only fancy, such an edict as this issued by the King of Great Britain and Ireland to us, his *servants* and *vassals*, for the utter demolition of the Reform Act! Could we expect that the author of such a passage as we have just quoted would be prepared to consider himself as holding his throne from the British people, for whose benefit alone he is placed upon that throne? And is there a Briton who would submit to receive a sovereign upon any other terms?

Then let us to work, brother Reformers, whilst we have a Queen to whose approving smiles we may look as an encouragement to our honest labours! She will never refuse to grant us anything that may be for the benefit of her People whom she loves; for on the happiness and prosperity of her People must depend the happiness of herself and the prosperity of her reign. What would fall to be looked for by us should it please God to visit the sins of this nation with the grievous and afflicting punishment of the loss of the young Queen of our hopes? Might we not then dread that the cruel sword of civil war would flame abroad among us? And, judging from the existence of that secret political union which seems to have so mysteriously bound together the miscalled Conservative bands, may we not fear that foreign influence, impatient of the slow operation of natural causes, may even hasten to toss amongst us the firebrand of discord and civil broil, in order to work out its own traitorous and treasonable ends? No one, judging of the signs of the times, can be hardy enough to say that we are safe from such a chance, nor can any one know how short the time may be ere it befalls us. It is for us, Reformers, then, to keep watch and ward, and to bestir ourselves more than ever—to unite our strength without a moment's delay—to forget all our minor differences of opinion—to encourage one another in making the boldest demonstrations of our most determined resolution to demand from our legislators that a fresh spirit may be forthwith infused into the expiring Reform Act, by the immediate ejection of those deadly poisons, those *leprous distilments*, with which the Tories have so wickedly drenched it. Let us call for the instant annihilation of all fictitious votes. But, above all things, let the voice of the people be heard, earnestly and forcibly entreating for the enactment of some secure protection for the defenceless holders of the genuine franchise, against those cowardly, but ferocious and remorseless masterful thieves, who, whilst they, without scruple or mercy, send a poor wretch to jail for poaching a pitiful hare, are yet themselves allowed to stalk abroad throughout the land in gangs—in open day—robbing the unfortunate electors of both their votes and their honesty. It would be well even for their own behoof, that they should be put down by the interference of Parliament; for, if they should not be so, they may yet chance to be tried by some tribunal that may treat them with a kind of Jedburgh justice, which shall teach them, when too late, how little they have truly to boast of any popular reaction towards what they are pleased to call Conservatism.

L.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S ACCOUNTS.

When the affairs of the East India Company were under the investigation of Parliament in 1830 and following years, a vast mass of accounts and papers was furnished by the Court of Directors, which, together with the evidence, filled twenty-six folio volumes, averaging 300 or 400 pages each. The accounts were examined by many persons who were opposed to the Company's monopoly; but, after months of patient and laborious investigation, they declared them to be so confused, erroneous, and contradictory, that their results were not to be relied on; and it was given in evidence, that, if such accounts had been produced in the ordinary course of commercial transactions, they would at once have been pronounced fraudulent. Some of the Company's servants from India corroborated this evidence, by stating that the accounts they had originally made out had been so altered in form and substance, in passing through the India House, that they could scarcely recognise them, and they presented results so different from the original, that they could not by any means comprehend them. The Directors struggled hard to establish the infallibility of their accounts, and sent in loads of papers, to clear up and explain, or it may be to smother, under abundance of evidence, what still remained inexplicable. At last some palpable hits were made—errors too gross for denial, and of great magnitude, were proved on the accounts themselves, (without reference to evidence of a more debatable kind,) and the Directors were compelled reluctantly to admit the fact, and to confess also that the whole series of accounts were not what they professed to be, and what had all along been supposed, regularly balanced accounts, but *mere estimates!*

The East India Company's accounts made it to appear that the original capital of six millions had at this period increased, by the accumulation of their undivided commercial profits, to twenty-two millions. On the other hand, the opponents of the Company maintained that the Company's capital had been long before lost and expended; that their whole commerce (with the exception of the China monopoly,) had for many years invariably been attended with loss; that the proprietors' dividends of 10½ per cent. on their nominal capital were paid out of the territorial revenue of India; and that, if the accounts were fairly stated, it would be evident that the Company, instead of possessing any capital whatever, were largely indebted to the territorial revenue of India. The conclusions of the two parties being thus so widely opposed, and a *prima facie* case having been made out against the Company, it was fully to have been expected that the entire accounts would have undergone a rigid scrutiny. However, to make a show of doing something in the matter, a professional accountant was employed, not to examine into the correctness of the charges, but to report merely as to the clerical accuracy of the accounts—that is, if the common rules of arithmetic and book-keeping had been observed in drawing them out!

During these proceedings, the proprietors of East India stock became alarmed for the result; many of them sold out, and the price of East India stock fell rapidly in the market. The Directors, however, played a sure game; they knew the man they had to deal with, and that he would as soon throw himself into the crater of Vesuvius, as plunge into the bog of their voluminous accounts. Accordingly, in due time, Mr Grant issued his proposals for an arrangement with the East India Company, the basis of which was a full admission of the Company's accounts, releasing them from all the debts they had contracted, (above fifty millions sterling,) guaranteeing the payment of their accustomed dividends of 10½ per cent. per annum, the eventual repayment of their principal at the rate of 200 per cent., and the patronage of India, valued at half a million per annum! In return for these advantages, the Company was required to give up the China monopoly, to which they had no more right than Mr Grant himself; but it was requisite that the Company should appear to concede something, in order that the arrangement might be designated a "compromise," or a surrender of claims and interests on each side.

We have thought it necessary to premise thus much before entering on our observations regarding the East India Company's accounts for the three years ending in 1833–4. The severe and well-founded animadversions on the Company's accounts, presented to Parliament in 1830; the proved errors—the notorious confusion, disorder and contradictions—exhibited in the accounts of the most extensive mercantile establishment in the world; and, notwithstanding all which, the extreme easiness with which their pecuniary demands were admitted in the very delirium of prodigality—all these considerations must have operated to produce a reform in any body of men, not entirely lost to every sense of shame, or regard for character. Having secured the prize so desperately contended for, though not without some wounds to their reputation, and there remaining little more comparatively to be gained by a crafty and disingenuous policy, it seemed to be their interest now to begin on a new principle, and endeavour to establish a character for open and fair dealing; and, if they could not entirely remove the stains of past delinquencies, to mitigate their effect by a future without reproach and beyond suspicion. How far these anticipations have been realized, may be judged from what we now proceed to enter upon.

By the 116th clause of the late Act of Parliament, for effecting an arrangement with the East India Company, the Directors are bound to lay

before both Houses of Parliament, every year, "a complete and accurate view of the financial affairs of the said Company." Some of these papers printed by order of the House of Commons, 24th June 1836, are now lying before us; and, if these are all that the Directors have laid before Parliament for the period to which they apply, they have not given "a complete and accurate view of the financial affairs of the said Company," as they are bound to do. They are meagre abstracts of the accounts of the four Presidencies for three years, comprised in eighteen pages, and published at the price of *threepence*, (quite as much as they are worth,) which is one penny a-year for the accounts of all India, or one farthing per annum for each Presidency! "Only one poor pennyworth of bread to this monstrous load of sack!" Any man who should venture to ask another if he thought the Act had here been complied with by the Directors, would deserve to be knocked down for his impertinence. It is too gross an insult to common sense; and yet the Directors venture to thrust these wretched fragments on the public, as complete and accurate accounts; and they will, no doubt, if necessary, find some one bold enough to argue (as on the Commutation Act, to wit) that the right interpretation of a clause is directly the reverse of its plain English! This is a bad beginning for a *reformed corporation*, and bodes ill for its further progress. It is a bad sign when the desire of withholding information is apparent at the very outset of the journey; and, compelled as we are to grope our way in the dark, or at best with the faint glimmer of a farthing rush-light, to help us through the gloomy caverns of Leadenhall, there are but few objects we can trace distinctly in a tangible shape. One there is, however, plainly to be discerned, which appears to be a more flagrant violation of the Act than that before mentioned; we allude to the overcharge of £6826 for proprietors' dividends, in the estimate for 1834–5. Under the 11th clause of the Act, it is provided "That, out of the revenues of the said territories, there shall be paid to, or retained by the said Company, to their own use, a yearly dividend, after the rate of ten pounds ten shillings *per centum, per annum*, on the present amount of their capital stock;" that is, the same rate of dividend which the proprietors have been accustomed to receive for many years back, and which, on the whole, amounts to £630,000 per annum, as may be seen by referring to the former accounts, where this identical sum is regularly charged from year to year, neither more nor less. Now, in the estimate for 1834–5, (the first year in which the proprietors are allowed to take their dividends from the territorial revenue,) there is the following extraordinary item:—

"Dividend to proprietors of East India Stock, chargeable upon the revenue of India; Act 3 and 4, Will. IV., cap. 85, } £636,826."

Here is not only a direct overcharge of £6,826, for proprietors' dividends, but the act itself is ignorantly or insolently blazoned, as if it actually authorized the charge, while, in fact, it authorizes nothing beyond the £630,000. Supposing, for a moment, that the £6,826 is, in some way or another, connected with the dividends, and not for the proprietors' own use—and this is the most favourable construction we can put upon it—still the charge in this shape is wrong; and it is a striking example of that obscurity, lumping together of various items under one head, and avoiding "a complete and accurate view of the financial affairs of the said company," which has before been commented on. But, following the plain meaning of the words, the inevitable conclusion is, that the proprietors have, in fact, taken to their own use, £6,826 more than they are entitled to!

Another proof of this lumping together of items of a heterogeneous nature, and, at the same time, of splitting and dividing unnecessarily, where it can serve only to cause confusion and uncertainty, is the following:—"Charges general, deducting charges of establishment put upon outward invoices, £324,883," for 1833–4, and estimate for 1834–5, £404,890. This is short enough for an item of £324,883—no waste paper here, anyhow; and not a word to explain the addition of £80,000 to the same charge in 1834–5! In charges general are included the expenses of the India House, directors' and clerks' salaries, &c., together with a variety of other charges which have no connexion with the establishment. This, of itself, precludes the possibility of ascertaining, with precision, what the expenses of the India House really amount to; but there is now, for the first time, we believe, another barrier interposed, which precludes any approximation to the amount of India House charges, the whole of which ought undoubtedly to be brought forward in one single and separate item. So far, however, from this being done, there appears to be the greatest care taken to conceal the real amount. It is first split into two parts, one of which is mixed up with a variety of other charges, and the other is smuggled into the charges on outward invoices! After this, will any one pretend to say that these accounts present "a complete and accurate view" of the Company's affairs? There is a degree of meanness in this laboured attempt at concealment, which is characteristic only of the lowest grade of thimble-riggers; for the wretch who carries on the trade of cheatery, without the requisite skill, will resort to arts which render him despicable in the eyes of his more accomplished brethren.

Another lumping item, and we conclude:—

Extraordinary Receipts.—The amount realized in England, from the commercial assets, after deducting the sum of £2,000,000, set apart for the formation of the Guarantees Fund for the proprietors of East India stock, and the sum of £176,456, the amount of certain extraordinary charges defrayed directly from the produce of the assets applicable to the service of the government of India, per Act 3 & 4, Wm. IV., c. 85, £8,502,767."—*Estimate* 1834–5.

Above ten millions, sterling, disposed of in these few lines! and this in "a complete and accurate

view of the financial affairs" of the East India Company!

Not one of these accounts is signed or dated, to mark the time at which it was made out; and there is no account of the state of the finances in England, beyond the year 1834–5, (that being merely an estimate,) whereas the transactions in England might have been brought down to the end of the year 1835–6. Suppressing one year's accounts, and giving an estimate only of another year, is truly a strange way of rendering, every year, an account "of all their annual receipts and disbursements at home and abroad." In one point of view only, are these accounts what they pretend to be—*i. e., Accounts of the East India Company!*

According to these accounts, the revenues of India for the three years ending 1833–4, averaged about £13,940,000 per annum, while those for the three years ending 1827–8, averaged £22,450,000; but by far the greater part of this decline in the revenues is merely apparent, being occasioned by the altered form in which the accounts are now made out:—

1*st*, In renouncing the board rates of exchange, and calculating the sicca rupee at 2*s*., which makes a difference of 16 per cent.

2*d*, In deducting the charges of collection, assignments, &c. from the gross revenues, instead of carrying them, as before, to the contra side of account; this makes a further difference of about 2½ per cent.

There is, however, a real falling off in some branches of the revenue, the principal of which are in Bengal salt and opium, to the extent of about 140 lacs per annum.

The charges exceeded the revenues in the first two years, but, in the third, there was a small surplus.

Charges in Bengal.

The charges on collection are still enormously high—viz., on stamps, 9 per cent.; land, sayer, &c., 11 per cent.; and customs, 13 per cent. The charges of civil establishments have been diminished 19 lacs, or about 6 per cent.; while the military establishments have been reduced 40 lacs, or about 14 per cent.

Buildings and fortifications, amounted, in 1827–8, to	54	Lacs curr. rupees
In 1834, public buildings cost . . . . 9 lacs, Military do., . 8 „	17	„ Sicca rupees
Shewing a decrease of . . .	37	

Debt and Interest.

The territorial debt of Bengal amounted,
in 1828, to . . sicca rupees, 31,01,51,546
1834, . . . „ 31,50,85,745

The interest at the former period being, sicca rupees, . . } 164 lacs
And at the latter, . . 161 „

While the debt has increased, the interest has been reduced chiefly by the conversion of the 5 per cent. loans into 4 per cents., but a great part of the savings thus effected have been conferred on the Civil Service Annuity Fund.

In 1828, this fund amounted to 21 lacs, and the interest at 6 per cent, to sicca rupees, 1,28,762
In 1834, it had increased to
80 lacs, and the interest to „ 4,81,840

No wonder that the accumulations have increased so rapidly, when they receive one-third more interest than the rest of the public; the fund has nearly quadrupled in the short period of six years, and, if it goes on at that rate, it will amount to nearly 320 lacs in 1840! Is it creditable that the best paid service in the world, enjoying, moreover, a large annual grant of the public money to this very fund, should be allowed to receive 6 per cent. interest, while the humbler classes, who place their small funds in the Calcutta Savings' Bank, are obliged to invest the amount in the 4 per cent. loan?

The whole debt of India calculated at 2/ the sicca rupee was, in 1828,	£34,143,000	bearing interest,	£1,838,000
1834,	35,463,000	„ „	1,754,000
Increase on debt,	£1,320,000	Decrease in int.	£840,000

Note.—Since the above was written, we have received another parliamentary paper, being a return of the *Home Accounts* of the East India Company, presented in the session of 1836. The home accounts are here brought down to 30th April 1836; and we are, therefore, enabled to modify our observations on that point, and to explain that the delay which appeared to exist in the evidence of the general accounts of the revenues and disbursements, has been obviated by the production of this separate account. The home accounts are comprised in twenty-five pages, only five of which are devoted to the receipts and disbursements, debts, and credits—the remainder being, for the most part, occupied with particulars of the compensations granted to the reduced officers and servants of the East India Company.

THE MASSACRE OF KRINGELLEN.*

A BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORSE, BY DAVID VEDDER.

CHILDE SINCLAIR and his menyie steer'd
Across the salt sea waves;
But at Kringellen's mountain gorge
They filled untimely graves.

They crossed the stormy waves so blue,
For Swedish gold to fight:
May burning curses on them fall
That strike not for the right!

* In March 1612, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, dispatched officers to Scotland, for the purpose of raising troops, to assist him in a war with the Danes and Norwegians. Among those who volunteered their services, from Scotland, was Colonel George Sinclair, a native of Caithness, who brought over with him about 900 men, almost all of them of his own clan and name. This brave corps proved of eminent service to the Swedish monarch. The Norwegians, who had chiefly felt their prowess, were exasperated at the Scottish auxiliaries; and, being unable to meet them in a fair field, they had recourse to stratagem. Sinclair's motions, therefore, were minutely watched by spies, appointed for the especial purpose; and unceasing strategy was practised, to lead him into an ambuscade. During an incursion into that part of the country bordering on the Dovne-Fjeld, Sinclair and his band arrived at a tremendous mountain gorge, which he found it indispensably necessary to cross, called the pass of Kringellen. The road was cut out of the solid rock, was exceedingly narrow, and overhung, in a terrific manner, the precipitous banks of a deep and rapid river. Having hitherto met with no opposition,

The horned moon is gleaming red,
The waves are rolling deep;
A mermaid trolled her demon lay—
Childe Sinclair woke from sleep.

"Turn round, turn round, thou Scottish youth,
Or loud thy sire shall mourn;
For, if thou toucheat Norway's strand,
Thou never shalt return."

"Vile is your song, ye grisly witch—
It evil bodes to all;
If once I had you in my power,
I'd hack your carcass small."

They sailed three days, they sailed three nights,
This mercenary band;
And, on the morning of the fourth,
They saw old Norway's strand.

At Romsdhal-fiord Childe Sinclair flung
His banners to the wind;
And fourteen hundred armed slaves,
Like sleuth-hounds, crouched behind.

The hamlets blazed aloft to heaven,
On mountain and on plain;
Meek maidens violated were,
And weeping widows slain;
And hoary sires and smiling babes
Fell thick as new-cut grain.

But the news flew east, the news flew west,
And north and south it flew;
Soon Norway's peasant-chivalry
Their fathers' swords they drew.

The beacons blazed on every hill;
The fiery cross flew fast;*
And the mountain warriors serried stood,
Fierce as the northern blast.

The royal troops had drawn their swords
Upon a foreign strand;
So the patriot peasant-chivalry
Must defend their father-land.
May the curse of heaven descend in showers
On him who slacks his hand!

The boors of Lessoe, Vaage, and Froen,
Seized axe, and scythe, and brand—
"Foredoomed is every felon Scot
Who stains our native land.

"The peaks of Lidde pierce the clouds,
Black at his base withal;
The Laugen rushes wild and deep—
And there our foes must fall."

In ambush, near this darksome stream,
Five hundred rifles lay;
The water kelpie stroked his beard
And nichered for his prey.

"Hist! warriors, hist! they come, they come!
Fire, hack, and slash away!"
Again the kelpie nichered loud,
And gloated o'er his prey;
And the victims in the mountain pass,
Like tigers stood at bay.

The first fire thinned the Scottish ranks—
Childe Sinclair bit the ground;
And, as his life-blood oozed away,
He moaned like a dying hound:
And his myrmidons like autumn leaves
By hundreds fell around.

The banquet-board was spread by Death,
Amidst Kringellen hall;
And the ravens from a thousand hills
Held greedy carnival;
But the eagle from the Dovre-fiœld*
Presided lord of all.

One fugitive† escaped, to bear
The news to Scotland's strand,
That Scots were crushed like earthen pots
'Neath Norway's vengeful brand.

A monumental cairn was raised
To mark the gory spot,
Where Norway triumphed in her might,
O'er the mercenary Scot.

---

and not suspecting any attack in this quarter, Sinclair carelessly pursued his way along the difficult defile. When he had attained, however, the middle of the passage, the boors, under their leader, Berdon Segelstadt, who had lain in ambush, suddenly made their appearance on the rocks; and, after shutting up every avenue of retreat, in addition to the murderous effect of their rifles, hurled down large stones on the unfortunate Sinclairs, and, in a short time, to use their own expression, dashed the whole of them to pieces, like so many earthen pots. Sinclair, himself, fell—as a Scotsman should always fall—in the foremost rank. About 60 of our countrymen interceded for their lives, and were taken prisoners. But the boors, getting at length tired of supporting them, marched them off in a body, and disposed of them *a la Don Carlos*. One only escaped to tell the dismal tale. Sinclair's remains were honoured with a decent interment; but the bodies of his unfortunate clansmen were literally left a prey to

"The ravens from a thousand hills."

The above ballad was composed on the occasion, and to this day, is one of the most popular pieces of the kind in "Gamel Norge," being sung from one end of the country to the other. A recent traveller had the laudable curiosity to visit the grave of his ill-fated countryman, Colonel Sinclair. "It is, he says, "a lowly sepulture, and lies in a deep solitude. A small wooden cross marked the spot, supporting a tablet, on which is the following inscription—'Here lies Colonel Jorge Zinclar, who, with 900 Scotsmen, were dashed to pieces like earthen pots, by the boors of Lessoe, Vaage, and Froen—Berdon Segelstadt of Bingeboe, was the leader of the boors.'"

* What I have rendered "fiery cross" is in the original *Budstikken*, or message-stick. "It is, says Mr Laing, "of the size and shape often our constable's baton, is painted and stamped with the royal arms, and made hollow, with a head to screw on upon one end, and an iron spike on the other. The official notice to meet, the time, place, and object, are written on a piece of paper, which is rolled up and placed in the hollow. This is delivered from the public office or court-house of the district, to the nearest house-holder, who is bound by law to carry it, within a certain time, to his nearest neighbour, who must transmit it to the next, and so on. In case of two houses equally distant, it must be previously determined by the *foged* at which he shall deliver it. If the owner is not at home, he is to stick it 'in the house-father's great chair, by the fireside;' and if the door be locked he must fasten it to the outside. Each is bound to prove, if required, at what hour he received, delivered, or stuck it. He who, by his neglect, has prevented others from receiving the notice in due time to attend the meeting, pays a fine for each person so absent. There are fixed stations at which the budstick rests for the night, and it cannot be carried after sunset, or before sunrise. The householder to whom it comes last, takes it back to the office."

* A Norwegian mountain, nearly 8000 feet high.

† In the original, it is said, every living soul was slain. This, however, is contrary to historical facts. *One* did escape home; and another escaped through the instrumentality of a kindly Norse peasant, whom he afterwards married. Their descendants are numerous, and their origin well known in the district.

BLODBADET VED KRENGELLEN.

Herr Sinclair drog over salten hav,
Til Norrig hans eours monne stande;
Blandt Gulbrands kipper han fandt sin grav,
Der vanked saa blodig en pande.

Herr Sinclair drog over bolgen blaae,
For Svenske penger at stride;
Hjelpe dig Gud du visselig maae,
I grœsest for Normandeu bide.

Maanen skinner orm natten bleeg,
De vover saa sagtelig trille;
En Havfrue op at vandet steeg,
Hun spaaede Herr Sinclair ilde.

"Vendom, vendom, du Skotske mand,
Det gjelder dit liv saa fage;
Kommer du till Norrig, jeg siger ford sand,
Slet aldrig du Kommer tilbage."

"Leed er din sang, du giftige trold,
Altidens du spaaer om ulykker;
Fanger jey dig engang i vold,
Jeg lader dig hugge i stykker."

Han seiled i dage, han seiled i tree,
Med alt sit hyrede følge,
Den fjerde dags morgen han Norrg mea see,
Jeg vil det slet ikke fordølge.

Ved Bomadals kster han styred tly laud,
Erklærede sig for en fjende,
Ham fulgte fjorten hundrede mand,
Som alle havde ondt udi sinde.

De skjendte og brændte alt, hvor de drog frem
Al folkeret monne de krænke;
Oldingens afmagt rorte ej dem,
De spotted den grædende enke.

Barnet blev dræbt udi moderens skjöd,
Saa mildelig det end smiled;
Men rygtet om denne jammer og Nöd,
Tjl kjernen af landet iled.

Baunan lyse og budstikken löb,
Fra grande tl nærmeste grande;
Dalens sornner skjul ej krob,
Det mantte Herr Sinclair sande.

Soldaten er ude paan kongens tog,
Vi maae selv Landet forsvare;
Forbandet være det Nddnge Drog,
Som na blod vil spare.

De bönder af Vaage, Lessöe, og Lomb,
Med skarpen öxe paa Nakken;
" I bredebygd tilsammen korm,
Me1 Skotten vilde de snakke.

" Tæt under Lide der lober en stie,
Som man monne kringen kalde;

Lougen skynder sig der forbie,
I den skal Fjenden falde.

Riflen hænger ei mere paa væg,
Hist Sigter graahærdede skytte;
Nokken oplofter sit vaade skjæg,
Og venter med længsel sit bytte.

" Frem bönder, frem I norske mænd
Slaaer ned, slaaer ned, for fode;
Da Skotten önsked sig hjem igjen,
Han var ej ret lystig tilmode.

D-t förste skud Herr Sinclair gjaldt,
Han broled og opgav sin aande,
Hver Skotte raabte da obersten faldt,
Gud frie os af denne vaande.

Med dode kroppe blev Kringen ströed,
De ravne fik nok at ede,
Det Ungdoms blod, som her udfloed
De skotske pger begræde.

Slet ingen levende sjæl kom hjem,
Som kunde sine landsmænd fortælle,
Hvor farligt det er at befoge dem,
Som boe blandt Norrigs Fjelde.

End kneiser en stolte paa samme sted,
Som Norges uvenner mon true,
Om vee! hver en Normand, som ei blüverheed
Saa tit hans öjne den Skue.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Vol. IV.

Scott, we have formerly said, in private life, always appears to most advantage behind the scenes, as a kind master, an indulgent father, an easy, and, in some instances, a kind friend. His personal habits and domestic enjoyments were thoroughly Scottish, and of the good old times of Scotland. Mr Lockhart, in his capacity of biographer, nowhere appears to so much advantage as when depicting the homely and hearty enjoyments of his father-in-law's fire-side. The small, social Sunday dinner parties of the great author, when in town, during the session, follow the description of his *den* in Castle Street, and Lockhart's *rationale* of his conversational powers.

The noticeable members of the intimate circle, were—Erskine, Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Sir Alexander Boswell, Allan the painter, James Ballantyne, and Terry the comedian. And here we must borrow a somewhat lengthy extract, descriptive of Scott's personal habits, and of the plain, hearty Sunday dinners and social evenings in Castle Street, where the company rarely exceeded three or four besides the family:—

Breakfast was his chief meal. Before that came, he had gone through the severest part of his day's work, and he then set to with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Tovell—

" And laid at once a pound upon his plate."

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances. His table was always provided, in addition to the usually plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most lusty execution—a round of beef—a pasty, such as made Gil Blas's eyes water—or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head, the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr Johnson and his bear-leader. A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife. Often did the *Clerk's coach*, commonly called among themselves, *The Lively*—which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them at the proper minute in the Parliament Close; often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased, what Homer calls " the sacred rage of hunger;" and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporised sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand. But this robust supply would have served him in fact for the day. He never tasted anything more before dinner, and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Squire Tovell's niece from the boarding school—

——" Who cut the sanguine flesh in frustrums fine,
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine."

The only dishes he was at all fond of were the old-fashioned ones, to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford; and which really are excellent dishes—such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France before Catherine de Medicis brought in her Italian *virtuosi* to revolutionize the kitchen like the court. Of most of these, I believe, he has, in the course of his novels, found some opportunity to record his esteem. But, above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendours of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course includes *cocky-leekie*?

It is a fact, which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organization, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was hardly more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an overkept haunch of venison; and neither by the nose nor the palate could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from Sherry—nay, an Oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*, when he remembered the circumstance some time afterwards, and called for a bottle to have Sir John Malcom's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the binn as *sherry*. Port he considered as physic; he never willingly swallowed more than one glass of it, and was sure to anathematize a second, if offered, by repeating John Home's epigram—

" Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good;
Let him drink port, the English statesmen cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

In truth, he liked no wines except sparkling Champagne and claret; but even as to this last he was no connoisseur; and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky toddy to the most precious " liquid ruby" that ever flowed in the cup of a prince. He rarely took any other potation when quite alone with his family; but at the Sunday board he circulated the Champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards. I should not omit, however, that his Bourdeaux

was uniformly preceded by a small libation of the genuine *mountain dew*, which he poured with his own hand, *more majorum*, for each guest—making use for the purpose of such a multifarious collection of Ancient Highland *quaighs* (little cups of curiously dovetailed wood, inlaid with silver) as no Lowland sideboard but his was ever equipped with.

Now, we are inclined to think that Scott could have told Madeira from sherry, and both from *sheeraz* perfectly well, had he given himself the smallest trouble about the matter. The fault was "the malady of not marking." Having got through the dinner, we come to the evening.

The sound of music, (even, I suspect, of any sacred music but psalm-singing,) would be considered indecorous in the streets of Edinburgh on a Sunday night; so, upon the occasions I am speaking of, the harp was silent, and *Otterburne* and *The Bonny House of Airlie* must needs be dispensed with. To make amends, after tea in the drawing-room, Scott usually read some favourite author, for the amusement of his little circle; or Erskine, Ballantyne, or Terry did so, at his request. He himself read aloud high poetry with far greater simplicity, depth, and effect, than any other man I ever heard; and, in Macbeth or Julius Cæsar, or the like, I doubt if Kemble could have been more impressive. Yet the changes of intonation were so gently managed, that he contrived to set the different interlocutors clearly before us, without the least approach to theatrical artifice. Not so the others I have mentioned: they all read cleverly and agreeably, but with the decided trickery of stage recitation.

Among the Sunday evening readings, were selections from Dryden's Fables, Johnson's two satires, Miss Baillie's plays, and the living poets, of whom Crabbe was the favourite.

Crabbe was, perhaps, next to Shakspeare, the standing resource; but in those days, Byron was pouring out his spirit fresh and full; and, if a new piece from his hand had appeared, it was sure to be read by Scott the Sunday evening afterwards, and that with such delighted emphasis, as shewed how completely the elder bard had kept all his enthusiasm for poetry at the pitch of youth, all his admiration of genius, free, pure, and unstained by the least drop of literary jealousy. Rare and beautiful example of a happily constituted and virtuously disciplined mind and character!

We would fain hope this beautiful example may not be so very rare as Mr Lockhart imagines. On such occasions, Scott sometimes told long stories, of which his biographer intimates an intention of giving the outline at some future day.

The description of what Scott called Ballantyne's "christening dinners," *i. e.* the feast given preparatory to the launch of a new novel, when the *sough* of something far surpassing any former attempt of the *Great Unknown*, was to be sent abroad through the *Guid* town, is, though ludicrously caricatured, in the features of the host, not absolutely without truth and merit—

The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly preses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted, with a sonorous voice, the formula of Macbeth—

"Fill full!
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by "The King, God bless him!" and second came—"Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine—I give you the health of Mr Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way;—and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed upon vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "'bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery—"*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal author of Waverley!*"—The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by a deep silence, and then Ballantyne proceeded—

"In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious"—

to lament the obscurity in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world—to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received—and to assure them that the author of "Waverley" would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—"the proudest hour of his life," &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features, during all this mummery, was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *non-chalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio,* however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but, after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra. "The Maid of Lodi," or, perhaps, "The Bay of Biscay, O!" or "The Sweet Little Cherub that Sits up Aloft." Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers. Old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready for one with "The Moorland Wedding," or "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut;" and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened, *ore rotundo*, on the merits of the forthcoming romance. "One chapter—one chapter only"—was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained. The first I heard so read, was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable.

In short, the thing took; and many tongues and pens were instantly set in motion; and the fame of the forthcoming novel was sent abroad by all the bellows of puffery. With John Ballantyne's entertainments to Scott, we shall not intermeddle. How "Jocund Johnny" had contrived, by the touch of his auctioneer's hammer, to convert *douce* Bailie Creech's small, prim box, and penurious paddock, certainly not much exceeding an acre, niched in an angle of the Trinity road, into the "mysterious alcoves," "Armida gardens," and "fairy labyrinths," through which there was "no want of pretty Armidas, such as they might be, to glide, half-seen, among the mazes"—how "Jocund Johnny," we say, was able to contrive all this, and much more, with such scanty appliances, it is not easy to discover: and, probably, we are indebted for a good deal of it to imagination. Yet there is truth here too—melancholy, warning truth. Whither have vanished the fluttering gaieties, "the dainty

* Scott's characteristic names for the brothers Ballantyne were, Aldiborontiphoscophornio and Rigdumfunnidos.

voluptuous finery" of Harmony Hall?—and how does its memory bear contrast with the humble dwelling of Scott's other friend, living in the light of heaven at Kaeside?

> The sitting-rooms opened upon gay and perfumed conservatories, and John's professional excursions to Paris and Brussels, in quest of objects of *virtu*, had supplied both the temptation and the means to set forth the interior in a fashion that might have satisfied the most fastidious *petite maitresse* of Norwood or St Denis. John, too, was a married man: he had, however, erected for himself a private wing, the accesses to which, whether from the main building or the bosquet, were so narrow, that it was physically impossible for the handsome and portly lady who bore his name, to force her person through any one of them. His dinners were in all respects Parisian, for his wasted palate disdained such John Bull luxuries as were all in all with James. The piquant pasty of Strasburgh or Perigord, was never to seek; and even the *pièce de résistance* was probably a boar's head from Coblentz, or a turkey ready stuffed with truffles from the Palais Royal. The pictures scattered among John's innumerable mirrors, were chiefly of theatrical subjects—many of them portraits of beautiful actresses—the same Peg Woffingtons, Bellamys, Kitty Clives, and so forth, that found their way in the sequel to Charles Matthews' gallery at Highgate. Here that exquisite comedian's own mimicries and parodies were the life and soul of many a festival, and here, too, he gathered from his facetious host not a few of the richest materials for his *At homes* and *Monopolylogues*. But, indeed, whatever actor or singer of eminence visited Edinburgh, of the evenings when he did not perform, several were sure to be reserved for Trinity. Here Braham quavered, and here Liston drolled his best—here Johnstone, and Murray, and Yates, mixed jest and stave—here Kean revelled and rioted—and here the Roman Kemble often played the Greek from sunset to dawn. Nor did the popular *cantatrice* or *danseuse* of the time disdain to freshen her roses, after a laborious week, amidst these Paphian arbours of Harmony Hall.

We quite agree with Mr Lockhart in thinking that this John Ballantyne was a most unfit friend and confident for Sir Walter Scott, though not exactly upon his own grounds.

James Ballantyne was, it seems, overcrowed in presence of the Czar Constable, whom Lockhart first saw at a luxurious dinner at "Harmony Hall," at which Scott was present. The Czar's Sunday dinners round the circle of these bibliopolic entertainments. These last must have been highly intellectual and well-ordered banquets. Lockhart relates:—

> There are stories enough of practical jokes upon such occasions, some of them near akin to those which the author of "Humphrey Clinker" has thought fit to record of his own suburban villa, in the most diverting of young Melford's letters to Sir Watkin Philips. I have heard, for example, a luculent description of poor *Elshender Campbell*, and another drudge of the same class, running a race after dinner for a new pair of breeches, which Mr David Bridges, tailor in ordinary to this northern potentate—himself a wit, a virtuoso, and the croupier on that day in lieu of Rigdum—had been instructed to bring with him, and display before the threadbare rivals. But I had these pictures from John Ballantyne, and, I daresay, they might be overcharged. That Constable was a most bountiful and generous patron to the ragged tenants of Grub Street, there can, however, be no doubt: and as little that John himself acted on all occasions by them in the same spirit, and this to an extent greatly beyond what prudence (if he had ever consulted that guide in anything) would have dictated.

Mr Lockhart is doubtless right in thinking that Rigdumfunnidos overcharged these pictures; and we would fain hope that, notwithstanding the excessive vanity and the despotic and domineering temper which he attributes to Constable, the Czar was incapable of the indecent vulgarity, not to say inexpressible insolence, implied in these practical jokes. We have heard Mr *Alaaster* Campbell, whom Mr Lockhart, among his thousand and one blunders of the kind which *The Quarterly* would severely scourge, constantly names *Elshender*, described as a high-spirited Highlander, of gentlemanlike manners and of respectable talents. He is the author of "Albyn's Anthology," a work prized by the lovers of national song and music; and of, among many other things, "The Grampians Desolate," a poem which had its fame. He was an organist in one of the Episcopalian chapels, a teacher of singing, and an early, if humble, friend of Scott, as is noticed in the autobiography. He married a lady of considerable family consequence and fortune, and was a collector of pictures and books, and in his own way a person of taste. He fell, we believe, into adverse circumstances towards the close of his life; but that he was the despicable creature pictured by John Ballantyne, is wantonly false; and really Mr Lockhart should recollect that Campbell's surviving relations have feelings to be wounded, though he may never have met with such illustrious obscurities, and may have no conception that any one under the dignity of nobility and gentry has a right to be treated with delicacy, or to take offence at whatever latitude of caricature editors think fit to assume. His petty blunders are hardly worthy of notice, since—however eagerly the beadle-critics might catch at them—they generally arise from pure ignorance of Scottish manners and of local affairs, which we should not have expected in him, and which is of no material consequence, though the manner in which he has allowed himself to speak of John Leyden, of James Ballantyne, and the individual he nicknames *Elshender Campbell*, exceeds all proper license.

Grub Street, with its ragged denizens, we freely deliver into his hands, for reasons before stated; but we should like to know who these were at the time specified, or if there was any regular corps existing in Edinburgh—which, we opine, never could afford to maintain one. He did not, certainly, consider himself as belonging to Blackwood's detachment: and the only other squadron was Constable's. The "bounty and generosity" of Constable, and of John Ballantyne, to this ragged regiment, we should also like to hear specified, with proper names, and in pounds, shillings, and pence. Until then, we remain in respectful doubt as to its amount. But, at the utmost, what shall we say to a few pounds disbursed by those magnificent projectors and munificent patrons of Grub Street, during the progress of a reckless career ending in bankruptcy, to such men as James Hogg and Alaaster Campbell, or whoever those obscure unnamed—whose existence we question—might be. Mr Lockhart betrays, not alone his order as a man of letters, but

the cause of true morality, when he talks thus of the sums expended by those "most bountiful and generous patrons of Grub Street," at the risk, and, ultimately, to the loss of their creditors. Take it in another view, and what comparison can be made between the poorest lettered wight that ever, for honest bread, drove, for twelve hours a-day, at a hand-loom rate of remuneration, a hack quill, and the John Ballantyne and Archibald Constable whom he has depicted? Truly there are other things in the world besides money, and projects, successful or unsuccessful, to acquire wealth; and, in the course of his own experience, Mr Lockhart should have learned as much. For some of his freedoms there is no apology. He should at once recant them. And there are others in which he must have given pain and offence from, we are fully persuaded, sheer ignorance of facts. Thus, for example, he represents Archibald Park—the brother who introduced the African Traveller, Mungo Park, to Scott—as a *sheriff-officer;* or a functionary somehow employed by Scott, the Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Where has Mr Lockhart lived in Scotland, or how has he been bred to the Scottish bar, not to know that the business of a sheriff-officer, or thief-taker, next to that of the hangman, is considered as the lowest and most degrading of civil offices? and that, if the hardy tenant of Lewinshope had really been so reduced in the world, there would have been some indelicacy to his highly respectable relatives in hinting at so mortifying a fact. But Mr Archibald Park, who lately died in the capacity of collector or comptroller of customs at Tobermory, which he long held, not only never filled the degrading office specified, but never acted in any capacity under the Sheriff, though pecuniary involvments for a brother drove him from the Forest, of which he was long the most dashing and characteristic yeoman. The whole story is clearly the result of ignorance; for Mr Lockhart could entertain no such prepossession in this case as in that of the Ballantynes. When he speaks of Park as the guest of Scott—of the bum-bailiff (for the sheriff-officer is equivalent) hunting with the Sheriff!—he proves the absence of every ill intention in his blundering statement.

To return to more pleasant matters. "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" was published. The biographer, often so circumstantial about trivial matters, has altogether omitted the well-known source whence Sir Walter Scott derived its heroine *Jeanie Deans*, the creation which is certainly the least indebted to his inventive faculty of the many that have flowed from his pen. The story of Helen Walker, the original Jeanie Deans, which Scott obtained from a lady of Dumfriesshire, has often been told. We need not revert to it. The character is one beyond the province of the novelist. It belongs to truth and nature; and sprung from the high-hearted faith and stern morality of those despised Covenanters, whom Scott must have reverenced in thought, even when he most affected the Cavalier.

Lockhart's first visit to Abbotsford was now made.

He invited my friend John Wilson (now Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh) and myself to visit him for a day or two on our return from an excursion to Mr Wilson's beautiful villa on the Lake of Windermere, but named the particular day (October 8th) on which it would be most convenient for him to receive us; and we discovered on our arrival, that he had fixed it from a good-natured motive. We found him walking in one of his plantations, at no great distance from the house, with five or six young people, and his friends Lord Melville and Captain Ferguson. Having presented us to the First Lord of the Admiralty, he fell back a little, and said, "I am glad you came to-day, for I thought it might be of use to you both, some time or other, to be known to my old schoolfellow here, who is, and I hope will long continue to be, the great giver of good things in the Parliament House. I trust you have had enough of certain pranks with your friend Ebony, and, if so, Lord Melville will have too much sense to remember them." We then walked round the plantation, as yet in a very young state, and came back to the house by a formidable work, which he was constructing for the defence of his *haugh* against the wintry violences of the Tweed; and he discoursed for some time with keen interest upon the comparative merits of different methods of embankment, but stopped now and then to give us the advantage of any point of view in which his new building on the eminence above pleased his eye. It had a fantastic appearance—being but a fragment of the existing edifice. . . . . .

I had never before seen Scott in such buoyant spirits as he shewed this evening—and I never saw him in higher afterwards; and no wonder, for this was the first time that he, Lord Melville, and Adam Ferguson, daily companions at the High-school of Edinburgh, and partners in many joyous scenes of the early volunteer period, had met since the commencement of what I may call the serious part of any of their lives. . . .

When we rose from table, Scott proposed that we should all ascend his western turret, to enjoy a moonlight view of the valley. The younger part of his company were too happy to do so: some of the seniors, who had tried the thing before, found pretexts for hanging back. The stairs were dark, narrow, and steep; but the Sheriff piloted the way, and at length there were as many on the top as it could well afford footing for. Nothing could be more lovely than the panorama; all the harsher and more naked features being lost in the delicious moonlight; the Tweed and the Gala winding and sparkling beneath our feet; and the distant ruins of Melrose appearing, as if carved of alabaster, under the black mass of the Eildons. The poet, leaning on his battlement, seemed to hang over the beautiful vision as if he had never seen it before. "If I live," he exclaimed, "I will build me a higher tower, with a more spacious platform, and a staircase better fitted for an old fellow's scrambling." The piper was heard retuning his instrument below, and he called to him for "Lochaber no more." John of Skye obeyed, and, as the music rose softened by the distance, Scott repeated in a low key the melancholy words of the song of exile.

A dance concluded the evening, which was called the *handsel* of the new house of Abbotsford.

Scott, in the same year, lost his patron, the Duke of Buccleuch, and his brother-in-law, Mr Charles Charpentier, who bequeathed the reversion of his fortune to his sister's family. About the same time, the Prince Regent caused his intention of elevating him to the baronetage to be formally intimated; and, as the fortune just left was nominally a handsome one—being, according to the use and wont of India fortunes, doubled by rumour—he was content to receive

the honour, with which, poor as it was, when measured by his deserts, he would, in any circumstances, we believe, have been highly gratified. His special delight, expressed in a letter to Mr Morritt, was at being created and gazetted, *per se*, and not in the slump, along with a new batch of knights then in dough.

"I hope," he says, "Sir Walter Scott will not sound worse than Sir Humphry Davy, though my merits are as much under his, in point of utility, as can well be imagined. But a name is something, and mine is the better of the two. Set down this flourish to the account of national and provincial pride."

To Miss Baillie, he says:—

"I have now before me Lord Sidmouth's letter, containing the Prince's gracious and unsolicited intention to give me a baronetcy. It will neither make me better nor worse than I feel myself—in fact, it will be an incumbrance rather than otherwise; but it may be of consequence to Walter, for the title is worth something in the army, although not in a learned profession. . . . Respecting the reasons peculiar to myself which have made the Prince shew his respect for general literature in my person, I cannot be a good judge, and your friendly zeal will make you a partial one; the purpose is fair, honourable, and creditable to the Sovereign, even though it should number him among the monarchs who made blunders in literary patronage. You know Pope says—

"The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles."

So let the intention sanctify the error, if there should be one, on this great occasion."

To the same lady, he notices the homely, old-fashioned New-Year festivities of Abbotsford, of which customs, the immemorial *het-pint* included, he was a faithful observer:—

But of all the consecrated ceremonies of the time, none gave him such delight as the visit which he received as *Laird* from all the children on his estate, on the last morning of every December, when, in the words of an obscure poet often quoted by him—

"The cottage bairns sing blythe and gay,
At the ha' door for *hogmanay*.

To Joanna, he charmingly adds:—

"I wish you could have seen about a hundred children, being almost entirely supported by their fathers' or brothers' labour, come down yesterday to dance to the pipes, and get a piece of cake and bannock, and pence apiece (no very deadly largess) in honour of *hogmanay*. I declare to you, my dear friend, that, when I thought the poor fellows who kept these children so neat, and well-taught, and well-behaved, were slaving the whole day for eighteen-pence or twenty-pence at the most, I was ashamed of their gratitude, and of their becks and bows."

A treaty most important to his interests was now on the *tapis* for the sale of his whole copyrights, for which Constable, and his partner and son-in-law, Mr Cadell, the publisher of the present memoir, agreed to pay £12,000. Scott was urged to this sacrifice—for such it was, and such he must have considered it—by the perpetual necessity of raising money, his wants always increasing with his gains. Yet he seemed to consider the bargain a good one; and, had Constable and his partner been able to complete it before their failure, Scott's creditors would have had no interest in those copyrights since found so valuable. The ill-luck of "The Crafty," or rather of his creditors, was here the good luck of Scott. In the spring of this year, while rejoicing that Constable had come down so handsomely for what he termed his *yeld kye*,* he suffered severely from another attack of spasm. In a letter to Southey, giving an account of this cruel disorder, he speaks of the theatre in the manner which any man of sense and spirit must feel, who has observed the minute as well as the broad features of that school of morals, and refiner of taste, as it exists in Great Britain. The opinions of so shrewd an observer, and one who had seen so much of playhouses and players, are worthy of profound attention. Southey had mentioned a newspaper report of his being engaged in a dramatic work. He says:—

"I shall not fine and renew a lease of popularity upon the theatre. To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please—for your success is necessarily at their mercy—I cannot away with. How would you, or how do you think I should, relish being the object of such a letter as Kean* wrote t'other day to a poor author, who, though a pedantic blockhead, had at least the right to be treated like a gentleman by a copper-laced, twopenny tear-mouth, rendered mad by conceit and success? Besides, if this objection were out of the way, I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them. One half come to prosecute their debaucheries so openly that it would degrade a bagnio; another set to snooze off their beef-steaks and port wine; a third are critics of the fourth column of the newspaper; fashion, wit, or literature there is not; and, on the whole, I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience. The only thing that could tempt me to be so silly, would be to assist a friend in such a degrading task who was to have the whole profit and shame of it."

How much truth is here, though of a kind unpalatable to many of Scott's friends!

While slowly recovering from his severe attack, and while still liable to violent relapses, Scott dictated to John Ballantyne and William Laidlaw "The Bride of Lammermoor," his most impassioned production either in verse or prose. The circumstances under which it was composed make this feat of an indomitable will—of, in the slang of the day, mind subduing matter—one of the most remarkable of Scott's literary efforts. Lockhart says—

I have often, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause, "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry, as well as all the wool, to ourselves; but, as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." John Ballantyne told me that, after the first day, he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay; and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of "The Bride of Lammermoor"—the whole of "The Legend of Montrose"—and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe."

. . . . . .

On one of the envelopes in which a chapter of "The Bride of Lammermoor" reached the printer in the Canon-

* Cows whose milk has dried up, from the length of time elapsed since they have calved.

* The reader will find something about this actor's quarrel with Mr Bucke, author of "The Italians," in Barry Cornwall's "Life of Kean," vol. ii. p. 178.

gate about this time—(May 2, 1819)—there is this note in the author's own handwriting :—

"DEAR JAMES,—These matters will need more than your usual carefulness. Look sharp—double sharp—my trust is constant in thee."

His trust was fitly placed. Careless and often slovenly as the free, manly, off-hand style of Scott is, many more small deformities would have appeared, save for the painful revision of James Ballantyne ; who, besides higher matters, was a very martinet as to the proper drilling of particles in a sentence. A fact which may well be called extraordinary, is stated by Ballantyne in relation to "The Bride of Lammermoor." Scott assured him, when the printed book was first put into his hand, that, perfectly remembering the story on which it is founded, with which he had been familiar from childhood, he could not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation the work contained.

Mr Lockhart, who visited him at this time with John Ballantyne, to consult about the *Annual Register*, was witness of the excruciating torture he endured from the periodical attacks of "his fiend," as he termed the cruel malady. One morning, when the disease intermitted, he rode off on an expedition not altogether becoming the Sheriff of the county perhaps, but which was sanctioned by the constant practice of Scotland.

The prime object of this expedition was to talk over the politics of Selkirk with one of the Duke of Buccleuch's great store-farmers, who, as the Sheriff had learned, possessed private influence with a doubtful bailie or deacon among the Souters. I forget the result, if ever I heard it. But next morning, having, as he assured us, enjoyed a good night in consequence of this ride, he invited us to accompany him on a similar errand across Bowden Moor, and up the Valley of the Ayle ; and when we reached a particularly bleak and dreary point of that journey, he informed us that he perceived, in the waste below, a wreath of smoke, which was the appointed signal that a *wavering* Souter of some consequence had agreed to give him a personal interview where no Whiggish eyes were likely to observe them ;—and so, leaving us on the road, he proceeded to thread his way westwards, across moor and bog, until we lost view of him. I think a couple of hours might have passed before he joined us again, which was, as had been arranged, not far from the village of Lilliesleaf. In that place, too, he had some negotiation of the same sort to look after.

This was the year of the Manchester Massacre, in which Scott, as may be imagined, vindicated the onslaught of the yeomanry to the uttermost. Mr James Ballantyne ventured to differ from "his illustrious friend," and boldly and energetically condemned proceedings which disgusted the whole country, save those Tories who approve of "laying dust in blood." This was in *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, a well-conducted newspaper, of which Ballantyne, among his many functions, was the editor, indolent gourmand as Mr Lockhart represents him. Sir Walter published several papers, entitled *The Visionary*, in condemnation of the Editor's spirited strictures upon the conduct of the magistracy and yeomanry, and in defence of Toryism in general.

In this year, Scott's correspondence frequently refers to the Radicals; and, before his alarm reached a species of Quixotic frenzy, he says to one friend :—

"I am not much afraid of these folks, however, because I remember 1793 and 1794, when the same ideas possessed a much more formidable class of the people, being received by a large proportion of farmers, shopkeepers, and others, possessed of substance. A mere mob will always be a fire of loose straw ; but it is melancholy to think of the individual mischief that may be done."

To his brother Thomas, a month or two later, he expresses an opinion directly the opposite of this :—

"By the way, *Radical* is a word in very bad odour here, being used to denote a set of blackguards a hundred times more mischievous and absurd than our old friends in 1794 and 1795. You will learn enough of the doings of the *Radical Reformers* from the papers. In Scotland we are quiet enough, excepting in the manufacturing districts ; and we are in very good hands, as Sir William Rae, our old commander, is Lord Advocate."

His alarm increased as the nights grew long; and, in December 1819, we find him writing to his eldest son, who had lately joined the 18th Hussars at Cork, under the ridiculous panic, which, fostered by the Spy System, and the then well-understood arts of exciting alarm, had seized the whole country. Remembering how these mighty affairs ended, it is now amusing to read such passages as the following:—

"Glasgow is in a terrible state. The Radicals had a plan to seize on 1000 stand of arms, as well as a depot of ammunition, which had been sent from Edinburgh Castle for the use of the volunteers. The commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Bradford, went to Glasgow in person ; and the whole city was occupied with patrols of horse and foot, to deter them from the meditated attack on the barracks. The arms were then delivered to the volunteers, who are said to be 4000 on paper ; how many effective and trustworthy, I know not. But it is a new sight in Scotland on a Sunday to see all the inhabitants in arms, soldiers patrolling the streets, and the utmost precaution of military service exacted and observed in an apparently peaceful city. The Old Blue Regiment of volunteers was again summoned together yesterday. They did not muster very numerous, and looked, most of them, a little *ancient*.

. . . . . .

"Mamma and the girls are quite well, and so is Master Charles, who is of course more magnificent, as being the only specimen of youthhead at home. He has got an old broadsword hanging up at his bedhead, which, to be the more ready for service, hath no sheath. To this, I understand, we are to trust for our defence against the Radicals. Anne (notwithstanding the assurance) is so much afraid of the disaffected, that, last night, returning with Sophia from Portobello, where they had been dancing with the Scotts of Harden, she saw a Radical in every man that the carriage passed. Sophia is, of course, wise and philosophical ; and mamma has not yet been able to conceive why we do not catch and hang the whole of them, untried and unconvicted."

To his brother in Canada, he again wrote that the colliers in Northumberland were about to rise, 50,000 strong! It was high time to look about for means of repelling their invasion of the Border ; and, in conjunction with the Lairds of Torwoodlee and Gala, he offered to the government to raise a corps of "Royal Foresters," to the amount of 200, gravely proposing to equip them in a costume very similar to that in which he afterwards invested Halbert Glendinning. While this Quixotic fit lasted, his communications with Mr Laidlaw, and the grave marshalling of his following on paper, might excite a smile. He was apprehensive that the vassals of

Abbotsford might prove less prompt than those of Gala in appearing at his wappen-schaw, and wrote—

"Gala and I go hand in hand, and propose to raise at least a company each of men, to be drilled as sharp-shooters or infantry, which will be a lively and interesting amusement for the young fellows. The dress we propose to be as simple, and at the same time as serviceable as possible—a jacket and trowsers of Galashiels grey cloth, and a smart bonnet with a small feather, or, to save even that expense, a sprig of holly. And we will have shooting at the mark, and prizes, and fun, and a little whisky, and daily pay when on duty or drill. I beg of you, dear Willie, to communicate my wish to all who have received a good turn at my hand, or may expect one, or may be desirous of doing one—(for I should be sorry Darnick and Brigend were beat)—and to all other free and honest fellows who will take share with me on this occasion. I do not wish to take any command farther than such as shall entitle me to go with the corps, for I wish it to be distinctly understood that, in whatever capacity, *I go with them*, and take a share in good or bad as it casts up. I cannot doubt that I will have your support; and I hope you will use all your enthusiasm in our behalf. Morrison volunteers as our engineer. Those who I think should be spoke to are the following, among the higher class—

"John Usher. He should be lieutenant, or his son ensign.

"Sam Somerville. I will speak to him—he may be lieutenant, if Usher declines; but I think in that case Usher should give us his son.

"Young Nicol Milne is rather young, but I will offer to his father to take him in.

"Harper is a *sine qua non*. Tell him I depend on him for the honour of Darnick. I should propose to him to take a gallant halbert.

"Adam Ferguson thinks you should be our adjutant. John Ferguson I propose for captain. He is steady, right bold, and has seen much fire. The auld captain will help us in one shape or other. For myself, I know not what they propose to make of me, but it cannot be anything very active. However, I should like to have a steady, quiet horse, drilled to stand fire well: and if he has these properties, no matter how stupid, so he does not stumble. In this case, the price of such a horse will be no object.

"These, my dear friend, are your beating orders. I would propose to raise about sixty men, and not to take old men. John the Turk will be a capital corporal; and I hope in general that all my young fellows will go with me, leaving the elder men to go through necessary labour. Sound Tom what he would like. I think, perhaps, he would prefer managing matters at home in your absence and mine at drill.

"John of Skye is cock-a-hoop upon the occasion, and I suppose has made fifty blunders about it by this time. You must warn Tom Jamieson, Gordon Winness, John Swanston, (who will carry off all the prizes at shooting,) Davidson, and so forth."

How delighted would he have been had his following taken the field, headed by his son! There was, however, this slight difference between his offered armament and the feudal levies—that he expected the Government to maintain his household troops, while those more in the secret had no wish to carry the joke quite so far.

Scott's next work was that most splendid melo-drame, Ivanhoe, which, from its extreme popularity in England, has often tempted us to believe that the finer spirit, the nationality, the *truth* of Scott's better works, has never, save by the few, been fully appreciated out of his own country.

The volumes before us contain of course numerous letters from Scott; but letter-writing was certainly not a talent which he cultivated, and he seldom had anything to say to his correspondents in which the heart was much interested. We have not one epistle addressed to any relative, save his brother Thomas, with whom he is ever friendly and cordial; until latterly, when he became the Mentor of his eldest son. But this series only commences near the close of the fourth volume; and Scott's best family letters are probably to be expected in the portion of the work still to appear. The letters to Cornet Walter, the hope of the family, Mr Lockhart considers as the most interesting and valuable of all Scott's correspondence. His heart was in them. The young soldier was only eighteen, and had scarcely ever slept a night out of his father's house when he went to join his regiment.

He had been treated from his cradle with all the indulgence that a man of sense can ever permit himself to shew to any of his children; and for several years he had now been his father's daily companion in all his out-of-doors occupations and amusements. The parting was a painful one; but Scott's ambition centred in the heir of his name, and, instead of fruitless pinings and lamentings, he henceforth made it his constant business to keep up such a frank correspondence with the young man, as might enable himself to exert over him, when at a distance, the gentle influence of kindness, experience, and wisdom.

John Ballantyne, then in London, was employed to equip and assist the young hussar, who, his father merrily supposed, would "look like a cow in a fremed loaning." Scott acknowledges Ballantyne's friendly cares in a humorous little note, complaining of tailors' charges, and concluding—

"We shall rub through here well enough, though James is rather glumpy and dumpy—chiefly, I believe, because his child is unwell. If you can make any more money for me in London, good and well. I have no spare cash till "Ivanhoe" comes forth."

To Miss Edgeworth, whom he had, at this time, never seen, he introduced young Walter as—

"A second edition of Walter Scott, a *tall* copy, as collectors say, and bound in Turkey leather, garnished with all sorts of fur and frippery—not quite so well *lettered*, however, as the old and vamped original edition. In other, and more intelligible phrase, the tall cornet of hussars, whom this will introduce to you, is my eldest son, who is now just leaving me to join his regiment in Ireland."

Any young man entering life, especially if in the same line, may, with advantage, peruse those sage and prudent letters to a young hussar officer. To the most minute particulars, as well as the most important interests, the anxious father attended. Walter was to have only two horses by advice of his colonel; and his father enjoins—

"And on no account keep a gig. You know of old how I detest that mania of driving wheel-barrows up and down, when a man has a handsome horse and can ride him. They are both foolish and expensive things, and, in my opinion, are only fit for English bagmen—therefore gig it not, I pray you.

In buying your horses you will be very cautious. I see Colonel Murray has delicacy about assisting you directly in the matter—for he says, very truly, that some gentlemen make a sort of traffic in horse-flesh—from which his duty and inclination equally lead him to steer

clear. But he will take care that you don't buy any that are unfit for service, as in the common course they must be approved by the commandant as *chargers*."

And Sir Walter gives farther counsel, which shews that he was not an old yeoman trooper and the grandson of a Border horse-dealer for nothing. After giving all the country and family news, he concludes—

"Write what your horses come to, &c. Your outfit will be an expensive matter; but once settled it will be fairly launching you into life in the way you wished, and I trust you will see the necessity of prudence and a gentlemanlike economy, which consists chiefly in refusing oneself trifling indulgencies until we can easily pay for them. Once more, I beg you to be attentive to Colonel Murray and to his lady. I hear of a disease among the moorfowl. I suppose they are dying for grief at your departure. Ever, my dear boy, your affectionate father."

A few specimens of these paternal epistles, we cannot resist. They appear to have been dispatched at first every week or ten days.

"I shall be curious to know how you like your brother officers, and how you dispose of your time. The drills and riding-school will, of course, occupy much of your mornings for some time. I trust, however, you will keep in view drawing, languages, &c. It is astonishing how far even half-an-hour a-day regularly bestowed on one object, will carry a man in making himself master of it. The habit of dawdling away time is easily acquired, and so is that of puting every moment either to use or to amusement.

"You will not be hasty in forming intimacies with any of your brother officers, until you observe which of them are most generally respected, and likely to prove most creditable friends. It is seldom that the people who put themselves hastily forward to please, are those most worthy of being known. At the same time you will take care to return all civility which is offered, with readiness and frankness. The Italians have a proverb, which I hope you have not forgot poor Pierrotti's lessons so far as not to comprehend—"*Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti.*" There is no occasion to let any one see what you exactly think of him; and it is the less prudent, as you will find reason, in all probability, to change your opinion more than once.

"I shall be glad to hear of your being fitted with a good servant. Most of the Irish of that class are scapegraces—drink, steal, and lie like the devil. If you could pick up a canny Scot it would be well. Let me know about your mess. To drink hard is none of your habits; but even drinking what is called a certain quantity every day hurts the stomach, and, by hereditary descent, yours is delicate. I believe the poor Duke of Buccleuch laid the foundation of that disease which occasioned his premature death in the excesses of Villars' regiment; and, I am sorry and ashamed to say, for your warning, that the habit of drinking wine, so much practised when I was a young man, occasioned, I am convinced, many of my cruel stomach complaints. . .

"All our bipeds are well. Hamlet had an inflammatory attack, and I began to think he was going mad, after the example of his great namesake; but Willie Laidlaw bled him, and he has recovered. Pussy is very well. Mamma, the girls, and Charlie join in love.

. . . . . .

"I beg you will keep an account of money received and paid. Buy a little book ruled for the purpose, for pounds, shillings, and pence, and keep an account of cash received and expended. The balance ought to be cash in purse, if the book is regularly kept. But any very small expenses you can enter as "sundries, £0:3:6," which saves trouble. . . . . .

"Dogs all well—cat sick—supposed with eating birds in their feathers. Sisters, brother, and mamma join in love to the 'poor wounded hussa-a-r'—I dare say you have heard the song; if not, we shall send it for the benefit of the mess. . . . . .

"Respecting the allowance, Colonel Murray informs me that from £200 to £250, in addition to the pay of a Cornet, ought to make a young man very comfortable. He adds, which I am much pleased to hear, that your officers are, many of them, men of moderate fortune and disposed to be economical. I had thought of £200 as what would suit us both, but when I see the account which you very properly keep, I shall be better able to determine. It must be considered that any uncommon expense, as the loss of a horse or the like, may occasion an extra draught over and above the allowance.

. . . . . .

"I am trying a sort of bargain with neighbour Nicol Milne at present. He is very desirous of parting with his estate of Faldonside; and, if he will be contented with a reasonable price, I am equally desirous to be the purchaser. I conceive it will come to about £30,000 at least. I will not agree to give a penny more; and I think that sum is probably £2000 and more above its actual marketable value. But then it lies extremely convenient for us, and would, joined to Abbotsford, make a very gentleman-like property, worth, at least, £1800 or £2000 a-year. I can command about £10,000 of my own, and, if I be spared life and health, I should not fear rubbing off the rest of the price, as Nicol is in no hurry for payment. As you will succeed me in my landed property, I think it right to communicate my views to you.

. . . . . .

"I wish much to know if you are lucky in a servant. Trust him with as little cash as possible, and keep short accounts. Many a good servant is spoiled by neglecting this simple precaution. The man is tempted to some expense of his own, gives way to it, and then has to make it up by a system of overcharge and peculation; and thus mischief begins, and the carelessness of the master makes a rogue out of an honest lad, and cheats himself into the bargain.

. . . . . .

"It is probable that you may have picked up among your military friends the idea that the mess of a regiment is all in all sufficient to itself; but when you see a little of the world, you will be satisfied that none but pedants—for there is pedantry in all professions—herd exclusively together, and that those who do so are laughed at in real good company. This you may take on the authority of one who has seen more of life and society, in all its various gradations, from the highest to the lowest, than a whole hussar regimental mess, and who would be much pleased by knowing that you reap the benefit of an experience which has raised him from being a person of small consideration, to the honour of being father of an officer of hussars.

. . . . . .

"I hope your servant proves careful and trusty. Pray let me know this. At any rate, do not trust him a bit further than you can help it; for in buying anything, you will get it much cheaper yourself than he will."

In the end of this year, 1819, Scott lost his excellent mother, and also her half-brother and sister, Dr and Miss Christie Rutherford. Of her character and latter days, he gives an interesting relation in a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart.

"Ivanhoe," which appeared about the time of these deaths, was, commercially, his last eminently successful novel. With "The Monastery," the immediate sale of his works began to decline. We cannot understand why the publishers, Constable & Co., should have concealed this from him, or how they were able to do so. Though his success still far exceeded that of any other novelist, they "were afraid," we are told, "lest the announcement of anything like a falling off might cast a damp over the spirits of the author. He was, therefore, allowed to remain, for several

years, under the impression that whatever novel he threw off, commanded at once the old triumphant sale of ten or twelve thousand, and was afterwards, when included in the collective edition, to be circulated in that shape also as widely as 'Waverley' or 'Ivanhoe.'"

Mr Lockhart properly condemns a concealment fraught with the most mischievous consequences; as those years of suddenly reduced income were actually the most expensive of Scott's life. In those years, he certainly must have been living at a rate far beyond that of any landed proprietor or nobleman in his county. The Duke of Buccleuch, then a minor, was not in Scotland.

From his large income, and princely literary revenue, the Laird of Abbotsford, during the severe winter of 1820, transmitted £10 to Mr Laidlaw, for the poor of his neighbourhood.

"Ten pounds I wish you to distribute among our poorer neighbours so as may best aid them. I mean not only the actually indigent, but those who are, in our phrase, *ill aff*. I am sure Dr Scott will assist you with his advice in this labour of love."

In a subsequent letter, he says—

"I enclose a check for £50, to pay accounts, &c. Do not let the poor bodies want for a £5, or even a £10, more or less.

"'We'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss't.'"

We trust Mr Lockhart does not fancy that there is any remarkable kindness of disposition, or one particle of generosity, displayed in the frugal donations he has brought forward; even although Mr Laidlaw did avail himself, as he probably would, of the extended license; yet very extraordinary notions of charity and mercy do obtain among men.

The spring of 1820 Scott spent in London; from whence he returned a baronet. The marriage of Mr Lockhart with his eldest daughter was, by this time, fixed, and he came to Scotland to be present at the ceremony. According to current Edinburgh and literary gossip, the alliance, in its dawn, at least, was much more favourably viewed by Mrs Scott than by Scott himself; for which, without searching farther, cause enough might be found in the briefless condition of the lover. However highly Scott might estimate the literary abilities of his future son-in-law, he was too earnestly the admirer of practical over literary life—too much a man of the world—not to have preferred, all things else being equal, a *rising* man even low in office, for his daughter's husband, to the first poet of the age, who was a poet only. But Mr Lockhart says nothing on the subject; and Sir Walter, at all events, finally received his new connexion with cordiality and good grace. As the engaged lover of Miss Scott, Mr Lockhart made a flying visit to Abbotsford, which enables him to give some amiable domestic traits of its owner, of which this is one:—

I must not forget that, whoever might be at Abbotsford, Tom always appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday, when dinner was over, and drank long life to the Laird and the Lady and all the good company, in a quaigh of whisky, or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy. I believe Scott has somewhere expressed in print his satisfaction that, among all the changes of our manners, the ancient freedom of personal intercourse may still be indulged between a master and an *out-of-doors'* servant; but in truth he kept by the old fashion even with domestic servants, to an extent which I have hardly seen practised by any other gentleman. He conversed with his coachman if he sat by him, as he often did, on the box—with his footman, if he happened to be in the rumble; and when there was any very young lad in the household, he held it a point of duty to see that his employments were so arranged as to leave time for advancing his education, made him bring his copy-book once a-week to the library, and examined him as to all that he was doing. Indeed, he did not confine this humanity to his own people. Any steady servant of a friend of his was soon considered as a sort of friend too, and was sure to have a kind little colloquy to himself at coming and going. With all this, Scott was a very rigid enforcer of discipline—contrived to make it thoroughly understood by all about him, that they must do their part by him as he did his by them; and the result was happy. I never knew any man so well served as he was—so carefully, so respectfully, and so silently; and I cannot help doubting if, in any department of human operations, real kindness ever compromised real dignity.

Take the ghost's word for it!—*real* kindness never did compromise real dignity. We shall not say as much for aristocratic condescension, by whomsoever practised. There was nothing coldly aristocratic in the nature of Scott; his besetting weakness was a species of romantic fanaticism, created by all that flattered imagination in the past.

Mr Lockhart, with minute fidelity, follows Scott during his sojourn in London—through parties, and painters' rooms, and sculptors' studios; for, at this time, his portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for the King; and Chantrey made that bust, which is by far the most pleasant, if not the most truthful representation of Scott that remains. This bust, we find, the world owes to Allan Cunningham, of whom we are told—

Allan Cunningham, when he called to bid him farewell, as he was about to leave town on the present occasion, found him in court dress, preparing to kiss hands at the Levee, on being gazetted as Baronet. "He seemed anything but at his ease," says Cunningham, "in that strange attire; he was like one in armour—the stiff cut of the coat—the large shining buttons and buckles—the lace ruffles—the queue—the sword—and the cocked hat, formed a picture at which I could not forbear smiling. He surveyed himself in the glass for a moment and burst into a hearty laugh. 'O Allan,' he said, 'O Allan, what creatures we must make of ourselves in obedience to Madam Etiquette! See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this Fashion is?—how giddily he turns about all the hotbloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty?'"*

There certainly was no compromise of dignity in talking familiarly to a faithful servant like Tom Purdie, or the old coachman; but was there none here? The world will emphatically say *none;* and its verdict is final.

In the din of the Great Babel, his mind was still running upon the ruinous "Great Babylon which he had built;" and he writes to his wife—

"I have got a delightful plan for the addition at Abb——, which, I think, will make it quite complete, and furnish me with a handsome library, and you with a drawing-room and better bed-room, with good bedrooms for company, &c. It will cost me a little hard work to meet the expense; but I have been a good while idle."

* "Much ado about Nothing."

In April, he gave his biographer the hand of his daughter, celebrating the wedding in the old-fashioned style, by "a jolly supper, given to all the friends and connexions of the young couple."

Sir Walter's passion for founding a family, made him, it appears, destine his second son to India; and he thus gives his brother an account of all his family, at the same time most kindly offering to receive his nephew and namesake, Walter, and do what he could for him:—

"Sophia's marriage took place in the end of April, as we intended. I got Walter's leave prolonged, that he might be present, and I assure you that, when he attended at the ceremony in full regimentals, you have scarce seen a handsomer young man. He is about six feet and an inch, and perfectly well made. Lockhart seems to be everything I could wish; and, as they have enough to live easily upon for the present, and good expectations for the future, life opens well with them. They are to spend their vacations in a nice little cottage, in a glen belonging to this property, with a rivulet in front, and a grove of trees on the east side, to keep away the cold wind. It is about two miles distant from this house, and a very pleasant walk reaches to it through my plantations, which now occupy several hundred acres. Thus there will be space enough betwixt the old man of letters and the young one. Charles' destination to India is adjourned till he reaches the proper age—it seems he cannot hold a writership until he is sixteen years old, and then is admitted to study for two years at Hertford College. After my own sons, my most earnest and anxious wish will be, of course, for yours."

The writership was never obtained. Indeed, Sir Walter was not very successful in his applications for any of his friends; yet they do not seem, out of his own family, to have been either frequent or importunate. The secret was, he had no parliamentary interest. An attempt to procure a kirk for the tutor of his sons, who was for many years an inmate of his family, and whom he represents as in every way deserving, completely failed, though the Duke of Buccleuch, whom he solicited, has the patronage of more than twenty parishes.

The volume concludes abruptly with a letter from Scott to his brother, giving an account of the affair of Bonnymuir, the campaign of the yeomanry, and the trial of Queen Caroline, no longer the "enchanting Princess" of Scott's former days, when his now gracious King had been in opposition, and the Princess the hope of the Tories.

OUR FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER.—CLASSICAL, RADICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, SENTIMENTAL, AND LEGENDARY.

It is not altogether without reason that the more obscure sons and daughters of the Muses complain, that their lisped numbers and mellifluous cadences are either overpowered by poetical "persons of quality," or completely drowned by glib orators and story-tellers, and "the brazen trump obstreperous" of party politics. Scarce a corner in the land is left in which the modest Muse may niche herself, and sing at freedom, unmolested; and, as for room and audience fit or unfit to unpatronized genius, that is no longer dreamed of. A spare corner in a Magazine, or a scanty portion of some "trumpery annual," occupied by lords and ladies, is the most the poets can achieve, who, in their earlier day, filled so large a space in the public eye; and were reflected in "Mirrors" and stored in "Anthologies," and formed the relief and grace of periodical literature. From time to time, while ministering consolation, we have been endeavouring to impress upon the minor muses, Burns' soothing canon—

"That croonin' to a body's sel'
Does weel enough;"

and that the best uses of the divine gift of poetry, as of that of a delicate ear and a fine voice, is, after all, solitary and home-felt. They will not take our word for it.* What is the poet, any more than the hero, without his fame? This genial feeling—for we will not misname it craving vanity—this longing for sympathy—deserves to be cherished to a moderate extent. The poet requires the praise of his fellows. His toils are heavy and melancholy, if he labours not in the broad eye of Phœbus. Applause is the air he breathes; and without publicity he dies. He can sustain efforts unthanked and unrewarded, provided they are not wholly disregarded by the pensive public. A small meed of praise is all he craves, in these degenerate days of pithy prose and political economy, when he fancies the spirit of poesy is dead, because the divine voice is waxing fainter and fainter on the earth, and finds, as he imagines, no echo save in his own solitary bosom. Our present purpose is, by

"Orient pearls at random strung,"

to muster a few proofs of the reverse of this disheartening notion.

Next to excellence, variety is the object in this our Autumnal Annual; and also, as the poets never fail to catch the spirit of the time, to shew its age and body reflected in their lays.

The spirit of liberty and patriotism, now awake over all the earth, breathes from the classic effusion with which we open:—

THE GRAVE OF CICERO.

Rear'd by a slave, and rear'd to whom,
That mighty pyramidal tomb?
Rear'd to the great of heart and mind;
The noblest of his race and kind;
The saviour of his peril'd land;
The sage whose meditation spann'd
All that the Grecian master taught,
All that the Roman pupil caught;
Whose word could rescue or condemn;
The kindled people's fury stem;
From the relenting victor's hand
Snatch, ere it fell, th' uplifted brand;
And in its triumph backwards roll

* We expect, either next month or in gloomy November, to shew how the Corn-Law Rhymer enforces his noble hypothesis that poetry is self-communion—the highest intellectual condition of reflecting and feeling beings. Let us bespeak the attention of all our nameless poetical friends to his lecture.

The tide of vengeance, and control
Even the first Cæsar's wrathful soul;
Whose wealth no plunder'd province wept,
When crouching Asia's peasant slept
In peace, the delegated sword
Invaded not pale labour's hoard;
Nor was the warrior's conqu'ring glaive
Misus'd against the toiling slave.

So lived he, in a shameless age,
A legislator and a sage,
A voice of power, a signal word
Amid the rising tempest heard,
Which, in the last hours of unrest,
Humanity and freedom bless'd.

Admiring, ask ye what reward
His country to her saviour gave?
On his own land's polluted sward
A bloody death, a nameless grave!
Too free was that high will to bend
To a boy-Cæsar's servile end,
In the same halls where late his voice
O'er the man-Cæsar dar'd rejoice.
Too many an echo still he found
On freedom's once beloved ground,
That the new tyrant, without fear,
His grave reproach, his scorn might hear.
And therefore by Gaëta's sea
He gave, most unresistingly,
His life to freedom—noblest boon
And greatest; nor resign'd too soon,
When, with prolonged days, there came
Flatt'ry, and servitude, and shame.
Thus with the noblest and the best,
In bloody mantle found he rest.
By savage fury uninterr'd,
That sacred head unsepulchred—
No tomb the traitor-friend* would yield,
To mourn the fate his false hand seal'd;
No tomb the foe† who drank his blood,
Nor slak'd his thirst in that fell flood.
The trembling senate nam'd no more
The *first* in eloquence and lore,]
The *last* who had a voice and will,
In that pale conclave Roman still;
The thankless people had forgot,
And the lov'd friend‡ remember'd not.]
The father of his country slept,
His name unnam'd, his fate unwept.
Years pass'd: of that dark sacrifice
At which sad Freedom veils her eyes,
This pile at length memorial stood,]
Rais'd by a freedman's gratitude.

Oh, ne'er beside translucent wave
Rose holier spot for hero's grave!
The mountains and the ocean there
Breathe to high hearts their solemn prayer,
Eternal requiem o'er the dead,
Chanted by Earth o'er those who bled
For her; the patriots of all time,
Whate'er their station or their clime.
Not in more glory by their lake,
Rest, in the hour of need to wake,
Tell and his brethren; fairer ground
Not Sparta for her heroes found,
As those Three Hundred and those Three,
Rest thou, where earth a paradise
Has spread to human heart and eyes,
In Italy's Thermopylæ!

Down to the blue and silent deep,
The lemon groves and orange bowers,
Scenting the air with fragrance, sweep,
Laden with golden fruit and flowers,
And the pale olive spreadeth there
Her graceful branches sadly fair;
And the broad fig-tree's massy shade
A refuge from the sun hath made;
With all alike the Formian vine
Confidingly doth intertwine;

The sterile elm doth feel with pride
Her tendrils clasp his naked side,
And richest plants yet cherish her,
An ever-welcome wanderer:
And all in mingled beauty glow
Around the tomb of Cicero.

And by the mountain pass he lies,
Where bursts upon the stranger's eyes
The glory of Campania's skies—
Her sons the most voluptuous still,
The weakest slaves of tyrant's will.
Shall their scorch'd country's veins of flame
Burst forth in tempest, and the shame
Of a dull yoke yet ne'er o'erboil,
In them, the children of the soil?
Must pleasure's ever heedless flood
Leave cold the heart, but heat the blood?
The stranger, ling'ring on his path,
Shall curse the fierce triumvir's wrath,
But more shall scorn each living son,
Who leaves the patriot's task undone—
Who, faintly dreaming of days gone,
Complaineth, hopeth, serveth on—
Whose fickle will and feeble arm
May irritate, but scarce alarm
Suspicious lord and cunning priest,
Nor fright the ravens from their feast,
Who gorging ne'er from banquet rise,
Blighting th' Italian paradise.

Thou on whose hills with glowing feet
Glory and beauty once did meet,
Where genius sprung from their embrace,
Where Empire found his resting place;
And seem'd for ever doomed to shine
Upon the haughty Appenine!
O Queen, whose realm is tenanted
By living serfs and heroes dead—
Since that pure blood for thee was shed
Alternate conqueress and slave!
Before the latest Roman's grave
Call every blushing son, and there
Dictate unto the list'ning air
What thou dost ask, and he must dare.
The Roman's spirit shall attest
His solemn vow, *thy* high behest—
From the far Alps to Afric's sea,
To win thy realm for liberty;
Nor sheath the myrtle-braided sword
'Gainst foreign host or lawless lord,
Till high aloft sad Venice rears
The standard of a thousand years;
And by the Syracusan main
The Dorian spirit wake again.
On Florence, then, her first-born child,
Freedom may smile, as once she smil'd,
And from her hist'ry's darken'd scroll
Three centuries of shame unroll.
Even Naples at a voice may start
Whose echoes move her deepest heart;
Her sapphire sea, her skies of gold,
More than the Fisherman's* of old.
Then Rome shall wring from dotard's hand
The sceptre of usurped command;
Shall rend the tatter'd veil of night,
And clothe her limbs in truth and light;
No more shall seek to rule or blind,
By fraud or force, redeem'd mankind—
Freer than on that glorious day
When, past the fall'n Dictator's sway,
Calling on her most worthy son,
Brutus proclaim'd her freedom won.

A.

Palermo, 1836.

The next and kindred theme is from the graceful pen of a lady:—

* Augustus. † Mark Antony. ‡ Atticus.

* Masaniello

THE TRIBUNE'S RETURN.

"On he came, the Senator Tribune—the Phœnix to his pyre!"
E. L. BULWER.

Onward he comes—the boast of Rome,
The seven-hill'd city's pride—
Again to his imperial home,
And his imperial bride.
Again their exiled chief returns,
While on that glorious brow
The kindling glow of triumph burns—
He is their idol now!

Bright flowers are strewn upon the ground;
White hands are waving there;
And long and loud the joyous sound
Re-echoes through the air:—
"Welcome! thou tried and trusty one!
The valiant and the free—
The people's friend—Rome's noblest son—
A welcome home to thee!"

Banners are waving in the breeze,
And music's loudest strain,
And maidens on their bended knees
Hail his return again;
And she—his beautiful, his own,
The choice of earlier years—
Go, look upon that mighty one,
But smile not at his tears!

He deems not in this lofty hour,
Of what he soon must feel—
The loss of friends, the traitor's power,
And the assassin's steel.
He turns to bless his native Rome,
Once more his own to cherish;
He gazes on his palace-home,
Where he is doomed to perish.

'Tis o'er!—the golden dream is past,
The hero's course is run—
Deceived, pursued, betrayed at last,
Abandoned—save by *one!*
Almighty Love, she will not part
In this dread hour of gloom—
Oh! doubt not woman's loving heart
Is faithful to the tomb!

Weep, Romans, weep! it is in vain—
Rome shall be desolate;
Now must ye wear the tyrant's chain,
And fear the oppressor's hate.
And ye shall mourn the doom ye gave,
Long years, while deathless Fame
Scatters her laurels o'er his grave,
And breathes her Tribune's name!

There is another spirit kindling, even to fierceness, in the land, which is, however, not to be condemned, but enlightened, and, if possible, directed into the proper track. It springs from the holy sense of justice, living deep in every man's conscience. It dictated some of the early poetry of Southey, when, powerfully feeling the goodness of God and the natural equality of men, he first looked indignantly abroad upon the workings of an ill-constructed state of society.

THE BEGGAR.

On the long broad step of a rich man's door
A beggar sat her down;
And the faint look of hunger her wan cheek wore,
And her wearied arms a sick child bore,
And she strove to soothe its moan.

But a chariot, with panels all glittering bright,
And each wheel like a rolling sun,
Drawn by four steeds, in their prancing might,
Flashed up, and stopped short, where this humble wight
Had sat her sad and lone.

And the folding doors were flung up to the wall,
And footmen powdered three
Were hurrying about in the rich man's hall,
And loudly angered were they all
That beggar there should be.

"Away!—get off with your filth!" cried they—
"Lady Anne will be, e'en now, here;"
And one minion spurned, from the step where it lay,
A poor piece of bread, lest the lady gay
Should be shocked at the beggar's fare.

The beggar arose from the rich man's door,
And she heaved a faint low sigh,
And her heart, with the fulness of sorrow, ran o'er,
Yet it poured not away, in a heart-easing shower,
But froze in either eye.

Lady Anne has mounted the chariot side,
And she leans on the cushion soft;
And her lord is with his late-made bride,
And they go to take their morning ride,
While every hat is doffed.

And the beggar heard not her poor child's cry,
In that chariot's rattle drowned,
But she looked on the lady passing by,
And her plumes did toss most beautifully,
And perfume floated round.

When the glitter and noise were passed away,
To her child the mother turned:
But its face was changed to paly clay,
And heavy it felt in her arms as it lay—
Its brow no longer burned.

'Twas a clear day of June, and the far blue sky
Mixed not with this earth's leaven;
And that poor childless mother heaved not e'en a sigh,
Nor uttered a word—but she raised her eye,
And silently fixed it on Heaven!

G.

The following characteristic lines are written, we have no doubt, by the very individual they personate. They are neither devoid of merit, meaning, nor moral. We beg to place them in contrast with the "Weaver's Wife Song," in the last number of *Blackwood*. The sentiment is not so soothing to political optimists, but we fear it is more real:—

TAM WABSTER'S FAREWEEL TO THE SPULE.

Now, fare-thee-weel! my weary spule!
Though far the waur should be my fa',
Gin ere I see anither Yule,
Gude send I haena thee to ca'!
I'm weary o' thy ration sma',
And lang, lang, weary days o' dule;
Ae happy day shall twine us twa—
Sae, fare-thee-weel! my weary spule!

Thy darg wad bleach the parson's nose,
Thy cog wad pinch the provost's paunch,
Thou wad mak wide his worship's hose,
If he were on thy weary bench.
The love o' lear thou weel may quench;
The lowe o' love thou maist wad cool—
Wha scar'd me frae a winsome wench,
But thee, thou waefu, weary spule!

There's Willie wi' his wife and bairns,
The auld he skelps, the young she spains;
She screams for pence, he cries for pirns,
They fecht for food like dogs for banes:
Sae, when a dream o' wife and weans
Comes dancin owre my flighty brain,
I just look in on Willie Deans,
And Wabster is himself again.

While drivin thee, thou weary spule,
I woo the muse so sweet and shy,
And spurn the dark and drumlie pool,
While Pegasus doth scale the sky.

Away, in Gilpin trim, we fly ;
  Thou makes me music of the spheres—
Till, crash !—a score o' threads to tie,
  Leaves me wi' patience and the shears !

When brewer Geordie's barley bree
  Makes honest Tam as proud's a peer,
Aft, in the midst o' rantin glee,
  Thy waefu clatter racks my ear ;
Then rush to mind the taunt, the jeer,
  The sage advice o' sober kin ;
And best o' men and best o' cheer
  Scarce drown thy devil-deavin din.

Sae, fare-thee-weel ! my weary spule !
  Though far the waur should be my fa',
Gin ere I see anither Yule,
  Gude send, I haena thee to ca' !
I'll hae a kick at Fortune's ba',
  Though I should be Misfortune's fool—
Though far the waur should be my fa.
  Then, faro-thee-weel ! my weary spule !

Poor Tam Wabster ! How we should extol the wise and philanthropic statesman who could procure for him, and the millions of his brethren, a few more hours of leisure in the long six, working week-days of sixteen hours a-day, and a few shillings more of wages !—yea, extol him above Marlborough, Wellington, and all the great captains that ever conquered ! Can we blame a lad of the spirit of Tam—sickening over the means of a weary life, and aspiring after our being's higher aims and ends—for tossing aside the implements of the incessant industry which wards not off starvation, and trying a kick at Fortune's ball, even if it do lead him in very perilous directions ?—perilous to others—to "the better orders," to "men of property"—for, to him and his pale brotherhood no change can be much for the worse.

Another specimen of the poetry and morality of a mechanic, comes pat. We do not intend a pun. Let our readers, of whatever rank, give it a patient perusal, and then ask themselves if the British people from whose masses such power of thought and expression emanates, deserve to be distrusted or to be trifled with.

LINES SUGGESTED TO A SCOTTISH MECHANIC BY CONVERSING WITH AN EXILED IRISHMAN.

With all his faults I dearly love poor Pat—
The man who wears the crownless, brimless hat,
Of shape unique—nor round, nor square, nor oval,
Nor like the English vicar's solemn *shovel* ;
A nondescript—a real desideratum
Of men who only quote his jests *verbatim*.
For all within that hat, which well doth fit,
Lies many a latent spark of sterling wit,
Which trivial circumstance can bring to play
Around the owner, as he wends his way ;
And still he wears it, with a jaunty air,
Where'er he goes—to chapel, field, or fair.
Though torn, or brown'd and battered by the rain,
A magic influence it doth still retain—
It bears a sov'reign charm against all woes,
And soothes the wearied soul to sweet repose.
Enough of this—the hat is passing well.
I feel my heart with indignation swell.
Alas ! my poor, opprest, degraded brother
Must wear that hat, because he has no other.
The *alien* rulers of his hapless land—
The mulish faction, slow to understand—
They have unhoused poor Pat, and driven him forth
To brave the blasts of the inclement North ;
They've robb'd and stript him to the very skin ;
Yet have not bow'd the free-born soul within—
The mind, unshackled to life's latest hour,
Smiles at their malice and defies their power !
Creatures of darkness, dreading still the day—
The moles and bats—are not more blind than they !
They clamorously oppose each good design,
And strive to mar what God has made divine.
Alas ! poor Ireland ! such as these would still
With rod of iron rule thee at their will !
Unhappy land ! when will thy sorrows cease ?
When mitred priests preach war instead of peace—
When, to uphold their pomp-canonical,
They put their trust in *powder and in ball*,
And point triumphant to the murderous gun.
Oh, *peasant shooting* is with them rare fun,
A pleasant pastime for men high in station—
It helps to thin "the surplus population,"
And teach the rabble a great moral lesson.
Oh, my heart sickens, monsters ! as I muse
Upon your secular and selfish views !
Servants of Satan ! ministers of sin !
Black the account which ye must render in.
Wolves in sheeps' clothing ! ye the flock destroy,
And make earth sad with your unhallowed joy ;
But soon your mirth to mourning will be turn'd,
And ye shall cringe to those whom ye have spurn'd.
That monstrous fabric human hands have made—
Blasting the island with its baleful shade,
Which erring men, and hypocrites abhorr'd,
Blasphemous style the Temple of the Lord—
That haughty pile, uptow'ring to the skies,
Supported long by violence and lies—
At one dread stroke shall tumble to the dust,
Crushing all those who in its strength put trust.
The day of retribution is at hand—
Robbers and murderers ! ye convicted stand.
The cry of suffering millions, not in vain,
Rises to Heav'n, where Truth and Justice reign ;
And wakeful Vengeance only waits until
The cup of your iniquity ye fill.
Oh, pause and tremble on the verge of wo—
One single drop may make that cup o'erflow !
Oh, that ye might repent !—then, not in vain,
My pen hath traced this monitory strain.

W. C.

The following lines are written by a member of the Society of Friends, who seems to have caught a spark from the anvil of the energetic "Corn-Law Rhymer."

A SONG FOR THE MASSES.

"Truly it is a fearful thing that any men, or set of men, should be allowed to stand between us and God's mercies ; saying to us and to God—'Hitherto shall ye go, and no further ; and here shall ye be stayed, for our unjust gain."—*Catechism on the Corn-Laws.*

Who mocks the poor man's sorrow ?
  Who bids his toil be vain ?
Who heeds not that he writhes beneath
  Starvation's grinding chain ?

Who, who averts the blessings
  The Lord bestows on man ?
Who placeth aye earth's dearest gifts
  Beneath a selfish ban ?

Earth's earthy lordlings dare
  To mock their fellows' toil—
For worms like those alone must teem
  The treasures of the soil !

These gods of "brass and clay,"
  The creatures of an hour,
Oppose unto immortal strength
  An arm of mortal power.

How long shall millions groan
  That gilded grubs may shine ?
How long shall blood and tears supply
  For *these* life's choicest wine ?

In vain the clouds "drop fatness,"
  In vain Heaven's beams are bright ;
The curse of gain is on the soil,
  A foul and withering blight !

The voice that speaks in sadness,
With rage shall rend the air;
The blasted hopes of hearts forlorn
Shall change to wild despair.

The chain that binds its thousands
By truth shall shattered be;
The will of an insulted race
Shall set its captives free.

E.

The late efforts of Louis Philippe have failed to conciliate those determined lovers of freedom whom his arbitrary conduct has disgusted, ever since, by an intrigue, a trick, and by hypocritical and perfidious professions, he smuggled himself into the throne of France. From a distant department of his empire, a correspondent writes us:—

The following verses were composed on learning the manner in which the anniversary of "The Three Days" is to be celebrated. Some excuse may be deemed necessary for the warmth of my expressions: but who would not feel indignation on beholding the present state of France, and *knowing* the men who, having sacrificed all for their country, are by her treated as traitors?—Believe me, Sir, your most obedient servant, &c.

VERSES WRITTEN 4TH JULY 1837.

Dost tremble, despot, lest the bones
Of those who died for Liberty
Arise in judgment against thee?
Or, thinkest thou that he atones
For tyranny and treachery
Who, with a sacrilegious hand,
Thus disinters the glorious dead,
E'en from the spot whereon they bled,
And, with a mercenary band
Of hirelings, worthy of his trust,
Profaneth this most sacred dust—
Sacred to all who would be free—
And beareth it to some *priest-hallowed* cemetery?

Dost think to obliterate their fame?
Or banish from the minds of all
Remembrance of *one monarch's* fall?*
Philip, beware! 'Tis not the name
Of "chosen, at a million's call,
The People's King," can satisfy;
'Tis not thy army that can quell
The minds of men sworn to rebel
At any form of tyranny;
'Tis not the names of those who fell,
'Tis not the prayers breath'd o'er their tomb,
That hasten or retard thy doom—
'Tis bleeding Freedom's groan that sounds the despot's knell!

O France! where hath thy spirit flown?
Despots rejoice—they think thou sleepest;—
We *watched thee*, and *I know thou weepest*:
But thou, who hast so oft o'erthrown
The power of giants, cease to groan,
And rise to vengeance!—To thy shore,
Nations enslav'd still hoping turn.
Hath Freedom's beacon ceased to burn,
That they behold its beam no more?
Rise! no longer sit deploring
Thy abject state; but let the light
Of liberty now greet the sight
Of bondsmen, who will rise, adoring
Thy name, and burst this heavy chain;
And patriots' blood shall not have been pour'd forth in vain!

Are not thy bravest sons exiled?
They who have bled to soothe thy woes,
Are not they treated as thy foes—
Banish'd, suspected, and revil'd?
Whilst thou, besotted and beguiled,
Hast gilded the oppressor's chain,
Hast graven on it "Liberty,"*
And cried, "Behold! am not I free?"
How long, how long shall despots reign?
How long wilt thou endure thy shame?
Arise, and form a funeral pile,
E'en of these bones they would defile:
Fire it, and Freedom's sacred flame
Shall beacon over earth and sea,
And nations shall arise and worship Liberty!

R. H. M.

* Charles X.

Beranger affords us a graceful opportunity of changing the subject, and lapsing gradually into gentler themes.

FAREWELL TO POLITICS—BERANGER'S "PLUS DE POLITIQUE."

Dear girl, the idol of my heart,
Thou ever dost repine,
Because my country claims a part
Of love which should be thine.
If thou'rt unwilling me to hear
That country's wrongs deplore,
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of them no more.

Near thee, I do remember me,
Exalting rival worth,
Of works of art I spoke to thee—
Of deathless fame the birth.
Enriching France, were lavished here
The gems of many a store.
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of them no more.

I, whose timidity's a jest,
Dared turn from frolic fight,
To talk of war with warrior's zest,
And sing our soldiers' might.
By them the world beheld in fear
Its monarchs trampled o'er.
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of them no more.

Not feeling thy dominion hard,
Still freedom was my lay;
My tales of Rome and Athens scared
Thy gaiety away.
To me suspicious may appear
Each Titus of the hour.
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of them no more.

In France, the envy of mankind,
Our own unequalled land,
Alone a rival may'st thou find,
Thy empire to withstand.
Alas! for many a fruitless prayer
For her, my heart is sore.
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of her no more.

Yes, dear, I must adopt thy aim—
We'll dwell in humble rest;
No longer dreaming dreams of fame,
Asleep on pleasure's breast.
Our countrymen are doomed to wear
The badge of foemen's power.
Oh! reassure thyself, my dear—
I'll speak of it no more.

W.

Our next section shall be of still gentler mood. Here we have an echo of the richest, sweetest strains of young Keats:—

* "They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain."
S. T. COLERIDGE.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY ASLEEP IN A WOOD.

"A shepherd boy piping under a tree, as though he would never grow old."

Green leaves and odorous winds,
And the clear laughter of a child at play,
Where the loose rivulet floats upon its way!—
Lo! with a wreath he binds
His brows; and now, with unconsidering eye,
He scans the opening sky.

Happy—thrice happy—thou
Young truant, with thy leafy range content!
Happy in eye and brow,
A sylvan dreamer, in the natural tent
By stately limes and arching beeches spread
Above thy drooping head!

Ha! ha! in mimic state
On sinking violet-plots thy form is laid—
The watching trees empurple thee in shade—
The woodbine at thy gate
Hangs vigilant; while from each separate tree
Dinneth an elfin company.

Methinks around thy slumbers
The music of the woodlands might awake;
And nymphs go thronging through the noontide brake
With mirth and chiming numbers;
And Fauns, with dance unsteady and brown chin,
Come trooping heavily in.

But now, alas! the woods
Have all forgotten the immortal voices—
Apollo, with blythe Pan, no more rejoices
In viny solitudes;
And poets only hear amid the trees
Glad birds and wandering bees.

Well! be it so!—above thee
With meditative heart a stranger stands,
To eye thy small lips and half-opened hands;
And mark the winds that love thee
Lift with slim fingers thine unbraided hair
With murmurs like a prayer.

Would that such lot were mine!
To come at morn into the sylvan nooks,
And hurry with my shadow through the brooks!
And with such joy as thine,
To muse or loiter by the rivulet's edge,
Or plait the matted sedge!

Here is another though fainter gleam of that spirit whose element is Beauty—

THE WATER LILY.

Beauteous flower, whose pure blossom rests
Upon the bosom of the scarce moved stream!
Queen of the lake and dark-blue river!
Mirror'd in the waters, I see thy form,
That now attracts my earnest gaze.
Oft as the evening breeze breathes o'er
Thy resting place, thy silver chalice rises
Upon the bosom of the mimic wave—
Emblem of purity! When morning breaks,
From 'neath thy wat'ry couch thou risest,
To meet the orient brow. At eve,
When sinks the sun amid the ocean isles,
Thy petals close upon that rich fragrance
That deeply dwells within thy golden breast.
Some say thou 'rt void of sweetest perfume—
Indeed they wrong thee, water lily,!
Those who seek thy fragrance to enjoy,
Must kiss thy lips at evening tide,
When glittering pearl-drops lie within
Thy cup—the summer shower just past away:
'Tis then thy perfume sweetest smells,
Mellifluous. I oft have seen thee
Floating queen-like upon the shaded stream,
Where mortal hand could scarce disturb thee:
And, as I looked, fancy would depict
Some sylph-like form within thy bosom
Nestling. I would think it was the abode
Of fairy beings, such as oft we heard of
In childhood's cloudless days.
Alas! no more upon the meadows gay
Those lightsome forms, beneath the mushroom shade,
Do sport the moon-lit night away.
Banished, perchance, to lonely glades,
Ye seek the varied course of silent streams—
Chiefest where glow, in summer time,
The beds of beauteous water lilies.
There in safety ye may rest,
Within yon alabaster bark,
And float secure upon the wavelet's breast.

Before we change the mood of our specimens, we shall copy in a handful of sonnets, which, if not cast in the stamp of "the legitimate sonnet," breathe sweetly of the farmy fields, the green lanes, and trim hedge-rows of Merry England.

MAY.

The breeze doth rob the odorous hawthorn bush,
Nor cares to keep it secret, for the deed
To all is blazoned by the plunder shed.
Rife is the blue with larks; and from the bush
Peal the loud warblings of the ecstatic thrush.
Bees hum on every flower; and in the mead
Echoes the land-rail's cry. Glad cattle feed
Knee-deep in golden butter-cups; a flush
Of hyacinth along the hedge-row gleams.
Fair is the rose-hung, suckle-wreathed cot,
With clumps of lilacs nodding o'er its roof!
And fair the fern-fringed banks of gurgling streams,
That wend through leafy solitudes forgot,
Where poets love to couch, and weave gay fancy's woof!

JUNE.

May has her hawthorn fragrance, nor does June
Lack a perfume as sweet—the new-mown hay.
The weary traveller scents it—on his way,
Gushing from road-side meads—a grateful boon—
'Tis borne into the heart of towns, and soon
Fills *all* the summer air. To stroll away—
I know not aught more sweet—at break of day,
Or 'neath the beauty of the summer's moon,
Through rose-embowered lanes—by hedge-rows drest—
Powdered profuse with snowy elder blooms,
Among the dewy fields; and in some spot
Rich with a flowery affluence to rest;
And drink the honied breath that sweeping comes
Around, on every side, from every grassy plot!

JULY.

Gone are the tiny pools, and the broad stream
Has narrowed to a brook. The many rills,
That sang of pleasant journeying from the hills,
Are tuneless now, and silent as a dream.
Hushed is the voice of birds; their green homes seem
Still as the cells of eremites, to ears
Dinned by the world's rude brattling and its jars.
Summer is now mature, and sheds a burning beam.
The wild thyme blows upon a bank I know;
The poet's harebell, and the foxglove gay;
The heath-flower bloods the bosom of the waste.
House deep in woods!—or couch ye by the flow
Of waters, gushing down some rock-cleft way,
That cool the air they kiss, and wake the breese they taste!

We must now make way for the *sentimental*, the soul of all poetry; but we shall not be tedious with our specimens, as we are resolved to neglect neither the heroic nor yet the rustic muse, in our Autumnal *Annual*.

FAREWELL TO MADRAS—BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When I have left this shore,
Will one fond heart deplore
The stringer of these rough unpolished rhymes?
Will one kind spirit feel
The grief my tears reveal,
As recollection turns to former times?

I know not! but I know
That there is poignant wo,
  Coiled, like the worm that nips the rose's core,
Within my yearning heart,
As from mine eyes depart
  Forms, faces, scenes, I never may see more.

Yet willingly I go
Where falls the feathery snow
  Upon the fir-tree mountains of my home;
I leave this sunny land
For my own native strand—
  Why do sad thoughts across my spirit come?

Is it the word "Adieu,"
That blinds the straining view
  With tears which manhood's pride would fain prevent?
Ah, me! 'tis not the word,
But, by its utterance stirred,
  The heart feels agonies that must have vent.

Why should that frail heart cling
To every lovely thing
  Whose winsome shape comes sweetly o'er our track?
Why do we hoard, within
A world of shame and sin,
  Treasures which, lost, we never may win back?

Why do we love what dies,
What falls, what fades, what flies—
  The gourd that withers, and the bowl that breaks—
Nor turn to hopes above
The current of our love,
  Where the soul, leaving earth, in heaven awakes?

'Tis strange—a mystery all!
For, at the spirit's call,
  The rebel heart refuses to obey;
But gives its wealth of love,
To things time must remove,
  Or absence pilfer from the mind away.

But may we not renew
(Where falls no earthly dew)
  The friendships we have formed so tenderly,
In lands where all is joy,
Where sin can ne'er alloy
  Sweet thoughts of love embalmed in purity?

The world—it is a maze
Where the tired pilgrim strays,
  Bewildered, lost amid its wild desires;
Pursuing stars that lure
To luxuries impure,
  And leaving heavenly lights for earthly fires.

The manna of our life,
Youth—with such richness rife—
  Melts in the cup of magic, which the world
Presses upon the lip;
Yet, as the draught we sip,
  It leaves no flavour on the sense upcurled.

Our passions, one by one,
Their race of madness run,
  Each in its fell career rude traces leaving,
That scar, and sear, and win
Their victory of sin,
  The bosom of each better hope bereaving.

But there's a brighter way
Which doth not lead astray—
  The pure man treads it, and attains the goal;
Where earth, and all its throng
Of wishes, wild and wrong,
  Intrude no longer on th' enfranchised soul!

The following verses, like the lines of Burns' "Lapraik," appear to be addressed "to some kind wife." They shew more natural pathos, and far deeper tenderness, than the general run of our sentimental *Annual* poetry.

I LOVE THEE MORE AND MORE.

Faithful in fortune's darkest hour,
  Till then our loves were dreams of youth!
'Twas then I felt affection's power,
  'Twas then I proved thy bosom's truth.
Yes, when I see the gushing tear
  Bedim the eye that thrill'd before,
I feel that thou indeed art dear,
  And love thee—love thee more and more.

Waked from a soft Elysian trance
  To life's severe reality,
I find in thy more pensive glance
  A deeper, sweeter sympathy.
Our griefs, as from one fountain spring,
  Now that our mutual joys are o'er—
Yes, not a sorrow time may bring,
  But I shall love thee more and more.

I'll clasp thee yet—I'll clasp thee yet,
  Though passion's burning hour is past,
Nor breathe one accent of regret
  That the bright moments fled so fast:
Nay, the more dark the sky may be,
  And the more loud the storm may roar,
The closer will I cling to thee,
  And love thee—love thee more and more.

Thus far together have we come—
  Nor be the hope, the prayer suppress,
That we may reach our long last home
  Together, and united rest.
But should my fate be first to die,
  While Death stands beck'ning at the door,
I'll turn to thee, and faintly sigh,
  I love thee—love thee more and more.

Though the following lines are classical, they are not out of harmony with the above beautiful verses, so once again we pay homage to polished lays.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN THE LATIN ECLOGUES OF THE JESUIT BUSSIERES.

Artesius, lo! sweeps o'er the land in wrath;
Carnage and plunder follow in his path.
What could I do?—The mother of my child
I took, and hid her in the woodland wild.
It was the reign of winter, nor had we
House, save the boughs of the sere leafless tree.
There cherished I my "sole remaining joy;"
There, in her bosom, fondled she our boy.
At break of day the land I wandered o'er,
To see if for the wretched any door
Might yet be open: round our lurking-place
Soldiers were stationed; by untrodden ways
I went, and shunned known paths in broad daylight.
A wretched day, a miserable night
There passed I! Ah! how long these weary hours!
How wept I, groaned I, prayed the heavenly powers
To send the light! Morn came. Alas! it rose
Only to shew me deeper, gloomier woes!
  Love gave me wings; and through the devious wood
I ran to where the well-known oak-tree stood.
My Ann I saw, and on her bosom laid
Our sweet, small child—alas! the boy was dead!
The mother turned on me her dying look,
Whene'er she heard the tones in which I spoke;
Then gave her spirit to the moaning breeze.
I saw, and almost felt the cold winds freeze
My own life's currents. And I had been blest,
Could I, like them, have sunk to lasting rest.
I could not; and wherewith to dig a grave
For those, so beautiful, naught could I have.
With leaves and branches them I covered o'er,
Just as they were even now, nor rudely tore
My child from that dear breast; and much I fear
The earliest winds will strip that hasty bier.

C. M.

We must cut short this section, with a piece brief as beautiful.

A SISTER'S PRAYER.

Father! we have played
In infancy together;
Hand in hand we've strayed,
In life's glad spring-weather,
To Thy altar, and have knelt
Where many have Thy goodness felt.

She is sleeping now—
Let Thy angels bless her;
Calm that aching brow;
Let the winds caress her—
That the breath of Heav'n may come,
To bless and cheer her quiet home.

Hear a sister's voice,
To Thy throne appealing!
Oh! bid us rejoice,
All *her* sorrows healing!
Spare her yet a little while,
With us to pray, weep, love, and smile!

J. E. C.

SCOTTISH AND LEGENDARY VERSE.

First, we take *Auld Bang.* He is not *Poor Mailie* to be sure, but he too has lived in Arcadia.

ON THE DEATH OF AULD BANG—A FAITHFUL COLLY.

Fell Death his shaft unerringlye
Shies at the bondager and free:
Bird, beast, and men o' ilk degree
A' share alike—
Death snecks them off—and why not thee,
My guid auld tyke?

Yet nature bids us mak' a mane
When some kind friend is frae us ta'en;
We're no to bear't wi' heart o' stane,
Ungratefu' like:
Then I may mourn, since thou art gane—
My kind auld tyke!

Thou wast a faithfu' brute to me,
As ever brushed a dewy lee,
And mony a weary mountain we
Hae spiel'd thegither,
And aye had cause guid friends to be
Wi' ane anither.

For when I gat my hamely meal—
Was't parritch, milk, or aiblins kail—
Thou didna need to wag thy tail,
And piteous look;
Thou hadst thy share, withouten fail,
O' a' I took.

In meltin' heat or driftin' snaw,
Maist fully thou repaid me a',
For sure thy match I never saw
For sense or speed—
I'd better lost a pund or twa
Than thou hadst dee'd!

Thou ne'er wast dreich to tak the bent,
Nor e'er didst grudge to rin when sent,
Nor was my patience ever spent
Wi' scraugh or roar—
A slight direction wi' my kent
Did a' the splore!

When grief oppressed me, thou wouldst fawn,
And wag thy tail an' lick my haun,
As if thou'dst say—Cheer up, my man!
I'll stand thy pairt—
And syne to please me, straight began
Wi' a' thy airt!

At hame, the laddies durstna shore thee,
And scarce would ser'd themsels afore thee;
And my auld mither just adored thee,
Except when thou
Wouldst bay the sterns that twinkled o'er thee
Wi' loud bow wow![*]

She'd heard her douce auld granny tell
How some uncanny thing befel
When dougs set up their eerie yell
At close o' day;
And, troth, sometimes it flegged mysel,
I'm bound to say.

Ae wee bit faut some folks laid t'ye—
Ye ne'er wi' *messin pups* could 'gree,
And, when their yokins thou could see,
Thou skailt the byke—
My faith! they durstna mell wi' thee,
My gash auld tyke!

Then, ony griefs thou hadst to bear
At bucht or spainin' time o' year,
Thou bore them weel, and wasna sweer
To face them a',
Till plaguit muzzles cam asteer—
The warst ava.

The very grabs[*] themsels made mane,
When, streekit on the braid door stane,
Thou strove, wi' mony a tug and grane,
To free thy snout,
And, sidelans, gledged to see if nane
Wad help it out.

But ne'er again across the lee,
Thou'lt skip before, in sportive glee,
And turn to mark, wi' tenty e'e,
My course belike—
I've lost a special friend in thee,
My kind auld tyke!

The threat'ning nettle wags its head;
The thrissle heaves its bonnet red;
The dockan droops its droukit blade,
Ahint the dyke,
Around the spot where thou art laid,
My guid auld tyke!

How long it is since we have had the pleasure of seeing a genuine Scottish song, or anything approaching one! Not for many months, we could swear. This may, perhaps, make us the more easily pleased with anything resembling what wont to be the daily bread of our lads and lasses—boys and girls—the light of cottage hearths, before the dull days of cheap knowledge and the Schoolmaster gloomed over us.

THE THORN TREE.

I watch'd the moon blink owre the hill,
And, oh, she glentit bonnilye!
Then met my lass, when a' was still,
Below the spreading thorn tree.
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree!—
The flame o' love lowes bonnilye aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The glow o' youth beam'd on her cheek,
And love was lowin' in her e'e;
And Cupids played at hide-an'-seek
Around us at the thorn tree.
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree—
The flame o' love lowes bonnily aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The wanton breeze, wi' downy wing,
Cam soofin' owre us cannilye;
And soft and sweet the burn did sing,
When trottin' by the thorn tree.
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fragrant-scented thorn tree!—
I ken o' naught sic joys can gie as love aneath the thorn tree!

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[*] Every one, as well as my mother, knows that, when dogs howl long and loud o' nights, *something is sure to follow't.*

[*] Policemen. We take it for granted that *Bang* had been so unfortunate as to leave his native Tweedside braes, on a visit to the capital, while Provost Spittal's edict, that all dogs should be muzzled, was in force.

I clasped my lassie to my heart,
And vowed my love should lasting be;
And wussed ilk ill to be my part,
When I forgat the thorn tree.
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the scented thorn tree!—
I'll ever mind, wi' blithesome glee, my lassie and the thorn tree!

We met beneath the rising moon—
She beddit maist as soon as we,
She hung the westlan' heights aboon
When we cam frae the thorn tree.
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!—
'Twas past the midnight hour a wee, when we cam frae the thorn tree!

I've seen the glass careerin' past—
I liked it too—I'll never lee;
But, oh! its joys can ne'er be class'd
Wi' lovè aneath the thorn tree!
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!—
Of a' the joys there's nane to me like love aneath the thorn tree!

The following lilt may not be equal to *County Guy* perhaps, but it is quite as true to nature; and, besides, very like the first rude attempts of one of those native bards who have come to some mark, through patience and perseverance. Even the most fastidious reader may admire its brevity and rustic simplicity.

SONG.

Auld Johnny, the farmer, that wons on the brae,
Has warstled wi' fortune this mony lang day;
But he's now got aboon't, and has routh but and ben,
Can pay for his mailin', and brawly can fen'.

He has but ae dochter—he's nae sons ava:
He has but ae dochter—and, oh, but she's braw!
She's the flower o' the kintra—she's dear, dear to me—
Oh, 'tis heaven to share in the smile o' her ee!

The kye they are routin' a' high in the loan,
And auld Johnny's ploughman is whistling home,
To share in the smile o' my lassie's blythe ee;
But, oh, they aye keep her a lang time frae me.

Oh, haste, bonny Nannie!—oh, hasten to me!
The pees-weep is screaming aloud on the lea;
The corncraik is cryin', wi' voice loud and clear;
And ilka thing's happy—but where is my dear?

The dark plaid o' gloamin' is fa'en on the hill;
The low-cowerin' mist has sat down on the rill;
And trysting time's come—but, alas! she's not here!
Oh, haste, lovely Nannie! and come to your dear.

And now we get to our legends and ballads. Among these we might have classed Vedder's *Childe Sinclair*, but he already stands alone in his glory in another page; as one well entitled to a high place on the dais when popular bards assemble.

Here is first a melodious Highland legend; which will pleasantly recall to some of our readers the beautiful *Bay of Tobermory*, the *Mary's Well* of our Catholic ancestors, and the antiquities and fine scenery of the Sound of Mull.

ST MARY'S WELL.

In the island of Mull, not far from the village of Tobermory, stood formerly, half way down the hill, a beautiful fountain of crystal water, called St Mary's Well. Tradition reports, that it was wont to be frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the West Highlands, to drink of its waters, and to consult the motions of its guardian spirit, that, in the shape of a little brown fly, kept continually hovering above it, and which pointed out, with unerring certainty, the events of their future lives. It is now sadly neglected, and nearly concealed by weeds and rushes, presenting a melancholy contrast to its former celebrity.

St Mary's Well now stands alone
Beside yon aged rock so hoary;
And all its former fame is gone,
Or only known in Highland story.
St Mary's Well no more doth lie,
Like some bright gem, half down the mountain,
With moss-grown rock, and tree, and sky
Reflected from its crystal fountain.

No more at night the pilgrim sees
The pale moon dancing on its waters;
For down among yon withered trees
Is heard the wail of Albyn's daughters—
Lamenting, by the lonely stream,
Their former days of love and glory,
When every object formed a theme
For bardic and romantic story.

St Mary's Well!—the tall, rank grass
Grows by thy side, where once together
The hunter and his dog would press
With nimble foot above the heather.
St Mary's Well! where once the deer
Surveyed his form within thy fountain,
There now a sluggish rill we hear
Slow creeping down the rugged mountain.

And where thy guardian spirit once
Stretch'd gaily out his little pinion,
There viler forms are seen to dance,
And claim a short usurped dominion.
The lake lies sleeping down below,
Reflecting rock and tree around it,
So calm as if these trees did grow
From out the crystal waves that crown'd it.

But, as the spirit of the storm
Comes riding on the tempest thither,
Each rock, and tree, and lovely form
Are mingled in one heap together;
But on thy breast, St Mary's Well,
No form of rock or tree is blended;
For now some night-hag's withering spell
Has on thy glassy fount descended.

No more shall maid, with beating breast,
Descend to drink thy healing waters;
Or hoary pilgrim sink to rest
On the night heath with Albyn's daughters:
For scarce the breeze that sweeps the lake
Can stir thy fount in stormy weather;
So dark thou sleep'st beneath the brake
Of twisted weeds that grow together.

Yet time has been, when on thy brink
Sauntered each gay, romantic creature;
Admiring, as they kneel'd to drink,
Each lovely form of limb and feature.
And time has been, when pilgrims round
Have leant to hear some sybil's story,
Reposing on the naked ground
With streaming locks all thin and hoary.

But time shall never more return,
When, up that lonely mountain straining,
The pious maiden's heart shall burn
To hear some ancient dame complaining
Of former days of love and song;
When Albyn saw in every valley
Her plaided warriors troop along
Beside their native chiefs so gaily.

Our next ballad strain is higher and bolder. If founded on fact, the tale is turned to good account. If pure invention, the merit of the writer is the more remarkable, as, in general, Life makes stories, while poets only embellish them.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES.

Hark to the note of the rolling drum,
And the trumpet on the breeze!
And a gallant troop, they come, they come,
Adown the Pyrenees.

Saw ye the sheen of the flag they bore?
Heard ye the song they raise?
That flag it is the tricolor—
That song the Marseillaise.

"Now forward, comrades, yet awhile—
Yon ample convent see;
The fat old monks of that ancient pile
Shall feast us jollily."

Loud rang the bell at the convent gate—
"What, ho! Father Abbot, hear!
My gallant lads they may not wait—
So, quick! thy best of cheer!"

The gates swung round with a moaning sound
At the trooper's rude command;
And the Abbot of Spain received the train
That came from a hostile land.

"Rough was thy greeting, friend," said he,
"But a soldier we excuse;
Right welcome thou and thy men shall be,
From all we have, to choose."

The monks stood round in the convent court,
With a scowl on each visage wan,
While of holy wine much ribald sport
Amongst the soldiers ran.

On to the old refectory
In laughing mood they sped,
Where a feast might glad their eyes to see
In lavish guise was spread.

The Abbot sat in the highest place,
With the Colonel at his side;
And turn by turn each vacant space
A cowl or cap supplied.

Strange was the scene in that hall, I ween,
When the revelry begun;
But, oh! more strange was the awful change
That came ere it was done.

Wild songs they sang till the rafters rang,
And the wine-cup madly plied;
Seemed any to shrink, they were urged to drink
By the friars at their side.

"Now a toast, a toast, my reverend host!
A toast, my merry men all!
May our troops ne'er miss such fare as this,
In fortress, tent, or hall!"

Grimly the Abbot smiled the while,
And a flagon he filled high;
He quaffed the wine, and with his grim smile,
Said, "I pledge thee joyfully."

But why does the Colonel start and gaze
So full in his neighbour's eyes?
'Tis but the wine that lights those rays—
What should arouse surprise?

"On with the song, till it roll along
Like the rattling thunder-peal!
Fill, fill the bowl—we will feast the soul,
Betide us wo or weal!"

Sudden each trooper turned him round,
And gloom on their foreheads fell:
What means yon bell with solemn sound
That tells a funeral knell?

"'Tis but the knell for some hinds that fell
In a skirmish yesterday;
On with the glass!—for the souls that pass,
There are thousands true as they."

And more and more the wine they pour,
And louder yet they sing;
The lone muleteer might pause to hear
Such sounds from an abbey ring.

But pallid every visage grew,
Though bright shone every eye,
Beneath the light the cressets threw
Upon their revelry.

Their voices failed them in the song—
Their hands to reach the bowl;
Some withering curse o'er all the throng
Seemed holding strange control.

Grimly again the Abbot smiled,
And in hollow tones did call—
"May the French ne'er miss such fare as this,
In fortress, tent, or hall!"

With breathless lips they strove to cheer
The toast the Abbot said;
No sound responded to their ear—
The Abbot, he was dead.

From man to man a shudder past,
And, in nervous agony,
One muttered through his teeth set fast,
"Ay, poisoned men are we!"

No matin bell from the abbey rung
The villagers to prayer;
But stillness o'er the grey walls hung,
The silence of death was there.

They burst the gates, and passed within
To the old refectory;
And where that jovial feast had been
A fearful sight they see.

By the yellow light of the rising sun,
And the flickering lamps displayed,
Friar and soldier every one,
A ghastly corpse was laid.

Few traces of that pile remain
For antiquary's lore;
But those monks shall long be blessed in Spain,
And cursed the tricolor.

W.*

Here, for the present, closes our ANTHOLOGY, to be continued time and place convenient.

SERJEANT TALFOURD'S LETTERS AND LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB.*

THE most remarkable thing about this book, as a literary work, is the modesty of the editor. The name of biographer he disclaims, rating his own share in the publication in the slightest way. This might be excused, were it but for the rarity of so complete a sinking of pretensions, where parade is the general rule; but Mr Talfourd must also have kept back records of his own correspondence and social intercourse with Lamb, about which public curiosity is alive, and which any other editor would have produced as among the most engaging of the materials submitted to him. Now, this is overstrained delicacy. He indeed gives a delightful relation of his first night with Lamb: he, a very young man, full of the enthusiasm of youthful genius, and charmed

* London: Moxon. 2 vols. With portraits of Lamb.

by Lamb's writings; and the latter quite capable of appreciating and enjoying the freshness and glow of character of his juvenile admirer.

Without pretending to share in that enthusiastic admiration which was felt by Lamb's immediate circle, and which must have originated in the charm and piquancy of manners, at once genial and quaint, refined and simple, we would not deny to him all that his biographer claims—the praise of being "one of the most delightful of English writers." The phrase might have been restricted to essayists, or, were the term admissible, *sketchists*. Yet even this limited title would be scarcely correct; for his smallest fragments are carefully elaborated and highly finished. Nothing can be liker his essays than his letters; and, indeed, the germ of many of the best of the former is contained in the familiar epistles. Thus, the Essay on Roast Pig is roughly shaped in a letter to Coleridge, written in consequence of a mistake about the present of a pig.

Lamb was of humble origin. He was born in February 1775, in his favourite residence, the Temple; and no more thoroughbred Londoner, in tastes, habits, and prepossessions, was ever trained in that venerable locality. His father appears to have entered, when a boy, into the service of Mr Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple, and a widower, and to have become his factotum. Charles, his youngest son, was, at the age of seven, presented to Christ's Church Hospital, where he remained until the age of fifteen. One of his schoolfellows was Coleridge. An impediment in his speech disqualified him for an exhibition to Cambridge, to which distinction he was entitled by scholarship, as well as by superior abilities. On leaving Christ's Hospital, he obtained an appointment as clerk, first in the South-Sea House, under his elder brother, and, finally, in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company, where he remained until he withdrew from labour. From Mr Le Grice, Lamb's old companion in Christ's Hospital, Serjeant Talfourd has obtained some interesting particulars of the boyhood of his friend; but the best description of these years is found in Lamb's own recollections, so vividly embodied in some of his finest papers. He appears to have been a shy and timid boy, for whom a peculiar sweetness of disposition won that favour with his youthful companions, which is denied to more energetic qualities of mind. He says of himself in those early days—"While others were all play and fire, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk;" and his biographer adds—

> These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances: he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister; and this was all the change his young mind ever knew. On every half-holiday, (and there were two in the week,) in ten minutes he was in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple. Here was his home, here his recreation; and the influence they had on his infant mind is vividly shewn in his description of the old Benchers. He says, "I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple." He might have added, that here he passed a great portion of the second seven years of his life, a portion which mixed itself with all his habits and enjoyments, and gave a bias to the whole. Here he found a happy home, affectionate parents, and a sister who watched over him to the latest hour of his existence (God be with her!) with the tenderest solicitude; and here he had access to the library of Mr Salt, one of the Benchers, to whose memory his pen has given in return for this and greater favours—I do not think it extravagant to say—immortality. To use his own language, "Here he was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." He applied these words to his sister; but there is no doubt they "browsed" together: they had walked hand in hand from a time "extending beyond the period of their memory."

The scanty means and declining health of his parents, which accompanied his entering upon life, though unable to freeze the genial current of his soul, confined it to narrow channels. He was self-denying, and yet fond of pleasure—shy, yet social. When Coleridge came to town from Cambridge, and, finally, when he became a denizen of London, "full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes," Lamb was his joyous companion and admiring disciple. They were wont to meet at a little public-house, called the Salutation and Cat, in the neighbourhood of Smithsfield, where they used to sup on humble fare, and remain long after they had heard "the chimes at midnight." There they discussed poetry and poets.

> There Coleridge talked of "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," to one who desired "to find no end" of the golden maze; and there he recited his early poems with that deep sweetness of intonation which sunk into the heart of his hearer. To these meetings, Lamb was accustomed at all periods of his life to revert, as the season when his finer intellects were quickened into action. Shortly after they had terminated, with Coleridge's departure from London, he thus recalled them in a letter:—"When I read in your little volume the effusion you call 'The Sigh,' I think I hear you again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat, where we sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry."

In inscribing his collected works to Coleridge, so late as 1818, Lamb reverts touchingly to their early connexion:—

> "Some of the sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances which I should be sorry to doubt are totally extinct—the memory 'of summer days and of delightful years,' even so far back as those old suppers at our old inn—when life was fresh and topics exhaustless, and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness."

Mr Talfourd contrasts the genius of Lamb and Coleridge, and traces what the former owed to his illustrious friend, in a passage of ingenious and beautiful disquisition upon the original bias and peculiarities of Lamb's mental character. At this early period they had another bond of union, in both holding Unitarian tenets.

Lamb's sister, whose idea it is impossible to disjoin from his, was his elder by ten years. The cordiality and oneness of their affection is unique even among the many pleasing histories which exist of the most disinterested and endearing of fraternal relations. We are told—

> A youthful passion, which lasted only a few months,

and which he afterwards attempted to regard lightly as a folly past, inspired a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music. On the death of his parents, he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy—and well indeed he performed it! To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence; seeking thenceforth no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.

And still more beautifully does he himself say, in a letter to Coleridge, after the death of his mother—

"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose?—not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair hair'd maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her *schoolboy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain! and the day, my friend, I trust, will come—there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me."

Lamb's early letters, which display as much heart and originality, if less subtlety and delicacy of touch, than his later epistles, are mostly addressed to Coleridge, with whom he freely interchanged his inmost thoughts. They were written during the residence of Coleridge in Bristol, and at Stowey, in the first part of his married life. It is pleasant to stumble upon Southey's "Joan of Arc," and "Madoc," "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and the "Religious Musings," as new existences; and upon Lamb's fresh first readings of the elder dramatists, and of such worthies as Fuller and Isaac Walton. The following epistle is quite Lambish:—

"Tuesday night.

"I have been drinking egg hot and smoking Oronooko, (associated circumstances which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings and nights at the Salutation,) my eyes and brain are heavy and asleep, but my heart is awake; and, if words came as ready as ideas, and ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things. Coleridge, you know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth (though counties separate us) whom I can call a friend. Remember you those tender lines of Logan?—

> "'Our broken friendships we deplore,
> And loves of youth that are no more;
> No after friendships e'er can raise
> Th' endearments of our early days,
> And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
> As when we first began to love.'

"I am writing at random, and half-tipsy, what you may not *equally* understand, as you will be sober when you read it; but *my* sober and *my* half-tipsy hours you are alike a sharer in. Good night!

> "'Then up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink,
> Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink.'"—BURNS.

He was on the eve of a visit to his friend; and he adds—

"I am heartily sick of the every-day scenes of life. I shall half wish you unmarried, (don't shew this to Mrs C.,) for one evening only, to have the pleasure of smoking with you, and drinking egg hot in some little smoky room in a pot-house; for I know not yet how I shall like you in a decent room, and looking quite happy. My best love and respects to Sara, notwithstanding."

We are agreeably surprised to find Lamb, when Burns was yet but a name in his native land, and all but unknown in England, a fervent admirer of the manly poet. To Coleridge he says—

"Burns was the god of my idolatry, as Bowles of yours. I am jealous of your fraternizing with Bowles, when I think you relish him more than Burns, or my old favourite, Cowper. But you conciliate matters when you talk of the 'divine chit-chat' of the latter: by the expression, I see you thoroughly relish him. I love Mrs Coleridge for her excuses an hundredfold more dearly, than if she heaped 'line upon line,' out Hannah-ing Hannah More; and had rather hear you sing 'Did a very little baby' by your family fireside, than listen to you, when you were repeating one of Bowles' sweetest sonnets, in your sweet manner, while we two were indulging sympathy, a solitary luxury, by the fireside at the Salutation. Yet have I no higher ideas of heaven. Your company was one 'cordial in this melancholy vale'—the remembrance of it is a blessing partly, and partly a curse. . . . Not a soul loves Bowles here; scarce one has heard of Burns; few but laugh at me for reading my Testament—they talk a language I understand not, I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them. I can only converse with you by letter, and with the dead in their books. My sister, indeed, is all I can wish in a companion; but our spirits are alike poorly; our reading and knowledge from the self-same sources; our communication with the scenes of the world alike narrow; never having kept separate company, or any 'company' *together*—never having read separate books, and few books *together*—what knowledge have we to convey to each other?"

His freedom and biting sharpness in stripping away small pretensions, and conventional, if not personal hypocrisies, is seen even in his earliest correspondence. In a letter, he bids Coleridge tell Lloyd that he liked Penn's book—"No Cross, no Crown"—immensely, and had thoughts of turning Quaker, until—

"Unluckily I went to one of his meetings, tell him, in St John's Street, yesterday, and saw a man under all the agitations and workings of a fanatic, who believed himself under the influence of some 'inevitable presence.' This cured me of Quakerism; I love it in the books of Penn and Woolman, but I detest the vanity of a man thinking he speaks by the Spirit, when what he says an ordinary man might say without all that quaking and trembling. . . . . The inspired gentleman, though his manner was so supernatural, yet neither talked nor professed to talk anything more than good sober sense, common morality, with now and then a declaration of not speaking from himself. Among other things, looking back to his childhood and early youth, he told the meeting what a graceless young dog he had been, and that in his youth he had a good share of wit."

This is so much in character. Your true Pharisee always magnifies his enormities while a sinner, and thus seeks to shine by contrast with his former self.

Lamb's early poems were published by Cottle at Bristol about the end of the century, in alliance with some of those of Coleridge and Lloyd; and in the following year he composed his tale of "Rosamund Grey" and "Old Blind Margaret," which appears to have sold better than his verses, and produced something to add to the very slender stipend of the India House clerk. In this little fragmentary story, Mr Talfourd and the inner circle of Lamb's admirers perceive exquisite beauties, which are hidden from profaner eyes. It will be best to give up the point. There is no disputing about tastes; but had less unqualified admiration been challenged, more might have been yielded.

Our readers will scarcely have forgotten Lamb's acrimonious letter, either addressed to

Coleridge or to Lloyd, concerning him, which appears in Cottle's "Reminiscences," and which would seem to have done doubly, if not trebly, its harsh duty. Lamb's heart—which was full of generous allowance for human frailty—must have speedily smitten him for severity to the friend whom his judgment condemned while his kindness acquitted; and to Southey he says—

"Poor ——! I am afraid the world, and the camp, and the university, have spoilt him amongst them. 'Tis certain he had at one time a strong capacity of turning out something better. I knew him, and that not long since, when he had a most warm heart. I am ashamed of the indifference I have sometimes felt towards him. I think the devil is in one's heart. I am under obligations to that man for the warmest friendship and heartiest sympathy, even for an agony of sympathy exprest both by word, and deed, and tears for me, when I was in my greatest distress. But I have forgot that! as, I fear, he has nigh forgot the awful scenes which were before his eyes when he served the office of a comforter to me. No service was too mean or troublesome for him to perform. I can't think what but the devil, 'that old spider,' could have sucked my heart so dry of its sense of all gratitude. If he does come in your way, Southey, fail not to tell him that I retain a most affectionate remembrance of his old friendliness, and an earnest wish to resume our intercourse. In this I am serious. I cannot recommend him to your society, because I am afraid whether he be quite worthy of it. But I have no right to dismiss him from *my* regard. He was at one time, and in the worst of times, my own familiar friend, and a great comfort to me then. I have known him to play at cards with my father, meal times excepted, literally all day long, in long days too, to save me from being teased by the old man, when I was not able to bear it.

"God bless him for it!"

Let us resist the temptation of quoting Lamb's criticism upon Southey's Radical Eclogues, which, together with their Jacobinical author and his infidel friends, were at that time the especial object of the scorn and ridicule of the Anti-Jacobin coterie. Mr Talfourd exposes the injustice of these attacks, especially in the case of Lamb, who was, at no period of his life, apt to indulge in the visions and new-fangled theories of politics and morals which dazzled his more ardent associates, the Pantiocratists, dreaming glorious dreams of human improvement and of the future happiness of the race.

One of Lamb's most intimate and cordial friends, and most frequent correspondents, was Mr Manning, a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, who afterwards resided for many years in China, during which period a frequent epistolary intercourse was kept up between them. Coleridge, during one of his temporary residences in London, had introduced Lamb to the editor of *The Morning Post*, as a fit hand for tossing up "light articles," and scattering squibs and crackers, and Manning was alarmed for the consequences of so delicate an engagement. Lamb took it more coolly, and humorously regretted that with Coleridge had vanished

"All my splendid prospects of engagement with the *Morning Post*, all my visionary guineas, the deceitful wages of unborn scandal. In truth, I wonder you took it up so seriously. All my intention was but to make a little sport with such public and fair game as Mr Pitt, Mr Wilberforce, Mrs F——, the Devil, &c.—gentry dipped in Styx all over, whom no paper javelin-lings can touch. To have made free with these cattle, where was the harm? 'twould have been but giving a polish to lamp-black, not nigrifying a negro primarily. After all, I cannot but regret my involuntary virtue. Hang virtue that's thrust upon us!—it behaves itself with such constraint, till conscience opens the window, and lets out the goose."

Lamb's easy, jocular vein, in his familiar letters, comes nearer the idea of what a letter should be, than his more elaborate humour. The following was sent to Coleridge when he had come from London on a visit to Wordsworth:—

"DEAR COLERIDGE,—I have taken to-day, and delivered to L. & Co.—*imprimis*, your books, viz., three ponderous German dictionaries, one volume (I can find no more) of German and French ditto, sundry other German books unbound, as you left them, 'Percy's Ancient Poetry,' and one volume of 'Anderson's Poets.' I specify them, that you may not lose any. *Secundo*, a dressing-gown (value, fivepence) in which you used to sit and look like a conjuror, when you were translating Wallenstein. A case of two razors, and a shaving-box and strap. This it has cost me a severe struggle to part with. They are in a brown-paper parcel, which also contains sundry papers and poems, sermons, *some few Epic* Poems—one about Cain and Abel, which came from Poole, &c. &c., and also your tragedy; with one or two small German books, and that drama in which Got-fader performs Tertio; a small oblong box containing *all your letters*, collected from all your waste papers, and which fill the said little box. . . . . .

"I can send you two hundred pens and six quires of paper *immediately*, if they will answer the carriage by coach. It would be foolish to pack 'em up *cum multis libris et cæteris*—they would all spoil. I only wait your commands to coach them. I would pay five-and-forty thousand carriages to read W.'s tragedy, of which I have heard so much and seen so little—only what I saw at Stowey. Pray give me an order in writing on Longman for 'Lyrical Ballads.' I have the first volume, and, truth to tell, six shillings is a broad shot."

Along with a copy of his drama, "John Woodvil," which was printed this year, Lamb sent a second letter, amusingly characteristic of the *blues* of the period and of himself. Coleridge had been blaming him for giving his address to some of those exacting ladies. He says:—

"You encouraged that mopsey, Miss W——, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off, by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burrs in the wind. I came home t'other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of *the author but hunger* about me, and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss W——, one Miss B——e, or B——y; I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresses, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. 'The rogue has given me potions to make me love him.' Well; so she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had not seen her before, and could not tell who it was that was so familiar. We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pair of stairs in —— Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons—a kind of cake I much love. We sat down. Presently Miss B—— broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from *D'Israeli*, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organization. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ, but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of my metaphysics; and, turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French—possibly having heard that

neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering. She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute, and an hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion, that no good poetry had appeared since Dr Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way, by the severity of his critical strictures in his 'Lives of the Poets.' I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to *names*, but I was assured 'it was certainly the case.' Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. . . . . We next discussed the question, whether Pope was a poet? I find Dr Gregory is of opinion he was not, though Miss Seward does not at all concur with him in this. We then sat upon the comparative merits of the ten translations of 'Pizarro,' and Miss B—— advised Mary to take two of them home; she thought it might afford her some pleasure to compare them *verbatim*, which we declined. It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted, with a promise to go again next week, and meet the Miss Porters, who, it seems, have heard much of Mr Coleridge, and wish to meet *us*, because we are *his* friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month, against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure."

Serjeant Talfourd finds a curious and far-fetched reason for the extravagant humour in which Lamb indulged in his letters to Mr Manning. "A vein of wild humour," he remarks, "breaks out, of which there are but slight indications in the correspondence with his more sentimental friends; as if the very opposition of Manning's more scientific power to his own force of sympathy provoked the sallies which the genial kindness of the mathematician fostered."

The reckless fun and tipsy jollity of some of these letters are indeed unequalled in published correspondence. Once he had changed his lodgings to the Temple, that favourite haunt which he often left, but to which he always returned with delight; and he writes:—

"I was not aware that you owed me anything beside that guinea; but I dare say you are right. I live at No. 16, Mitre-court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres'. You must introduce me to the Baron. I think we should suit one another mainly. He lives on the ground floor, for convenience of the gout; I prefer the attic story, for the air! He keeps three footmen and two maids; I have neither maid nor laundress, not caring to be troubled with them! His forte, I understand, is the higher mathematics; my turn, I confess, is more to poetry and the belles lettres. The very antithesis of our characters would make up a harmony. You must bring the Baron and me together.—N.B. when you come to see me, mount up to the top of the stairs—I hope you are not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for it's pure airy up there. And bring your glass, and I will shew you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so as by perking up upon my haunches, and supporting my carcass with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench walks as I lie in my bed. An excellent tiptoe prospect in the best room;—casement windows, with small panes, to look more like a cottage. Mind, I have got no bed for you, that's flat; sold it to pay expenses of moving. The very bed on which Manning lay; the friendly, the mathematical Manning! How forcibly does it remind me of the interesting Otway! 'The very bed which on thy marriage night gave thee into the arms of Belvidera, by the coarse hand of ruffians,' (upholsterers' men,) &c. My tears will not give me leave to go on. But a bed I will get you, Manning, on condition you will be my day guest. . . .

"When shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again? Your fine *dogmatical, sceptical* face, by punch-light? Oh! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole reams of this cold, thin correspondence: yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility, from Madame Sévigné to Sterne and Shenstone.

"Coleridge is settled with his wife and the young philosopher at Keswick, with the Wordsworths. They have contrived to spawn a new volume of lyrical ballads, which is to see the light in about a month, and causes no little excitement in the *literary world*."

His inherent love of London, of "a town life and a hot supper," breaks out continually. Of his *lakeish* friends he says, at one time—

"I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky, (when all is said,) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass, (that strained my friend's purse strings in the purchase,) nor his five-shilling print over the mantle-piece of old Nabbs the carrier, (which only betrays his false taste.) Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles, (you may know them by their gait,) lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire, and stop thief; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis,' on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London with-the-many-sins! O city abounding in ——, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!"

More finely, he remarks to Wordsworth, in answer to an invitation to visit the Lakes:—

"Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"

As much as he loved London, he hated politics and all public affairs; nor, to say the truth, did he—from all that appears—apart from his personal friends, the enjoyments of literary taste, and a strong relish of creature-com-

forts, take much interest in any of the grand concerns of life or of the human race. In this he afforded a remarkable contrast to his more ardent and speculative friends, Hazlitt, Godwin, and, in their "hot youth," Southey and Coleridge. He would have made society merrier and wiser; but then to reform or improve it, was no business of his. At a period of great public distress, and almost of famine, he writes:—

"My private goings on are orderly as the movements of the spheres, and stale as their music to angels' ears. Public affairs—except as they touch upon me, and so turn into private—I cannot whip up my mind to feel any interest in. I grieve, indeed, that War, and Nature, and Mr Pitt, that hangs up in Lloyd's best parlour, should have conspired to call up three necessaries, simple commoners as our fathers knew them, into the upper house of luxuries—bread, and beer, and coals, Manning. But as to France and Frenchmen, and the Abbe Sieyes and his constitutions, I cannot make these present times present to me."

A very humorous, and yet feeling letter, records the speedy and deep damnation of Godwin's drama, "Antonio," to which Lamb furnished the epilogue. His own "John Woodvil," neglected by Kemble, and treated with unpardonable insolence by the Edinburgh Reviewers, might have inspired him with a fellow-feeling. For "those self-constituted judges," then first exercising with "gay recklessness," power at once usurped and irresponsible, Mr Talfourd labours hard to find excuses or pleas in palliation; very charitably concluding—"There certainly was no malice or desire to give pain in all this; it was merely the result of the thoughtless adoption, by lads of gaiety and talent, of the old critical canons of the monthly reviews, which had been accustomed to damn all works of unpatronized genius in a more summary way, and after a duller fashion." We demur to this sweeping accusation against the superannuated monthlies; but, at all events, the chief of those "gay, reckless lads," Mr Jeffrey, was, by this time, veering on the wrong side of thirty; and his associates long past the age of legal discretion. Their condemnation ought, therefore, to be held irremissible; their rank offences, incapable of an extenuation, in warning to all other hasty youths that may be tempted, by impunity, to follow in their track. It is not enough that the world has, in every remarkable instance, silently reversed the past judgments of the Edinburgh critics' youth-head. The fact ought to be kept in view, to teach other critics caution, to whom nature has denied large sympathies and fine instincts; and to give them, if not sensibility and reverence, yet decent manners.

This article must necessarily be as rambling as the book it describes; and that book, consisting almost wholly of letters, is as little methodical as can well be imagined. Like Sir Walter Scott, and, indeed, every man of true genius, Lamb disliked the modern dry, matter-of-fact, imagination-starving system of what is called *rational education*. Upon one occasion, he sent some childrens' books to Keswick, for the use of Coleridge's son, Hartley, then a mere child. He says:—

"'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs B.'s and Mrs Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape* of *knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own power, when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like: instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry, no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history! Hang them!—I mean the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child."

Ay, and all that is spiritual in man and child.

Since it has been discovered that Goldsmith is probably the author of "Goody Two Shoes," we hope that a new and highly embellished edition of that classic will speedily appear.

For many years of his life, Lamb was a slave to his pipe. Of "the fiendly traitress" tobacco, he was continually taking leave, and as often was he lured back by her enchantments. Once he took his formal farewell, in the verses published among his poems—in sending which to Wordsworth and Miss Wordsworth, he writes:—

"I have had it in my head to do it these two years, but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises. Now you have got it, you have got all my store, for I have absolutely not another line. No more has Mary. We have nobody about us that cares for poetry, and who will rear grapes when he shall be the sole eater? Perhaps, if you encourage us to shew you what we may write, we may do something now and then before we absolutely forget the quantity of an English line, for want of practice."

About the close of 1805, his correspondence began with Hazlitt. They had been acquainted for some time. His letters are gossiping and confidential, like those of a man who had sat long, often, and recently on the side of the fire opposite his correspondent, and understood all the moods of his mind. A postscript contains the first announcement of his damned farce of "Mr H."

"N.B. Have taken a room at three shillings a-week, to be in between five and eight at night, to avoid my *nocturnal*, alias *knock-eternal* visitors. The first fruits of my retirement has been a farce which to manager tomorrow. *Wish my ticket luck.* God bless you—and do write."

Sportively he anticipated its brilliant success, and gaily, on its damnation, he "consoled his friends, with a century of puns, for the wreck of his dramatic hopes." Long afterwards, in writing to his friend Manning, at Canton, and describing his later literary pursuits, he says:—

"So I go creeping on, since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury-lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang 'em how they hissed! it was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. 'Twas like St

Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the teeth rot out of them all, therefore! Make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongue at them!"

His principal achievement at this period, was the "Specimens of the Dramatists."

There is much of the sprightly ease and grace of De Sevigné in some of the letters to Manning, in China, with whom he seems to feel as much at home as if only the length of a street divided them.

"DEAR MANNING,—When I last wrote you, I was in lodgings. I am now in chambers, No. 4, Inner-Temple Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the Mandarins, with you. I have two sitting-rooms: I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them, but they are best for sitting; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous mode which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, &c. rooms, on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humour. In my next best are shelves containing a small, but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold, with brandy, and not very insipid without. Here I hope to set up my rest, and not to quit till Mr Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen. I sent you a parcel of books by my last to give you some idea of the state of European literature. . . . . Holcroft had finished his life when I wrote to you, and Hazlitt has since finished his life; I do not mean his own life, but he has finished a life of Holcroft, which is going to press. Tuthill is Doctor Tuthill. I continue Mr Lamb. . . . . A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative."

Mr Talfourd shews less leniency to the late editor of the *Quarterly*, than to the petulancies of the *Edinburgh Reviewers*; but, indeed, Gifford's malignant attacks deserved much severer reprehension. His malice is rightly imputed, not to political animosity, though Lamb was associated with Hunt and Hazlitt, but to meaner and more enduring feelings—

The peculiar expression of the distaste of a small though acute mind for an original power which it could not appreciate, and which disturbed the conventional associations of which it was master.

Lamb took laughing revenge for the Reviewer's offences, in a sonnet addressed by SAINT CRISPIN to MR GIFFORD. None of these things seem to have damped his spirits, or impaired his taste for the harmless pleasures and good things of life.

Lamb had a happy knack of frankly telling an unpleasant truth, in a manner which took away its sting. Coleridge had probably been inquiring at him about the sale of his poems, when his friend, seeing no good in concealing the truth, wrote to him, (August 1814):—

"Whatever thou hast been told to the contrary by designing friends, who perhaps inquired carelessly, or did not inquire at all, in hope of saving their money, there is a stock of 'Remorse' on hand, enough, as Pople conjectures, for seven years' consumption; judging from experience of the last two years. Methinks it makes for the benefit of sound literature, that the best books do not always go off best. Inquire in seven years' time for the 'Rokebys' and the 'Laras,' and where shall they be found?—fluttering fragmentally in some thread-paper—whereas thy 'Wallenstein,' and thy 'Remorse,' are safe on Longman's or Pople's shelves, as in some Bodleian: there they shall remain; no need of a chain to hold them fast—perhaps for ages—tall copies—and people shan't run about hunting for them as in old Ezra's shrievalty they did for a Bible, almost without effect, till the great-great-grand-niece (by the mother's side) of Jeremiah or Ezekiel (which was it?) remembered something of a book, with odd reading in it, that used to lie in the green closet in her aunt Judith's bedchamber."

In the beginning of 1815, Mr Talfourd's eager desire to become acquainted with his neighbour in the Temple, the author of "John Woodvil" and "Rosamund Grey," was gratified. The duties or studies of Mr Talfourd did not permit him to meet Lamb at dinner, by invitation, and in the house of a common friend; but, as soon as released from business, he went, through sleet and snow, at ten o'clock at night, to catch a parting glimpse of the delightful writer, the future *Elia*.

There was Lamb, preparing to depart; but he stayed half-an-hour in kindness to me, and then accompanied me to our common home—the Temple.

Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued, with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humour; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterised by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning of Braham—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel." He took my arm, and we walked to the Temple, Lamb stammering out fine remarks as we walked; and when we reached his staircase, he detained me with an urgency which would not be denied, and we mounted to the top story, where an old petted servant, called Becky, was ready to receive us. We were soon seated before a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were beside us; and Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked "one pipe"—for, alas! for poor human nature!—he had resumed his acquaintance with his "fair traitress." How often the pipe and the glasses were replenished, I will not undertake to disclose; but I can never forget the conversation; though the first, it was more solemn, and in higher mood, than any I ever after had with Lamb through the whole of our friendship. How it took such a turn between two strangers, one of them a lad of not quite twenty, I cannot tell; but so it happened. We discoursed then of life and death, and our anticipation of a world beyond the grave. Lamb spoke of these

awful themes with the simplest piety, but expressed his own fond cleavings to life—to all well-known accustomed things—and a shivering (not shuddering) sense of that which is to come, which he so finely indicated in his "New Year's Eve," years afterwards. It was two o'clock before we parted, when Lamb gave me a hearty invitation to renew my visit at pleasure; but two or three months elapsed before I saw him again.

In the meanwhile, Mr Talfourd had written an essay in a periodical work, "On the Chief Living Poets," in which he highly extolled Lamb. He treats this juvenile attempt with extreme lightness, and, indeed, abuses it in good set terms; but let it be, as he says, "a shallow outpouring of young enthusiasm, in fine words, which it mistakes for thoughts," we should augur far better things from this deep reverence, this indiscriminating fervent admiration, than from the cleverest sneering flippancies that ever "gay, reckless lads" endited. Lamb, at all events, admired the young critic who first recognised his title to take place among the poets; and, as a rich reward, in a short time afterwards, he, one day, while the juvenile critic's heart palpitated with mingled emotions, said, "Wordsworth, give me leave to introduce to you my only admirer." While individuals and rival publications are now asserting priority in discovery of the new power revealed in Wordsworth's poetry, the author of "Ion"—the youth of 1814–15, whom Lamb names "our young critic"—should not, we think, be passed over in silence.

There is nothing more attractive in these volumes than the description of those golden Wednesday nights—"evenings worthy of the gods!"—when Lamb, the grace and "solder of society," drew so many lights around his genial hearth. Those brilliant evenings are thus introduced, some seasons, we presume, after their institution:—

> The years which Lamb passed in his chambers in Inner Temple-lane were, perhaps, the happiest of his life. His salary was considerably augmented, his fame as an author was rapidly extending; he resided near the spot which he best loved; and was surrounded by a motley group of attached friends, some of them men of rarest parts, and all strongly attached to him and to his sister. Here the glory of his Wednesday nights shone forth in its greatest lustre. If you did not meet there the favourites of fortune—authors whose works bore the highest price in Paternoster Row, and who glittered in the circles of fashion—you might find those who had thought most deeply, felt most keenly, and were destined to produce the most lasting influences on the literature and manners of the age. There Hazlitt, sometimes kindling into fierce passion at any mention of the great reverses of his idol Napoleon, at other times bashfully enunciated the finest criticism on art; or dwelt with genial iteration on a passage in Chaucer; or, fresh from the theatre, expatiated on some new instance of energy in Kean, or reluctantly conceded a greatness to Kemble; or detected some popular fallacy with the fairest and the subtlest reasoning. There Godwin, as he played his quiet rubber, or benignantly joined in the gossip of the day, sat an object of curiosity and wonder to the stranger, who had been at one time shocked or charmed with his high speculation, and at another awe-struck by the force and graphic power of his novels. There Coleridge sometimes, though rarely, took his seat;—and then the genial hubbub of voices was still; critics, philosophers, and poets were contented to listen; and toil-worn lawyers, clerks from the India House, and members of the Stock Exchange, grew romantic while he spoke. Lamb used to say that he was inferior then to what he had been in his youth; but I can scarcely believe it; at least there is nothing in his early writing which gives any idea of the richness of his mind so lavishly poured out at this time in his happiest moods.
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> . . . . . .
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> The first time I met him, which was on one of those Wednesday evenings, we quitted the party together, between one and two in the morning; Coleridge took my arm, and led me, nothing loath, at a very gentle pace, to his lodgings, at the Gloucester Coffee-house, pouring into my ear the whole way an argument by which he sought to reconcile the doctrines of Necessity and Free-will, winding on through a golden maze of exquisite illustration; but finding no end, except with the termination of that (to me) enchanted walk. . . . Men of "great mark and likelihood" attended those delightful suppers, where the utmost freedom prevailed—including politicians of every grade, from Godwin up to the editor of the "New Times."
>
> Hazlitt has alluded *con amore* to these meetings, in his Essay "On the Conversation of Authors," and has reported one of the most remarkable discussions which graced them in his Essay "On Persons one would wish to have seen."

In the course of his easy, *sans-souci*, yet somewhat cautious career, Lamb had a single and memorable controversy. It was with Southey, who spoke of him and his friends in an article in *The Quarterly Review*, in a manner which, if it really meant no mischief, was certainly calculated to do harm both to the character of Lamb and the sale of his work, to which it referred. We confess that we admire Lamb more under the generous impulse which made him pen the retort courteous, than when he afterwards retracted so far as to suppress it in all the future editions of his works. It was extremely well-judged in Mr Talfourd to preserve this piece, which, in manly feeling, noble sincerity, and courageous love of truth, we consider superior to anything that Lamb has written. He required something to rouse him from his epicurean, sunshiny repose; and the dogmatism, and narrow, oblique views, and captious remarks of his old friend Southey supplied the stimulus in the article alluded to, upon "The Progress of Infidelity." At first, Lamb resolved not to retort; as he mentioned to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, to whom many of the letters in the second volume are addressed; but he did better. Many of the *hits* dealt to Mr Southey are of the most exquisite wit; yet the earnest truth of this memorable epistle surpasses its poignant humour. In speaking of degrees of belief, and to an orthodox high-churchman, he says—

> Some (and such have been accounted the safest divines) have shrunk from pronouncing upon the final state of any man; nor dare they pronounce the case of Judas to be desperate. Others (with stronger optics) as plainly as with the eye of flesh, shall behold a *given king* in bliss, and a *given chamberlain* in torment; even to the eternising of a cast of the eye in the latter, his own self-mocked and good humouredly-borne deformity on earth, but supposed to aggravate the uncouth and hideous expression of his pangs in the other place. That one man can presume so far, and that another would with shuddering disclaim such confidences, is, I believe, an effect of the nerves purely.
>
> If in either of these papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities—not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the out-skirts and extreme edges, the debateable land between the holy and the profane regions—(for the admixture of man's inven-

tions, twisting themselves with the name of the religion itself, has artfully made it difficult to touch even the alloy, without, in some men's estimation, soiling the fine gold)—if I have sported within the purlieus of serious matter—it was, I dare say, a humour—be not startled, sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the Devil. Not of the scriptural meaning of that dark essence—personal or allegorical; for the nature is no where plainly delivered. I acquit you of intentional irreverence. But indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. A noble Lord, your brother visionary, has scarcely taken greater liberties with the material keys and merely Catholic notion of St Peter. You have flattered him in prose: you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his jester; volunteer laureat, and self-elected court poet to Beelzebub.

"You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks, think to be so. For this reason I am sorry to hear that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your seriousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hands. The Methodists are shy of you, upon account of *their* founder .... But, above all, our Popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a golden one to you. And here your friends, sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters—their Virgin, and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings and the richest imagery of your Epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court; leave his Holiness in the lurch; and shew him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse—

> "'Ten thousand leagues awry ——————
> —————— Then might we see
> Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
> And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds.'

You pick up pence by shewing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and, swifter than a pedler can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night.

"Sir, is it that I dislike you in this merry vein? The very reverse. No countenance becomes an intelligent jest better than your own. It is your grave aspect, when you look awful upon your poor friends, which I would deprecate.

"In more than one place, if I mistake not, you have been pleased to compliment me at the expense of my companions. I cannot accept your compliment at such a price. The upbraiding a man's poverty naturally makes him look about him, to see whether he be so poor indeed as he is presumed to be. You have put me upon counting my riches. Really, sir, I did not know I was so wealthy in the article of friendships."

Lamb goes over the golden bead-roll of his friends with becoming pride, and enters upon the defence of the author of "Rimini," whom Southey had deliberately singled out for attack; Hunt having, by this time, expiated his careless observations on that immaculate personage, the Prince Regent, and his bold writings in behalf of popular rights, by fine, imprisonment, ruin, and exile. In excuse for herding with such publicans and sinners as Leigh Hunt, Lamb finely remarks—

"It is an error more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species; and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to Terra Incognita, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse? If the persons whom I have chiefly in view, have not pushed matters to this extremity yet, they carry them as far as they can go. Instead of mixing with the infidel and the freethinker—in the room of opening a negociation, to try at least to find out at which gate the error entered—they huddle close together, in a weak fear of infection, like that pusillanimous underling in Spenser—

> "'This is the wandering wood, this Error's den;
> A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
> Therefore, I reed, beware. Fly, fly, quoth then
> The fearful Dwarf.'

And, if they be writers in orthodox journals—addressing themselves only to the irritable passions of the unbeliever—they proceed in a safe system of strengthening the strong hands, and confirming the valiant knees; of converting the already converted, and proselyting their own party."

This is an accurate description of full two-thirds of the party writing of all times.

In this work we are glad to find the editor speaking handsomely of two grossly misrepresented, and, as we believe, calumniated individuals, Holcroft and Hone. Of the former, Lamb manfully says, in his letter to Southey—and, in 1823, the expression of such opinions did require courage—

"I own I could never think so considerably of myself as to decline the society of an agreeable or worthy man upon difference of opinion only. The impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man. Some believe upon weak principles. Others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. One of the most candid, most upright, and single-meaning men I ever knew, was the late Thomas Holcroft. I believe he never said one thing and meant another, in his life; and, as near as I can guess, he never acted otherwise than with the most scrupulous attention to conscience. Ought we to wish the character false, for the sake of a hollow compliment to Christianity?"

The noble eulogium upon Hazlitt, from whom he had been estranged by "evil days and evil tongues," is contained in the same letter. It is very well-known; but we have pleasure in repeating the close, as it leads to one of the happiest retorts made to the self-complacent Churchman and dogmatic critic, converted from the early heresies of democracy into the worshipper of power:—

"I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, sir. I return to the correspondence.

"Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines

of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. The last sect with which you can remember me to have made common profession were the Unitarians. You would think it not very pertinent, if (fearing that all was not well with you,) I were gravely to invite you (for a remedy) to attend with me a course of Mr Belsham's lectures at Hackney.

. . . . .

"Shew the poor that you can sometimes think of them in some other light than as mutineers and malcontents. Conciliate them, by such kind methods, to their superiors, civil and ecclesiastical. Stop the mouths of the railers; and suffer your old friends, upon the old terms, again to honour and admire you."

The effect of this noble letter is somewhat marred by special matter introduced concerning petty abuses of the Church. Southey was, it appears, not in the least offended by this letter. How should he, unless the truth, stated with spirit, but without bitterness, offends? The Laureate must have felt that Lamb had the best of the case, whether as an aggrieved individual or a magnanimous friend.

The letters to Bernard Barton, though, as a whole, not the most interesting of Lamb's epistles, contain some of his best flights, and much of that whimsical and piquant combination of drollery and humour, with the soundest sense, which distinguishes his writings. The Quaker poet, who, like Lamb, was tied down to the desk for many hours a-day, had, at one time, been complaining, we suppose, of his liver, and of the consequences of sedentary occupations. Lamb administers consolation in this laughing vein:—

"I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two.

"The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can, as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the entire inner construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save those of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabout the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favourite part: one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art—viscosity, scirrhosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B.B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen! I protest I cannot answer thy sister's kind inquiry."

About this time, Hood the *Comic* was added to the number of Lamb's congenial friends; among whom, also, were Munden the comedian, and *the* Miss Kelly. He had now been emancipated from the life-long thraldom of Leaden-Hall Street, and allowed to retire for life, upon the handsome pension of £450, from which £9 were deducted for a provision to his sister, should she survive him. He wrote a fine, natural, and characteristic letter to Wordsworth, describing his feelings upon his release. Mr Talfourd questions if he was, upon the whole, the happier for the change, once the novelty was over. He lost a pet grievance, which had, in thirty-three years, become almost an enjoyment; and found more leisure than he knew how to employ. It was a blessing to him, when the kind desire of assisting Mr Hone, sent him regularly, office-fashion, to the British Museum for a few hours every morning, to hunt up the "Garrick Plays," from which he drew the materials of a series of papers that appeared in Hone's charming miscellanies. Early in January 1826, he lost an old friend and endeared familiar—"his own friend and his father's friend." This person, named Norris, held an office in the Temple, and with him Lamb had spent every Christmas from his boyhood. The letter which he wrote upon this occasion, for the purpose of interesting the benchers in the family of the deceased, is a beautiful specimen of simple pathos. He describes the death-bed; the wife and daughters around it; "poor deaf Richard," the son, "looking doubly stupified," and all seeming "as if they had been sitting there for a week."

"I could only reach out a hand to Mrs Norris. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last, he called me Charley. *I have none to call me Charley now.* He was the last link that bound me to the Temple."

The whole sketch is admirable, but we can go no farther. On his emancipation, or shortly after it, Lamb settled at Enfield. But even this modification of London scarcely suited him, and the dignity of a housekeeper, known for the first time, did not make up for the lost freedom and independence of a lodger. He and his sister afterwards boarded with an old couple at Enfield; but *ennui* seems to have pursued him. One might fancy that he took a peculiar pleasure in teasing Wordsworth with his longing after the delights of London, from mirthful mockery of the poet's love of the solitude of the mountains. At Enfield, or in the country, winter was more tolerable than summer, because—

"Among one's books at one's fire by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St Giles'. Oh, let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions. . . A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here; it comes from rich Cathay with tidings of mankind."

While Lamb was residing at Enfield, Swing, then going his rounds, visited his neighbourhood.

He takes a peculiar view of this new symptom of the march of society; seeing the whole present extent of the mischief; but unable to comprehend the result, or how the revengeful boor is to be converted into the enlightened, happy, and therefore peaceful citizen.

"It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly they jogged on with as little reflection as horses. The whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather breeches, and in the dead of night the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn, and half the country is grinning with new fires. Farmer Graystock said something to the touchy rustic, that he did not relish, and he writes his distaste in flames. What a power to intoxicate his crude brains, just muddlingly awake to perceive that something is wrong in the social system—what a hellish faculty above gunpowder! Now, the rich and poor are fairly pitted. We shall see who can hang or burn the fastest. It is not always revenge that stimulates these kindlings. There is a love of exciting mischief! Think of a disrespected clod, that was trod into earth—that was nothing—on a sudden by damned arts refined into an exterminating angel, devouring the fruits of the earth and their growers in a mass of fire. What a new existence! What a temptation above Lucifer's! Why, here was a spectacle last night for a whole country, a bonfire visible to London, alarming her guilty towers, and shaking the Monument with an ague fit, all done by a little vial of phosphor in a clown's fob. How he must grin, and shake his empty noddle in clouds! the Vulcanian epicure! Alas! can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat? Who shall persuade the boor that phosphor will not ignite?"

The death of Hazlitt made a deeper impression on his friend Lamb, than might have been expected, from the buoyancy and carelessness of his nature. Hazlitt's essays were all, we are informed, that made the Magazines and Reviews tolerable to him; and it weighed down his spirits,

When he realized the dismal certainty that he should never again enjoy that rich discourse of old poets and painters with which so many a long winter's night had been gladdened, or taste life with an additional relish in the keen sense of enjoyment which endeared it to his companion. . . . . .

They had taken great delight in each other's conversation for many years; and, though the indifference of Lamb to the objects of Hazlitt's passionate love or hatred, as a politician, at one time produced a coolness, the warmth of the defence of Hazlitt in "Elia's Letter to Southey," renewed the old regard of the philosopher, and set all to rights.

The absurd or malicious assertion, which has found a way into certain periodical works, that Hazlitt owed the highest beauties of his exquisite criticism, to the conversation of Lamb, finds no countenance in this biography. Its subject would have scouted the idea. No man entertained a more exalted opinion of the vigorous intellect and exquisite taste of Hazlitt.

The next great loss which Lamb sustained was Coleridge, whom he did not long survive. He died at Edmonton, where he had resided for some time, after a very brief attack of erysipelas in the head, following a slight injury which he received in the face, from accidentally stumbling in his morning walk. As soon as Mr Talfourd, one of his executors, was informed of his dangerous illness, he went to Edmonton to visit his old friend. He found him wandering in mind, and totally unconscious of his presence, but did not anticipate immediate dissolution. Lamb did not survive this visit for many hours.

On the following Saturday his remains were laid in a deep grave in Edmonton churchyard, made in a spot which, about a fortnight before, he had pointed out to his sister, on an afternoon wintry walk, as the place where he wished to be buried.

So died, in the sixtieth year of his age, one of the most remarkable and amiable men who have ever lived. . .

After noticing the many attempts made by the admirers and personal friends of the deceased to do justice to his memory in the leading periodical works of the day, it is added—

The "Recollections of Coleridge,"* by Mr Allsop, also breathed the spirit of admiration for his elevated genius, which the author—one whom Lamb held in the highest esteem for himself, and for his devotion to Coleridge—had for years expressed both in his words and in deeds. But it is not possible for the subtlest characteristic power, even when animated by the warmest personal regard, to give to those who never had the privilege of his companionship, an idea of what Lamb was. There was an apparent contradiction in him, which seemed an inconsistency between thoughts closely associated, and which was, in reality, nothing but the contradiction of his genius and his fortune, fantastically exhibiting itself in different aspects, which close intimacy could alone appreciate. He would startle you with the finest perception of truth, separating, by a phrase, the real from a tissue of conventional falsehoods, and the next moment, by some whimsical invention, make you "doubt truth to be a liar." He would touch the inmost pulse of profound affection, and then break off in some jest, which would seem profane "to ears polite," but carry as profound a meaning to those who had the right key, as his most pathetic suggestions; and where he loved and doted most, he would vent the overflowing of his feeling in words that looked like rudeness. . . . . Thus, in the very excess of affection to his sister, whom he loved above all else on earth, he would sometimes address to her some words of seeming reproach, yet so tinged with a humorous irony, that none but an entire stranger could mistake his drift.

A specimen of his conversation is given from the recollections of Miss Beetham, the author of the "Lay of Marie," a poem which Lamb admired, as he, indeed, did all the writings of his personal friends. These were, all of them, the best actors or the first writers of their age; and one would just wish it should be so, since Lamb was not a reviewer. The example which Miss Beetham has given of his conversation, scarcely bears out Mr Talfourd's eulogium. He, indeed, anticipates as much. We can only wish that every good and eminent man, with one, or but a few small failings—all of the flesh, and not of the spirit—had as benign and skilful a biographer and apologist. Thus delicately is Lamb's "single frailty" handled, and Serjeant Talfourd might, we think, sweeten and mollify the president of the tea-totallers.

It cannot be denied or concealed that Lamb's excellencies, moral and intellectual, were blended with a single frailty; so intimately associating itself with all that was most charming in the one, and sweetest in the other, that, even if it were right to withdraw it wholly from notice, it would be impossible without it to do justice to his virtues. The eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors, from an early period of life, proved that to a physical peculiarity of constitution was to be ascribed,

* The "semi-ruffian, obscure publication" of "prodigate savagery," of the last *Quarterly Review!*—*E. T. M.*

in the first instance, the strength of the temptation with which he was assailed. . . . . Great exaggerations have been prevalent on this subject, countenanced, no doubt, by the "Confessions" which, in the prodigality of his kindness, he contributed to his friend's collection of essays and authorities against the use of spirituous liquors; for, although he had rarely the power to overcome the temptation when presented, he made heroic sacrifices in flight. His final abandonment of tobacco, after many ineffectual attempts, was one of these—a princely sacrifice. He had loved smoking, "not wisely, but too well," for he had been content to use the coarsest varieties of the "great plant." When Dr Parr—who took only the finest tobacco, used to half fill his pipe with salt, and smoked with a philosophic calmness—saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparation of the weed, puffing out smoke like some furious Enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe, and asked him, how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate? Lamb replied, "I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue." Partly to shun the temptations of society, and partly to preserve his sister's health, he fled from London, where his pleasures and his heart were, and buried himself in the solitude of the country, to him always dismal. He would even deny himself the gratification of meeting Wordsworth or Southey, or use it very sparingly during their visits to London, in order that the accompaniments of the table might not entice him to excess. And if, sometimes, after miles of solitary communing with his own sad thoughts, the village inn did invite him to quaff a glass of sparkling ale; and if, when his retreat was lighted up with the presence of some old friend, he was unable to refrain from the small potion which was too much for his feeble frame, let not the stout-limbed and the happy exult over the consequence! Drinking with him, except so far as it cooled a feverish thirst, was not a sensual, but an intellectual pleasure; it lighted up his fading fancy, enriched his humour, and impelled the struggling thought or beautiful image into day; and, perhaps, by requiring for him some portion of that allowance which he extended to all human frailties, endeared him the more to those who so often received, and were delighted to bestow it.

If the most charitable allowance for the failings of others may mitigate his errors, this truly Christian disposition was habitual to Lamb in the widest sense. He was the friend and associate of men of all parties and shades of opinion; nor did he slip them on and off, as easy as an old glove. He was the constant visiter of Leigh Hunt when imprisoned for libel; he wrote poetical squibs, against spies, for Thelwall's newspaper, *The Champion*, during the reign of Castlereagh and Sidmouth; and was at once the ardent friend of Hazlitt and an admirer of Southey. He disliked and ridiculed all philanthropic schemers; yet he was the friend of Godwin, of Clarkson, and Basil Montague. His taste in books was as liberal and expansive as in friends. He loved whatever came near him, and did not need to go far out of his way to find favourites and objects of kindness. Had Lord Byron attended his Wednesday suppers, we think it extremely probable that he might have liked "Don Juan" almost as well as the "Excursion." As it was, he liked Bernard Barton's poetry better than all the "Childe Harolds" and "Giaours" in the world, or than Shelley's phantasms. He never took kindly to the Scotch novels, notwithstanding the admiration of Hazlitt and Coleridge for those productions. He liked quiet, and so preferred a third or fourth perusal of "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," or "Pamela," to the excitement of a fresh "Old Mortality" or "Antiquary." We are sorry that he never was introduced to Sir Walter Scott; for then he would have read them, and relished them he must. In a brief estimate of his writings, Mr Talfourd remarks, with equal elegance and justice:—

Of his own writings it is now superfluous to speak; for, after having encountered long derision and neglect, they have taken their place among the classics of his language. They stand alone, at once singular and delightful. They are all carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. As his serious conversation was his best, so his serious writing is far preferable to his fantastical humours—cheering as they are, and suggestive ever as they are of high and invigorating thoughts. Seeking his materials, for the most part, in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all. . . . He detects the venerable and the excellent in the narrowest circumstances and humblest conditions, with the same subtilty which reveals the hidden soul of the greatest works of genius. In all things he is most human.

The work is fitly closed with a tribute of verse to the memory of Lamb from the pen of his illustrious friend Wordsworth, very kindly and amiable in tone, though a little discursive withal. But Lamb would have read these verses with unmeasured delight; and they will give pleasure to all who love his memory. The allusions below to the singular attachment which, through a long life, united Lamb and his sister—their warm affection, and *dual* loneliness—are exceedingly beautiful.

"Her love
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one root!
. . . . . .
Oh, gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and to the thoughts of others
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken. Yet why grieve? for time but holds
This moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is unknown."

WHITEWASHING.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

In the golden days of that copper queen, Queen Anne, soon after the publication of the satires of Pope, there appeared a clever caricature, representing the little poet mounted on a ladder, whitewashing the villa of Lord Burlington, and bespattering the carriage of the Duke of Chandos, passing by. The hit of H. B.'s predecessor was a good one; but, in these brazen times of our own, people seldom employ poets for the process of whitewashing or bespattering: they have leisure to do their dirty work in person.

"What a dreadful business this of Lady Sophia's!" observes the Duchess of Shuldham, (a whitewasher of considerable ability,) in an audible whisper, at the conversazione of old Lady C——. "I declare I never *was* so surprised as by the sad discovery!"

"I am not aware of any discovery," replies her Grace's neighbour, Mrs Snailpace. "I understand her husband is a contemptible person, who, having nothing else in his head, has taken it into it to be jealous."

"Oh, my dear madam! you cannot really mean that you have not heard—that you do not know—that you have not absolutely *seen* Lady Sophia."

"I have seen in Lady Sophia a wonderfully pretty woman; I have heard that she is wretchedly married; and I *know* that, were I in her place, I should have sued for a separate maintenance."

"My dear Mrs Snailpace, consider what you are saying! What *will* people think if you take up the defence of such women as Lady Sophia Du Val?"

"It matters little what people think of me, provided I give them no cause for evil thoughts."

"Just Lady Sophia's way of talking; and see how it has all ended!" Then, turning away from her impracticable neighbour, the Duchess flies across the room to Lady Croydon and Lady Irene Rawdon, who were entering with that graceful glide which announces the easy nonchalance of a woman of fashion.

"How do you do, my dear Duchess! Have you been here long?"

"How are you, my dear Lady Irene? Have you heard of this shocking business?"

"What business?—Lady Sophia's? Dreadful! And with such fine children!"

"I certainly did not consider Lady Sophia a *prudent* woman; but I confess it never occurred to me to suspect her of conduct so unprincipled!"

"How should it? A woman one was in the habit of meeting everywhere—a woman of so much talent—a woman who had received so excellent an education. I feel for her poor mother."

"And *I* for her poor children!" interposed Lady Croydon. "I have no patience with people who abandon their poor, dear, innocent children—their unoffending children. A woman must be devoid of a woman's heart who can be, at any moment, or under any circumstances, tempted to forget that she is a mother!"

"Charming woman that Lady Croydon," whispers the softer of two venerable dowagers, who sit listening by. "What principles! what a heart!"

"Charming sentiments, I admit," replied the harder dowager. "But I want faith in the maternal tenderness of a woman who gives fifty guineas to Landseer to paint her puppy dogs, while she has children whose portraits are not even dreamed of; or who sits up, night after night, with Chloe and Venus, while a howdie is hired to do the same office for her dying infants. But, hark! Those women are again *at* poor Lady Sophy Du Val."

"It may seem ill-natured, just now, to make the remark," Lady Irene observes to her sister Graces; "but I have always noticed a certain expression in Lady Sophia's eyes—a sort of boldness—a something that I did not like."

"Nor I," said the Duchess, whose fair shoulders appear to have been serving as a model for Venus rising from the bath. "There was certainly a want of delicacy about her. I have seen her walk into a room full of men, looking them full in the face, without the smallest symptom of embarrassment."

("A sign that she had nothing to be ashamed of!" whispered the hard dowager to the soft—"which is more than we can say for the Duchess! She and that smooth-spoken lady Irene are, to my certain knowledge, two of the most"——

"Hush!" interposed the soft dowager—"they are again at Lady Sophia Du Val.")

"I must own I am deeply grieved at the business!" said Lady Croydon. "These are times when similar examples are doubly pernicious—times when people in our position cannot be too cautious of affording grounds for the condemnation of the lower classes."

"I don't care a rush about the lower classes; but I *do* think there is no occasion to hurt the feelings of the higher!" interrupted Lady Irene.

"One positively can't allow one's daughters to read the newspapers, while there are such shocking insinuations thrown out. My poor girls, for instance, who have been seeing Lady Sophia flirt away, night after night, with young Lapwing, without entertaining the most remote suspicion of anything wrong—what will they think *now* that their eyes are opened? Why, my dear Duchess! the poor innocent creatures might fancy the same horrible things of you or Lady Croydon, the first time they find you talking to a young man. It is really terrible to think of! There is no end to the mischiefs arising from such conduct as that of this abominable Lady Sophia!"

"I'm told there's to be no trial?"

"Ah! poor thing! so much the better; for I fancy she had very little chance."

"It is to be a separation, then? Charitable persons will be able to ascribe it to incompatibility of temper!"

"Incompatibility of *temper!*—never were two tempers more consonant. I should say the Du Vals were the two worst-tempered people in England! I suppose Lady Sophia won't expect one to call upon her after all this?"

"In *my* case, you know, it would be out of the question; with four daughters, and Heaven knows how many nieces to marry off, I am obliged to be most painfully punctilious!"

"As to *me*," cried the Duchess, "I'm sure I would go great lengths to serve poor Lady Sophia, who is a sort of a relation; but the Duke won't hear of anything of the kind. The Duke is *extremely* rigid on such points."

"He is quite right!" said Lady Irene, half sarcastically. "Cæsar's wife, you know—— However, I *shall* send my *card* just once to Lady Sophia, as it seems one's countenance is of consequence to her. But I shall plainly give her to understand that *there* the matter must end. We may visit, but we must not meet."

"Poor thing!—Well, it is all her own seeking," said Lady Croydon, in a pathetic voice.

"*Poor thing*, indeed! I really have not patience to hear you call her poor thing!"

"Let us hope she will see the error of her ways," added Lady Irene, whose carriage was just then announced. "And now let us be off to Almacks."

"To hear three of the most dissolute women in London attempting to whitewash themselves at the expense of poor Sophy Du Val!" cried the hard dowager, in a rage, as they left the room—"Sophy, who, being married to a brute who put her in fear of her life, has been wise enough to withdraw with her children from his roof, Du Val himself bearing testimony to the purity of her conduct! No doubt, those chattering women will manage to raise suspicions against her reputation, and all for the chance of washing a stain or two out of their own!"

Nor are manœuvres such as these confined to the fair sex of fashionable life; the sex un-fair has its bespatterers: the card-markers are not less addicted than the sampler-markers to the polite art of whitewashing.

"At what an amazing rate young Merton is going on!" observes Sir Harry Bounce to a Bond Street tradesman, (who had just sauntered into his shop from his hunting stables at Carshaltown.) "Really one would fancy that fellow had ten thousand a-year."

"And so he has, sir, I fancy—in perspective."

"A perspective as substantial as the painted canvass that carries on the eye of visiters to the Thames tunnel—a mere optical delusion."

"Indeed? I have always understood, sir, that Mr Merton's prospects"——

"Very much resembled those in the auctioneer's advertisement of a mansion in Hampshire, commanding a fine view of the Needles, which proved to be a remote point of the Isle of Wight, seen through a telescope, at the back-window of the cock-loft."

I assure you, sir, I have reason to suppose that Mr Merton's father"——

"My dear Girandole, I am perfectly acquainted with Mr Merton's father—a country gentleman, who has a farm of a few hundred acres, within a dozen miles of my uncle's seat. As Lord Twaddledom's heir, you know, I am forced to spend every Christmas at Twaddledom Park."

"To be out of the way of Christmas bills," thought Girandole.

"And my uncle, who is Lord Lieutenant of the county, of course occasionally notices this Merton. I don't say but that the old fellow *may* have somewhere about five or six thousand a-year; and I am, in fact, perhaps inclined to underrate his rent-roll, from comparing it with my uncle's splendid property. But even putting it at six thousand, old Merton *might* marry again, *might* have a large family, *might* leave a young widow with a jointure, to drain the whole estate for the next thirty years;—and then what becomes of poor Basil Merton?"

"To be sure, sir—certainly—*post-obits* are serious things, Sir Harry! Gentlemen are apt to fancy our profits enormous, our rate of interest exorbitant; but when you come to consider the precariousness of such claims—ah! sir!"

"Certainly, certainly. I consider Merton scarcely justified in the rate at which he lives. I don't know how he excuses to himself the risk he imposes on other people's property. If he were in *my* position, indeed, (with a bedridden uncle, condemned by four physicians—whose rent-roll, even when reduced by agricultural distress, exceeded forty thousand a-year, and whose savings for the last thirty years must have been something enormous,) there would be some reason in his proceedings. Why, there are no less than four services of plate at Twaddledom Park, which have fallen into the old Lord from different branches of the family, and which I intend to have melted down and thrown into a service worth speaking of the moment the old Viscount makes a die of it—besides a gallery of pictures, for which he refused £70,000 from the Empress of Russia, and which I thought of offering for £50,000 to the National Gallery—(one ought to make some concession to one's country.) By the way, Girandole, you would do me a favour by discounting this little trifling bill of mine; drawn at two years, you see, by Clearemout of the Guards, with my acceptance, payable at Twaddledom Park."

"Why, really, Sir Harry, the enormous amount of the engagements into which I have already entered on your account"——

"My dear fellow, even with this, the whole does not amount to four thousand pounds;—and, as you well know, *you* are my only creditor. It is to keep out of tradesmen's books that I have made it a duty to take up this money."

"So you have always told me, Sir Harry,"

observed the Surrey sportsman, flattered at finding himself exempted from the common herd. "But, to say the truth, I *have* heard unpleasant rumours from some of the young men who frequent my house—I have heard that Lord Twaddledom's property is not entailed with the title; I have heard"——

"From Merton, perhaps?" cries Sir Harry, suspecting a brother whitewasher in a brother rake.

"Ah! dear no, sir—never heard a syllable from Mr Merton!—Mr Merton has no call to cry down other people's credit!—Mr Merton, sir, in spite of his apparent extravagance, pays as he goes, sir—on the nail, sir—ready money for everything, and twenty per cent. discount."

"Vulgar dog!" thought Sir Harry. "Well, then, my dear Girandole," he resumes aloud—"since it is not convenient to you to oblige me on this occasion, we'll say no more on the subject. Old Sapphire has long been pestering me with offers of accommodation. He works for my uncle, you know, and is more *au fait* to the state of my affairs than you are."

"Nay, sir—I am sure it would be most painful to my feelings to disoblige an old customer. I am willing to make a sacrifice for you; only, as I'm amazingly slack of money just now, I'm sorry to say, Sir Harry, I must trouble you to take three hundred of the thousand in goods; we'll say two hundred and twenty discount; and here is my cheque on Coutts for the remaining four hundred and eighty pounds!'"

Even the political world has its whitewashers. Lord Diddleham keeps a political register of the public life of his private friends; and Courtmob can quote the votes of every man of note on every notable question for the last thirty years. For it is the dirty policy of these men, whose political lubricity is as glaring as the tergiversation of the Times, (we live in,) to cry stop thief to deserters, redeeming their own sins by placing in evidence the backslidings of their brother Members. *They* know in what tone Sergeant Copley *talked* in 1820; in what spirit Lord Lyndhurst *speaks* in 1837. They can remind the world what Sir Francis thought of the Irish Church in 1807, and what he says of it in 1837. Having swallowed, on their own account, a whole herd of camels, they strain at a gnat, whenever others are known to trip. But the policy answers—the system works—hundreds of their Parliamentary brethren have been injured by their dirty diligence.

Be it remembered, that there is nothing more easy to assume than virtuous indignation. Be it remembered by these able actors, that the world, in general, is beginning to see through the shallow trick of WHITEWASHING.

SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER IN GERMANY.

THE Summer remembered is that of 1836; and the fair recorder is a young lady. We shall not presume to break in upon her incognita. Her *tour* was made leisurely and with some advantages. She travelled in company with Lady and Sir William Chatterton; and was "the fondly attached friend" of the former. The work, if somewhat superficial, is sprightly and elegant—sometimes brilliant, and never once tedious. The fair authoress glances briefly and lightly at the surfaces of those passing things which, in her magic mirror, are reflected back in a thousand fanciful forms and evanescent hues. She notices a hundred important trifles, on which only a woman's eye could have dwelt; and imparts to her slightest sketches a certain *style* and easy mistress-ship which no traveller of the other sex, whatever were his rank and breeding, could have attained. The work has, however, one ineradicable blemish. It must, we strongly suspect, have been submitted to the revision of BIDDY FUDGE, after she became a Pharisee; and that lady has accordingly stuck in, at the close of almost every lively description of the vain world—its shows and pomps, and its gayest denizens and doings—a few of the hackneyed sanctimonious phrases and cant commonplaces of what is miscalled piety. These harmonize as ill with its light, flimsy texture, as the "Old Hundred" psalm tune chanted at the close of the last-arranged Opera ballet. How would the reader approve of select paragraphs from "Hervey's Meditations" interspersed with the brilliant epistles of Lady Mary Wortley? We are the more persuaded that the piebald pious odds and ends have been stuck in by Biddy, from the circumstance that few or none of them appear in the table of contents, so agreeably diversified by bagatelles of all sorts. We would farther venture to say, that, whoever may have penned these, greatly misplaced, even when they are sober minded, reflections, must have learned their faith by a very rapid and sweeping process; and have certainly not been trained among the puritans. Now, it is not from indifference, but because we consider "true and undefiled religion" a matter of the most serious import, that we strongly object to this incongruous mixture of the tone of fashionable and frivolous society with the twang of the conventicle. We have great doubts if this be religion in its simple and genuine, and much less in its best and highest form; but none whatever that such indiscreet advocacy can never advance its best interests nor extend its empire. It is painful to say so much in disapprobation of a lively, entertaining, ephemeral work, which we have skimmed—skipping the embossed pious pieces—with great pleasure.

The "Souvenirs" commence at Cassel, and are continued to Brussels, Waterloo, and up the Rhine to Mayence. From thence the party went to Langen-Schwalbach, where they remained for some time before going on to Frankfort. The subject matter is of the most trivial kind; but

the manner of handling it is always easy, graceful, and attractive. As a specimen which, though not of the finest kind, will be gratifying to curiosity, we select the following description of Baron Rothschild's villa and gardens at Frankfort, which reads like a fairy-tale—of the nineteenth century, or paper-money age.

Nothing can surpass the luxury of the gardens. The house unites what are rarely found combined together—comfort and splendour; and has that inhabited look, the want of which makes the most splendidly-furnished palace undesirable, and effectually saves me at least from all temptation to break the tenth commandment. Perhaps one reason of the comfort of Baron Rothschild's villa is that the rooms are not very large, and the plan of the house compact. The walls are so covered with looking-glass, that you get quite puzzled at first. Two or three times I turned into a gallery or corridor, imagining one of our party was at the end, when I found that, like the dog crossing the stream, I was following the shadow, not the substance. Some of the rooms are fitted up with crimson and gold, others with white and silver, yellow, &c. and they are all luxurious beyond description.

There is an exquisite boudoir, the walls covered with arabesques, that is more like what you read of in an oriental tale than anything else, and the bed-rooms are of a piece with the rest. One would imagine they were only for show; but that here and there are symptoms of occupation. That next the boudoir I did think it impossible any one could profane to the vulgar purpose of sleeping in, until a recently-used night-lamp, some perfume bottles, brushes, and a morocco spectacle-case, lying about on the toilette-table, shewed the contrary.

The rooms were full of articles of lady's workmanship, such as foot-stools, sachets, sofa-pillows, screens, &c., done in that worsted tapestry so universal here, the rage for which has lately been transferred to the ladies of England. I never saw it in greater perfection or variety than in these rooms—there was embroidery on cloth, canvass, in gold and silver, floss silks, &c. One little round table-cover, embroidered on white velvet, and fringed with festoons of rough uncut coral, was the most elegant thing imaginable. This was in a bed-room!

The servant told us that all the beautiful work we saw was done by the hands of one lady—the lovely niece of the baron, who was married lately to the son of the London Rothschild, since dead. . . . . .

The gardens correspond with the house—*c'est tout dire!* They are exquisitely kept, and there are tents, temples, vine-covered walks, &c. &c. In one of these temples was a pamphlet lying open on a marble table. I looked into it, expecting to see a Hebrew document, when to my surprise I discovered it to be a Christian tract. . . . . .

The lake is very pretty, covered with swans and all sorts of water-fowl. The abodes of the latter are perfect bijoux, in the form of fairy Grecian temples, raised a foot over the water, with a little bridge going up into them. Some were at the edge of the lake, embowered in hydrangias, geraniums, and other beautiful flowers and shrubs ranged on platforms behind them. If I had lived in the days of the believers of Metempsychosis, how I should have longed to get into the body of one of those luxurious swans!

On our return from walking round the gardens, we saw a pretty girl, one of the maids, come out of the house, and call to something across the grass-plot. A graceful little animal of the gazelle species, with the full, soft, black eyes that have been sung by Childe Harold, came out of the underwood at her voice. It was very lame, and looked, poor little thing! rough in its coat and sickly. She began feeding it with greengage plums, which it ate voraciously, and we went up and inquired what was the matter.

"It was brought from America," said the girl, in the softest and most musical German I had heard since we have been in the country, "and now it has got the *Englische krankheit*."

"The *what?*" we exclaimed in dismay, at hearing of a malady peculiarly distinguished as the "English sickness."

"Ja, die Englische krankheit," continued the silver-tongued damsel, most gravely and pertinaciously, not in the least heeding the personal interest we had in the matter; "in the Englische krankheit, the bones get weak"—(we began to feel whether our own were not beginning already to totter)—"they melt away, and in seven years you are either cured, or else you die. Ja, ja! it is a very bad thing, the Englische krankheit."

"Very bad, indeed!" thought we poor Englanders as we wished good-by to the pretty maid, the sick gazelle, with his English disease, and his greengage plums.

A few more short paragraphs may give a tolerably perfect idea of the character of the work. An account of Schiller, which does not tell much, brings in Weimar, and the exterior of Goethe's dwelling, and is followed by matter as attractive, and, in books of travel, more novel:—

The quilts we had at Weimar were much the most luxurious pieces of nocturnal paraphernalia we had yet had in Germany. These *bette-decke*, as they are called, which are contrived to pay the double debt of blankets and counterpane, are very comfortable affairs, wadded and quilted most delightfully. Here they were as pretty to look at as pleasant to feel, being made of green and rose-coloured satins, and light and warm to perfection. Next to a bath of Schlangenbad water, was the luxurious sensation of reposing beneath one of these very picturesque counterpanes. . . . . .

Hösen, between Eckhardtsberge and Naumburg, is a prettily situated little town, and the salt works, as we descended the hill leading into it, formed a conspicuous and striking feature. But the peculiarity of this place, and one which kept us laughing at the recollection for nearly a mile after we left it, was the windows in the roofs of the houses. They are shaped exactly like eyes; the tiles swell up gradually like a lid above and below, elongating towards the end, and in the oval space between, there twinkles the little bright window pane, just in the place of the pupil.

It was, in fact, as exact a model of the human eye as could be made out of such materials. I never saw anything so funny. The whole village had an *éveillé*, Argus-like look that was irresistibly droll—all the houses laughing, and blinking, and peeping at us as we drove in. The shape being long, and the lower lid rather straight, gave them a sly, sleepy, half-closed expression, and withal a look of fun and merriment, as if the house were "holding its sides" with laughter. Sometimes we came to a great cyclops-building, with its one staring optic in the middle of the roof, and then appeared a comical, intelligent-looking thing, with a pair that twinkled and screwed themselves up at us as we passed in the most provoking and impertinent manner possible. It was really too bad.

When our traveller had gone farther into Saxony, she found those eye-shaped windows common; but this setting down of every novelty on the instant, and at first sight, has its advantages. Save what is picked up in hotels, lodging-houses, and at tables-d'hôtes, it is rare for English travellers to obtain any knowledge of the interior structure of society—though there is, besides the above, shops, theatres, churches, and picture galleries in which to pry. The party of the author of the "Souvenirs" was no exception; yet once the author made her way into a genuine German establishment. When at Dresden, she bought a dress, and, requiring it to be made up, found to "her astonishment" that, as in the

country parts of Ireland and Scotland some half-century ago, there were only men dressmakers. No female mantua-maker had ever been heard of. No one imagined that a woman was capable of making a gown; and English prudery at last gave way before the dread of spoiled materials, and indeed the impossibility of finding either a maker or fitter of the soft sex.

This bad news drove me home in despair. On my way back to the Stadt Wien I recollected how often I had seen written up on the shops, "Herren-Schneider," and "Damen-Schneider," (gentleman's tailor, and lady's tailor,) I never had thought of asking what the latter meant. Now the mystery was explained—I could not say satisfactorily.

Next morning was cold and sharp, as our autumnal mornings are beginning now to be. I looked at my warm, comfortable, unmade garment, and at the pile of tailors' address cards on the table; it was too bad to shiver in the midst of plenty.

After breakfast, partly from a lingering hope of finding a woman in the establishment—partly from the spirit of adventure and a real curiosity to see one of these male dress-makers performing his functions—I resolved to pay one a visit. Franz Heyse had a *Jun.* after his name, which did not look so well; so I chose the Herr Reiche, and started off for the Schlossgasse, accompanied by our *femme de chambre*, who had likewise attended my peregrinations of the preceding day.

We found the number with some little difficulty, and there on a black board was painted, "F. Reiche, Kleidermacher fur Damen, 4 Treppen," (F. Reiche, dress-maker for ladies, 4th story.)

The streets of Dresden are dark enough certes, but tenfold darker was the sort of hall in which we found ourselves on leaving the open air for an ascent to Mr Reiche's premises. At first we could see nothing; but, after a few minutes, when my eyes became accustomed to the place, I distinguished by the faint glimmer the foot of an excessively dirty flight of winding stairs. Nothing daunted, however, by the uninviting prospect, I led the way boldly, and groped up to one, two, three, four landings. On the fourth, at the left-hand side, was an open door, and there they were, all the *Damenschneiders*, hard at work at a table covered with silks and satins, cutting and stitching away pelisses, petticoats, and pelerines. They were not perched aloft in the cross-legged tailor fashion—but seated round the table as soberly and demurely as the same number of notable young damsels serving their time to the trade.

As I saw no symptoms of woman-kind here, except what was in the hands of the men sempstresses, I was going to retrace my steps down stairs, when I heard a child cry in another room. An infant and a woman are seldom very far apart one from the other, so I knocked at the door, and it was opened, as I expected, by Madame Reiche herself.

"Ah, how unlucky!" she said—"my husband is out."

"How very lucky!" thought I, and I immediately proceeded to endeavour to enlist her services. I was the more anxious to succeed in this, from the view I got of a dress lying on the table, so admirably made, that it impressed me with the highest idea of the talents of the house of Reiche.

But madame declared *she* knew nothing about the matter; her "mann" was the person.

"Surely, though, you can take directions—you can do something?"

No; the invariable answer to every question was, "Wenn mein mann kommt," (when my man comes;) and she kept on about "mein mann, mein mann," never dreaming that the said "mann" was the very thing I wanted to avoid.

While I was trying to persuade her that she *must* know how to make ladies' dresses—(the poor woman I verily believe had never threaded a needle)—the door opened, and in walked Herr Reiche. He took it for granted I must be a customer, and, unfurling a roll of paper patterns, commenced an eloquent descant on fashions and novelties, discoursing so learnedly on the various technicalities of trimmings and pipings, folds and bands, that I was far too much amused to interrupt him.

When, at length, he drew bridle, I stated my difficulties, and was quite surprised to find the man enter at once into my British scruples and prejudices.

"I have keine mädchen," (no maidens,) he replied. "But that is nothing. If you will let me have a dress that fits, you shall have yours made without any further inconvenience."

Men certainly excel in everything they undertake, no matter what it is. I always thought so, and now the opinion is confirmed. No woman ever sent me home so well made a garment as that which arrived from Herr Reiche this morning, to say nothing of being spared the endless annoyances of trying on, alterations, &c. &c.

This is a flattering opinion, which the fair traveller often expresses or insinuates in behalf of the bearded. We leave her to settle it with Miss Martineau and the Quakers. She is much more tolerant of the universal practice of Germany, smoking, than other lady travellers; and, though she does conceive it necessary to launch a few random arrows at "the filthy practice," she is candid enough to confess that the ladies of Germany probably feel no repugnance to it whatever. In the smoking of their fathers, brothers, lovers, and husbands, finding nothing disagreeable, they have really nothing to endure or forgive, and, therefore, require none of the commiseration which Mrs Trollope has shewn them.

Our traveller is sociable and good-humoured; and heartily enjoys the ease, variety, freedom, and courtesy of the tables-d'hôte. That of the *Stadt Wein* at Dresden, which her party frequented, is a favourable specimen of such fortuitous assemblages:—

We have never met with so lively a table-d'hôte as at the Stadt Wien at Dresden. Probably from its being a place where every one made a certain stay, people had time to become better acquainted.

Our salon there was next the dining-room, and before we went in, after the preliminary flourishes from the orchestra had announced that operations were about to commence, we could hear the scraping and sliding on the floor of the various guests greeting each other. Every one had been to see something in the morning, and there was great comparing of notes and mutual inquiries. It was easy to know that sight-seeing—and beautiful sight-seeing too—was the order of the day at Dresden. I used to be amused at all the "sehr hubsch!" and "sehr schön!" and "wunderbar!" and "vortrefflich!" ("very pretty!"—"very beautiful!—"wonderful!"—"excellent!") that issued from every mouth in turn round the table.

Sometimes a traveller had just arrived from the Saxon Switzerland, and then there were so many inquiries as to what he had seen, and whether he had been pleased. Sometimes a party was starting for it, and then ensued hopes for fine weather, and kind hints about what was best worth seeing, and friendly endeavours to put them in the way of being most gratified.

I was greatly struck with this good-natured interest—this entering into the pleasures and disappointments of others, on one occasion.

The first week or ten days we were at the Stadt Wien, we remarked an interesting-looking young man, with black mustachios, who sat a little way from us. He was, I believe, a Prussian. We never happened to speak to him, but we met at the picture-gallery and elsewhere, and there was a sort of silent recognition between us. With the people at his side of the table, he was, of course, intimate, as usual. He departed; and, one day, shortly

many a Liberal candidate, during the last general election, has been induced to come forward by false promises or by over-persuasion, when not the slightest chance existed for his election? And how many a Tory candidate has been brought into the field, when four-fifths of the votes had been previously promised—merely for the sake of having a contested election, and of causing all parties to spend, in favours and treating, many thousands of pounds? This is the only way of accounting for some of the most absurd election poll lists during the late contest. Look at the *Finsbury election*. Poor Percival had not the *most remote chance;* and yet he was induced, over-persuaded, to become a candidate. Look at the *Southwark Election*. Was not the same fact observable there? The election of the Liberal candidates admitted of no doubt; and yet that most extraordinary being, Mr Richards of Knaresborough, was persuaded into the belief, that he could contest with good chance of success that Metropolitan borough.

This determination on the part of the electors in many boroughs and districts in England, to have a *third* candidate, and to cajole that candidate into a belief, that he had some chances of success, is the most unprincipled and heartless act of electioneering jobbing. The agents in these matters know as well as that their names are Smith, or Jones, that there is not the most remote possibility for the return of the *third* man; but, that money may be spent, coaches hired, taverns kept open, and scenes of tumult and disorder take place, he is sought out, entreated, persuaded, robbed, and made a fool of. Whenever such a great disparity is observable in the numbers of the votes for the Liberal, or for the Tory candidates, as is to be remarked in some elections, it may, in nine cases out of ten, be imputable to the fact, that the third candidate was brought forward to be a *plucked bird*. Nothing of this sort occurs in France. Long before the day of election, the candidates can tell if they have no chance at all; and, if they persevere in their candidateship, it is simply because they are resolved on hoisting a standard of opposition.

But let us advance a step further. As the canvass proceeds, there are no election squibs—no libels—no placards injurious to the private or public character of the candidates—and no falsehoods issued from the press of the other party, for the express purpose of appealing to the prejudices of the bigoted or narrow-minded portion of the electoral body. The MIDDLESEX ELECTION was lost by Mr Hume, because the Wesleyan Methodists, and a portion of the Dissenters, voted against him. *Why* did they so vote? Because they were made to believe that Mr Hume was an Athiest, or a Deist, or a Freethinker, and that he was wholly indifferent to the progress of Christianity, and an unbeliever in the great fact of a written revelation. Now, though this was a serious and an AWFUL LIE, yet it succeeded; and all other explanations of the loss of that election may be treated as spurious and absurd. Mr Byng was at the head of the poll from gratitude. Captain Wood was second, because the lie against Mr Hume was believed—and Mr Pownall and that gentleman were neck and neck together, because Mr Pownall came forward as the candidate of the evangelical party in the Church of England.

In France, this lie would *not* have been propagated, or, if any one had attempted to have imposed it on the credulity of the electoral body, it would have been immediately met and refuted, and would not have influenced the election. The terrible placard which was issued against Mr Duncombe, could not be published in France; that is to say, no one would dream of resorting to so scoundrelly a proceeding; and the party who did so would at once lose his election.

When the day approaches in France for the election, all agitation ceases, even if any small portion shall previously have been excited. Every man has made up his mind to the course he shall pursue. As his vote is secret, it cannot be worth purchasing; for the honest man would not sell it, and the dishonest man would sell it to one and vote for another. The Government fixes the day for every election throughout France. This I think far preferable to the local fixing of district officers. I am by no means friendly to the undue exertion of influence or of patronage by the Government, in electioneering matters; but it is, in my opinion, far better, that the Government should decide the hour and the place at which the election should occur, than that it should be left to local caprice, or the party bias of the returning officer.

The day of the election has at last arrived—and what do we see? Hustings? No! Banners, flags, and bands of music? No! Mobs of armed bludgeon men, as at the election of North Wiltshire, headed by a parliamentary agent, who acted for GROTE in London, and for DUNCOMBE at Finsbury—and then (beautiful consistency, and delightful disinterestedness!) for Burdett and the Tories? No! Do we see open taverns and public houses? No! Do we see public men insulted, whose private virtues as well as whose patriotism ought to have been a sufficient shield against the smallest attempt to degrade or annoy them? No! Do we see vegetables, rotten eggs, mud, and filth, thrown at the candidates whose opinions are not approved, or whose votes may not have been popular? No! Do we see such a man as Mr Hume, or even such a man as Sir George Murray, (for the Conservative is as much to be protected as the Reformer,) bespattered with mud and filth at the moment of attempting to address the multitude; or such men as Mr Paul Methuen and Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey actually wounded in their feet or arms by political assassins? No, no! Such scenes as these never take place in France.

The French have read the recital of some of the election scenes in England with disgust and dismay. They have said in their journals, and they have said in their saloons, in their political circles, and in their private families—"Well, if this be the representative system, may God in his mercy keep us strangers to it!" And yet the French are an excitable people, whilst the English are the reverse. It takes only a glass of champagne to disturb the centre of gravity of a Frenchman; whilst the Englishman can swallow a bottle of port and a bowl of punch before he thinks of being merry. And yet at a contested election the Frenchman preserves his calmness, dignity, and self-possession, and feels that the vote he gives may decide the election of a deputy, whose vote in his turn may decide, if not the destinies of his country, at least the progress of improvement and civilisation, or a return to old systems and old and exploded principles.

The day of an election is *not*, even in a small town or district, a gayer or a more bustling day than the rest. In the course of the day, the voters proceed to their district places of meeting, (according to the district to which they belong,) and there depose, in an electoral urn, their secret and unknown vote. At the places of voting there are no solicitations, no entreaties, no speeches, no promises, no prayers, no circulation of hand-bills; nothing is said by the agents or friends of candidates; objections to votes are made, discussed, and decided on *instanter*, subject to appeal, if necessary, to the Chamber of Deputies; and, when the ballot closes, the votes are simply counted, and the result announced. There are no huzzas, no cheerings, no returning of thanks; no processions, so dangerous to the peace of the town, and so destructive of the independence of the electoral body: but the electors are officially apprised of the result; and for FIVE YEARS more, the electors return to those hearths and homes which they have only left for a moment, to deposit in the electoral urn the result of their convictions and of their desires.

Preparatory to the election of deputies, the electors meet, however, to select the individuals who are (from among their number) to act as presidents, secretaries, and scrutineers during the election. Generally speaking, the result of this preliminary measure, supplies a tolerably accurate idea of the determination of the electors as to the candidates for the deputation. But sometimes this is *not* the case; as electors may omit to attend this first ballot, who, when the real question of the deputies to be returned has to be decided, do not fail to be present.

The question of the BALLOT now naturally presents

itself to our consideration. But who can hope to add anything to the annual and masterly arguments of Mr Grote? On one point alone can I dare to attempt suggesting anything to his admirable and convincing statements. That point is, the working, the successful working of the BALLOT in France. It has often been said with great truth, in favour of Christianity, that no one who had believed its doctrines, and had been influenced by its sublime morals in his intercourse with his fellow creatures, and in his communion with God during his life, had ever been known, at the moment of death, to say, "I regret that I have have been a Christian!" Now, that which is so true of Christianity, is equally true, though in a different and less important degree, of the BALLOT in France. We have now made a long experiment; and who are those who object to it? NONE BUT THE LEGITIMISTS! All classes, and all divisions of the Liberal party in France, delight in its principle, and admire its workings. The Legitimists alone object to it; and why? The Legitimists have found the BALLOT destructive of their influence, and decisive against their system; and why?—Because the Legitimists are either priest-ridden, on the one hand, or are large landed proprietors, on the other hand. If the system of voting as in England were in operation in France, the large landed proprietors would be able to secure the votes of their tenants; or, at least, to induce them to abstain from attending at the elections. As in England so in France, society requires to be protected against the injurious influence of its own egotism, and its own cupidity. The Legitimists would not so protect it. They would be able to profit from both; and, aware that they would so be able, they desire the change of the system. The *Gazette de France* is constantly attacking the system of the *Ballot*; it would have the poll-books opened, and would bring the influence of the Romish clergy to bear upon the elections. This influence, in France, would be unfavourable to the cause of freedom. To deny this would be false and wicked. The Romish clergy in France are, ninety-nine out of every hundred, attached to the fallen dynasty, and to the counter-revolution. Educated in an aversion to free institutions—kept by their monastic laws from the civilizing and liberal influences of female society—and brought up in a bigoted attachment to whatever is ancient, however erroneous—the Romish clergy in France are nearly all Legitimists. When, then, the Legitimist party asks for the repeal of the *Ballot*, and the establishment of *polling*, it does so because the Roman Catholic priests might, by attending at the poll, by preaching from the pulpit, and by their influence in the confessional, secure a great, an immense number of votes to the Legitimist candidates. But, whilst the *Ballot* is in force, this priestly influence cannot prevail. The votes of the electors are not known, and cannot be by the priest, so long as the electors think fit to keep their own secret.

If *polling* instead of balloting were adopted, the child of the elector who voted against the Legitimist candidate would be retarded by the priest in his reception of the *first communion*; the wife of the offending elector would not obtain absolution at the confessional, without months of penances and holocausts of sacrifices; and marriages would have to be deferred, and extreme unction would be refused, and family arrangements would be put out, because the offended priest would throw every impediment in the way of those whose fathers or husbands had voted contrary to his wishes. This is no ideal picture—these are no imaginary evils, got up to suit the argument I am conducting. The influence of the priesthood in France is all injurious to liberal institutions and to the constitutional system; and we have nothing to oppose to it but the BALLOT. No wonder then that the *Gazette de France* should call it "Anti-French!" and should labour to convince the electoral body, that secrecy is unworthy of the character for ingenuousness and vivacity which belongs to the French nation! The BALLOT kills the Legitimists, as it would destroy the Oligarchy in England.

Connected with this question of the BALLOT, there is also another topic, to which I must refer—and that is to the DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS in France. Our Parliaments are FIVE YEARS' PARLIAMENTS—and even they are felt to be too long. For this reason they never last longer than FOUR YEARS or four Sessions. We had a general election in 1830, another in 1834; and another will take place either at the close of this year, or at the beginning of the next. These repeated appeals to the electoral body are felt, by the Government, as well as by public opinion, to be essential; and they are made (by the means of the BALLOT) without convulsion, and without difficulty. Now, though I am sincerely convinced that TRIENNIAL PARLIAMENTS are the most desirable for Great Britain, I have a very strong feeling, indeed, upon one point, and that is,

"NO TRIENNIAL PARLIAMENTS WITHOUT THE BALLOT."

The influence of WEALTH in Great Britain is an undue and distressing influence. Wealth, like every other talent, ought to be represented. But there are other "capacities," besides those of bank notes. I would not like to see a House of Commons composed *entirely* of philosophers, of literary men, of men of science, of artists, or of poets. But I see no reason why the aristocracy of wealth should be more confided in, or be better looked upon, than the aristocracy of talent, of virtue, of knowledge, and of intellectual power. The loss by Dr Bowring of his election at Kilmarnock, has annoyed me much more than the failure of Paul Methuen in North Wiltshire. Now, thank God! we yet live in times, when, in spite of all the corruption which exists in the world, literary men and philosophers are still poor! The road to science is not the road to wealth; and poverty and knowledge have long been bedfellows. If, when poverty comes in at the door, love, (in some sorry establishments,) flies out at the window, this is *not* the case with knowledge and virtue. Now, then, let me apply this! In spite of your Reform Bill, electioneering is dear work. Sir Francis Burdett's election in Wiltshire has cost him more than eight thousand pounds!!—much more than all the contested elections all over France would cost at a general election. Such expenses as these, honest men and able men are unable to sustain, at any rate, every THREE YEARS. Even their friends cannot raise money enough by SUBSCRIPTIONS to meet such expenditures as two or three thousand pounds, if the parliaments are often dissolved. TRIENNIAL ELECTIONS WITHOUT THE BALLOT, would only be beneficial to the aristocracy of wealth, to noblemen, large landed proprietors, immense capitalists, and wealthy bankers. Mr Duncombe, the Member for Finsbury, has, it is said, an income of about £2000 per annum. How could he afford the charge of a contested election every three years, whilst the polling system continued? Dr Bowring is not a rich man; and is not ashamed to own it. He earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—and he earns it well. How can he afford to meet even the unavoidable expenses of a contested election every three years at Kilmarnock?

Look at the case of Daniel Whittle Harvey. Does he not labour at *The True Sun*, heart and soul, and keep alive a daily journal for the Radical party? How could Daniel Whittle Harvey maintain his position in society, if every three years he had to meet the Knaresborough Richards at the polling-booth, and pay election expenses? The thing would be *impossible*. And how could Wakley afford it? and how could Bulwer afford it? I do not say this disparagingly, but quite the reverse. And not only so, but even now, though the elections are every five, or six, or seven years in England, how many men of patriotism, character, honour, virtue, and talent are kept out of Parliament, simply because they have not the funds *to spare* for the expenses of electioneering contests? and how much more would this be the case if the elections were *triennial*, and yet the same expenses had to be defrayed?

For be it remembered that *all* the important and really ruinous expenses of electioneering contests in every part of Great Britain are those which would be done away by the establishment of the BALLOT. The moment every vote was free, there would be no use appeal.

ing to the cupidity of an elector. Bribery would be out of the question. Even Lord L—— would not bribe a man, where he could not assure himself, "*à la Thomas*," of the vote he had purchased. Establish the system of voting by BALLOT, and *then, but not till then*, call for Short Parliaments.

I am very anxious that there should be *no mistake* upon this point, because a portion of the Liberal party in England is favourable to *Triennial Parliaments* and unfavourable to the Ballot. They say, "We do not like the Ballot—it is un-English. John Bull likes everything open. He likes nothing sly and underhand. We are for short Parliaments; but for the present mode of voting." I have heard this language even from English electors of the right sort, many times, during the last few months; and it is therefore that I call your attention to the subject. If Parliaments should be shortened without the establishment of the *Ballot*, none would gain by the measure but wealthy men. If the Ballot should be established, without the shortening of Parliaments, the Liberal party might still be able to cope with the aristocracy of family and of wealth. But, if Parliament should be shortened *without* the establishment of the *Ballot*, nothing but money would have the mastery; and he who had the largest fortune, would, in the end, be certain of success. The Liberals would *not* be able to consume the wealth of the aristocracy, by repeated elections, so long as *polling* continued to be the mode of voting; but the aristocracy would defeat the Liberal party by short Parliaments without the Ballot.

And now to return to France, and to French elections.

When the election is over, the returns are transmitted to the Government, and, by the Government, are deposited at the Chambers. At the meeting of the new Parliament, the election of each Deputy is gone into; the qualifications of the Members are examined; the petitions, if there are any, against the elections, are read and investigated; but with promptitude, and at no expense. All evidence is documentary, and, when oral, is taken before the authorities on the spot. There are no expenses *at* contested elections, and no expenses *about* contested returns. This is so much a matter of course in France, and it is looked on so much as an affair of principle, that Deputies should not pay anything for their seats, that even lately, when the electors of a certain district applied to a gentleman whom they thought eminently qualified to serve them, to become a candidate, he replied, "I am in business; my business is profitable. I cannot lose my time for nothing, for I have a large family; so, if you wish me to be your Deputy—and, if you wish me to take away my time from my business and family, you must pay me for it." The suggestion excited no astonishment, though, I believe, the offer was *not* accepted.

In France, the whole of the objections to RETURNS are decided by the Chamber of Deputies *in a very few days*. There is no such thing here as the ruinous expenditure attendant on SCRUTINIES and CONTESTED ELECTIONS before committees of the House of Commons.

I do not wonder that Mr Grote should prefer accepting the *Chiltern Hundreds*, to incurring the monstrous expenses of election committees in the House of which he is a member.

When the Chamber of Deputies has decided on the validity of an election, and has examined the "qualification" of the member elected, (all of which does not take, in ordinary cases, half-an-hour,) his admission is pronounced —he takes the oath of allegiance, and is a Deputy for five years. In England, the *qualifications* of Members of the House of Commons are not looked to. This is a great evil. Frauds of various descriptions are perpetrated; and, whilst many an honest Liberal will not become a candidate, because he knows his landed qualification is in value a little below what it should be according to law, his less conscientious neighbour of opposite principles, will take his "Custom House oath," and swear roundly to his three hundred a-year landed property.

I have conducted you thus from the *embryo* deputy, to the deputy in reality—from the first to the last stage of an electioneering contest—and I think you must admit that "*we manage these things better in France.*"

The REFORM BILL was a vast measure; but it was *only* a measure—it was *not* a system. It was a portion of a great plan, but it was *not* the *whole* of it. The elections which have just terminated, must surely have convinced every one who has the welfare of his country at heart, that the Reform Bill must be followed up by the BALLOT, and by Short Parliaments, and that then, and not till then, can the contrast between England and France be favourable to the former country.—I am, my dear Tait, very faithfully yours,

O. P. Q.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Colonel Charles Shaw; comprising a Narrative of the War in Portugal and Spain.

WE may honestly confess, at the outset, that we have neither time nor space to do even the barest justice to Colonel Shaw's work. To assist as a sort of finger-post, shewing the name painted, and directing the way to it, is all we can attempt. Colonel Shaw's share in the war for liberty in the Peninsula is already the subject of contemporary history. He has himself given it again in detail, as written in haste and off-hand to his relatives in England, from the camp, the field, and the bivouac. No better form could have been chosen. The narrative, if desultory and broken, has the warmth and animation of actual life.

Colonel Shaw displays a want of literary skill in placing the least interesting materials first in his book. The peace left him a young half-pay lieutenant, amusing himself with shooting, and fishing, and attending the lectures of the Edinburgh Professors; while some vague notions of liberty, imbibed among the students of Gottingen and Brunswick, were already fermenting in his mind. His picture of Scottish society at this period is tolerably accurate as well as amusing; and it marks an epoch and a state of things which can never recur. The old feelings are put to the rout—the old confederacies for ever broken up.

Society in Scotland was, at this time, in a most extraordinary state. Many *militaires* had, with their families, returned to settle in their native country. They had come from countries in which they had been aristocrats. On their return to Edinburgh, they found the bodies of society composed of men who, from their contracted habits of thought and want of foreign travel, did not inspire them with that respect which the native townsmen had so readily yielded. The new comers, therefore, entered into opposition. This is not to be wondered at. Patronage and jobbing, not merit and talent, were then the order of the day. Two families* rode, rough-shod, over the country. To be connected with or patronized by either of these, was to obtain anything; to be unknown to, or unbefriended by them, was tantamount to exclusion from all the good things laid out on the table of Scotland. To such an extent was this carried, that a promise from one of them was jocularly said not to be a *hope* but a certainty. The magistrates were all partisans. To administer what was called justice, was merely to advance private interest and family clanship. I used to be amused at this time in attending the public

* The Hopes and Dundasses?—*E. T. M.*

balls and meetings in Edinburgh. A public ball was in those days a rich treat. Even dances were arranged according to party spirit. In a corner of the room you saw the parties adjusting themselves, with as much nicety as Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals arrange themselves in the House of Commons. Should a stranger to the gang present himself, or presume to seek a partner amidst this exclusive and narrow-minded *clique*, the old dancing portion of "vested interests" and "ancient abuses" would bridle themselves up with superlative disdain, and shrink away, as if those bold intruders would infect them with cholera. The next quadrille would be composed of their "hangers on," quite as rude as "their betters;" in short, there was a regular gradation of insolence, according to the old feudal system. This was most disagreeable to the ladies of the military men, who would not tolerate such rudeness. They instilled revenge into their husbands and brothers, who now began at public meetings to speak out their opinions. Some clever public-spirited men of Edinburgh of independent feelings since the attack had commenced, came up as a reserve; and an outpost affair began, with much noise and little effect. The picture of Edinburgh was the type of every city and petty town in Scotland. Every burgh was under the protection of some nobleman or laird, who could very easily ruin any native opponent; but "citizens of the world" could not permit this, and towns became inhabited by a class of people who had no idea of returning to the feudal system.

Colonel Shaw is right in the main; though he attributes to the *militaires* or their ladies what a philosopher would attribute to the *schoolmaster* and the *printer*. Yet the ball-room might be an auxiliary of the workshop and the newspaper club; and he is quite correct in stating that "Every shop in Scotland had now in it the seed of opposition to the old feudality." Clever and spirited newspapers were published, and speedily read by the opposition, which soon acquired numbers, union, and strength.

At this time, Captain Shaw became a wine-merchant in Leith; and found more congenial occupation in drilling and commanding a corps of sharpshooters, called into existence by the impending horrors of the Radical war. Those of our readers who have of late seen so much of the doughty Edinburgh Volunteer and Yeomanry corps, in the memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, will be amused at another aspect of the same heroic bodies.

In France, when Colonel Shaw told the anecdote of a supreme judge acting as a military commander, his auditors would hardly give credit to the gross indecency of this union of functions.

The event which led Colonel Shaw to leave Edinburgh is already well-known there, and is of little consequence anywhere else. It is enough that it redounded to his honour, though, at the moment, it seemed fatal to his interests. He gave up business, and made a long and extensive pedestrian tour on the Continent. A man sees much more who journeys in this way, than one who travels through Europe in a post-chaise. The narrative of the tour is lively and piquant, from the circumstance of the writer, in simple good faith, speaking of almost every place or scene, as if his own were the first English eyes that had ever rested upon it, and his the first pen that had ever described it. In this respect, Shaw's notes are as unique as "Coryatt's Crudities." On returning to England, from this wandering and exploring expedition, (the fittest possible training for Peninsular campaigning,) Colonel Shaw settled at Richmond, and, by a series of accidents, found himself at the head of a body of recruits, *volunteers* for Don Pedro, and in the roads of Belle Isle. It is now that the interest of his narrative commences, and exactly where we must drop it. He was remarkably well adapted to the irregular service in which he had embarked, which required not only the ordinary qualifications of a good regimental officer, but activity, vigilance, and the judicious tempering of strict discipline, with allowance and indulgence. Colonel Shaw seems also to have possessed the greatest art of a commander, in inspiring his soldiers with confidence in their leader. They soon felt that he was their friend, and that he treated them with kindness and impartial justice, and shewed no more strictness than was necessary to good discipline; nor any of those martinet caprices and interferences, by which soldiers are more irritated and alienated than by the severest hardships and privations they are necessarily called upon to endure. He contrived to keep up the discipline of his unruly squad almost without flogging.

The form of a great part of the narrative, which is that of letters to brothers at home, and to a mother to whom Colonel Shaw appears a most devoted son, gives singular freedom to the tone of the composition, and admission to many pathetic scenes, and also to much rare fun, which could never have found a way into grave history or formal despatches. It is war, not on the stage alone, but behind the scenes; and the part usually concealed is the best of it.

With Colonel Shaw's grievances, and good causes of grievance, we shall not intermeddle. His resignation was more from reasons personal than patriotic; but he owed no allegiance to Spain, nor, from what appears, much gratitude to "the gallant member for Westminster." Neither has he had much reason to envy his successors their laurels. Independently of the other merits and interests of this work, if we were Quakers, wishing to give a striking picture of the misery, hardship, and demoralizing effects of war and *soldiering*, we should glean largely from its pages. These anecdotes are incidentally and lightly given, in the tone of a soldier familiar with such scenes, and feeling that his time may come next day, must come some day soon. Besides his military qualities, Colonel Shaw displays, in his correspondence, as much humanity and genuine kind-heartedness as would have gone a prodigious way in the formal biography of some grave civilian. Scamps, scape-graces, unfortunate lads, youths of "the uneasy class," candidates for glory and some small pay, appear to have been consigned or recommended to him by wholesale; and it is quite delightful to hear, by accident, of his attempts to reclaim the profligate, relieve the destitute, give merit its due, and another fair chance to the poor thoughtless sinner. He speaks handsomely and generously of his British companions in arms, and magnanimously of the Portuguese, which, in their allies, is, we think, a rarer virtue. As a brief specimen of the book, we shall give part of the account of a desperate skirmish, in which the English suffered severely. Colonel Shaw himself had been wounded and stunned early in the action; but he crawled back to the garden where his party was posted.

I found that I was weaker than I thought, and scarcely able to go down to my old place; but luckily I met Captain Mitchell, who, from another part, had been driven into the battery above the garden, after getting three wounds. That brave young fellow Woolridge, of whom I have so often spoken, volunteered to go down, although knowing it almost certain death; and I remained to take charge of this Yellow House Battery. I found the whole front of my position covered with advancing troops; and at this moment the enemy, in overwhelming force, drove the French on our right, and brought up artillery in front of me, which annoyed us, and protected the advance of their men. Although I had the wall well lined, I really thought the day lost, especially on seeing a reinforcement of about 3000 coming down to the enemy, who were now fighting hand to hand in the house and garden below. I had my left arm in a sling; when at this moment a spent ball gave me a sharp blow on the shoulder, which was followed by a round shot banging the stones of the dike, behind which we were firing, against my side. I got sickish, which relieved me; or rather the excitement of the advance of the 3000 men put me in good spirits. My whole attention was at this moment turned to make the men fire at them, when I saw our poor fellows coming in wounded, and Woolridge the last of all, dragging his leg broken by a musket ball, but not retiring until his ammunition was expended. Colonel Burell was now killed, Captains Cherock and Mitchell badly wounded, and our two volunteers regularly smashed; and I now found myself with Mr Burton with the colours, having despatched the adjutant to a battery, where he instantly got four wounds.

He goes on to relate, that, in a closer *tulzie* with a handful of Miguelites, he gave an immense fellow a smash in the face with a stone, when—

Poor Burton ran after me, laughing, and was leaning

to smash a fellow, with a big stone in his right hand and the colours in his left, when another of the enemy put his musket to his breast and shot him instantly dead. While I was dragging the colours from under him, a Portuguese sergeant kept throwing the wall down upon the enemy. They got out of shot by keeping close below the wall; but we pitched stones to make them shew themselves; and, when they did so, they were instantly shot dead. Seventeen of them bit the dust in this little spot. Every man of ours was either killed, wounded, or had his cap or clothes torn with shot. I myself got a very slight scratch on the left eyebrow.

We shall omit the details of the action. The *moral*, he after scene, is our object.

We drove the enemy out, and at five, I found myself on the same spot where I had been knocked down at seven. I was now in some measure maddened at the atrocities of the Miguelites, and made such of them as we had taken prisoners get up with my sword, and limp (for they were all wounded) to the rear. The shocking way in which they had cut up some of my young fellows, was enough to unhumanize one. I tried twice to charge out of the garden, to get into the road, but without success; at last, the third time I managed it, getting a spent ball on the stomach, and a sharp graze on the left thumb-nail, which gave me great pain.

They drove the enemy from the ground, and made prisoners, and now

It was a complete rout, the excitement was over, and I am ignorant of what occurred, as the next time I came to recollection, I was lying on a bed, with fresh clothes on me, and so well, that I wrote a few lines that night. I exerted myself—went down to barracks—*found only one officer not killed or wounded*—placed the remnant in their old position—returned to my old quarters, was put to bed. I awakened about eight o'clock on Sunday morning as from a dream—the stiffness of my wounds convinced me of the reality. I got up, went down to the barracks, and arranged the poor fellows for prayers. I began, but my feelings overpowered me. How different from yesterday morning! then so clean, and double the number! Now their faces covered with powder, and their clothes or belts bespattered either with their own blood or that of their comrades, my own arm in a sling, and my voice shaking from nervousness. I ordered a large hole to be dug in the garden, the seat of their glory; and then the dead were put in as we found them, their faces covered with vine-leaves. Their career was thus finished..... Staunton was to me a sad loss. I felt desolate. Burell came, and we took to each other. He too is gone. I have no one to open my mind to, save Hodges, and he, like myself, has much to suffer. Here is a nice brute of a pug-dog comes to the bed, and licks my hand so kindly as almost to make me cry.

We shall give but one more of those tales of the cost of war:—

I have, or rather had, two brothers as officers—the one brother so proud of the other! As one brother was putting down the men's heads beside his brother, his brains were scattered about us. The brother saw it, but never said a word, and was only the more active. I carried the fine, comely fellow behind the house, where he died in a few minutes, without a change in his handsome countenance. I returned, and shook hands with the elder brother, who understood me. At this moment, he bounded up in the air, fell back on the ground, screaming, with his hand at his breast. I saw he was not killed; but when I was getting him behind the house, I recollected his brother was there. I tried to throw some branches over his body, but could not cover him. The sight seemed to revive the brother; and you may imagine my delight to find the ball had broken his large knife, but had not penetrated far. I was so happy! He went back to the fire, still tremendous, and we gave three cheers for his return. At this time, poor Lawrie was bravely running about, giving flints out of a mess tin. I thought he would catch it; and he did so, through the neck, and was carried off, leaving me nearly, as on the 29th, without an officer. Poor —— got a second shot through the shoulder; but still he would not leave the field. . . . . You may tell my mother and sisters it has been a glorious day for me as a soldier. You would laugh at the compliments I have already had paid me. The Emperor and the Marshal, and all the staff, were witnesses, at a short distance, of the charge. Every one calls me so and so; but I tell you the secret—I had studied the ground; and, if I had died for it, I was resolved to separate myself at all hazards from the general herd here. The scene at the funeral of my fine young fellow with his brave brother, has lifted me up beyond common feeling. It is a lesson to value things in this world as dirt.

Dr Granville's Spas of Germany.

These elegant and highly embellished volumes are a proof of the *style* with which all appliances are now furnished to the luxurious classes of wealthy England, be they coach, steamer, hotel, or Guide Book. A work on the Mineral Waters of Germany, is imagined a desideratum in English literature, by a gentleman who ranks high in the administrative department of letters; and he forthwith sets about supplying the blank in the most efficient manner, regardless of expense or personal trouble, having probably first called a publisher into consultation; and wisely calculated that the undertaking, if well executed, was certain to succeed. If the design was good, the execution is equally so. Dr Granville has produced a useful and most amusing book, of a kind in which his peculiar talents, position in society, and previous experience and connexions give him mastery. The work neither demands a high degree of intellect nor wit, nor does it give evidence of great command of such superfluous qualities. But it is written by an accomplished man of the world, for the benefit and entertainment of the people of the world, with good taste, and in that fluent and unaffected manner which renders the small-talk and chit-chat of medical literature so generally acceptable. We must do Dr Granville the justice to state, that his copious admixture of gay and light matter does not lead him, in any instance, to sacrifice utility to amusement. His work is a genuine, well-informed guide, as well as a pleasant companion and sensible medical adviser. Dr Granville, moreover, detests and denounces the *drugging* system, and is not bigoted to any particular hypothesis in favour with the profession. He dislikes cathartics, and fancies the pure air of the blue sky something better than the blue pill administered by the first physician in London.

Dr Granville visited, inspected, and experimented upon all the *Bads* of Germany of any note, and on some so obscure that they have scarce been heard of before in this country. He commences with Baden-Baden, and passes on to the spas of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, among which *Wildbad* is his favourite, or rather *pet*, spring. Indeed, he seems to prefer the waters and locality here to any he visited; which, after leaving Wurtemberg, were, in turn, the Saltsburgh group; Gastein, and Hof-Gastein: the Bohemian spas, including Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Toeplitz, with places of lesser note; and finally the Bavarian and Nassau Spas—the last of which have lately attracted so much attention in England from the airy "Bubbles."

At every page which we turn up, an attractive anecdote or description presents itself as a specimen of the work. We really, therefore, cannot tell what determines our choice to Baden-Baden, save that that "thriving wooer," Lord Lyndhurst, is there just now, spending—happy man!—his third honeymoon and green old age, and figuring in scenes and among groups precisely similar to those depicted:—

Life at Baden, during the bathing season, may be best described by a short French phrase—"*C'est toujours jour de fete.*" . . . . But the centre of attraction is the public promenade. Here a magnificent building, commanding attention by its lofty Corinthian colonnade, affords a hundred excuses for the assemblage of the many thousand idlers, who devote just one hour in every twenty-four to the one great object, health; and two-thirds of the remaining time to pleasure and dissipation. As these, more than the operations of bathing and drinking the miner l water, are the motives which sway the majority of those who visit Baden, where they squander among the inhabitants, two millions of florins in the course of the season, no means have been left untried by the authorities to multiply them, and secure their attainment. To the late Grand Duke Charles, the visiters are indebted for the largest share of their present gratifications. That prince having purchased a large tract of land to the south of the own, lying between the Olaback, and the fort of the

Frissenberg and other hills, erected the present *Maison de Conversation*.

But we shall pass the buildings, promenades, and theatres, to come at once to the actors on these scenes, and, above all, the fashionable division of them; for your homely and nameless people, dining at the SUN at one o'clock, for the moderate sum of forty-eight kreutzers, (or one shilling and fourpence,) are worth no one's consideration, whatever they may think of themselves. While the nobodies or insignificants are stuffing themselves at their one o'clock dinner, the exclusives appear on the promenade, until their own hour comes. It would be utterly vulgar in England; for—

Five o'clock is the time; and the names of all such as desire to be at Chabert's at that hour must be inscribed before noon. . . . . The general *coup d'oeil* of an assembly of 400 persons, a great many of whom are young and beautiful women, with their gay bonnets and toilettes coquettishly *non-chalantes*, sitting at each side of three long lines of parallel tables, as well as of a fourth, which is raised on a platform at the upper end of the room, must, of itself be striking; but it becomes tenfold more so when the lively and animated scene thus offered to view, is repeated on every side of this handsome and magnificently proportioned room, (decorated and painted in Etruscan colours,) by large mirrors, cunningly arranged, and distributed with no sparing hand, in all directions. The charm of soft music, which plays, during the repast, from an adjoining room, adds to the inspiration of the moment; and there is at Chabert's, besides, what is looked for in vain elsewhere in Baden, even where the *cuisine* is nearly on a par with his—a neatness and dexterity in the arrangement and attendance, which render his table worthy the preference of all the best company in Baden.

Yet it is not perfect:—"It is an objection," quoth the Doctor, for once ungallant, "to such feasting, that so many fair ladies partake of it. Byron says that no pretty woman should ever be seen eating. What, then, if not fewer than two hundred of them are exhibited, at one view, absorbed in this vulgar performance?" Our traveller met there, among other groups, a Dutch family, with three daughters, beautiful, in the style of Rubens' wives.

Opposite, and a little to the left, a pretty, smart Frenchwoman, bonneted, and rich in rings, took her place, between her husband—whose stiff-pointed mustachios, at right-angles with his nose, lent him a look of mock-heroism—and a tall, semi-aristocratic looking youth, the few French phrases of whom soon betrayed him to be a dweller on this side the *Manche*. Beyond the Dutch family, appeared conspicuously, the Baronne de S——, whose piquant face, finely-arched eyebrows, and piercing eyes, harmonized with the character given to her countenance, by the positive indication of *the finest black down* that ever shaded the upper lip of fair lady. Occasionally this lively authoress, who has honoured the *alentours* of Baden with the effusions of her poetical pen, would utter a pretty nothing, with a smartness that excited a buzz of admiration. Curious coincidence, (to call it design, would be to libel the fair,) the Baronne, and the *petillante Parisienne*, and fifty more ladies, who were or thought themselves handsome, had taken their seats with their faces turned to the lofty mirrors, into which they cast many a furtive glance, at no very long intervals of time, to see, no doubt, what their *semblables* were doing at the other ranges of tables placed behind their back. Before dinner had proceeded far, the empty seats on my left were occupied by a young Italian Marquis, and the son of a celebrated Russian Princess.

This dinner, including the wine, cost two florins; the guests separated nearly simultaneously, and changed the scene for the terrace, whither Dr Granville accompanied his left-hand neighbours at table, who told him anecdotes of many of the temporary inhabitants of Baden, not much to the credit of themselves or of the place. Among the distinguished personages to be seen, was

The abdicated Herzog, of H—— C——, whose countenance, overgrown in every part, except at its apertures, with frizzled hair, of the greyest mixture, is so very remarkable, as to induce one to believe a portion of the general scandal. Sporting, as she languishingly leaned upon his arm, the *maitresse* for whose sake he surrendered his petty sovereignty, this German illustrious whiles away the early evening hours, in promenading on the terrace, decorated with a knot or bunch of variegated ribbons stuck in the button-hole of his short *frac*, and jingling a pair of huge yellow spurs, until the time arrives for his losing a hundred ducats in the adjoining apartments.

Dr Granville lamented to see women, young girls, daughters of the English families here, flocking to the gaming tables, to stake their money; and elbowed, as they unquestionably deserved to be, by their fellow-gamblers, "who have probably as little character as money to lose." In speaking of the blowsy effects of the galoppe on the ringlets and "human face divine," he adds *prudishly*, for a sojourner at Baden—"And the rude grasp, and the *etroite liaison*, during such dances—do they become the modest nature of an Englishwoman, or of any woman equally modest?" Crossing the Channel does seem to make sad shipwreck of conventional modesty; while crossing the Alps utterly demolishes the spurious quality of that grace. The alarmed traveller adds—

Oh! it grieved one to see the graceful, *elance*, and exquisitely elegant Mrs M——, at the slightest invitation from a booted hussar, or an embroidered *attache*, or, probably, a *vaurien* of the lowest class, plunge with them into all the attitudes, now violent, now languishing, of a dance, better suited for Bacchanalian or Andalusian representation. And she bore on her alabaster and shining cheek, the deep round flush of consumption, which parched her throat, and dried up her lips, and made her fly, at the termination of the dance, to the refreshment room, with her partner; there to quench, with perilous experiment, the inward fever, by an ice dissolved in freezing water, while the big drops of moisture stood on her forehead, and trickled down her face, increasing the general disorder of her appearance! On that night she wore a single blue flower in her polished ebony tresses, which were secured behind by a graceful knot of *velour ponceau*. *La Belle Anglaise* was the universal exclamation on that night, as she attracted the general notice.

And, in brief, the Doctor is in profound distress, lest foreigners should, on witnessing such spectacles, imagine that his countrywomen are very like the *immoral* Continental women, or no better than they should be, after all our fuss and pretension about English virtue.

Among the figures in this masquerade with naked faces, as an Irishman might say, the Doctor recognised Sir John F——, an oddity of considerable celebrity.

I perceived a little, thin man, walking on two inferior extremities, so sparing of flesh, that, with the square shoulders at the upper end, they represented the sharp point of a pyramid placed upside down. A little head, with little features, little hair, and little sense, (denoted by very little bumps,) appeared sunk, though it strove to be erect, between the two round knobs of the square shoulders. The spindle-legs wore a flashy, flesh-coloured hose, and the corresponding parts above them were *inexpressibly* clad in black satin, so amply, that the large folds hung like those of a topsail on the main-yard, before it is hoisted. An embroidered white waistcoat of silk, encircled the *torso*, over which was thrown a species of court dress, that had seen glorious days. Under the left arm, the sharp-pointed beaks of a cocked-hat projected before and behind, from each of which was suspended a dangling gold tassel. This appendage of a *grande soiree*, with some people, was borne by the wearer in such a manner as not to conceal a dazzling star which covered the left breast of the coat, nor any of the numerous crosses which were suspended to red, yellow, and blue ribbons.

The Doctor *cut* this great personage in the gravest style. It is the *cut imperturbable*. The scene is irresistibly ludicrous. This poor man, like many of his countrymen at home, has laboured all his life under a species of monomania, which impels him to seek decorations and knightly orders from all the sovereigns of Europe; and he seems to have succeeded. Perhaps Dr Granville's account of his brother physician may be a little mirthfully malicious or so; and we should not have noticed the little scarecrow, save for the introduction of his companion, the fair lady who, in virtue of her distinction as the mistress of Lord Byron, seems to conceive it necessary to appear at every haunt of fashionable dissipation in Europe:—"Shade of the author of 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan!'" quoth our Doctor, "what wouldst thou have felt at beholding the *divina comtessa*, with her round white arm, scarcely protected with a half-drawn-up kid glove, linked within such an anti-poetical, anti-meridional,

anti-inspiring individual, parading from room to room on that night, exciting the sneers and smiles of those who made way for them, by the oddity of their association! Yet so it was! Sir John and La Guiccioli, actually arm in arm, were seen and heard conversing sweet music that evening."

At Carlsbad, Dr Granville saw the celebrated political Countess of Jersey—that gay, young Countess who "has been so long young"—in situations which, within the bounds of Great Britain, would be utter degradation:—"sitting after the hour of water-drinking at a breakfast table, placed under the trees opposite to her house, sipping *al fresco* her *café à la creme*, scrutinized and scrutinizing." When the repast is finished, the table is converted into one for reading or work; and forms the centre of a coterie, or a rendezvous for passing loungers. If, instead of German eyes, those of the families of rich Manchester manufacturers, and Liverpool or London merchants, might fall upon the Exclusives, this rational out-door indulgence would at once be disallowed. The neighbourhood would be contagious, the privacy profaned; and, if immediate flight was not taken, triple bulwarks would be reared to defend the English aristocracy from contamination. A curious specimen of Bohemian nobility is the cook and mistress of the Golden Shield at Carlsbad. She is Madame la Comtesse de Bolza; but that is neither here nor there, as to her *cuisine*, which is conducted by herself. Her children are all Counts and Countesses, and her eldest son is an officer in the Austrian service. "These social anomalies are less strange in Bohemia than elsewhere." In right of her rank, or, perhaps, by the privilege of nobility, Madame la Comtesse makes heavier charges than the plebeian hosts of the Golden Lions and Swans of Carlsbad.

These passages may give our readers an idea of the kind of entertainment afforded by this work. For information, which is minute and copious, we refer to the original. Dr Granville had the good fortune to meet with many of the German *savans*, of whom he makes honourable mention. He likewise takes fond side-glances at the picture-galleries; while, whatever is new in science or art finds an appropriate place in his pages. We are not quite sure that Dr Granville has not been more free than delicate in some of his sketches of individuals, upon whose good nature and politeness he threw himself for information. Of this kind are his lady's pet young physician at Baden, who did everything by force of genius; and the amusing and grotesque Dr Storch at Gastein, though this last tells us more of genuine, homely German manners, and frugal tastes, than we might have found in a volume of generalities. Dr Storch is a sort of cousin-German of Roderick Random's friend Morgan, who flourished near a century ago.

Saunders' Portraits and Memoirs of the most Eminent of the Living Political Reformers.

The memoirs are brief, but cleverly written; the portraits good. They are those of Lord John Russell, which is engraved from a bust by *Hollings*, looking older than it should, and more like a little Cicero than it ought. The next portrait is that of Mr Charles Buller, the Member for Liskeard, *vulgarized* from the original, but yet like. If we do not forget wofully, Mr Buller made his greatest speech in Parliament on the Irish Municipalities' Bill, and the best made on that question. He is accused of too much fun. Certainly it does mantle over his visage, even here. But this is scarce his true portrait. The real man is a fine, manly-looking, sensible Radical; good-humoured and buoyant in expression, about six feet high, and stout in proportion to his height. More justice is done to his parts in the memoir, than to his face in the engraving. Mr Roebuck is the next EMINENT REFORMER. The portrait is very like the original, and a very pleasing, if not flattering resemblance of a man whose loss in Parliament is regretted by every honest Reformer. The memoir of Mr Roebuck is not concluded in this Part of the publication. Both he and Mr Buller are natives of India.—This promises to be an interesting work. The present is a Clarendon period, and the actors on both sides ought to be preserved. The Conservatives are storing up their Lyndhursts and Emerson Tennents. The Reformers must have their Broughams and Durhams.

Dr Lang's History of New South Wales.

We are glad to meet so soon with a *second edition* of this useful work. To the first we devoted a long article, a year or two ago. The new edition is enlarged and improved. Dr Lang has brought up his history of the colony to the last moment, noticing the many changes and improvements in this rapidly *progressing* country. We are glad to perceive that he is as stanch a Presbyterian as ever; and, in spite of the example of the great Scottish divines at home, not a whit disposed to vail his cap to Episcopacy, nor to fraternize with what Dr Chalmers, we believe, calls the sister-establishment.

Britannia.

This is a very well-intended essay, written by Mr Harris, a clergyman, in behalf of seamen, whose moral claims he enforces in an earnest, though sermonizing, or rather declamatory style. One most important topic he forgets altogether—impressment, which we consider the greatest evil under which seamen suffer. Flogging—"the cat"—also escapes his attention. All the benefits and privileges for which he contends are desirable, but we would begin with justice. The Report of the Parliamentary Committee exhibits the many perils to which seamen are exposed, and the precarious tenor of their lives. This our author very properly makes an argument for vigilance in affording them the means of religious instruction; but he forgets, or overlooks, that it is also an argument for preserving their lives, by better constructed vessels, and by the prevention of the infamous frauds to which the lives of seamen become the sacrifice. He denounces the tricks of Jew *crimps*—why not the frauds of Christian insuring merchants and brokers? Many of Mr Harris' suggestions are excellent; we complain of nothing that he has done, but only that he has omitted some fundamental reforms altogether, and especially a remedy for impressment—or its abolition.

Literary Leaves; or, Prose and Verse. By D. L. Richardson.

The most curious feature of this volume is, that it is published in Calcutta, and printed at the Bengal *Harkara* press. The paper has a certain mellow, tawny tinge, and smells of the East. The multifarious contents are such as might be expected in the collected effusions of a man of cultivated taste, fond of poetry, criticism, and polite literature, and a diligent reader of what he so much admires. Had not the best of these sweetly-flowing verses, and elegant essays, already been before the public in annuals and other periodical publications, we should be tempted to cite. The volume, as a whole, is quite of the sort over which literary people love to lounge. It starts many pleasing trains of reverie, and awakens many fond associations connected with literary pursuits.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

Among the most *noticeable* of the late pamphlets, is a LETTER BY LORD LANGFORD TO LORD MELBOURNE, with Tables in *black*, *blue*, and *red* type, indicating the political opinions of each Peer, English, Irish, and Scottish; and suggesting a plan by which the inveterate Tory majority, which has grown up since the ascendancy of Pitt, may be neutralized, without damaging the constitution of the Upper House. He might go back a little farther than Pitt. Since the accession of George III., and the short administration of the Earl of Bute, the Tories have been ministers for sixty-four years; the Whig intervals being few and far between. In that period the Tories have created no fewer than 195 British Peers, entertaining Tory opinions. The Whigs have created 69 Whig Peers, leaving a balance, in favour of the Tory party, of 126. But the Tories have also, from 1761 to 1800, created and raised 269 Irish Peers, thus giving the election of the representative Irish Peers completely into the hands of Tory Irish Peers. Some other singular abuses are pointed out, which deface the Irish peerage representation, to which we cannot advert. As to the House of Mischief, we would "reform it altogether." But Lord Langford advises the Minister to look over his lists, and

immediately call to the House of Peers such Scotch and Irish Peers as can be relied upon, and in such numbers as will give him a majority. This is the plain English of it, though Lord Langford places his scheme upon the footing of neutralizing the undue power of the Tory Lords during the reigns of George III. and IV. By this means his Lordship says, "the dignity of the order would not suffer, neither would the number of Peers be increased, though the right of sitting and voting will be, without injustice, extended." The scheme is, we dare say, quite as feasible as any other which may be adopted for reasons of temporary expediency and which do not go to the root of the evil.

The Knowledge Qualification.

This is the developement of a plan, formed by Mr James Adam, the liberal and intelligent editor of *The Aberdeen Herald*, for the reciprocal extension of education and the elective franchise. Instead of the ten-pound qualification, he would substitute the possession of a certain quantum of elementary knowledge. Indeed, Mr Adams' principle is very similar to the old right of pleading clergy. He would make the claimant of the franchise write and read, and explain what he reads, to a board appointed to test the literary qualifications of all applicants aged twenty-one. Mr Adams would carry the knowledge-qualification farther, and apply his principle to all the functions which a citizen is called upon to perform. At twenty-five he would test the qualifications of those claiming to be, or liable to be, jurymen; and, at twenty-nine, give the citizens another opportunity of establishing their fitness to act as justices of the peace, magistrates, special jurors, &c. &c. Mr Adams supports his plan by many ingenious arguments; and, if education and knowledge were always identical, few objections could be brought against it, although we should not like, even then, to see the broad constitutional principle of taxation giving the right of representation abrogated in favour of any scheme whatever, nor any board or machinery interposed between the free citizen and the exercise of his first inherent rights as such. We consider Mr Adams' test as much more eligible in the secondary cases which he specifies, though even in them there is difficulty. Still the discussion is important, as every argument must be which tends to increase and diffuse knowledge; and it is highly creditable, not alone to the benevolence, but to the intellect of the gentleman who has stirred it.

Egypt in 1837. By T. Waghorn.

Mr Waghorn is well known in this country from his connexion with the schemes for promoting steam intercourse between England and her Eastern possessions by the Red Sea. He has written this small pamphlet for the specific object of interesting the British Parliament and people in the fate of Egypt, which he asserts is sacrificed to bolster up Turkey, whose extortionate demands retard the civilization, and paralyse the efforts which that long oppressed country is striving to make to attain political and moral freedom. Mr Waghorn makes out Egypt to be possessed of a much more formidable army and navy than is imagined; with which, in 1832, she virtually, according to his notions, redeemed herself from the thraldom of Turkey. "For what," he inquires, "does Egypt continue to pay tribute to Turkey?" The only answer in all such cases, we presume, must be, because she cannot help herself. "But she can help it," he affirms; for, as she wants no aid, she need pay for none; and as to the soil itself, Mohamed Ali redeemed it from anarchy and bloodshed, establishing in their stead order and tranquillity; and is he to pay tribute for that? In brief, Mohamed Ali wants *Repale*; and in Mr Waghorn he finds a powerful advocate, and a determined enemy of the Porte, whose speedy destruction he foretells; and also that, in twenty years, Egypt will take the place of Turkey. He is apprehensive of the influence which the French are acquiring in Egypt; where natives of France already fill almost every important office. In the present state of affairs in Turkey and Egypt, we consider Mr Waghorn's pamphlet highly deserving of the attention he solicits from members of the legislature, for his representations, and warnings, and pleadings.

The Church-Rate Bill Vindicated. By Jelinger C. Symons, B. A.

The Church-Rate Bill is suspended by circumstances; but the measure is not, we presume, to be considered as either abandoned or lost. While it was pending, this able pamphlet, exhausting the whole subject legally, politically, and morally, was published in support of the principle of the Ministerial measure. The writer displays great acuteness and research, and a creditable degree of legal and antiquarian knowledge, in establishing his case against the High Church party: going far back into hoar antiquity, to prove that churches were repaired and maintained out of church property and ecclesiastical revenues, until comparatively modern usage devised the better plan of sparing episcopal funds and making compulsory levies on the people. Preparatory to the renewed battle on the subject of this intolerable grievance, which must ensue soon after the meeting of Parliament, the Opposition members of the legislature especially would do well to consult the facts and arguments advanced by the author of this pamphlet. Church-rates, as they are at present levied, form no part of the original constitution of that Establishment for whose interests they profess themselves so zealous. We should like the question argued upon broader, and simpler, and more scriptural grounds. But, in the meanwhile, the facts and arguments here adduced are admirably framed to convince candid and conscientious churchmen, labouring under the delusion that the church of their sect has a legal right to levy a most unjust and offensive impost from all other sects.

What and who says it?

Several controversial pamphlets have appeared, of which one more, entitled as above, is devoted to the memorable sermon of Mr Binney, when that gentleman, in reference to the Established Church of England, is reported to have said—"The Established Church is a great national evil; it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; it destroys more souls than it saves; and its end is most devoutly to be wished by every lover of God and man." It is denied that these were Mr Binney's words, or that he meant to express hostility to any principle save that of *national establishments*. "*Establishment*, and *Dissent*, which it creates, will," he said, "die on the same day," to the great benefit of religion, and of the true, universal, and only Church. In opposition to Mr Binney, a Reverend Churchman declares "Dissent an evil greater than we can express;" which, if carried to the extent of the subversion of the National Churches of England and Scotland, to say nothing of other Protestant countries, "*nothing but a special miracle*," which the writer hardly expects, "could prevent the ultimate extirpation of Christianity from the earth." Such extravagant assumptions are unworthy of notice. The Bible, human intelligence, the art of printing, conscience, natural piety, and the whole body of Dissenters, with their spiritual guides, are all as nothing compared with the endowed Church Establishments of England and Scotland! This pamphlet deals freely in quotations from Dr Chalmers—selecting "admirable passages," which the reverend Dr would probably have modified, had they been still to write. Dr Chalmers' former strictures on the economy and spirit of the Church, of the State-machine, come, according to the author of "WHO SAYS IT?" to this—"*That the People would have done a great deal better for themselves if their governors would only let them alone to follow the impulses of their own humanity*," "feeling," (quoth the Doctor,) "and most intelligently feeling what the truths and who the teachers that are best fitted to exalt and moralize it." The pamphlet also shews that the Church of England is anything but Evangelical, in Dr Chalmers' sense of the term; and, so far as we understand the matter, that the Church favours very *papistical* notions of the sacraments, the priesthood, absolution, and other points. A quotation from Wordsworth, descriptive of the spiritual effects of the ceremony of baptism, proves the poet to be a very sound Catholic on one point, however he may dislike O'Connell's political faith.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE Whigs boasted, a few weeks ago, that they had damped the steam—that is, that they had rendered the people indifferent to Reform; and so successful have they been that, with the power and influence of office, and a Court assumed to be favourable to them, they have only obtained a bare majority in the new Parliament. Much reliance cannot be placed in the calculations, however confidently made by the Whigs and Tories, of their respective strength; but we may notice that, while the former estimate they have a majority of thirty or forty, the latter do not, as far as we have observed, deny that they are in a minority. At last election, in spring 1835, it was generally believed that the Liberal majority was, at least, one hundred; but it turned out, when Parliament met, to be little more than the fourth part of that number—so that the Whigs are in great danger. The chief loss of Liberal members has been in the English counties; the £50 tenant-at-will clause, and the want of due protection for the voter, having there given the Tories a complete ascendancy. In twenty-one counties, Tories have replaced Liberals; in sixteen, the Whigs attempted to unseat the Tories; but in one only, East Cumberland, were they successful. Many of the English boroughs have behaved in a shameful manner, and even some of the large towns—as Liverpool, Hull, and Bath. In Scotland, parties stand in the same situation nearly as they did during last Parliament; eighteen or nineteen counties having returned Tories; and eleven or twelve, Liberals; while every burgh, with the exception of Kilmarnock and the other towns connected with it, has returned men of liberal opinions. The defeat of Dr Bowring, at Kilmarnock, is not to be attributed to political feeling, but to religious bigotry. Our strait-laced neighbours cannot reconcile it to their consciences to return a Unitarian of their own political sentiments; but prefer a Tory, who though an Epicopalian, is guilty of the very questionable conduct of sitting in the General Assembly, as an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

By comparing the numbers of the electors who voted at this election, and at the election of 1835, it will be found that a great increase has taken place in the Tory voters. They have, in every county, been most actively employed in manufacturing qualifications. For example, in Perthshire at last election 1371 voted for Sir George Murray, but at this 1495 for Lord Stormont; in Mid-Lothian, Sir George Clerk had 565 and now 661; in East-Lothian, Mr Hope had 231, and Lord Ramsay now carried it by 299, and his voters were not exhausted; in Lanarkshire, Mr M'Donald Lockhart had only 1110, and now he has 1486; in Stirlingshire, Mr Forbes had 779 votes, and now he has 859; and so on in the other counties. Unless, therefore, the system of making fictitious votes be put a stop to, there is great reason to fear that the Tories will, in the course of a few years, monopolise the whole thirty Scotch county members.

The Ministerial party blame the electors for not returning a sufficient number of Whigs to Parliament, and thus endeavour to shift off their own shoulders the blame of the do-nothing-system of the last two years; but the truth is, that, after idling away five months, the last Session was abruptly brought to an end, and as much business transacted during the last fortnight as in the whole preceding period. The result of this mode of proceeding—which has happened every Session of late years—is that the statutes passed are full of inaccuracies and blunders, which can only be remedied by much additional trouble and expense. Of the numerous public bills relative to Scotland, introduced by the Lord Advocate and other members, the only one that appears to have passed, is that relative to the small debt courts, whereby the Sheriff is authorized to hold circuits. All the other bills must be introduced into the new Parliament, and again go through all their stages; many of them, no doubt, being fated to be thrown out or mutilated in the House of Lords.

As to the prospects of the progress of Liberal measures in the new Parliament, they are anything but cheering. It is impossible to deny, that now, at the end of the fifth year, since the passing of the Reform Bill, the people have derived small benefit from that measure. The Corn Laws, the Pension List, the enormous army and navy, the immense taxation, the wasteful expenditure on our colonies, and the numerous other abuses, for the removal of which the Reform Bill was alone desirable—all remain untouched, and are long likely to remain in all their hideousness. The Whigs and Tories—that is, the aristocracy of all shades—with their hangers on, will shortly coalesce, and exert every effort to keep among them the plunder of the people. They will resist with all their power the extension of the suffrage, forgetful of the maxim so often in their mouths, and the violation of which cost us the empire of the United States—that taxation without representation is tyranny; and conveniently overlooking the fact, that four-fifths, if not nine-tenths of the revenue are paid by the non-electors. But from close observation of the working classes for many years, we are convinced that, ere long—and although they will probably be left without a single man of the other classes to aid them—they will extort from the legislature that share in the representation to which their rapidly increasing intelligence, numbers, and wealth so justly entitle them. Taking the number of grown-up operatives in the United Kingdom at only five millions, and their average wages at 20s. a-week, their aggregate incomes amount to 260 millions a-year, while the incomes of all other classes during the war—when incomes, owing to the depreciation of the currency, and other causes, were much higher than at present—were only 140 millions, as is ascertained by the property-tax returns. Nor is it in wages alone that their wealth consists—they have accumulated, within a very few years, a capital in the savings banks of fifteen millions. What would be the consequence of a sudden demand for this sum, more especially if payment in gold were insisted for, the Bank of England not having five millions in her coffers? A very great change has taken place in the tone and temper of the working classes within the last two years. At that time, they were willing to wait to see what the Reform Act would do for them; but, finding its fruits are never likely to ripen, their patience is now exhausted. The example of the Irish Volunteers of 1781, and of a Convention of Delegates sitting in the metropolis during the session of Parliament, has not been overlooked; and the advice of Bentham, that the best way of obtaining good measures is to make the ruling classes uneasy, will, before many years elapse, be acted on.

DR BOWRING.—It is much to be regretted that Dr Bowring has lost his seat in Parliament; for there was not a more able, useful, and industrious Member. We hope that some constituency will, on the first opportunity, shew that they are better qualified to estimate merit than his late constituents, by electing him their representative. His assistance in placing the public revenues in a state of greater security, by a more accurate system of public accounting, would be invaluable. This is a subject to which he has paid much attention, and he has made extensive investigations into the systems adopted in the Continental States, which appear much more efficient than our own. In a speech, made by Dr Bowring in Parliament, on the 15th June last, he shewed that a sum considerably exceeding six millions, is arrested in its progress to the Exchequer, by departments of receipts without Parliamentary control; and a sum, exceeding three quarters of a million, is raised by different departments of expenditure from other sources than issues from the Exchequer, thus equally escaping the previous sanction of Parliament. At present we have no document presented to Parliament, shewing, with any tolerable accu-

racy or completeness, the real fact of receipt and expenditure under their several divisions; neither is there any proper examination of the public accounts. Under our present system, a wide door is opened for peculation and fraud; and a change is imperatively called for.

ENGLAND.

FIRE INSURANCE.—The landlords in Parliament having entirely removed the duty on insurance from their own property, seem determined that no other class of the community shall obtain any reduction; and a motion to take off one-half of the duty—that is, to make the duty and insurance on ordinary risks equal in amount—was rejected, last session, without a division. The gross receipt of this tax, in the year ending 5th January 1834, was, for England, £754,695; for Scotland, £51,215; for Ireland, £31,527;—in all, £837,437. This shews that, independently of farm stock, &c., and foreign risks—both of which are exempted from duty—more than six hundred millions of British property is covered by our insurance offices. Of the London offices, the *Sun* is by far the most extensive, contributing nearly one-fourth of the duty paid by them all; of the English county offices, the *Norwich Union*; and of the Scotch, the *Scottish Union*, which pays one-third of the whole fire-insurance duty collected in Scotland. Although fire-insurance has been increasing of late years, notwithstanding the exorbitant duty of 200 per cent., there can be little doubt, that, were the duty reduced, the additional number and amount of insurances would soon compensate to the revenue for the reduction. At present, the principal insurers are the middle classes, who, in this as in other respects, are the most provident. Insurance is almost unknown among the operatives, although they are the most exposed to fire, from their dwellings being often closely crowded together, and not easily accessible; and they are prevented from insuring, in a great measure, by the duty. We hope, therefore, that petitions will be prepared, and ready for presentation when Parliament meets, for the reduction of this pernicious tax. It is impossible to leave this subject without exposing the gross job lately perpetrated, of giving the late Tory Speaker of the House of Commons compensation, at the public expense, for the loss sustained by him by the burning of the Houses of Parliament. Why should the public pay for his neglecting to insure?

THE LAW.—It is the boast of English jurisprudence that all are equal in the eye in the law: and so they are, if all are equally rich; for the courts of law are open in no other sense than the London Tavern—for those who have money to spend. But it is in the administration of the criminal law, that the discrepancy between the rich and the poor becomes most apparent. We see daily poor men sent to jail for weeks or months, or fined sums equal to a month or two's wages; while the rich, and especially the titled, get off almost with impunity—by the infliction of a fine not equal to a day's income. Lord William Beresford, brother of that sad scapegrace, the Marquis of Waterford, with two coadjutors, was lately brought to Bow Street, and convicted of twisting knockers from hall doors, assaulting the police, and other such conduct, and pleaded drunkenness in excuse; but, though the second conviction, at the same office, of his Lordship, for a similar offence, both the Magistrate and the Lord seemed to consider the fine of £5 for wrenching off the knocker, and £5 for the assault, a severe punishment. From the remarks made by Mr Minshull, it is evident he was quite aware that such fines as these were no punishment, and he talked of sending the Lord, on a *third* conviction, to the House of Correction for two months, and hard labour; but we may be assured, that, if a Lord or an Honourable were to wrench off all the knockers in London, no police magistrate would venture to send him to the House of Correction for one week. Now, had a poor man been brought for the first time to Bow Street, for a similar offence, he would have been fined as many days of *his* income, for being drunk, as the Lord was of his for the three offences; the poor man would then have been sent to the tread-mill for six weeks, for *stealing* the knockers—for, in his case, the act would have been held to be petty larceny, and he would have been farther fined or imprisoned for the assault. Another instance of the manner in which the criminal law is administered occurred at the Middlesex Sessions. A person, calling himself Count de Rutter, was tried for keeping a gambling-house. Mr Adolphus, who conducted the prosecution, produced some evidence which was not sufficient to convict the Count, and then remarked, he could make out his case were he to put Mr Newton, a barrister in Court, into the witness-box; but, after some palaver, he did not examine Mr Newton and others; and thus a notorious fellow escaped. The chairman approved of Mr Adolphus' conduct. Was there ever a case in which a poor man was saved the exposure of an examination in a Court of Law? Oh, the equality of the law!

BEET ROOT SUGAR.—We are surprised that the landowners allowed Mr P. Thompson so easily to put down the attempts now making in England to introduce the manufacture of sugar. If there is so much agricultural distress as is pretended, could anything be more likely to relieve it than the employing a portion of the best land in growing sugar; yet only nineteen members opposed the resolution, placing the prohibitory duty of 24s. per cwt. upon it. It was very conveniently assumed that, if no duty were imposed on it, the whole 24s. would go into the pocket of the manufacturer, and that he would sell it no cheaper than West India sugar with the duty—so that the consumer would not be in any degree benefited, however cheaply sugar might be produced in England. Mr Thompson, however, forgot to explain how the competition which brings down profits in other trades, would not have the same effect with beet-root sugar manufacturers. Mr Thompson cannot be ignorant that beet-root sugar is now extensively cultivated in many parts of Europe, where it has nothing in the nature of a bounty to protect it from the competition of West Indian sugar, and its cultivation has been commenced with every prospect of success in the United States of North America, where it has to contend, not only with the home produce of sugar from the cane, but also with that from the maple, the production of which has increased of late years most rapidly in the northern States. Sugar has now become one of the necessaries of life to all classes; and, notwithstanding the great revenue derived from it—five millions annually—we have no doubt still more money would be raised by reducing the duty one half. But, at all events, we deprecate the reckless proceeding by which a manufacture which might have proved of the utmost benefit to all classes in this country, and which might have made us in a great measure independent of our colonies, has been strangled in the bud. Surely this vote must undergo revision in the next Parliament.

THE PENSION LIST.—It will be remembered that, since the accession of William IV., the repeated attempts made to obtain a revision of the Pension List, have all been successfully resisted by the argument that a bargain had been made with the King, by which, in consideration of the surrender of his hereditary revenues, the Pension List had been withdrawn from the control of Parliament. We cannot think that the present Ministry, after the discussion the subject has undergone, will venture to make any bargain with her Majesty which will afterwards furnish them with an argument such as they so successfully used in the last reign; but it is absolutely necessary to watch them. It is not the amount of the Pension List, though that is no trifle, which makes it so intolerable—it is the insult and degradation felt by having to bear so conspicuous and undoubted a badge of slavery. It is not for the loss he fears which makes a man who has only a few shillings in his pocket resist a highway robber—neither is it the injury which makes him revenge, at the risk of his life, being spit upon; it is to rid himself of the intolerable feeling of having tamely submitted to an insult. The object of the revision of the Pension List, is merely to discover what services have been given by the pensioners; and one would think, the opportunity of publishing to the country meritorious services, for which alone, of course, the

pensions must originally have been given, would be eagerly seized. Such pensions can of course be in no danger, whatever risk hereditary pensions may run—such as that of £3000 paid for the last 150 years to the representatives of the Duke of Schomberg, killed at the Battle of the Boyne; or that of £2500 paid for forty years to Burke's executors. But on this fertile subject we cannot do better than lay before our readers the following excerpt from Mr Curran's speech on the Irish Pension List, on 13th May 1786:—

"This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the Pension List, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of a lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection. It teacheth that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for, after they have earned it; it teacheth the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop to earn; it directs the minds of men to an entire reliance upon the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary that cry continually for food; it teacheth them to imitate those saints on the Pension List that are like the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory: in fine, it teacheth a lesson which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictetus, that it is sometimes good not to be over virtuous; it shews that in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us. But, notwithstanding the Pension List, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the Members of this House; give me leave to say, that the crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of Parliament; for, hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the State; and they will, by so doing, have this security for their independence, that, while any man in the kingdom has a shilling, they will not want one." At the distance of half a century, the same remarks are equally applicable, so slowly are we approaching political honesty or decent government. Indeed, pensions, like all other sorts of public expenditure and public profligacy, have much increased since Curran's time. At the commencement of the reign of George III., there were only 19 pensions on the Scotch List; by the year 1797, they had swelled to 185, and, in 1808, to 351. There was hardly one of those which was not given as the reward of corruption—personal or political.

THE CONTINENT.

In France the anniversary of the Three Days has passed over without disturbance, and the kingdom altogether is much quieter than it has been for some years. The civil war in Spain is as far as ever from a termination, and it is difficult to decide whether the Queen's party or the Carlists have the ascendancy at present. An insurrection has arisen in Portugal for the avowed purpose of restoring Don Pedro's Charter. The army generally is favourable to the insurgents, and the Government is in the greatest distress for the want of money. A new commercial treaty is on the point of being concluded between Great Britain and Austria, to counteract the effect of the Prussian Customs League, which is felt to be injurious to the Austrian commerce as well as our own.

LOWER CANADA.

Matters are taking the course we anticipated; and there is, we believe, now no means of checking it. Lord Gosford has issued a proclamation, shewing evident symptoms of alarm. His Lordship describes the meetings and resolutions passed at them, "as having for their object the resistance of the lawful authority of the King and Parliament, and the subversion of the law." The subjects are exhorted to discontinue all writings of an exciting or seditious tendency, and to eschew meetings of a dangerous or equivocal character. The proclamation was brought to Berthier at the time a meeting of several thousand Canadians was assembled. It was treated with the utmost contempt, torn down as soon as posted, and trodden under foot; and Mr Papineau and the other speakers destroyed the copies which were handed to them, and scattered their fragments to the winds. We would not be surprised, that, before the next session of Parliament be concluded, an addition of 10,000 men to the army be voted, to preserve tranquillity in the North American colonies.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are not so gloomy as they were; but there is little probability of much briskness in trade for a considerable length of time. In the meantime, while thousands of operatives are starving in every part of the country, foreign grain is rotting in immense quantities in our bonded warehouses, and Parliament refused its sanction to allow it to be taken out and distributed among them. In Leith the warehouses are full; some of the grain has been under the King's lock for eight or nine years; and, independently of the deterioration of quality and quantity, the loss to all concerned may be estimated, when it is known that it costs 6s. per week to keep 100 quarters of wheat.

AGRICULTURE.

The improvement made by the crops during the last six weeks is almost without parallel. Crops which, at that time, appeared puny and thin, are now rich and luxuriant: such is the effect of warmth with an adequate supply of moisture. The crops in the low country of Scotland will turn out a full average, if they escape the only danger—too much rain; for many fields are now laid flat—a circumstance which can hardly fail to deteriorate the quality of the grain. Turnips have, in some instances, suffered considerably from the heavy rains; but, generally speaking, promise fair. Potatoes, with very few exceptions, present a most luxuriant appearance; and, as the quantity planted was much greater than usual, a very abundant crop may be anticipated.

The distress in the manufacturing districts has occasioned an unprecedented fall in the price of wool, at least 25 per cent. below that of last year. At Falkirk Tryst, on the 9th of August, cattle sold at much the same prices as at the same Fair last year; fat cattle, however, being rather lower. Grain markets continue dull; but speculators anticipate a rise, as it is understood that the stock of British grain on hand is exceedingly small. The average of the six weeks, ending 4th August, was—wheat, 60s. 1d.; barley, 27s. 5d.; oats, 24s. 2d.; beans, 41s. 3d.; peas, 40s. 7d.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1837.

SPENCER'S TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA AND KRIM TARTARY;* AND THE CHEVALIER TAITBOUT DE MARIGNY'S THREE VOYAGES TO THE COAST OF CIRCASSIA.

Mr Spencer has had the singular advantage, in these days of enterprise, of being the first Englishman to break ground in a fresh and most interesting country.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, and the Circassians in particular, engaged for centuries in wars with Turkey and Persia—and, for the last forty years, maintaining a single-handed contest against that ambitious and restless power to which so many of their neighbours have succumbed—are particularly jealous of the entrance of strangers into their country. The name by which they are known to the Russians, signifies Cut-the-road, or, Shut-the-road. For many years back, they have had good reason to suspect the persons who, under various pretexts. visited Circassia, to be either the agents of the wily and insidious policy of Russia, or her direct agents, who, under the guise of peaceful commerce, sought to sow dissension among the native chiefs, and to accomplish by corruption what cannot be achieved by force of arms. By such means, as much as by conquest, the people of Georgia, of the Crimea, Mingrelia, and other tribes, have yielded, in their turn, to the Russian pioneers of civilization and Christianity. The Circassians, unaided, have still held out bravely. How much longer they may be able to protract the contest, which, it is estimated, has already cost Russia much treasure, and a-half million of those armed serfs which she can well spare and never yet scrupled to sacrifice, it is not easy to conjecture. Dogged perseverance may be reckoned upon. The subjugation of the Circassians is necessary to the quiet possession of Turkey and Persia, although the views of Russia reached no farther; and the conquest of these brave and hardy mountaineers, has also become a point of pride as well as of policy, for the eyes of Europe have latterly been fixed upon a contest pertinaciously maintained, by combatants most unequal in means, but too much alike in dogged resolution, ever to yield. In every event, the contest must be carried on by the confederate chiefs and tribes of Circassia, single-handed. Turkey has neither power nor, perhaps, much inclination to assist the independent ally with which she has had so many intimate and endearing relations. We subscribe to the opinion of Mr Spencer, in believing that Turkey may herself fall the next victim of Russian ambition, before Circassia is conquered; and the hope of active assistance from England, vehemently appealed for, presupposes a state of affairs which every lover of his country, and of the cause of universal freedom, must deprecate. British policy is peace; and the interest of Russia is, to conceal, if she cannot smother, her views of ambition, and to avoid collision, until the fitting opportunity for which she waits, may arrive.

To remove the formidable barrier which Circassia opposes to farther Asiatic conquest, and secure dominion, is an object which Russia will not easily abandon. Still it is a long way from the banks of the Kouban to the mouths of the Ganges; and there is proverbially much between the cup and the lip.

The political condition of Circassia, and the justice of a war carried on to preserve national independence, and to repel foul aggression, is not, however, our present object. Our sympathies go as fully with this brave and fine race, in arms for whatever is dearest in all that is signified by home and native land to barbarous or to civilized men, as with the patriotic struggles of the Swiss against the tyranny of Austria, or with those of the people of the Tyrol against the French, in the late war. Still, we choose at present to waive this part of the subject; together with the mysterious and mystified affair of the *Vixen*, which happily did not take place until the greater part of the manuscript of these travels had been transmitted to England; and also every thing bearing on the question of English interference with Russia, direct or indirect. One great merit, which even the most impatient Radical must accord to the present Ministry, is the earnest desire to maintain peace.

A singular and beautiful country, inhabited by a noble and brave people, physically among the finest of the human race, with their customs, character, social condition, and manners, are, for the first time, fairly presented to Europe; and these of themselves give sufficient impulse to intelligent curiosity, without the farther stimulus

* Colburn: 2 vols. royal 8vo, with maps and numerous engravings.

of digression on Russian machinations, and on what ought to be English policy.*

The voyages of M. de Marigny on the coast of Circassia, were made so far back as 1813, 1818, and 1823. Mr Spencer's voyage was made in the summer of last year, and his residence and excursions through the interior took place exactly about this time twelvemonths. He is, however, very largely indebted to the previous information of the Cavalier Taitbout de Marigny; and he also enjoyed great advantages from the friendship and protection of both Turks and Russians, which the latter will, we imagine, scarcely think he has used handsomely, while merely following the dictates of his conscience, and of his sympathy with the struggles for independence of the noble race who have already cost Russia so much trouble.

Mr Spencer has already obtained a respectable place among travellers, by his work on "Germany and the Germans." Circassia was not included in his late route, previous to setting out; but a tempting opportunity offered, and he went; and returned—not indeed without peril, both from the natives, and the jealousy and vigilance of the Russians, who have for some years assumed the right of blockading the whole coast of Circassia, and other parts of the Black Sea, as their last chance of conquering the mountaineers. It seems, on the part of Russia, a Lilliputian renewal of Bonaparte's continental system; but, from the difference of scale and of circumstances, promises, unfortunately, to be far more effectual.

We should have liked to follow our traveller's voyage down the Danube, in the first steam-vessel that ever left Vienna for Constantinople; but Circassia is more attractive, and to it, like him, we shall hasten as rapidly as possible. We see a good deal of the *picturesque* aspects of the Hungarian peasantry and nobles in passing; and it seems to have been the traveller's intention to have visited the Magyars in this year, had he not been, in the meanwhile, diverted from his purpose. The Danube steamers are supplied with Newcastle coals, although coal is plentiful in Hungary, and even in the vicinity of the river. All the steamers seem to be either commanded by Englishmen, or to have English engineers; but, whether turbaned Turks or men of other languages and tribes navigate them, the command is ever given in broken English—"Ease her," "Stop her," "Go on." In short, English, over all the world, will become the language of steam navigation. The expense of the voyage, from Vienna to the Black Sea, was in all about eleven pounds, exclusive of eating. It was accomplished in twelve days; but, under better regulations, eight is imagined sufficient; yet the present rate of progress is considered absolutely miraculous by the slumberous population of the intervening provinces.

The traveller made an excursion from the Dardanelles to the site of "Troy town," and afterwards reached Constantinople by a steamer, commanded by an Englishman. We have heard so much of the Turkish capital and its environs of late, that the subject promises little novelty, though some of Mr Spencer's personal adventures are certainly novel, time and place considered. He was admitted to more intimate intercourse with the women than the usages of the country are supposed to sanction. He saw them unveiled, waiting upon their turbaned lords. Closer inspection did not heighten his previous idea of their beauty. Their pale, clear complexions, regular features, soft, dark, gazelle eyes, and ebon hair, did not make up for the total want of vivacity, sentiment, and intelligence in the expression of their beautiful faces. Some of the Greek females he thought handsome. The filth, the *odorous* abominations of Stamboul, and its lazy inhabitants, surpass all Christian conception; and, after accompanying the traveller in his visit to the market for female slaves, we are half-tempted to welcome the Russians to Constantinople. Franks are not permitted to enter the bazaar; but Mr Spencer went disguised as a Turkish officer, and accompanied by a Turkish friend:—

> The building consists of a large quadrangular court, two stories high, surrounded by a portico, with a gallery above: each story contains a range of small cells, similar to those in a monastery. The ground-floor is appropriated to the copper-coloured daughters of Abyssinia and negro women; while those above, being somewhat more elegant and airy, are reserved for the beauties of of Circassia, Georgia, Mingrelia, Greece, &c. These unfortunates, for the most part pale and emaciated, were huddled like animals six or seven together, the thermometer at the same time ranging at ninety degrees in the shade. The majority were gaudily attired, for the purpose of heightening their charms, and many of them were strikingly beautiful. Several of the black women, particularly the Abyssinians, were remarkable for the symmetry of their forms and features. But how disgusting was it to behold every barbarian of an Osmanli who pretended to be a judge of female perfections, or the licentious libertine, examining the features and forms of the poor innocent wretches exposed for sale like herds of cattle! Really no scene of human wretchedness and degradation can equal this; and, however consonant the practice may be to oriental manners, and those of other slave countries, it excited in me feelings of the strongest repugnance, and I sincerely regretted having gratified my curiosity. Indeed, I would from my soul entreat the man who thinks highly of human nature, never to cross the threshold of a slave bazaar. . . .
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> So strong is the force of early habits of thinking, that these unfortunate beings seemed indifferent to their fate; for they laughed, skipped, and played together with the greatest cheerfulness, and even gaiety. Poor children! to them ignorance was truly bliss; for, of all that I beheld, there was not more than half a dozen that exhibited the appearance of being really dejected; the majority did not even seem endowed with the faintest ray of sensibility, and the oldest could not have arrived at the age of eighteen. A few bargains were concluded during our visit; when the little victim took up her

* Some curious circumstances have attended the publication of M. de Marigny's book. While he was absent last year from his post, as consul for the King of Holland, at Odessa, his Voyages were printed under Russian superintendence, omitting many important passages obnoxious to Russia, and interpolating the original with others dictated by Russian authority. The omissions have been forwarded to England, together with a copy, in which the Russian interpolations were marked. In the London edition before us, published by Murray, these curious acts of omission and interpolation are pointed out by brackets and foot-notes.

tiny packet, covered her face with her white veil, and followed her new lord, apparently without a murmur.

Their price, like that of every other commodity, is *regulated* by the demand and the supply. The Circassians, Georgians, and Grecians were the most valued, but always estimated according to their beauty. The *two former* being very difficult to procure, on account of the strict blockade maintained by Russia on the Circasian coast of the Black Sea, now fetch as high a price as a hundred pounds; a well-made and healthy Abyssinian might be purchased for about thirty, while the poor negro woman was not considered worth more than *ten or fifteen*.

Fathers in Circassia, with a houseful of girls, complain bitterly of the blockade, which prevents the sale of a principal article of their merchandise; and the unbought beauties pine for the paradise of the harem!

The happiest aspect of the condition of the *women*—that of ease and luxury—does not give a very exalted idea of the social state of their sex; but how transcendent the life of the Oriental exquisite compared with even the highest beatitudes of English indulgence! It is said—

Strange to say, the harem I saw at Stamboul which exhibited the most complete picture of Oriental luxury, belonged to a rich Frank. This gentleman, whose name, through courtesy, I suppress, was not, in spite of our character for eccentricities, an Englishman. He has entirely adopted Turkish manners, even to public attendance at the mosques; though his friends well know that, in these observances, there is more hypocrisy than *faith*, as he makes no scruple in expressing opinions totally at variance with the tenets of the Koran. His immense wealth enables him to live in great splendour, and, being of a generous disposition, he frequently gives superb entertainments; but, since the attempt of the traveller, P. P——, to rob him of one of his fair flock, he has become shy of the society of Franks in general, and now seldom invites any persons to visit him, except Turks.

The first time I was introduced into his harem, or, *properly speaking*, reception saloon, I found him, as the weather was extremely warm, reclining on a divan, attended by his women, who were vying with each other in endeavouring to win his approbation. One was perfuming his beard with otto of roses, another fanning away the flies, and a third with her soft hands shampooed his feet; here a beautiful Circassian was performing on a sort of lute; there another displayed her graceful form in the voluptuous mazes of the dance; while several at embroidering at a distance; and, lastly, a bold-looking Georgian, who, by her confident airs and great beauty, seemed conscious of being the favourite, exhibited her well-turned arms as she reclined on a Persian carpet, and enjoyed, apparently with much gusto, her tchibouque.

The most aromatic perfumes were burning in the apartment; and the murmuring of the water from a marble fountain in the centre, was at once calculated to cool and refresh the air, lull the indolent to sleep, and supply the vacant mind with thought. In short, every aid was exported to that could in any way pander to the senses. The room opened into a garden filled with flowers; richly carpets covered the floor, and cushions of purple velvet, embroidered in gold, the divan; the ceiling was painted in fresco, and the panels inlaid with mother of pearl or looking glasses. The women, who were generally lovely, appeared gay and happy: and, in order, I suppose, that his selection should be perfectly Turkish, they were beautifully fat! Their tresses were superb and becoming, the colours well blended though gaudy; their hair, which was ornamented with pearls and precious stones, either fell in long plaits to the waist, or was confined by embroidered gauze.

By favour of the Russian ambassador—all-powerful at present in Constantinople—Mr Spencer was enabled to visit the mosques, which he has minutely described.

Mr Spencer saw much to admire in the personal character of the Sultan, though he seems to indulge faint hopes of the stability of his empire. His energetic attempts to introduce reform, though they might, in earlier periods, have regenerated the country, are now, in fact, precipitating its downfall. They have alarmed all the Conservative Pashas. The priests, too, are in arms. Their Church is in danger! Mr Spencer conceives the national character tainted to the core, and the Turks a thoroughly depraved people. The common soldiers alone retain somewhat of the manly qualities of their fiery and heroic ancestors, the armed propagators of the faith of Mahomet; but, being led by enervated chiefs, without capacity, and without bravery, their courage avails not. To their old vice, the intoxication of opium, the Turks have now, in spite of the interdiction of religion, added intemperance in wine. In this they indulge privately; but, as Mahomet did not foresee the West Indies—spices, sugar, and *rum*—the latter is, by a juggle of conscience, considered an orthodox beverage. The fair inmates of the harem, also, have discovered that liqueurs are more piquant than sherbet; and wine is openly allowed to very great personages, for the benefit of their health. The consequence is, that the faith of the great in the Koran, is practically shaken, while no better code takes its place. The defeats which the Turks have of late sustained, have taught them more charity and respect for *Giaours*, "dogs of Christians;" and the concourse of strangers, brought to Constantinople by the facilities afforded by steam navigation, is fast dispelling their inveterate prejudices. Constantinople will soon be as safe to strangers as any Christian capital.

Our traveller imputes the rapid downfall of the Mahommedan empire, to its obstinate conservatism. "The sons of the Crescent have remained stationary; and stationary they will remain, so long as they adhere to their civil and religious institutions, which are not only of a demoralizing character, but peremptorily forbid every attempt at innovation." Mr Spencer cannot flatter himself that the Sultan, Mahmoud, with his acknowledged energy, will much longer, if unaided, be able to procrastinate the conquest of Turkey. His only hope is, that the subjects of Russia are as abject as those of Turkey, and that the finances of the one country are not much more flourishing than those of the other.

At a military school in Constantinople, where Osmanli cadets are instructed by Franks, principally Italians, a native of the Caucasus, a young Kabardian, the son of a chief, who was attending, was pointed out to the traveller by a Frank teacher, who extolled the dexterity of his pupil, in all military and gymnastic exercises. The conversation of this young Highlander, the enthusiastic tone of his feelings, his ardent attachment to his native land, and his glowing description of the picturesque beauty of the country, and of the hospitality and friendly

disposition of the people, increased the desire which the traveller entertained to visit the Caucasian mountains; and the frankness, good faith, and intelligence of the Kabardian dissipated every remaining fear of venturing among the tribes, which he described in terms so opposite to those employed by Russian agents, when describing the fierce, fickle, and treacherous barbarians of the Caucasus. This youth detested the Russians, and ardently anticipated the day when he should be at liberty to draw his sword for liberty, and in defence of his native mountains. He presented the traveller with an amulet, which would ensure the protection of his father whose name would be found a sufficient passport in every part of the country. Mr Spencer, accordingly, abandoning his design of travelling in Hungary, went by steam to Odessa, and had, for fellow-passengers, the Russian ambassador, and a large party of Russian nobles. They reached the place in fifty hours, passing many objects of classic interest. A rigid quarantine is established here, which the kindness of his Russian friends enabled the traveller to pass usefully and pleasantly in perusing the latest English newspapers and periodicals. He was still more fortunate. Count Worrenzow, the Governor-General of South Russia, who was, at this time, at Odessa, invited him to accompany himself, and his friends and suite, on a coasting expedition in the Black Sea. This was to travel with all the appliances and means of comfort and information. They went first to Yalta in the Crimea, by steam, that the Governor-General might make needful preparations for their grand voyage of discovery, observation, and triumph. The description of this part of the Crimea, which has been changed as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, and of the seats and grounds of the Russian nobility along the coast, might tend to reconcile the reader to Russian aggression, were he satisfied that the social condition of the Tartar population had at all kept pace with these ostentatious appearances of civilization. There is, however, a left-handed consolation, in reflecting that the Tartars cannot be worse under the sway of Russia than when subjected to the tyranny and rapacity of their old masters.

They embarked for their expedition at Yalta in a Government steamer, appropriately named *Peter the Great*, convoyed by a corvette and a cutter. Prince Galitzin, Count de Witt, and other princes and nobles, with several ladies of high rank, the Consuls-General of France and England, and, in brief, a gay and gallant company, attended his Excellency. The Count Worrenzow had been educated in England, where his father was ambassador. He is fond of the English, and employs them in all his affairs. His gardener is a Scot; his steward, his governess, and others of his retinue, are English; his physician, from the name, seems Irish; his villa is after a plan by Blore, and erected under English superintendence.

The expedition, undertaken by command of the Emperor Nicholas, was received with every mark of deference and loyal enthusiasm at every port of the Crimea where it touched. The Governor General was received with high military honours; and balls, banquets, and illuminations were the order of the day in this first part of the semi-royal progress. Many of the scenes through which the little fleet moved, enhanced, too, by classic associations, were interesting and picturesque; though more was seen of show, glitter, and costume, than of national character. We shall, therefore, hurry over the preliminaries to reach the coast of Circassia.

The first Russian settlement on that coast is Anapa; finally taken from the Turks, after a furious siege, in the summer of 1828. Mr. Spencer, who has a good eye for scenery, and considerable descriptive power, first beheld the lesser chain of the Caucasus at sunrise, and the white walls of the fortress bristling with guns under the heights, as the ships ran into the harbour of Anapa. The Russians, though in possession of Anapa for eight years, can as yet count little upon making way into the interior. The heights and ground around this fortress, (and every other,) were still in possession of hostile natives, and covered with armed men, whom the appearance of the three vessels set in motion, as if to spread the alarm, and muster their force to repel anticipated attack. It was understood that the garrison, had suffered severely in a recent assault of the Circassians, who were said to be commanded by an English officer who had served in India. The spurious proclamation of the King of England, in reply to the famous address issued by the people of Circassia to all the powers of Europe, and published in the notorious "Portfolio," had just been diffused among the natives, who were roused to redoubled exertion by the promised aid of a powerful English fleet! Our traveller found himself in an unpleasant dilemma; especially when some of the Russians began to look askance upon the Englishman. But Count Worrenzow having rightly concluded that this proclamation must be the wild plan of certain exiled Poles, then among the mountains, continued his favour and protection.

The voyage was continued for thirty-eight miles onward to Soudjouk-Kalé, another fortress and commercial depot, which the Russians had taken a few days before from the Circassians; but with great loss—the mountaineers having fought with the bravery of despair. These brave people, with no other weapons than the rifle, sword, javelins, bows and arrows, and no defence of any kind, could not be expected to hold out against a disciplined force, 15,000 strong, led by an experienced general, and supported by a regular train of artillery. It is only in guerilla warfare that they are more than the match of the invaders. The fired villages of the unhappy Circassians were still blazing on the mountain side, when the Governor and his train came in sight. Here there was a regular camp consisting, besides the Russian troops, of the Tchernomorsky Cossacks, *the natural enemies* of

the Circassians, and of Don Cossacks. This camp, in our author's pages, forms an animated, a curious, and glittering picture. Several young Poles, of noble families, exiled for political opinions, were serving here as private soldiers. One was an author of great celebrity, who, after being punished by an exile and service of twelve years, had just been, for his bravery and good conduct, presented with a pair of epaulettes. His pardon and honours came too late although they could have gratified him. He was dying of consumption.

A young Circassian, of eminent beauty and of noble blood, had just joined the Russian standard —a very rare event among his countrymen. The ladies named him Jupiter; Mr Spencer, Antinous:—

His head and features, truly Grecian, were strikingly handsome; while the luxuriant beard, dark mustachios, and turbaned cap of the finest black Astrakan, imparted an expression of manly beauty and character; and, in truth, his figure for athletic grace of mould might well serve as a model for the immortal Phidias. Not having yet assumed the Russian uniform, his costume was perfectly national, consisting of a tunic and full trowsers of fine cloth, gathered at the knee, the colour of the falling leaf, which these mountaineers adopt as being best calculated to conceal them in their guerilla warfare. Indeed, I was not a little surprised to observe the neat manner in which the dress of the young barbarian was made, and it gave me quite a distaste for our cherished European modes; as assuredly the open collar, displaying the fine contour of his neck, and the close-binding girdle that secured his symmetrical form, seemed to me all that nature and art could devise for exhibiting the figure to the best advantage. The young traitor was, however, under strict surveillance, it being strongly suspected he was a spy; for it is no uncommon freak of the Circassian chiefs and nobles to offer their services to the emperor, receive handsome presents in arms and money, and then scamper off, on the first occasion, to their own people, after having acquired as much information as might suit their purpose.

Mr Spencer received such accounts from the officers in the camp of the ferocity and treachery of the Circassians, whom no kindness could win, no treaties bind, as were enough to frighten the boldest traveller from attempting to enter their country; but these reports did not correspond with the details he had obtained from his friend, the Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, the Dutch Consul at Odessa, whose voyages to the coast of Circassia were, we presume, not then published. The Chevalier still loved and admired the brave, hospitable, and unsophisticated race he had seen in his youth, whom he lavishly praised for all the virtues that adorn the half-civilized state.

As the expedition sailed on, the voyagers could mark the watch-fires blazing on the hills, which were used as telegraphs to spread warning when danger threatens.

When they entered the basin of the Euxine, the coast scenery became exquisitely beautiful, and the sublime panorama unfolded like a fairy land.

I admired the shore, from Anapa to Soudjouk Kalé, or its picturesque character; but the sublime panorama now unfolded, surpassed every expectation, however sanguine, I had hitherto formed. It was in truth fairy-land, as if created for the purpose of exhibiting the richest combinations, which unadorned nature alone could form. The mountains were covered with verdure from the highest peak to the water's edge, and whether the eye wandered along the shore, up the bosomy hills, or through the fertile valleys, numerous flocks of snow-white sheep were seen quietly grazing, mingled with herds of buffaloes, superb oxen, and jet-black goats, with their long slender limbs. Nor must we forget the numbers of beautiful half-wild horses, proudly tossing their curved necks and flowing manes, while bounding like deer through the valleys and along the steep sides of the hills. As our vessels glided slowly forward, we distinctly saw the little cots of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys and farm-yards, surrounded by groves of fruit trees, appearing as if the very abodes of contentment and peace; shepherds in their picturesque costume, with long spears in their hands, tended their flocks and herds; the agricultural fields were filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; and camels and buffaloes, loaded with the produce, were slowly winding their homeward way through the deep valleys. It was indeed a lovely picture, which blended the most sublime and picturesque scenery with the beauty of romantic rural life, and realized all that the most lively invention of a poet could create of an Arcadia.

My eyes were never tired of resting on this vision of loveliness; to me it was novel, and I dwelt on it with feelings of painful regret, as a picture I never was to behold again, aware as I was of the fate to which this interesting people are destined, the formidable power against which they have to contend, and the judicious plans laid down to deprive them of their country and independence. I thought of the young Kabardian I had known at Constantinople, of the animated descriptions of his country, his romantic attachment for it, his disregard of wealth and luxury, his contempt for the dress, customs, manners, and habits of the effeminate Turks. "Give me," said he, "but my country free and independent; my cot, my friends, my horses, and my arms; and I would not exchange with the great Padishah of all the Osmanlis." It is proverbial that mountaineers, even in the most inhospitable regions, are enthusiastic lovers of their country; but surely the man who calls this beautiful land his home, would die to defend it.

Their next halting place was Ghelendjik, another military and commercial position, where a number of Russian settlers had been induced to establish themselves, on being exempted from all taxes and public service for twenty-five years, upon the condition of defending the settlement against the natives. This condition was not so easily kept; and, notwithstanding those immunities, the colony was abandoned, and the garrison alone remains, strongly defended, and protected also by a maritime force. The vessels and the fortress saluted the Governor's flotilla as it entered the bay.

But whatever amusement these warlike sounds might have afforded our delighted party, how different must have been the feelings of the unhappy Circassians, when the horrid crash was repeated by the rocks, and resounded through their once peaceful valleys! At that moment, no doubt many a hardy mountaineer girded his sword, and many a timid mother, with streaming eyes, pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and flew to the mountain top. O, ambition! how many crimes hast thou not caused! how many miseries inflicted upon the human race! . . . . . .

The inhabitants were evidently expecting a repetition of hostilities; for, by the aid of a powerful glass, I observed them assembled in great numbers, and all well armed. Among the groups, were several turbaned heads of the Turks; I also clearly saw, that the dense forests which lined the shore were filled with men equipped with every description of offensive weapon, from a rifle, and bows and arrows, down to a javelin; and not unfrequently a gallant chieftain galloped forth on horseback,

in glittering armour, attended by his squire, and, mounting the summit of a small hill, drew his sword and waved it in the air, as if defying us to combat. Indeed, we fully expected an attack, as we had been already repeatedly fired upon; and, in anticipation of such an event, we were amply prepared with the means of defence. But I have no such exciting incident to record, the only disadvantage it entailed being, that we were obliged to steer our course at a greater distance from the shore.

The scenery continued equally lovely; and the atmosphere was so balmy, and the air so bracing in the vicinity of the mountains, as to exceed, in Mr Spencer's opinion, even that of the finest parts of Italy. He, indeed, becomes a little romantic in contemplation of this lovely land, and its stately and handsome people—and a little touch of romance may have a worse source. In Upper Abasia, he first saw the Circassians mingling, on something like friendly terms, with the Russian soldiers.

The one, with symmetrical forms and classic features, seemed breathing statues of immortal Greece; the other, coarse-looking, short, and thick-limbed, appeared like an inferior race of beings. But, if the physical line of demarcation was broad, the moral was still broader. The mountaineer, free as the eagle on the wing, stepped and moved, as if proudly conscious of his independence, with a dauntless self-confidence not unmixed with scorn, that none but a child of liberty could exhibit in his bearing; and which reminded me of the majestic Albanian, or Scott's Highland chieftain, when he exclaimed,

"My foot's upon my native heath,
And my name is MacGregor."

The mass of the Russians displayed the air and manner of men always accustomed to be commanded, and to pay the most implicit deference to the will of their superiors in rank; but, as we have none such in England, I am at a loss for a comparison that will afford you an idea of this sort of bearing in men.

A storm in the Euxine gave a little variety to the voyage, and was attended with no disastrous consequences. An apt instance of the sure retribution which follows commercial jealousy, was seen at Redout-Kalé, formerly the great depôt for English manufactures, on their transit by caravans to Persia, Georgia, and the neighbouring provinces of Russia and Turkey. The town used to be a place of considerable trade and bustle. There was not, at this time, a single trading vessel in the river; the spacious bazaars, so lately filled with all sorts of European produce, were shut up; and the inhabitants had no better occupation than to sit on their bulrush mats, smoke their pipes, and gaze at the strangers. All this had been effected, in a short time, by the restrictive duties which Russian jealousy had imposed on British industry and enterprise. The merchants removed to the Turkish Trebizond; and that town has consequently rapidly risen to prosperity. The Russians have endeavoured to counteract the mischief, by returning to a more liberal system; but it has not succeeded.

The Governor-General, and his suite, visited Mingrelia, the father-land of the Mamelukes. In appearance, habits, and character, the hardy race of Mingrelia strongly resemble the Circassians. Among them, our travellers found a Mr Marr, a Scotsman, and originally a merchant in Redout-Kalé. Upon the decay of that town he retired into the interior, and became a farmer having been presented with a grant of land by a Prince of Mingrelia with whom he was a favourite. His sons have been educated in Europe, and probably in Scotland; but, returning to the wilds of Mingrelia, they now hunt boars, and bears, and buffaloes, and are completely assimilated to the manners of the natives.

The true character of the sway of Russia, over much of the territory that figures in the maps of her voluminous empire, was betrayed, in several instances, in the course of this voyage. At Bombora, on their backward voyage, it is said:—

We were much disappointed at not meeting with Michael Scharavaschedze, chief of the Pso tribe, inhabiting the neighbourhood of Bombora, who I understood was educated in St Petersburg, and an officer in the Russian service; but, strange to say, although he has long given in his adhesion to the government, yet we were told the usual story, that not a single soldier can absent himself to any distance from the fort without danger of being shot or taken prisoner. In addition to this, we learned, among other things, that the hostility of the natives was increasing, and that the garrison had suffered considerably from an attack made by the Circassians some months previously, and which had been conducted with a fury and an address they had never before exhibited. We were also informed, that, since the strictness of the blockade prevents the people from obtaining a sufficient supply of powder, they have adopted the expedient of the lasso in capturing the soldiers of the garrison, who are thus led off to the mountains without being able to offer any effectual resistance. . . .

In one of the bazaars, we saw a noble of the country, who had just come down from the mountains to effect some trifling barter: he was completely armed, and, as is usual with this people, accompanied by his squire. It would appear that they were not inspired with more confidence in Russian faith than was exhibited by their compatriots at Anapa; for, during the whole time they remained, the squire held a loaded pistol in his hand on the cock: I suppose with the intention of firing at any one that might threaten the safety of his lord.

At Anapa, the henchman of a chief, who had craved an interview with the Governor-General, conducted himself in exactly the same manner—ready to shoot his Excellency the instant that any danger menaced his superior. Ruins of churches built by the Genoese, who in their palmy days enjoyed an extensive and lucrative traffic with all these coasts, were seen at different places by Mr Spencer in the course of his wanderings; and the voyagers purchased from the natives and Armenian merchants at Bombora, splendid poniards and sabres, evidently of great antiquity, but in perfect preservation, and bearing the chivalrous inscriptions so commonly engraved on swords in the time of the Crusades. *Parmi Rey y par my Rey*, is one; another, the common motto, which ought to be engraved on all duelling pistols—*Ne me tire sans raison, et ne me remet pas sans honneur*. Swords of this description are also noticed by M. Marigny, as among the weapons of the Princes of Circassia. They are imagined to have been those of the Crusaders. Mr Spencer, indeed, heard of a tribe of Christians nestling somewhere in the Caucasus, and received information from the Armenian merchants of Bombora of the existence of churches and sacred books.

It is probable that Count Worrenzow was himself rather disappointed on this voyage;

and his friends and train were at least illuminated as to the reception Russian authorities may expect. Before setting out, it had been boasted in South Russia, that Circassia was already conquered, that the Russian flag waved on every hill, and that the Governor-General had only to present himself to receive the submission of the few hostile chiefs who had obstinately stood out until now. "How different was the reality from the anticipation! No chief waited upon us to tender his allegiance, and those who pretended to be the allies of Russia were everywhere absent. In short, we found a whole people in arms, fighting for their independence with indomitable bravery, and the Russian garrisons daily diminishing by pestilence and the sword."

Confinement within the narrow bounds of their fortresses, miasma, and dram-drinking, sweep away the Russian soldiers by wholesale. Still it matters not; their place—the *raw*, live material—can be easily supplied, if their arms and appointments do not perish. We shall not follow the humane speculations of our author upon what ought to be the policy of Russia with the Circassians, and the wisdom of putting an end to a war which every humane man even in Russia laments to see continued. "Surely," he remarks, "the benevolent Nicholas and his kind-hearted Empress, whose character is the theme of praise from one end of the empire to the other, cannot but regret the desolating war that is now reducing a whole country to misery and ruin."

He urges colonization, and places great reliance upon the assistance which steam navigation must give to commerce and the progress of civilization throughout all the new appendages to the Russian empire in the Black Sea. He urges this eloquently, but apparently without much hope of success.

Every consideration, whether of humanity or just policy, that I can urge to induce the Russian government to turn aside the devastating sword from the humble hearths of the mountaineers of the Caucasus, will, alas! I am afraid, be ineffectual. No; if I were possessed of the eloquence of Demosthenes, it would avail nothing. Conquest! dominion! is, unhappily for their less powerful neighbours, the actuating principle of the government, and the majority of the Russian nobility. Already, in anticipation of the conquest of Circassia, have the most beautiful, the most picturesque sites on the coast been pointed out for the erection of châteaux and palaces.

Count Worrenzow had contemplated settling a colony of Swiss at one of the Russian fortresses on the coast; and on the expedition, he was attended by a Swiss gentleman, with a view to this object. But the obstinate hostility of the Circassians to everything emanating from their inveterate enemy, made the design be laid aside; and it is to be feared that Russian policy will rather choose to see this injured country continue for another forty years the theatre of a sanguinary predatory war, than witness its civilization and tranquillity effected under the auspices of any other power. Russia indeed affects to claim Circassia in virtue of a treaty with the Porte; while the Circassians indignantly deny that they ever were subjects of their ally and protector; or that a right can be transferred which never existed; and that, without their own consent, they may be handed over to a power with which they have been at war for forty years.

As soon as this grand maritime progress was terminated, Mr Spencer, after remaining for a short time among his countrymen in the employment of Count Worrenzow, formed the design of exploring a part of the ancient dominions of the Khans of Krim Tartary. The kindness of the Governor-General facilitated his progress in many ways. This enlightened and patriotic nobleman sent one of his aides-de-camp, and his dragoman, along with the English traveller. The narrative of this excursion is exceedingly pleasing and interesting; but, as many previous travellers have visited the Crimea, and as Circassia is our main object, we shall hasten forward.

We therefore pass over Mr Spencer's travels among the Nogay Tartars, his further wanderings in the Crimea, and residence at Odessa, and follow him to Trebizond, whence he smuggled himself into Circassia in a Turkish brigantine, laden with ammunition and salt, the commander of which sailed at midnight, in defiance of the Russian strict blockade. A Russian brig gave chase, but they escaped by superior sailing; for this was no lumbering Turkish craft, but "as neat and tidy a little brig as ever left the port of London," being built by an American at Constantinople.

The captain, a perfect Hercules in proportions, was habited in the Turkish costume; his bronze, weather-beaten countenance shewed that he had seen much service; and a tremendous cut across the face gave his features an expression of great ferocity. The number of his sailors was also nearly double the complement necessary for the management of his little vessel; while four long swivel brass guns, at first stowed from observation, now shewed their threatening muzzles, and a quantity of weapons, neatly arranged in true naval order, gave me some misgivings as to the character of the vessel.

The voyager was enchanted with the magnificently sublime chain of the Caucasian Alps, as seen from the sea; the mighty Elberous, 500 toises higher than Mont Blanc, towering in the midst of them; while the rising sun poured a flood of rosy light on the snowy peaks and ridges. They stood in for Pchad, the *Pchiate* of M. de Marigny; and the well-known signal of the captain was instantly recognised; musket shots were fired in various directions through the woods, and thousands of armed men lined the beach, where only a moment before no human being had been visible. Boats, borne on their shoulders, were launched; and the crews, singing in chorus their national boat-song, proceeded to unload the ship, which, in an incredibly short time, was laid up snug, in a small river, concealed from Russian vigilance by lofty trees.

It was at Pchad the Russians first obtained leave to establish a commercial depôt about 1817, and by gifts and a pension gained the protection of a leading chief, named Indargou, who became the Konak of all the commissioners and

agents, connected with Russia, who entered the country. By a custom known among many half-civilized tribes, every stranger entering Circassia claims the protection of a native, and, if possible, of a powerful one, who is named his *Konak* or Chief, and who is bound by the most sacred feelings of honour to protect his person and property in every extremity. A stranger ignorant of this custom, and who omits to name his Konak, becomes the property of the first Circassian who chooses to seize him, and may either be sold for a slave, or retained in slavery by his captor. When M. de Marigny, then in the service of Russia, and his friends, first landed at Pchad, they were surrounded by Circassians impatient to learn the name of their Konak, which was to be the signal of their liberty or slavery. When informed their Konak was Prince Indar Oglou, the natives stretched out their hands in welcome, and congratulated them upon their arrival. This tie, so useful in an unsettled country, and among so turbulent and warlike a race, is attended with some inconveniences. The chiefs, or persons at feud with the Konak, readily take their revenge on the protected individuals. The custom also interferes with the course of justice. The Konak of a stranger accused of a crime is often found too strong for the law. M. de Marigny describes a primitive mode by which strangers may be naturalized, and adopted into a Circassian family. "The ceremony of adoption consists in applying the mouth for a few moments to a woman's breast. She, as well as her husband, become from that time forward *ataliks* to the stranger, whom they receive among the number of their own legitimate children." A few presents must he made by the adopted to his *ataliks*, or foster parents; and the stranger will afterwards find no difficulty in purchasing a wife in the manner of the country; and by marriage, strengthen himself by numerous "kith, kin, and allies"—a point of much importance in Circassia. Mr. Spencer states, that, by the above ceremony, a slave is emancipated and adopted as a son.

The custom of fosterage observed in Circassia, is very similar to that which to a recent period existed in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, and the Hebrides, where the sons of the chiefs, and particularly the heir, were brought up by some respectable and trust-worthy vassal. There is this difference, that, in Circassia, the first person who presents himself after the son is born, or, according to Spencer, nursed, claims the right of bringing up the child; and, if two or more arrive at the same moment, it is settled by arbiters how long each shall have the care of the boy. From Marigny we learn, that

> The *atalik* carries off the infant, sometimes secretly, and confides it to a nurse; and, as soon as it can dispense with her care, his education begins. It consists in all bodily exercises adapted to increase the strength and agility; riding, wrestling, shooting with the bow, the gun, or the pistol, &c.; in the art of conducting an incursion with success; in skill in theft, and in being able to brave hunger and fatigue: they endeavour also to render them eloquent, and to form their judgment, in order to enable them to be influential members of the assemblies. This education, which reminds us of that of the heroic times of Greece, was held in such high estimation by the khans of Tartary, that they used to send their children to be brought up by the *ataliks* in Circassia. The young man's return to his paternal home is celebrated by a grand fête, to which all the relations are invited, and to which he is brought in triumph. The *atalik* returns home loaded with presents, and henceforth enjoying in the family of his pupil a degree of relationship, which is always preserved, and which nothing can destroy. From this solemn day, the custom which forbade the father to see his son, ceases, and he may freely give way to his paternal affection.

Marigny formed a friendship with the *ataliks* of the sons of his Konak, Indar Oglou. Dr Johnson was entertained by the foster-parents of the laird of Coll.—But we have left Mr Spencer on the beach at Pchad, in some trepidation as to the issue of his perilous adventure. He assumed the costume of the country, which, besides being elegant, is well adapted to the climate; and adhered to the prudent plan which had facilitated his intercourse with other half-civilized tribes, of conforming, as far as possible, to their customs. Equipped as a Circassian warrior, with a rifle slung across his shoulder, a poniard hanging from his girdle, and mounted on a splendid horse, which cost four pounds, and in England would be worth a hundred, he set forth, accompanied by the captain, for the dwelling of Mahmoud Indar Oglou, the chief of the district. Marigny magnifies the regard and admiration of the Circassians for his nation, with the vainglory of a true Frenchman. Mr Spencer subsequently learned, that the English were at this time highly popular in Circassia; but he had already assumed the character of a *hakkim*, or physician, from Constantinople, and called himself a Frank, and a Genoese by nation, which people had long traded with the tribes of the Caucasus, though they now appear to be completely forgotten.

The strangers were objects of great curiosity to the natives; and were soon surrounded by not less than a thousand armed men, the greater number on horseback, rending the air with their war-songs. A European, new to their manners, and knowing not one word of their unwritten language, might have been forgiven for imagining himself in the hands of banditti. Mr Spencer says:—

> In vain I sought among the crowd the eye of some chief, some superior, whose presence held in check the fierce warriors around me; but none such could I discover: they all seemed of the same family, the same rank; and yet, with the exception of their boisterous mirth, the loud screaming of the war-cry, and singing of warlike songs, they could not be exceeded for orderly behaviour by any other body of men, even in the best-disciplined country of the most despotic power in Europe.
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> I was first struck with their fine martial appearance, athletic forms, regular features, and the proud consciousness of freedom displayed in every glance and movement. The most accomplished cavalier in Europe could not sit his horse with greater ease and grace than did these wild mountaineers; and the symmetry of the noble animals that carried them I have never seen equalled, except in our own country. All this ill accorded with the poverty of their habiliments and accoutrements; but, whether they were habited in hemp, linen, the coarsest baize, or even sheep's-skin, I was compelled to admire the sensible

shape of their vestments, and their admirable adaptation either to display the symmetry of the form, a defence against the weather, or an appropriate military costume: and yet this has been the attire of this singular people from time immemorial—a people whom we have been accustomed to regard as barbarians, but whose dress and system of warfare is now adopted, to improve those of the Russian army.

The traveller, fatigued with the monotonous steppes of Krim-Tartary, was charmed with the beautiful mountain scenery, and the fresh and bracing air of the hills, as he passed through the valley of the Pchad. He was astonished too at the high state of cultivation of this barbarous region, where the cottages, clustered on the bank of a stream, or hanging on the hill-sides, appeared not much inferior in neatness to those of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Numerous herds of cattle, enclosed by palisadoes, were seen, in one place, enjoying the richest pastures; in another, men, women, and children, were engaged in their various labours of husbandry, giving to the landscape that beautiful rural aspect so characteristic of a pastoral people; and I was not a little amused to see the men and boys, at work in the fields, on perceiving our party, desert their labours, fly to their cottages, arm themselves, and mount their horses, in order to swell our ranks.

On advancing about a couple of leagues, the strangers met a band of Circassians, who informed them that the chief to whom they were journeying, was absent with his sons, at a general meeting of the confederate princes, (for the chiefs or heads of clans have at last confederated against Russia, to the number of thirteen,) but that his cousin would be happy to receive them. They accordingly crossed a hill to another glen, also diligently cultivated and thickly inhabited, though the cottages were hid by dense foliage, to elude the observation of the enemy. They were received with great courtesy by the chieftain, who was only of the second rank of Circassian grandees. Their warlike, voluntary escort left them here, making the hills resound with their shouts and war-songs. And now we shall fairly introduce our readers into the interior of a Circassian establishment.

We were ushered into the apartment reserved for the reception of strangers, where the squire of my host divested me of all my arms, except the poniard, and hung them up on the walls of the rooms, already adorned with a vast number, consisting of guns, pistols, sabres, poniards, bows and arrows, and one or two coats of mail, all kept in the highest order, and several richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones.

The room differed little in its appointments from those of the Turks. The floor was covered with a brilliant-coloured carpet; a divan of red leather, stuffed with hair, surrounded the chamber, and several small tablets, inscribed with verses of the Koran, in the Arabic language, were affixed to the walls. From this circumstance, I inferred that my host professed the Mahometan religion, which induced me to present him my firman, when, like a true believer, he kissed it most reverently, evidently regarding me with high respect, as the possessor of a document so sacred as to have affixed to it the seal of the spiritual chief of all the Osmanlis. However, his acquaintance with the Turkish language was merely confined to a few phrases, and his knowledge of Islamism vague and imperfect. Our refreshment was served in the Turkish style, consisting of a variety of dishes, separately brought in, upon small round tables, about half a foot high. There could not have been less than from twelve to fifteen. . .

During the repast, we were waited upon, in addition to our host, by several female slaves. The drink was a species of mead, and the boza of the Tartars, made from millet, in taste not unlike small beer. The bread was a composition of wheat and maize, of excellent flavour; and, in the pilaff, which was not to be despised, buckwheat formed a very good substitute for rice. Of course, we had a pewter tray for a tablecloth, wooden bowls for glasses, poniards for carving knives, fingers for forks, and the palms of our hands for spoons: but all these inconveniences, common to the East, were to me but as a feather in the balance, compared with being obliged to sit for an hour on a carpet, cross-legged.

A ramble over the grounds followed the repast. The whole scene is characteristic:—

The clustered dwellings of my host, which might be said to resemble a little hamlet, were pleasantly situated on a rising eminence, sloping down to the banks of a rivulet; and, being surrounded by grounds, divided, with no little judgment, into gardens, orchards, paddocks, meadows, and corn-fields, animated, here and there, with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, altogether formed a very pretty picture. I could not but admire the judicious arrangement of the granary, supported on short stone pillars, each having attached, a few feet from the ground, a broad circular stone, hollowed in the centre, by means of which it effectually preserves the grain, not only from dampness, but from the attack of any vermin whatsoever.

In this pastoral country, like that of the patriarchs of old, the riches of the Circassians consist in the number of their flocks and herds, to which we may add their wives and children. Those of my host, Ghatkhe Atiokhai, were numerous, and remarkably fine, particularly the horses, the greatest attention being paid by every Circassian to their breed, which are highly esteemed in the neighbouring countries, Russia and Turkey; and I remarked, that the character with which the cattle were branded bore some resemblance to the Grecian alphabet.

During our rambles through the grounds, we found the wives and children of my host, with their slaves, employed at agricultural pursuits, or tending their flocks and herds. Some were engaged in reaping, others in milking the cows; and one fine-looking princess, with the force of an Amazon, was repairing a wooden fence with a hatchet. Among the children, there was a remarkably good-looking curly-headed boy, and a girl, about eight or nine years of age, who seemed, in an especial degree, to possess the affection of the father. I was just in the act of extolling the beauty of the children, when I was fortunately checked in time by the captain; for though, in Europe, you win the heart of a parent by praising his offspring, yet here, for the same compliment, you are accused of intending to extend over them the malign influence of the evil eye.

The young urchins were not inappropriately named the "Look of a Lion," and the "Speed of a Deer," for the one was playing with the half-wild horses, as if they were kittens, while the fair young princess displayed the utmost agility in driving her refractory charge of goats, cows, and buffaloes, to water.

The women of Circassia are not, as in other parts of the East, completely confined to the harem, nor are they altogether obliged to conceal their features with the veil from the observation of the stranger, that article of dress being worn more as a shelter from the sun, when taking the air, and, in-doors, as a graceful form of head-dress. The wives of my host were habited in a species of white garment, made from camel or goat's hair, which enveloped the whole form. To this was added a muslin veil; and you cannot think how picturesque was the effect, when viewed from a distance. The sanctum sanctorum, in which were lodged the women and children, in addition to being enclosed within a wooden fence, was completely concealed from view by the thick foliage of groves of trees. Here are also the sheds for the cattle; the remainder of the cots being either set apart for the reception of strangers, or inhabited by the dependents of the chief. There might have been altogether about six or seven; the whole built of hurdles, plastered inside and out, and neatly thatched with reeds and Indian corn

leaves. Each cot contained two rooms: the one, with a large fireplace in the centre, appropriated to cooking and domestic purposes, somewhat resembled that of an old English farm-house, having pot-hooks and hangers, while the other answered the double purpose of a sitting-room and dormitory. A chequered mat, of variegated colours, covered the floor; and a divan surrounded three sides of the room: the only additional furniture being a few small tables, about a foot in height, and something resembling a chest of drawers; unless, indeed, we include the saddles, bridles, housings, and weapons, that hung suspended against the walls.

Those occupied by the ladies of the chieftain and their slaves, were furnished in a similar manner; the only additional decoration, I presume by way of ornament, were shelves loaded with glass, china, and bright culinary utensils, made of brass, copper, or glazed pottery, intended more for show than use. There was also a grand display, hanging upon lines across the room, of the various specimens of female industry, such as embroidered napkins, handkerchiefs, veils, and costly dresses, glittering with gold and silver.

The little verandah is, in fine weather, the place of general resort. Here the visiter is regaled; here the story-teller relates the traditionary tale, and the bard chants the heroic songs of his nation, in which its annals are embodied; and here the host, if advanced in years, smokes his tchibouque, and sips his coffee, in the midst of his wives and children, or takes his siesta. The customs of Circassia do not permit young men, or those in middle life, to see their wives, save by stealth, and at night; and we hear of a lady escaping out of a window, when her husband chanced to enter the apartment in which she was with his friends.

The wives and daughters of the chief were seated with the strangers in the verandah, smoking with as much gusto as German students, when "a young warrior arrived, at the head of a train of young men about his own age, all well armed, and mounted upon splendid horses. The young prince, who was remarkable for the symmetry of his athletic form and the frankness and sincerity expressed in his countenance, was introduced to me as the cousin of my host, the son of one of the Khapsouké chiefs, called Beitzroukou. His visit was for the double purpose of arranging commercial relations with the captain for a supply of powder and salt, and inviting me to the residence of his father, some twenty leagues distant, across the mountains. Accordingly, the next morning we commenced our route, long before Aurora made her appearance; and, even thus early, the family of my host had breakfast prepared, similar to the repast I have already described."

A few small presents, with which they were delighted, were made, at parting, to the ladies of the family, according to the usual practice in Circassia. The route lay through a wild and rugged mountain country; but the Circassians are admirable horsemen; and Mr Spencer asserts that their breed of horses equals the purest Arabian, or the finest racers of England. They are as well trained, as kindly treated, and as docile, affectionate, and intelligent as an Arab's steed. They came to a Tartar village, surrounded with orchards, and highly cultivated and fertile fields. The inhabitants had escaped from Russian oppression at the conquest of the Crimea, and formed an independent colony here. People and numerous herds of cattle were frequently seen; but the dwellings were invisible. Game abounded in the mountains, and the party shot as they travelled.

The congregated cottages which formed the dwelling of the Highland chief whom they went to visit, were placed by a rivulet, which formed a natural moat, and were palisadoed. His flocks and herds covered the surrounding hills.

Several horses were standing under the verandah, ready saddled; when, on our leader firing his musket, we were presently joined by the old chief and a few of his clansmen, who welcomed me in the most friendly manner to Atteghei. (Circassia, in the language of the natives.) The appearance of the prince was in every respect calculated to excite the attention of a stranger. In his person he was tall and erect, with a beard descending half way to his girdle. His features, still handsome, but roughened by long exposure to the weather, wore a mingled expression of good nature, ferocity, and cunning, the effect of a long life of warfare and peril.

Although he had attained the age of seventy, yet he managed his steed with as much ease and grace as any one of the athletic youths that surrounded me. Indeed, he is said still to excel in horsemanship, and all the military exercises of his country; he had only returned, a few days previous to my arrival, from the camp near Soudjouk-Kalè, where he performed prodigies of valour in defending the passes against the advance of the Russian army, and was now preparing his clansmen for a second campaign.

The residence was very similar to that which Mr Spencer has already described; but still more primitive, and with less of comfort or luxury. In the windows, parchment was the substitute for glass.

This total absence of domestic comforts was singularly contrasted with the splendid armour of the men, their gemmed weapons, noble horses, and rich housings; together with the magnificent Oriental costume of the women, who, in their dresses of gold brocade and silvered muslin, resembled so many peacocks proudly strutting about a farm-yard. Still, the traveller arriving at the house of a Circassian chief has no reason to complain. The room appropriated to strangers is always furnished with a divan, pillows, and coverlets: the cheer is, by no means, to be despised; and I do not think that any people ever tendered the cup of refreshment to the weary traveller with more genuine hospitality.

On entering the strangers' apartment, to which the prince had the courtesy to conduct me himself, his squire, according to the general custom of this people, divested me of the whole of my weapons, and hung them up on the walls of the room with those of his master, except the poniard, which a Circassian never parts with, being considered a part of his costume. How like the warriors of ancient Greece!

The din and clatter kept up in the dwelling all night, the chirping of innumerable insects, the croaking of myriads of frogs, and the shrill, wild, melancholy cry of the jackals howling in concert, made it impossible to sleep. It is said that "the war-cry of the Circassians is an exact imitation of the howl of this animal; and, when screamed at the same moment by thousands, it is the most fearful, unnatural, and intimidating yell ever uttered by a people in presence of an enemy."

As a hakkim, and a giver of pretty presents, the stranger next day was introduced by his young guide to the ladies of the family

The mother of my young companion, probably between forty and fifty years of age, was sumptuously attired in a blue silk robe, open in the front, confined with silver clasps, and a girdle ornamented with silver; her trousers were very beautiful Turkish muslin, of variegated colours, and red slippers; on her head she wore a light shawl, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling, in graceful folds, over her neck and shoulders, completely concealing her hair; over this was thrown a large, thin muslin veil, that nearly enveloped her figure; her dress being completed by an abundant display of gold trinkets, evidently extremely ancient, and, from the workmanship, I should think, Venetian. Her person still retained traces of great beauty.

The attire of her daughters was even more splendid; but, in lieu of the turban, each wore a *tiara* of red Morocco leather, ornamented with a profusion of small Turkish and Persian gold coins. In other respects their dress was similar, except that the hair of the young dames, instead of falling on the neck in curls, like that of the married women, was arranged in a thick plait, confined at the end by a silver cord, which descended below the waist: their features were as beautifully regular and expressive as those of their mother; yet, it must be confessed that their sallow complexions by no means improved their personal appearance. They were, however, young, still encased in the tight leather corset worn by all Circassian girls, of whatever age, which was, no doubt, the principal cause of their unhealthy appearance.

On a signal being made, the young prince, agreeably to custom, left the room, when one of his wives entered, a princess of the Demirghoi tribe, one of the handsomest women I think I ever beheld. She might be about eighteen: with the most regular features of the Grecian cast; eyes, large and dark; complexion, a clear brown; hands and feet delicately small: and her whole figure admirably moulded. She was dressed in a similar style to that of the elder princess, except that it was more tasteful, and studied with no small degree of coquetry: her fine dark hair hung in tresses on her shoulders. Indeed, the finest women I saw in Circassia, were the young and married: for, being divested of the leather confinement, their forms had expanded into all the luxuriance of womanhood.

He found the princess and her daughters, to whom he had been presented, employed at embroidery.

This refined accomplishment does not, however, occupy a large portion of the time of the women of the Caucasus; and those of my host, like the princesses of old, occasionally employed themselves in spinning wool and flax—their fair hands not only made the clothes for their families, down to the very shoes, but plaited camels' and goats' hair into mantles, made cushions for the saddle, housings for the horse, and sheaths for swords and poniards. Nor were they less expert in the art of cookery or the management of the dairy; and sometimes even displayed their agricultural skill in the fields, the whole wardrobe of finery being reserved for visits of ceremony. My host was equally industrious; for, besides building, with his own princely hands, the little cottages he occupied, he was his own carpenter, tanner, and weaver, mounted his pistols and guns, manufactured his inimitable bows and arrows; and like old King Priam, in conjunction with his princely boys, tilled the land, and tended his flocks and herds in the mountains; and, when the wintry snow rendered his occupations in the open air no longer agreeable, he made mats of great beauty, which find a ready sale in Turkey and Persia. Nor was this his only employment—he cast bullets, made gunpowder; and, if these were not sufficient to fill up his time, he smoked his tchibouque.

There are now many tribes in Circassia, of Nogay Tartars, Calmucks, and Turcomans, who have few claims to personal beauty. But the Circassians never intermarry with any race save their own; and purity of blood, and beauty of features and form, are the first consideration with a father in selecting a wife for his son. The chiefs never sell their daughters, nor give them in marriage, save in their own nation and in a similar rank. Connexions with powerful families, by intermarriages, are naturally sought after in a country in the condition of Circassia. When Mr Spencer first saw a number of Circassians together at Pitzounda, his impression was they were of Greek origin. This, however, was not confirmed as he advanced into the interior, where the small aquiline nose, and finely-arched eye-brow, shewed another descent.

The only regular artificers in Circassia, are armourers, cutlers, and goldsmiths, who mount weapons with gold and gems, with much elegance and taste. The designs traced on the guns and swords, are often beautiful, and the excellence of the temper given the latter cannot be surpassed. The Circassians have also an ingenious manner of inlaying their guns and little tables with mother of pearl.

Although the Konak of Mr Spencer was one of the most powerful of the confederated princes, and the captain who brought him a tried friend, whose intrepidity in braving the Russian blockade to bring needful succours was generally known, suspicion arose from his persevering inquisitiveness in questioning certain Armenian merchants, and his habit of writing in a note-book, and making sketches of the natives and their houses. They began to suspect that he might be a Russian agent; and a meeting of the elders was held to examine him, before he was allowed to advance any farther into the interior. His papers were taken from him, and declared to be written in Russ, by men who knew no written characters of any kind. Some Russian slaves, who were brought to examine the manuscripts, declared they were not Russian. Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, could make nothing of them; and, at length, nothing being found to criminate the traveller, and the Prince, his young companion, evincing a warm interest in his behalf, Mr Spencer was allowed to set out for the place where his Konak held his camp, for the purpose of seeing more of the country. Tormented as this unfortunate people have been for half a century, by legions of Muscovite agents, sowing dissensions among them, endeavouring to detach the people from the chief—to whom their allegiance is altogether voluntary—and tampering with their fidelity in every way, he was neither surprised nor displeased at their suspicions being excited.

Mr Spencer had the good fortune, on his arrival, to cure his Konak of an intermitting fever, with the medicine which he carried with him; and his fame as a hakkim, and the number of his patients, increased every day. He had, besides, shewn his secret credentials, obtained from the friends of his Konak at Constantinople, and every suspicion vanished. He lived in the midst of their camp, and accompanied them in several expeditions, though he took no part in the actual warfare, shielding himself under his peaceful

character of physician. The Circassians, by their hardy habits, appear admirably adapted to irregular mountain war. If implicit faith is to be placed in Mr Spencer's opinions, it will be impossible for a long while, if ever, to subdue them.*

Every station occupied by the enemy, though bristling with guns, is, nevertheless, insufficient to protect them. These wily mountaineers will lie concealed for whole days at their very gates, and, when a convenient moment presents itself, pounce upon their prey like a tiger, and fly off to the mountains. Besides, the Circassians, acting independently and in small bodies under their own respective chieftains, are a constant source of inquietude, and give perpetual occupation to whole brigades. Therefore, you may be assured, unless the tide of public feeling should change in favour of Russia, which is by no means probable, she will not succeed in her attempts to subdue these provinces, even with a force of three hundredthousand men. . . . . .

The animosity ever borne by the inhabitants of the Caucasus towards the Russians has been lately increased a thousandfold, not only by the aggravated reports of the Polish and Tartar deserters who reside among them, but by their individual sufferings. In addition to the lengthened and incessant warfare carried on to deprive them of their country and independence, they accuse the Russians of wantonly burning their villages, of forcibly carrying off their wives and children, and of encouraging their predatory neighbours, the Tchernemorsky Cossacks, established on the opposite bank of the Kouban. These, they say, in defiance of the most solemn treaties, still cross the river, plundering and laying waste all before them.

So determined, indeed, are the Circassians to maintain their independence at all risks, that, at a recent meeting, the confederate chiefs, having sacrificed every petty feud to the public interest, bound themselves never to sheath their swords while a Russian remained on their territories. . . . . .

During a campaign, difference of rank seems to cause no distinction between them, the chief fares no better than his clansman; a bag of millet, here called *adjikha*, and a leathern bottle full of *skhou*, a species of sour milk, forming the stock of provisions; and the mantle (tchaouko) both tent and bed. A Circassian never complains that he cannot march for want of shoes, nor subsist for want of provisions; for, if the bag of adjikha and bottle of skhou fail, the rifle will procure him a dinner so long as a bird flies in the air, or a wild beast roams in the woods. Inured to what we call hardships from their infancy, and practising abstinence in a high degree, which is here considered a virtue, they bear all the fatigues of war, not only without repining, but cheerfulness.

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In cases of extreme danger, watch-fires, corresponding with each other, like telegraphs, are lighted upon the hills, which the Circassians no sooner behold, than each man seizes his arms, mounts his horse, always ready saddled at his door, and gallops to the chief of his clan.

Nothing short of actual representation can convey any adequate idea of the impetuosity of a Circassian charge; to the very bravest European troops it must be absolutely terrific, being executed literally with the rapidity of lightning, accompanied with a frightful war-cry, resembling, as I before observed, the scream of a jackal: such also is the admirable training of horse and rider, that I daily witness feats of horsemanship, even by the meanest soldier, far superior in dramatic effect to any public equestrian exhibition I ever beheld in Europe, appearing almost impossible for the human body to execute. For instance, a Circassian warrior will spring from his saddle to the earth, plunge his dagger into the breast of the horse of his enemy, again vault into the saddle; then stand erect, strike his adversary, or hit a mark, almost at a hair's breadth, with his light gun: and all this while his horse is proceeding at full gallop.

But the finest exhibition you can possibly imagine of this description of warfare, is a single combat between one of these fine fellows and a Tchernemorsky Cossack, the only cavalry soldier in the Russian army at all capable of maintaining his ground against such a formidable foe, who, nevertheless, in the end almost invariably falls a victim to the superior prowess and agility of the Circassian. These combats are usually conducted with all the forms of a duel, and, to the honour of both armies, the strictest neutrality is observed.

The Circassians, we are told, have hitherto resisted Russian bribes, gold and jewelled poniards; yet Circassia abounds with Russian spies, chiefly the Armenian pedlars or merchants, who supply the wants of the inhabitants, and also with Russians, pretending to be Poles. In his farther travels, Mr Spencer had the good fortune to obtain as a servant and interpreter, a Silesian Jew, who understood the language, which is extremely difficult, and who could explain it, through the medium of the German, to his new master.

The country through which they travelled to the camp of the confederates is one of the most beautiful in the world; the farms are neatly cultivated, the flocks and herds numerous, and the population large. The moral character of the people, according to our author, and also to Marigny, has been as much belied as their industry and civilization have been depreciated. They are a high-spirited race, with a keen sense of honour. The abduction of a girl, with her own consent too, by one of the Russian commissioners at Pchad, produced a feud which led to the abandonment of the settlement, although the Konak of the offender took an active part in protecting him and his countrymen from the enraged family of the girl and its allies. Injury was added to the original insult, when the Russian refused to pay the father the price of his wife, or her estimated value in sheep and cows, and when he afterwards abandoned her and his child on being recalled to the Crimea. The violation of a female in the neighbourhood of the Anapa, produced another long-continued feud with the Turks, who then held that fortress.

The camp of the confederate chiefs forms an interesting picture in Mr Spencer's pages.

Still the pastoral habits of the people were not altogether lost sight of, as, in the far distance, the eye wandered over agricultural fields, filled with men, women, and children; their verdant pastures dotted with numerous flocks and herds.

On discharging our fire arms, which always announced the arrival of a chief, numbers of gallant warriors galloped forth from the tents and thickets, and, in a few seconds, we found ourselves surrounded by hundreds of the noblest patriots in Circassia; some dressed in the simple costume of the country, and others in glittering chain armour. It was then that the valiant chief, Hirsis Sultoune Oglou, unfurled the splendid national banner he had just received from Stamboul, wrought by the beautiful hands of a Circassian princess, occupying a high station in the Turkish empire.

At the sight of the long expected national flag, thousands of swords flew in the air, and one universal long-continued shout of joy burst from the immense multitude. Never was there a greater display of enthusiasm, nor a fiercer determination exhibited by a people to defend their fatherland.

The traveller, rather sanguinely, we fear,

* As this sheet goes through the press, we see, in the London papers, that accounts from the Black Sea state, that the Russian troops, in several conflicts with the Circassians, have been severely worsted.

reckons upon the termination of the eternal feuds of the rival chiefs and clans, who were then united against the common enemy in the closest bonds of alliance. We must finish the picture.

The assembly was held in one of their sacred groves, contiguous to the camp. Several of the trees were decorated with the votive offerings of piety; and, in the centre, on a small hillock, singular to say, stood the symbol of Christianity—the mouldering remains of an ancient Roman cross, rudely constructed of wood; in front of which the principal chiefs had taken their seats upon the grassy turf.

The aspect of such an immense multitude of warriors, reposing beneath the shade of their venerable trees, earnestly debating and devising upon the most efficacious measures to be adopted in order to defend their country against the dreadful enemy now about to devastate it again, for the hundredth time, with fire and sword, was remarkably striking and impressive. Whenever an orator arose from his seat to address the assembly, the deepest and most respectful silence was observed, till some exciting passage produced a general shout of enthusiasm, or a fierce exclamation of vengeance, to which the loud clang of their sabres gave an additional animation; in the midst of which, it was only necessary for any one of the elders to wave his hand, when order was again restored. But it would be utterly impossible for me to attempt picturing the excited enthusiasm of this most patriotic people when one of their aged chiefs, helpless from wounds, arrived on the field, carried thither on a sort of palanquin; the wild roar of joy and din of weapons I then heard still rings in my ears.

His feeble form was enveloped in the ample folds of the *tchaouka*; and, although his pallid countenance was deeply furrowed with time and care, his eye still glistened with the fire of the soldier; while the long hoary beard that descended to his waist, imparted an expression to his figure which made him scarcely appear to belong to earth.

The orator was a Tartar prince, whose ancestors had been khans over a powerful tribe, tributaries of Turkey. On the conquest of their country by Russia, they took refuge in Circassia.

Age in both sexes is highly respected among the Circassians. The only complaint made by a lively French lady, the companion of M. Marigny in his second voyage to Circassia, against the manners of the people, was, that every time any old person entered the apartment, etiquette compelled her to rise, as did every one present, to make respectful obeisance.

Before the Tartar prince commenced his harangue, we are informed that—

In conformity with the great respect paid to age, the principal chiefs, with the elders, approached, and reverently kissed his robe, when he slowly arose from his couch, supported in the manly arms of his son, a young man of most Herculean proportions; and, after blessing the multitude, with uplifted hands, commenced his oration.

A translation of the speech is given, which, we suspect, after passing through the German of the Silesian Jew, and the warm medium of the traveller's feelings, is not very close to the original. The aged prince concluded by imploring the *Atteghei*, as the Circassians term themselves, to continue, after his death, their protection of the remnant of his people.

"We fled from the exterminating hand of the destroyer, and you gave us a home; our country was torn from our grasp, and you shared with us the land of your fathers; and your country is now our country. Have my people proved ungrateful for the boon? Has any act of treachery stained the name of a Tartar? Have not our swords a thousand times drank the life's blood of our relentless enemies? By the wounds I have received in defending your liberty—wounds which have left me for years a helpless cripple—continue your hospitality to my people." Then presenting his son, he cried—"Behold the last of my race; four of my boys have already fallen by the cannon of our enemy: he alone remains; take him; his life is devoted to uphold the liberties of Atteghéi."

Thus saying, he fell back on his couch, exhausted with excitement, and was borne from the grove in deep silence, interrupted only by the smothered sobs of those whose emotions would not be controlled. Many a hardy, weather-beaten warrior strove in vain to prevent the tears from chasing each other down his sun-burnt cheeks; while others knit their brows, clenched their teeth, half drew their sabres, and exhibited every symptom of suppressed rage and indignation.

The elders of many of the other neighbouring tribes also made animated orations. The whole scene was striking and impressive. The women, enveloped in their long flowing veils, were moving among the multitude of armed warriors, as if to excite their courage. It reminded the traveller of what Switzerland might have been during her heroic struggle with the House of Hapsburg; and, as he gazed on the beautiful, humble cots, and pastoral fields, he execrated the ambition which has devoted this brave people to lingering destruction.

The Circassians suffer greatly from the want of arms and ammunition, though, from the nature of the country, their arrows are effective and fatal. A few of the chiefs present at this national assembly were provided with rudely-fashioned guns of their own manufacture, about the size of three or four pounders, and mounted like muskets, which are transported along with them, during their guerilla excursions, on the backs of horses. A friendly, and we hope he may be a wise, English stranger, has suggested some improvements in the art of war, and methods for defending the passes by means of these guns. The same individual has taught them the necessity of federal alliance; and the newly-adopted flag of the confederates somewhat resembles that of the United States. Three gold arrows mark union; and a number of white stars designate the independent tribes who have coalesced. This national ensign seems to be regarded by them as the banner of the Prophet. The chiefs carry the declaration in the "Portfolio" about their persons, as an amulet or spell. From motives of prudence, the traveller does not reveal the name of the English friend of Circassia.

Mr Spencer approached the river Kouban with his Circassian friends, on the northern banks of which are the military stations, or, more properly, the kennels of the watch-dogs of this part of the Russian frontier, the Tchernemorsky Cossacks. Between these borderers and the Circassians there is a ceaseless predatory war. The taunting reproach of a Circassian maiden to a youth, is—"Oh, you coward! you have never been able to steal a Tchernemorsky cow!" The Cossacks steal Circassian maidens, as well as cattle. They are a fine race, with all the virtues as well as vices of a barbarous people, and profes-

sional thieves. Like their neighbours, the Circassians also pride themselves on dexterous theft. It is part of the education given by the *ataliks* to their foster-children. The Circassians punish the awkward thief who allows himself to be discovered, by disgrace and restitution ninefold; while the successful thief is admired and praised. The present generation of Tchernemorsky Cossacks have been improved in appearance by the beautiful maidens snatched from Circassia; but they are fast diminishing in numbers, from the air of the unhealthy swamps of the Kouban, and now can only bring twelve thousand men into the field, though, when they first settled on this river, they could muster fifty thousand warriors.

Escaping from the poisonous swamps of the Kouban, our traveller was delighted to find himself again in a mountain region, and in a salubrious air. He says:—

I was now travelling in the province of the Nottakhaitzi—a people considered the handsomest of all the Circassian tribes; and most justly are they entitled to this distinction, for I do not think, during my whole route, that I saw a single face not distinguished for beauty; unless, indeed, it was a Nogay Tartar, a Calmuck, or a Russian prisoner: of the latter I beheld great numbers. The general outline of the countenance of a Nottakhaitzi is perfectly classical, exhibiting, in the profile, that exquisite gently curving line, considered by connoisseurs to be the ideal of beauty. Their large dark eyes, generally of a deep blue, shaded with long lashes, would be the finest I ever beheld, were it not for an expression of wild ferocity, which strongly impressed me on my first arrival in Circassia. . . . . .

The women often sadly injure the beauty of their eyes, by dyeing their eye-lashes, and other practices of the same kind, so common with the Asiatics. Both sexes are passionately fond of dress; and, I assure you, a handsome face and good personal appearance are as much valued among these people as by the most refined nation in Europe. . . . . .

In the first appearance of a Circassian, there is something extremely martial and commanding: his majestic look, elevated brow, dark mustachio, and flowing beard, his erect position, and free unconstrained action, are all calculated to interest the stranger in his favour. It must be confessed that he owes something to his fine military costume, the jewelled poniard that hangs at his belt, and the round black cap of shining astrachan—the most becoming part of the dress, and which would improve the very worst features.

But the chiefs, who wear light vests of chain mail under their clothes, are not in their predatory excursions, always thus attired; and Mr Spencer accounts for the ragged appearance that has been assigned to them, by acknowledging that they prudently save their "stage clothes," as the players say, for occasions of state, rejoicings, and solemn festivals, and literally go in rags to fight.

We must now indulge in a long extract, descriptive of the manners and customs of this fine people:—

Unlike the apathetic Turk, the Circassians are lively and animated, and but little disposed to sedentary pursuits; the occupations of war being only diversified by agricultural and pastoral employments: even these, of late years, have been left principally to their slaves, on account of the incessant hostility of the Russians. Fortunately, however, they are in some measure prepared for the evils of war; their houses being principally constructed of hurdles and mud, with thatched roofs: hence they make no scruple of setting fire to the whole of their villages and hamlets on the approach of an enemy too formidable for them to meet front to front. A few days will suffice to rebuild their habitations; consequently, when the Russians invade the country, they find it a desert, destitute alike of food and shelter: which, of course, obliges them to retrace their steps.

The villages and hamlets they occupy are almost invariably built in the form of a circle, in the centre of which they deposit their cattle on the approach of an enemy, or to shield them during winter from the attacks of the wolves that abound in the woods. Thus, having but little to lose, they are seldom dejected by sorrow; and, being naturally brave, danger has for them no terrors. Indeed, any other people but themselves would have been long since driven to desperation; yet, such is their confidence in their own strength and valour, that they feel assured the day is not far distant when they shall be able to drive the enemy from their land. Even now, they confidently believe that, with a sufficient quantity of powder, and a few more mountain howitzers, they could take every fortress in their country in less than six months; and, when we take into consideration their bravery and address, it is by no means improbable. . . . . .

The more I see of the Caucassians, the more I am convinced, notwithstanding the bad character they bear abroad, that they are naturally a kind-hearted people; and though travellers, no doubt, have had abundant reason to complain of their brigandage, this does not emanate from cruelty, but long established usage. . . . . In all my wanderings, and they have been not a few, I never found the inhabitants of any country more hospitable, generous, courteous, or courageous.

Remember, however, that these commendations are only deserved by the Circassian so long as he is among his own people; for, when at enmity with a neighbouring tribe, or engaged in war, he is a most reckless robber; a natural consequence of the belief in which he has been educated, that to plunder adroitly and successfully is a part of military discipline.

In the journey back to the camp of the confederates, Mr Spencer halted for a few days at the residence of one of the chiefs of a small tribe, which enabled him to see more of Circassian domestic life:—

I was received, as usual, into the guest-house, standing, like a little palace, in the midst of a number of small cottages appropriated to the use of the proprietor, his family, and slaves, together with extensive barns and and stables for his cattle, corn, &c. These were built, according to their custom, of the most frail materials, that, in case of a necessity arising to destroy them, the loss might be trifling; and, as the weather is delightfully genial in these valleys throughout the year, it is hardly necessary that their habitations should be more substantially built. The room I now entered, appropriated to the reception of guests, was much more neat and comfortable than those I have described while travelling in Upper Abasia; the floor was covered with a beautiful chequered matting; the little table ingeniously inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and the cushions and pillows were all that could be wished. In fact, the manner of living of the tribes inhabiting this part of the country very much resembled that of their neighbours, the Cossacks, except that we were obliged to use our poniards for knives, and fingers for forks. In addition to the bak-aima, a drink not unlike the bouza of the Turks, we had *souate* (wine) of excellent flavour, resembling Champagne; and, if better made, it might rank among the best wines in the world. There was also *soovi*, a species of mead, and a spirit distilled from corn, which they learned the art of making from the Cossacks; but, as they are a most abstemious people, it is never made use of except as a medicine, or when guests are present.

Pilaw here, as well as in Turkey, forms the principal article of food; and is preferable to any other for a traveller in the East, not only as being the most palatable and nutritious, but the most easy to digest. Of this I can speak

from experience; for I always selected it in preference to every other food, made either with rice or buck-wheat. During the whole of the time that a Caucassian is *en voyage*, whatever he eats is of the very plainest description, and never exceeds eight or ten ounces a-day. As to drink, he seldom takes even water, although exposed to a burning sun, and suffering from thirst, till he rests for the evening, thus practising literally the Arabian proverb, "The more a man drinks, the greater will be his desire." Yet a hardier race than these mountaineers does not exist.

They make sugar from the sap of the walnut tree, which, and also clarified honey, they consider valuable as medicine. Their bees are kept in a very primitive way. Our traveller's host, though only a petty chief, had his camp, about which was assembled from 300 to 400 fine-looking resolute fellows.

The following description might have suited a visit to a Highland chief, and his glen and vassals, not yet a century since:—

The *coup d'œil* exhibited around the house of the prince, was extremely picturesque, and peculiarly characteristic of the warlike habits of this people. The greatest part of the population were, as usual, engaged in every species of military exercise; and, when you see a troop of these daring fellows scouring the sides of the hills and valleys on their long-tailed steeds, their gaudy trappings glittering with silver and glass beads, together with the jewelled ornaments of their weapons, reflected in the sun, you have a picture at once as novel as it is interesting. However much you may offend a Circassian by praising the beauty of his wife or child, for fear of shedding over them the malignity of the evil eye, still, singular as it may appear, you cannot too much praise or admire his horse; and I must say that they sometimes dress out their dumb favourite bizarre enough; besides the tinselled toys that we see hanging down from the red cloth trappings, there is a wreath of many-coloured glass beads and ribbons around the neck, and not unfrequently a bunch of flowers attached to each side of the head.

The chief himself mingled among his clansmen with the most perfect familiarity, little or no distinction being observable in his dress and appearance, with the exception of his jewelled poniard; and also that he exhibited, like most of the Circassian chiefs, a decided physical superiority; and, from the circumstance that they speak a different dialect of the Circassian, they would appear to be a distinct race. Notwithstanding this familiarity, a characteristic of all the chiefs, whenever they preside over any public business, however unimportant, they assume an air of great gravity; and their clansmen stand before them as if in the presence of the most despotic sovereign in Europe. . . . . .

Of the men now present, numbers were armed with Russian muskets, which had been principally taken during the summer's campaign, together with those found in the Russian corvette, captured some months previous.

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Having become, by this time, through the unremitting kindness of my Konak, more intimately acquainted with the people, I mingled with them more in the character of a native than a stranger. . . I enjoyed the cup of hospitality, divested of etiquette: for the Circassians are, perhaps, the most ceremonious people existing in their deportment towards a visiter; and, with the exception of sleeping *al fresco*, with a mat for my bed and a saddle for my pillow, more frequently than was agreeable, I passed my time pleasantly enough. The Circassians, being a lively animated people, they are, as you may suppose, no strangers to music and dancing; albeit, their progress in these arts has been, it must be confessed, rather limited.

Their musical instruments are imperfect and rude; the performers are in general wandering Calmucks or gipsies. Their melodies, however, have an original character; and their *ka-ri-ra*, the boat-song, chanted by the whole population, is declared admirable. The compositions of the wandering improvvisatores greatly interested the traveller. These persons are, in fact, the historians, the poets, and the newspapers of the mountains; but their favourite themes are heroic and romantic. They hold a high station in society, and every house is open to the bard, always an important personage in a society without literature. So welcome are the visits of the minstrel, that Mr Spencer has seen the inhabitants of a hamlet good-naturedly disputing which should have the honour and happiness of offering him hospitality. The greatest delight of the Circassians is to listen, for hours on a winter's night, to the tales of the story-teller and the songs of the poet. Through the assistance of his Jew servant, he gives a translation of the extemporary verses chanted in honour of his Konak, when they arrived at the residence of the chief we have just mentioned.

The origin of the Circassian people is doubtful, their traditions about themselves wild and fabulous. The population is variously estimated; but is probably much less (even including the Tartar and Calmuck tribes who have found refuge among them) than the four millions claimed in their declaration of independence. They say that the confederate clans have at all times two hundred thousand men ready for the field—the English editor of De Marigny says one hundred thousand, which is probably nearer the mark; but every boy is trained to arms, and the women in this fabled region of the Amazons often fight in the ranks. Their political condition is precisely the same as that of the Highlander before the conquest of the soil, by the kings of Scotland, stripped the people of their land, led to feudal grants, written charters, and the division of the population into feudal superiors and vassals. Every family enjoys land in property, and has flocks and herds. The people are divided into chiefs, nobles, the relatives of the chiefs, and the common people or clansmen. The slaves are either foreigners or felons, and generally prisoners of war, or persons seized from entering the country without the protection of a Konak. They are gently treated. No distinction of rank is known, save in public affairs; the most perfect equality characterising their manner of living and domestic habits. There are no hard-toiling vassals, and idle, arrogant lords.

The second class, the *Vourks*, correspond to the *Duineuasals* of Celtic society. If men of ability, and possessed of the indispensable virtue of courage, they frequently become powerful. Their alliance by marriage with the chiefs also advances their interests and rank; and, in the event of the incapacity or treachery of the princes, or the extinction of the line by death, they succeed to their political dignity. The only exclusive privilege of the chief is, the important one of retaining for himself and his family a full half of the spoils of war taken by himself and his followers. The submission of the nobles and clansmen to the head chief is limited or discretionary; but, if the clansman desert his

head, and transfer his allegiance to another, he is obliged by ancient usage to restore every present that he and his progenitors may have received from the hereditary chief and his ancestors; and this custom either continues the thraldom, or prevents any hasty change of protectors. Again, as the strength and influence of the chief depends on the number of his followers, he is careful not to disgust or alienate his voluntary subjects, by acts of oppression. In the event of a failure of male successors, females inherit the titles and dignity of chiefship; and in such cases it is the policy of the elders of the tribe, to unite the lady to some brave and handsome individual among the nobles of her clan. Considerable pains would seem to have been taken, of late, to preserve the balance of power among the chiefs; and, by a solemn engagement lately entered into by the confederates, no prince can carry war into the territory of another, without the consent of the national assembly of the elders. How this engagement may be kept, it is difficult to say. The *Atteghei* keep faith among themselves; but it is not only allowable, but a point of policy and honour, to break treaties made with foreign enemies. They have as strong a dislike to *houses* built with stone, or castles and forts—which they conceive always intended for mischief, and to enable Turks or Russians, or probably native chiefs, to hold the people in subjection—as Cobbett had to barracks. Their laws, which, like their religious rites, are administered by the elders, as they have neither lawyers nor priests, are singular, but not irrational. Their courts of justice are held in the open air, in the sacred groves; and where a stranger is not concerned, the decisions are just, and always prompt. The chiefs wont to preside in these assemblies; but, of late, in consequence of their acts of tyranny, the elders of the people form the sole legislature and tribunal of justice. The most singular feature of their laws, is the length which they go back, to fix the punishment upon the person they consider the true, or rather the original cause of the injury complained of. For murder, the relations of the deceased have a right either to demand the life of the criminal, or a fine, which, in aggravated cases, is excessive. Should the murderer and his friends be unable to pay the fine, the delinquent is sold for a slave. Death-punishments are rare. M. de Marigny, and also Mr Spencer, relate many curious instances of the retributive justice awarded by the ancient laws of Circassia. Those decisions which may sometimes be considered over-strained and absurd, have the good effect of preventing retaliation, and keeping down personal quarrels. The elder examines witnesses, and an oath is taken over certain amulets, which, like the black stones of Iona, seem to render it more solemn and binding. Their religion is a strange mixture of Paganism, Islamism, and Christianity; but, as they have no priests, it is neither cruel nor intolerant. Their Mahometanism is of so easy a kind, that those who profess it also observe the religious ceremonies of the country.

They believe in a Supreme Being, the immortality of the soul, and a state of future rewards and punishments. They also acknowledge several celestial powers of a secondary order, whom they honour with festivals in their sacred groves, at particular seasons. They observe the fast of Ramadan, at least upon the coast, and worship a god of the winds and waves, whom they name Seozeres, with certain elegant and fanciful rites, resembling those of the midsummer festiva of St John in Poland. This deity is also the protector of flocks. The festival of a female deity, surnamed the Mother of God, who is the protectress of bees, is celebrated in September, when viands and beverages, prepared from honey, are used. They have another god, a protector of the forges—a sort of Vulcan; and at his festival, libations are made on hatchets and ploughs. *Three Sisters*, who protect travellers and warriors in battle, and are also household deities or Penates, presiding over domestic harmony and neighbourly concord, are worshipped by those changing their abode, or going on a journey. The Circassians have a deep veneration for thunder, and consider the individual fortunate who is struck dead by the angel of lightning. He is solemnly buried, while his relatives rejoice in the distinction bestowed upon their family. M. Marigny's Russian editor states—

> The people come out in crowds from their houses at the noise made by this angel in his aërial course, and, when some time has elapsed without his having been heard, public prayers are offered up that he may return to visit them. Thanksgivings are made for the rains which have attended it, and for its having refreshed and purified the air during the heats of summer. The new year, which occurs about the same time as ours, and the renewal of the labours of the field which ensues, are also two fete-days: but the most solemn is that of Easter; the ceremonies by which it is accompanied, and the time when it is celebrated, leave no doubt of its origin.

Crosses, or something resembling them, and votive wreaths of flowers, are seen in their sacred groves. Their sacrifices are generally a lamb, a kid, or a goat; but, on occasions of great solemnity, a full-grown ox is offered up, selected for its beauty. Their days of the week are the same as ours. They have no stated Sabbath; but any convenient day for worship is named by the officiating elder—Sunday being, however, generally preferred. They celebrate a feast of the first-fruits of the harvest; and, at the fall of the leaf, the solemn commemoration of the dead, a sort of mass, takes place. Their burial rites are decent and solemn. A few religious songs are chanted, and the elders make a funeral oration over the dead body, which is laid in the earth, wrapped in a white cloth, and the grave covered with a stone or timber. Ancient *tumuli*, resembling those on the steppes of Krim Tartary, are frequently seen in Circassia, and some of them were examined by both of our travellers, though the natives are very jealous of such researches, from superstition, and also the belief that hidden treasure is sought after. These tumuli are the relics of a different and more ancient people than the present inhabitants of Circassia. Spells and charms are used to ward off evil spirits from

infants, brides, sick warriors, and corpses. When a boy is born, he is presented with a bow and a case of arrows; and an amulet is tied to some part of his body, to protect him from witchcraft and the evil eye. During a whole year, the arms of a deceased warrior are guarded with religious care; and his friends visit his tomb at stated intervals, and strike their breasts, sob aloud, and repeat their prayers; while every evening at sunset, the women of his household go through the ceremony of lamentation. The anniversary of the death of a great warrior is celebrated with prayers, followed by feasting and martial and athletic exercises, and foot and horse-races for prizes. The young women are present at all these festivals; and, save in the intercourse of young married couples, who must not seem to live together, no restraint is placed on the sex. From the prince to the meanest of his followers, every man must pay for his wife, with cattle or their value, or with his labour. If he is rich, this is done at once; if poor, by degrees. The trade in girls is at present, as we have mentioned, ruined by the Russian blockade; but compensation is found in the comparative ease with which a poor Circassian can now procure a wife. The mountaineers, whatever be their ultimate fate, can have no cause to regret the breaking up of their intercourse with Turkey, from whence they imported the plague, which has at different times swept away their population, and to which they sacrificed their children. Their marriage rites are thus described by De Marigny:—

As soon as a young man has made his choice, he must agree with the father upon the price of his daughter; it consists in general of a coat of mail, sabres, muskets, horses, and some oxen. The bargain made, the young man comes to carry off his love, accompanied by a friend, who places her on horseback, and mounts behind her. They then start at full gallop for the habitation of one of their friends. The god-father presents there the young girl, who is soon installed in the room destined for the married couple: there she patiently awaits alone, her future husband keeping up the fire, which serves them for a light. It is only when all the people in the house are supposed to be asleep that his friend goes to seek him in the wood to bring him to her. Before abandoning themselves to the pleasures of the god who unites them, he loosens with his poniard the corset which his bride has worn from the time when she was five or six years old; it is made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed upon the chest, which, by their strong pressure, prevent the expansion of the bosom, this part of the body being regarded as an attribute of maternity which it would be shameful to allow to be visible in a young girl. . . . . .

No other ceremony than rejoicings are necessary in order to legalize a marriage. The next morning, at break of day, the husband leaves his young wife, who takes possession of a separate house which he has built for her on his property, and where he only sees her again at night, or with the greatest mystery. . . .

The custom of not seeing their wives does not arise from any contempt of the Circassians for the fair sex; I think, on the contrary, that it was originally established with the view of prolonging the empire of love between the husband and wife.

The selling of their daughters is an anomalous feature among a people so fond of personal liberty, and so jealous of their independence. A father holds this right over his daughters, a brother over his orphan sisters. But it must be kept in mind, that no violence seems to be done to the feelings of the girls, who are as eager to embark for *Stamboul*, or to go to Persia, as a young English girl is willing to set out for the matrimonial bazaar of Calcutta, or a young lady of rank to make her *debut* at Almacks. We may pity the moral condition of the Circassian beauty, but not her mental anguish; for she feels none.

To be sold is often the sole wish of a pretty girl, because she is then certain of filling a place in a Turkish harem, which they prefer to their Circassian mode of life. It is no rare occurrence to see some of them return to their country after having obtained their liberty. The accounts which they bring back of the joys of these voluptuous prisons, and the sight of the presents with which they return, suffice to determine the fate of many, who request to be sold.

To the faded beauties who return from Turkish and Persian harems, Mr Spencer attributes the preservation of civilization among the mountaineers, and many improvements and ameliorations in the social condition of their countrymen, who, without such counteracting influences, must have relapsed into barbarism. This is a doubtful mode of promoting civilization. The refinement they bring back is more corrupting than the barbarism they carry away. The trade in young women was formerly the perpetual cause of wars and feuds among the petty chiefs of the Caucasus, who made predatory excursions into each other's territory, to snatch girls. Happily, the Russian blockade and the confederation of native chiefs have, we are told, nearly put an end to this abominable practice, the continued existence of which might neutralize all that Mr Spencer has said for his favourite mountaineers.

Among the singular customs of the Circassians, there is that of interchanging whatever parties may take a fancy for. Marigny states—

This community of goods extends so far, that a poor man often gives his rags to a rich one, in order to obtain his coat. I once saw *Noghaï* return without shoes, because he had met a man on foot who had bad ones, and had asked him for his.

Mr Spencer was equally fortunate in finding abundance of cater-cousins, the relations and dependents of his Konak, whose excess of friendship he was compelled, by etiquette, to requite with presents and *souvenirs*. The Circassians are not in the least a diffident or bashful people, and they never lose a benefit for want of asking. Mr Spencer gives a very intelligent account of the state of medicine and surgery among his friends. It is low indeed. The wandering Calmucks and Turcomans furnish the quacks of the Caucasus. In his rambles, he met with a very curious case of somnambulism in the daughter of a chief. This girl will now be regarded as the Cassandra, or Joan of Arc, of her brave nation.

The girl was, probably, about twelve years of age, and had been suffering from the disease for the last two years During the prevalence of the fit, which generally lasted from one to three weeks, she was accustomed to employ herself at embroidery, sing to her lute, or deliver extempore poetry, in a singing tone, always prophetic of some event that was to occur, of importance to the country; but, except on these occasions, she never uttered a word, nor answered a question, and seemed to address her warn-

ings rather to some invisible spirit, than to the persons around her; she also prescribed for the sick, whom she mentioned by name, gave counsel to the warrior, reproved the wicked, and assured her countrymen, that in their contest with Russia they would be ultimately successful; not one word of which remained in her recollection when she awoke from her magnetic sleep.

The Circassians, if the blessings of peace were granted them, might, in many respects, be regarded as a fortunate people. They inhabit a beautiful, fertile, and salubrious country, abounding in all the necessaries of life. Their flocks and herds are numerous, game is plentiful, the rivers and the Euxine abound with fish, which, however, the inhabitants never use. Fish is the last resource of a semi-barbarous people. Their food is beef, mutton, kid, fowls, rice, buck-wheat, millet, dried fruits, and honey, which is abundant, and of fine quality. As a particular article of food, they consume immense quantities of raw cucumbers, which are of a large and very superior kind, and also salt them for winter, like the German *saur-krout*. They boil the tendrils and fruit of the pumpkin, which they season with salt and their favourite condiment, capsicums; and use many wild vegetables. We cannot, however, see that the useful arts have made great progress in Circassia. They are dependent on Turkey for salt, and suffer much at present for the want of it. If we understand him aright, Mr Spencer has taught them to convert their salt springs, which he discovered in travelling to the Kouban, into this essential commodity. They are exceedingly temperate, according to Mr Spencer, preferring to wine and spirituous liquors, their favourite *skhou*, that is, acidulated milk which forms an important part of their diet. They never use fresh milk, considering it unwholesome. The Turks, Tartars, and Arabs, are equally fond of this beverage, which they call *yaourte*.

The skhou constitutes the principal article in the food of a Circassian; boiled with millet or maize, it forms his breakfast; while his pilaff, at noon and evening meal, are alike mixed with it. During winter, that the supply should be unfailing, it is preserved in tubs, with a little salt, when it forms a consistency like curd. Next to skhou, the article of food most necessary to those primitive people, is millet—without which, and a bottle of their favourite beverage, no Circassian ever leaves home; and, as flint and steel form an indispensable part of his travelling apparatus, he is never at loss for subsistence, even in the most desolate regions. While bivouacking, it is an interesting sight to see hundreds seated around their fires, each with his little casserole, preparing his slender repast.

The *goitre*, the curse of other Alpine regions, and the deformed *cretin*, are not seen in the Caucasus. Many primitive customs are found in Circassia.

In strict accordance with the command of Moses to the Israelites, the husbandman never fails to leave a little uncut corn, for the purpose of feeding the fowls of the air. Their manner of threshing is also still the same as that of the earliest inhabitants of the earth.

The corn is trodden out by horses' feet.

Their mills for grinding corn, usually termed horse-mills, are equally primitive, being situated under the earth, with a wheel at the top, which is turned by a horse: the man who brings corn to grind must also bring a horse to turn the wheel; and, as there is no money in circulation, they pay the owner for the use of his mill in grain. The lighter seeds, such as millet, (the favourite food of a Circassian,) is generally ground by the women at home, with the common hand-mill.

Their granaries are pits, ingeniously kept free of damp and vermin, and carefully hidden by boards and earth, on which the grass soon springs; thus baffling the enemy, who may starve with abundance below their feet. We have already spoken of their horses. Their oxen, with which the cars of the ladies are drawn, are remarkably fine, and of the dun colour of those of Hungary. Their breed of sheep has been improved of late, by the flocks of their neighbours the Cossacks. Buffaloes and goats range wild, in large numbers. The latter are large and fine; and, indeed, all animals, the human race included, seem to attain size, beauty, and vigour. We hear of mountain hares weighing twenty pounds! The Circassians have a fine breed of dogs, resembling the shepherd's dog; and they train greyhounds for coursing, which is a popular amusement.

Polygamy is permitted in Circassia, but is rarely practised. The men shave their heads, leaving a large tuft of hair; the old men shave, the young men cut their beards, and all wear mustachios. Yet we hear of the venerable flowing beards of the elders. The rich are charitable to the poor. The orphan is provided for by his nearest relations as his own children; if a man's house is burnt, his neighbours assist in building it; if he lose his cattle from sickness, or his corn from blight, each lends him assistance, which he makes a point of conscience to repay liberally when his circumstances improve. The respect paid to age is almost carried to superstitious excess. "It deserves," says Mr Spencer, "to be imitated by Europeans."

The Circassians, before the blockade, exported from Anapa, the Turkish entrepot, slaves of both sexes, wheat, barley, rye, oats, hides, skins of many kinds, and both of domestic and wild animals; wax, honey, butter, tallow, and other articles. They supplied their Cossack neighbours on the Kouban, with such things, and also with good tobacco, wild fruits, horses, cattle, wood for fuel, grain of different kinds, timber, in which Circassia abounds, and some articles of rude manufacture, as sledges, canoes, barrel hoops, &c. The Turks were wont to take to Anapa, in exchange, clothing, consisting principally of European cotton manufactures; salt, steel, iron in bars, lead, nails, arms of all kinds, morocco coloured skins, a little cloth, which is a great luxury, needles, looking-glasses, coffee, soap, and dried fruits. From Russia they obtained iron pots, hatchets, silver-thread, coloured silks, and a few drugs. They are deprived, by the blockade, of all trade. Man and steel, the soldier and his sword, are all that now remain in Circassia!

THE FRENCH VAUDEVILLE COMEDY.

It is curious, in these sober times, to fall upon a favourite epithet of the ballad-writers and romancers of an earlier period, when it was the fashion to say "Merry England." Was this title ever a deserved one? or was it bestowed by the free-will of the poet—an invention deriving its force (as we see in some notorious etymologies) from the extremity of contradiction? In a time of less simplicity, a satirical meaning might have been suspected; but of this the romancers were surely innocent. And if there was "reason in the rhyme," what a change has since come over us! There is now not a sign of merriment from the Land's End to John o' Groats; nor a "merryman" to be found, but in some miserable pretence at Bartholomew Fair. Mirth is as rare amongst us as minuets at La Trappe; or, if it exist, its motions never come to the surface—not a ripple betrays its influence. There are many fictions, indeed, which are accepted by general consent, passing currently under the name of amusements; and we follow them, accordingly, with great perseverance. They are just such devices as delight other nations—and why should they not be pastime for us too? Why, indeed, but that the spirit which gives them life and meaning cannot be borrowed as easily as the ceremony! We have no hearty sympathies in the matter; and, without these, amusement is nothing but a name. There is a gleeful eagerness, an alacrity, a spirit of invention, an individuality in the pursuit of enjoyments, which prevail wherever the national temper is gay and social: with us not a trace of this festive disposition can be found. We import the fashion of amusement from the spots where it naturally flourishes; and observe it with a mechanical precision which bespeaks us utter strangers to its purpose. We cannot originate; we do not even translate happily. There has not been a dance, a game, or a new mode of entertainment of native production, since the time of the Stuarts; we are grown too busy and thoughtful for such devices. The only diversions which we willingly adopt are pursued in private; we have neither the wish nor the power to unbend in the society of others; and whenever custom enjoins our participation in anything which requires concert, and has no plea for its use but that of mere pastime, we obey with an air half surly, half ashamed, which betrays our natural reluctance to forsake gravity for a while, and be heartily amused. It is indeed the "*tâcher d' être vif;*" and the task is most indifferently performed.

This is not the place to inquire into the causes of a fact which may be stated without the slightest design to make it a ground of reproach. With a kind of speculative admiration of gaiety, we have ourselves a full share of the national temperament; and it will not be hard to convince us that many excellent things may be said on behalf of a grave composure. Whether this character is the product of Protestant asceticism, kneaded into our nature by civil contest, or that careless joviality is incompatible with the vigilance and toil of commercial enterprise — whether the leisurely and unsettled habits, belonging to a different state of society, are not necessary to preserve national gaiety in full vigour—so much so, indeed, that the conflict and burden of the present times are sobering down the whole civilized world, an evidence not the least important of the mighty revolution now in progress:—these are questions that we may suggest, but cannot stay to discuss. All that is needful at present, is to assert a fact undeniable as far as we are concerned; and to confess, without hesitation or shame-facedness, that, whatever we may once have been, we are not now, nor have been for many a day a merry people.

It is otherwise with our neighbours across the Channel. Perhaps, even in their sunshine, a cloud may now be discovered, which, although as yet "no bigger than a man's hand," may hereafter darken their gaiety. A future century may find us eyeing each other from shore to shore, as grimly serious as the two giants in Guildhall. But this time is yet distant. Climate, habit, and strong inherited tendencies, have imparted to the French people a joyous levity of temper, which it will require years to weigh down. From the harassing contest of the Fronde, from the exhaustion and distress which closed the age of Louis Quatorze, and from the shower of blood which drenched the land in its later Days of Terror, the Frenchman emerged with unimpaired cheerfulness: the traces of calamity are hardly removed before he returns to the eager pursuit of enjoyment. Pastime is to him a necessity of life—demanding not only the *panem et circenses* but even *circenses vel sine pane*. He hates to be serious or recluse: his heart is with his fellows; he must be born, live, and die in public. In all his tastes and habits, the idea of society is paramount; on this is founded the basis of a character which cannot soon be removed. Nor will it be easy to rob him of the gaiety which his mode of being absolutely requires. The solitary man may pass through life with all his asperities about him; but a vivacious and smiling ease is the only medium in which the many can perpetually revolve and mingle without chafing and discord. In all that belongs to the art of social amusement, the Frenchman, therefore, is a joyous proficient. He addresses himself to its practice with a cordiality which lends meaning to the veriest trifles, and gives a positive character to the most inveterate commonplaces of usage. His brain teems with new inventions for the promotion of laughter and social pastime. In his amusements, there is nothing formal or conventional; like the player

in the older Italian comedy, he requires but the skeleton of his part—the conduct and business of which he can fill up as happily as the first inventor of the piece; and change it, too, from day to day, with a variety that never tires. It is this fortunate disposition which qualifies him to act as master of the revels to the whole civilised world—a charge which he executes with infinite grace and satisfaction.

It may be permitted, therefore, to us, without the slightest pretence at emulation, to cast a wistful glance at these merry doings of our neighbours. In attempting to describe them, it cannot be expected that much of their native vivacity should be retained. Some, however, may bear the process without wholly evaporating; as will be found, it is hoped, in the subject of the present notice, which is intended to offer a glimpse of one of the most national French amusements, as far as it can be exhibited in fragments and at a distance. Those who have been amused by the *Vaudeville* in the land of its birth, may exclaim at the coldness of its appearance in another form; we must address ourselves to such as have not enjoyed this privilege. We know what a difference must be found between the living body and the lifeless specimen; but they who cannot see the butterfly in full flight in its native sunshine, are content to admire its colours, although somewhat faded, in the cabinet of the collector.

The *Vaudeville*, in its popular sense, (for we need not weary the reader with antiquarian discussions or questions of etymology,) has long been understood as the title of a species of light song or ditty, in which the simplest possible air is chanted to couplets of a sportive or satirical meaning. The music is little more than a measured recitative in lively rhythm, serving as an easy vehicle for the words of the song, so as to pass it more readily from mouth to mouth, amongst a people more apt to motion than alive to melody. The value lay in the words; and in these the popular humour found an inexhaustible recreation. Everything which caught the attention, or tickled the fancy of the day, from politics down to fashions, turned into merry couplets, often with exquisite readiness and wit, was in this manner circulated at once throughout Paris. Some were adopted as established favourites; the most had their hour of success, each in its turn giving way to some newer fancy, as the whim or propensity of the moment called it forth. The delight of the Parisians in these ditties passes description; and they have long been the favourite utterance of popular feeling in a capital where everything takes the air of a jest, and is turned into a song. It was amongst the lower orders that the addition of dialogue in prose was first introduced, as part of the entertainment, in booths and *guinguettes*, upon the stock of the popular *Vaudeville;* and in this manner the amusement seems gradually to have assumed its present dramatic form, retaining the original feature of a recurring chant or song, in which the dialogue is continued to some well known tune, in couplets appropriate to the subject of the piece. The structure is as simple as possible; the characters are few; the incidents presented and disposed of in a moment: everything bespeaks an origin thoroughly popular and occasional. An anecdote, a whimsical situation, a droll trait of character, suffices for the substance of the piece, which is begun and ended in half-an-hour. This species of entertainment, admitting of constant change, was calculated to become suddenly popular with audiences that fear nothing so much as tediousness. As an amusement of the lower orders, it grew and flourished, until theatres were erected for its express exhibition. The performance, however, was rude, and the compositions of little value, until some writers of a higher class, attracted by their success, conceived the happy idea of imparting to this citizen's pastime the charm of elegant composition, enhanced by skilful acting. Their prosperity has been unbounded; and the *Comédie Vaudeville*, in its cultivated dress, is now triumphant in half of the many theatres of Paris, and has enlisted in its service some of the most graceful wits and the best actors of light comedy to be found in Europe.

Amongst the crowd of writers who have been successful in this lively class of composition, M. Scribe stands confessedly the first. He is entitled to this place, no less by the fertility of his pen—which has produced some hundreds of approved pieces—than by its point and dexterity. He possesses, in an especial degree, the art of dramatising his subject, and an unforced pleasantry of manner which always captivates the attention. His dialogue is easy and vivacious, and abounds in facetious sallies, which lose none of their effect from the careless way in which they are introduced. His situations, too, are highly comic, and generally essential to the developement of the plot; which, although simple, as the style of composition requires, often terminates in a manner quite unexpected. At times, he gives evidence of dramatic power which might be worthily employed on subjects of greater pretension. But the walk he has chosen has been fortunate in no common degree; it has led him to fame and affluence; and the ambition of one who writes for the day may well be satisfied with the first of its triumphs. M. Scribe, however, has not confined himself to solitary composition; he is also known as the joint author of a number of pieces, in which his name is associated with others of less celebrity; following, though certainly at an humble distance, the example of those twin-stars of our elder drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other contemporary playwrights. As, in their instance, the quota contributed by each member of the literary partnerships of M. Scribe is not known. In some cases he appears with a colleague who, like M. Mélesville, has already established a reputation of his own; at other times, it is supposed that he has employed his long-practised skill in fitting for representation the sketches of less experienced hands; arranging the details,

and throwing into the dialogue some of the lively touches in which he is so happy. However this may be, the number of his partnership works is greater, we believe, than that of his own exclusively; and a list of some twenty names might be given which have been introduced to the public favour in conjunction with his. There is less singularity in this division of labour than might appear at the first sight, when the style of composition, and, above all, the peculiar genius of the nation, is taken into account. The structure of the piece is so slight, that a single happy idea, such as may arise in a fanciful or sportive moment, suffices for its groundwork; and the developement, by means of a few characters, in dialogue which is seldom more artificial than that of good society, is just such a task as would furnish joint occupation to a pair of lively companions, in a country the natives of which seem to regard every act of life as a *mise en scène*. The plan is thus speedily moulded into a dramatic form. The substance once given, the more practised wit introduces the *couplets*, chooses the airs to which they shall be sung, heightens the points of the dialogue with a *calembourg*, or a pungent allusion to some jest or folly of the day, and here and there touches in a shade of sentiment or a dash of broader humour: and there is a piece finished, awaiting only the acceptance of the *comité de direction*, to appear before the frequenters of the *Théâtre de Madame*, with as much success as any of the pleasant trifles that have lived their day on its boards.

The subjects of these *Comédies de Vaudeville* are as various as their authors. Sometimes it is a droll incident, a discovery, or a mistake; at other times, an eccentricity of character, the burlesque of a class or profession; or the favourite folly of the day, furnishes matter for the piece. An historical or domestic anecdote is often seized upon with great spirit and neatness; and the drama and romance of other countries have been ransacked to enrich the general repertory of subjects. Occasionally the plot is broadly and improbably farcical; and the pieces of this class, although too absurd for the closet, are, perhaps, the most amusing on the stage, when sustained by the inimitable acting of a Potier or a Perlet. The anxieties and triumphs of lovers of course furnish the main burden of the theme, although, in many instances, the humour of the piece is independent of this interest. Another class, and a very pleasant one, consists of illustrations of some generous action or frank sacrifice, in which the *vieux moustâche*, the pet character of the French, has generally a prominent share. Specimens of the highly sentimental may also be found; but these are not peculiarly engaging, and do not appear to have much success. The great majority of all, however, are occupied with subjects properly French; and exhibit the most prominent features of the national "life, manners, and conversation," with a vivacity which, of itself, ought to render them interesting to the foreign reader. We believe that a more pleasant and compendious illustration of the nature of this lively people can nowhere be found—certainly not in any other class of written compositions. And so readily do the prevailing dispositions and interests of the moment appear in this form, that it may be questioned whether the best history of the progress of ideas and social life in France, or at least in Paris, might not be supplied by a complete edition of all the successful vaudevilles, in the order of their actual appearance, *cum interpretatione et notis variorum*.

This is, however, an office for abler hands—ours must be restricted to the business of selecting a few specimens, which, in order that we may exhibit the best of their kind, will be taken from the productions of Scribe, either singly or in partnership. And, to begin with a piece of which he is the sole author, we cannot find a prettier trifle than "First Love;" in which the fallacy of the sentimental creed on this subject, is assailed with great spirit.

Emmeline, the heroine of the piece, very young, and educated in retirement, is informed by her father, Dervière, that he has been planning to provide her with a husband—a certain M. de Rinville, the son of a neighbouring proprietor. She has refused twenty proposals already, like a spoiled child as she is; and her papa is again mortified to find that this new arrangement is no better received. The son of an old friend, rich, handsome, and just returned from his travels—what objection can there be to him?

Emm. Nothing; after what you have told me, I could willingly accept him, if this were possible; but, in duty to myself, I must refuse him.

Derv. In duty to yourself?—and what is the obligation?

Emm. A solemn promise, and earlier vows.

Derv. Here is intelligence!—How, young lady! without my sanction?

Emm. No! dear papa!—never without your leave. And if you will promise not to scold me, or force my inclination again, I will tell you all.

Derv. Who on earth, now, would have foreseen this?—a little chit of sixteen, who has never left my side—who sees no one!—Come, mademoiselle, speak out at once!

And she speaks accordingly of Cousin Charles, her playfellow, when they were children, under the care of Aunt Judith; and how they read "Paul and Virginia" together, and loved each other to distraction, and exchanged rings, and vowed eternal constancy, when he set forth on his travels; to the great consternation of papa, who has reason to fear that Charles is not only an obstacle to his projects, but has turned out a scape-grace into the bargain. Persuasion, however, is useless; the lady weeps, and threatens to fall sick, and the doting father consents to write a note of refusal to M. de Rinville, plainly stating the cause.

De Rinville has already set forth a-wooing, and, meeting the servant who has charge of the note, spares him a journey, by promising to deliver it himself; and enters the house. While he is waiting for M. Dervière, he reads his sentence of dismission; and, being reluctant to abandon the pursuit at once, especially as he has heard the beauty of Emmeline highly praised, he resolves to pass himself off as the absent

Charles. A few years make such a change; and what a triumph if he can overcome this pretty recluse!

Dervière enters. (*Aside.*) Laplerre tells me, with an air of mystery, that a stranger desired to speak with me in private. (*To Rinville.*) Is it you, sir, who were asking to see me?

Rin. Yes, sir.

Derv. What are your commands?

Rin. (*Aside.*) Come! now for emotion and pathos. (*Aloud.*) You do not recognise my features. Is it possible that eight years of absence can have made me a stranger even in my own family?

Derv. What do you say?

Rin. What! is the influence of kindred a mere fable!—does it not speak to your heart?—does it not inform you, my dear uncle?

Derv. Good heavens! and you are——

Rin. (*Throwing himself into his arms.*) Charles! your nephew!

Derv. (*Turning away.*) Confusion take him!

Rin. How! what ails you?

Derv. Nothing! The surprise—the astonishment. I vow I should never have recognised you; for, between ourselves, eight years ago you gave no promise of becoming a handsome fellow—quite the reverse.

Rin. All the better, you must be pleased to see me so much improved.

Derv. Not at all. I had rather you had continued in the opposite course.

Rin. Why so?

Derv. Listen, my boy; it is wrong to use ceremony amongst relations, and I shall speak to you frankly. I settled a thousand crowns upon you, as you know.

Rin. Yes, uncle.

Derv. Well, then! I will raise it to six thousand francs, on one condition—namely, that you depart this very day, and that we deny ourselves, for some years to come, the mutual pleasure of seeing each other again.

Rin. How! you discard me?—you turn nature out of doors?

Derv. Yes, my boy.

Rin. (*Air de Vaudeville.*) A kinsman!

Derv. Just the reason why.

Rin. A nephew!

Derv. There is no use entreating.

Rin. I'm deeply touched—most deeply, by
This patriarchal mode of greeting.
(*Aside.*) As suitor, they reject my vows;
As kinsman, presto! I'm discarded!
In truth, to enter such a house
Is passing hard, so well 'tis guarded.

While Dervière is explaining his reasons why Charles must depart, before his daughter discovers his return, lest he should interfere with Rinville's pretensions, the young lady herself enters at the moment when Dervière is called to speak with a stranger—one Mr Zachary, a German, who has something to say about Cousin Charles. An exclamation of Dervière's betrays the supposed cousin to Emmeline; and they are left together, to the great chagrin of papa.

Rin. (*Aside.*) Certainly, the situation is an original one for a first interview.

Emm. Well, Charles! you have returned at last?

Rin. Yes, madam.

Emm. Madam? Are we no longer cousins?

Rin. Yes, my pretty cousin—here I am beside you again; it has been my only wish since we parted.

Emm. How is this? Why are you so formal in addressing me, Charles?

Rin. I feared to offend—but, if you allow it——

Emm. Certainly!—between cousins—where is the harm? It was so before you went away.

Rin. Yes, surely.

Emm. How often have I recalled that time! the recollections of childhood are so true and touching! Do you remember how gay we were—how happy! and, poor Aunt Judith, how we did vex her! By the by, you have not yet spoken to me of her, sir.

Rin. Ah! true—poor old lady!—she must be terribly old.

Emm. How! old! Why, she has been dead these three years!

Rin. (*Aside.*) Good Lord!

Emm. Were you not aware of this?

Rin. Oh, yes, surely! I meant to say that she would have been very old by this time.

Emm. Not so very; but do you remember how we used to go without her permission to get cream at the farm? It was always you that ate the most.

Rin. 'Twas you.

Emm. It was not, sir!—And the day when we were caught in the storm?

Rin. Mercy! how we were drenched!

Emm. Yes; but, under cover of your cloak, which you spread over me—for you were Paul——

Rin. And you Virginia.

Emm. How delightful! he remembers it all! And do you remember the evenings when we used to play at innocent games—but you were already very audacious in those days.

Rin. Indeed?

Emm. Yes, yes, I remember the kiss you gave me—but let us speak no more of it.

Rin. Far from it; let us speak of it—how? I kissed you then?

Emm. Yes—there—on my cheek. You forget how angry I was, and said—"Have done, Charles! I will tell my aunt!"—but I never told her a word of it.

Rin. Yes, now I remember—and the day after, I think, I began again.

Emm. No, sir, you did not; because it was the evening before you went.

Rin. (*Aside.*) I breathe again; for I began to fear I had been too enterprising.

Emm. The following day you left home: do you remember what we promised each other when we parted?

Rin. Surely, yes.

Emm. (*Looking upwards.*) You recollect—on high—there?

Rin. (*Puzzled and looking up also.*) Yes—on high—I remember.

Emm. Well, sir, I have not failed once. And you?

Rin. Nor I, either! (*Aside.*) What the deuce can it be?

Emm. And have you kept all the rest of your promises as well?

Rin. Quite as well, I assure you.

Duet.

Emm. Still, like me, you bear in mind
Sport, and jest, and converse kind?
Rin. I bear in mind.
Emm. Dear romances, strange and soft,
That we wept to read so oft?
Rin. I bear in mind.
Ah! what tender two we were!
Touching thought to rise again!
Emm. Now repeat our favourite air,
Which we sung in concert then.
Rin. (*Perplexed.*)
The charming air we used to try——
Emm. You know it well?
Rin. Yes, truly—I——
Emm. (*Humming over the air.*)
"'Tis the viol ringing—
Hear its merry sound!
Come! and, o'er the daisies springing,
Let us dance a round!"
Rin. Ah! the tender accents linger,
Still remembered there.
(*Aside.*) True, and learned, I know not where,
From some opera singer.
(*Aloud.*) Oh, I love the viol ringing,
With a merry sound!

Emm. (*Figuring about.*)
So, upon the daisies springing,
Did we dance a round.
Rin. What a dance for childhood's pleasure!
Emm. Then did Charles, to mark the measure,
Note the cadence with a kiss.
Rin. (*Kissing her.*)
So I note it now with this!

It is high time to interrupt these *souvenirs d' enfance*, during which M. Dervière has heard sad things of Nephew Charles, from Goodman Zachary—nothing less than bills drawn on his uncle, and what not, which he presents.

Rin. Is it possible?

Derv. Yes, sir—will you deny your own signature?

Rin. Certainly not; but I should just like to see it—(*aside*)—were it only for information. (*Reads.*) "Charles Desroches." (*Aside.*) Oh! I am called Desroches—that's well.

Derv. Well, sir, what have you to say?

Rin. I say, sir, that it is a bill of exchange—any one can draw a bill of exchange.

Derv. Were there but one, perhaps; but M. Zachary has advised me that, to-morrow, there will be presented five or six, which I shall not pay.

Emm. What, Charles! have you then become a reprobate?

But this is not all. M. Zachary has hinted that there is more than this behind. In the meantime, Emmeline takes his part, until, casting her eye on his hand, she misses a ring which should have been there. He can of course give no account of its loss, and the offence is not to be forgiven. The quarrel, to M. Dervière's satisfaction, appears to be complete, when the real Simon Pure—Charles Desroches—arrives, and is met by Rinville; the one fearful of his reception, for he knows that Zachary has been before him—the other mortified at his rebuff by Emmeline, but unwilling to discover who he really is, until he can try her heart once more. Rinville discovers that the stranger is his nominal rival, without, however, pretending to the character any longer, having fallen into loose ways, and married during his absence, and grown up as ugly as he promised to be. Rinville succeeds in getting from him his cousin's ring, and it is agreed that he shall first approach his uncle in the character of M. de Rinville. He is accordingly presented as such to the family—believing, the while, that the real de Rinville is some cousin of whom he had not previously heard.

Dervière receives the supposed suitor eagerly; but Emmeline surveys him with disgust, saying—

(*Aside to her father.*) O Heavens! how ugly he is, and what an awkward person!

Derv. Not at all—I do not think so—the youth is presentable enough—he looks younger and more active than your cousin.

Emm. (*Aside.*) He may say what he will. What a difference between him and Charles!

This unfavourable impression is not removed by the new-comer's eagerness for his dinner. During his absence, De Rinville succeeds in making his peace with Emmeline, by exhibiting the ring he has procured from the real Charles. They are on the most amiable terms, when all is again perplexed by the appearance of Charles, who enters, on Rinville's quitting his cousin, a pardoned and accepted lover.

Emm. Good Heavens! it is that M. de Rinville!—I will at once confess all to him.

Charles. (*At the back of the stage.*) As you were saying—no ceremony, I beg—attend to your own affairs. (*Aside.*) I can wait for dinner now, having eaten and drunk; still *incog.*; my good uncle is caught—he is mine; and, could I but get rid of my little cousin, and induce her to annul our former vows, my pardon would be safe.

Emm. (*Timidly.*) Sir!

Charles. (*Perceiving her.*) A thousand excuses, Mademoiselle!—had you anything to say?

Emm. Yes, sir; but I fear to say it.

Charles. (*Aside.*) O Lord! has my appearance, in spite of myself——(*Aloud.*) On the subject of this marriage, perhaps?

Emm. A marriage which will render me miserable; for I love another.

Charles. (*Aside.*) Gad! how lucky! (*Aloud.*) Tell me all, Mademoiselle—do not be alarmed. This other whom you love——

Emm. Is a friend of my childhood—my cousin Charles.

Charles. (*Aside.*) The Devil!—this is awkward.—(*Aloud.*) Your cousin Charles—who was brought up with you?

Emm. Yes, sir.

Charles. That left home about eight years since—a handsome youth?

Emm. Yes, sir.

Charles. (*Aside.*) It must be me—the description is perfect. I do not see how I can escape. (*Aloud.*) What! and you are faithful still?—still attached to him?

Emm. Yes; for I gave him my promise.

Charles. Certainly, with some people that is a strong point. But, as for Charles, perhaps his constancy has not been quite so tenacious. Indeed, I have reason to know that he has been—thoughtless, as we term it.

Emm. I know it.

Charles. He has run into debt.

Emm. That is of no consequence.

Charles. He has become a scape-grace.

Emm. I do not care for that.

Charles. (*Aside.*) In that case, there is no way to free myself, without risking the last confession. (*Aloud.*) With your favour, Mademoiselle, I knew your cousin, Charles, well. We travelled together. A very pleasant gentleman; graceful, affectionate—too much so, perhaps; for his imagination, excited by a romantic education, led him into some scrapes, as I observed—venial enough, but rather too serious, now and then; and the last of these, to which I was a witness——

Emm. What say you?—can it be that adventure so mysteriously hinted at this morning?

Charles. Just so. He has not yet found courage to mention it to his uncle, or to any of the family. He hardly knows, indeed, how to confess it; but, if you would deign to assist him, and use your influence to obtain his pardon——

Emm. Speak!—what is to be done? I will know all.

Charles. (*Aside.*) There's a capital cousin! (*Aloud.*) You must know, then, that Charles became acquainted, at Besançon, with a young and beautiful girl, called Pamela, who was, by profession, a milliner.

Emm. How, sir?

Charles. That is, she practised millinery, but was not born to the business. She was of a good family—an English family that nobody knows; and that was unfortunate——

Emm. Good God!—what am I to learn?

Charles. To see Charles and to love him was the work of an instant. Charles was virtuous, but he had feelings; and Pamela, in despair, was on the point of terminating her existence. Already the fatal weapon was pointed at her heart—a pair of scissors—Heavens! I seem to see them yet! She must either be united to Charles, or cease to live.

Emm. What then?

Charles. What then?—she is alive still.

Emm. Merciful heavens! tell me all! Can Charles have married her?

Charles. Merely to save her life, I assure you.

Emm. Is it possible! The monster, the traitor!—Papa! papa! where are you?

The reader will readily conjecture the manner in which the conclusion of this lively story is brought about, by a discovery of the masqueraders, and how Emmeline learns that it is possible to lose her heart, although the object is not that of her "First Love." The piece closes with some lively couplets:—

Dervière. My child, the foolish dreams of youth,
At last, with opened eyes, you know;
Platonic love and changeless truth
Are fables, fate be thanked! below.
Our earliest feelings to restore,
To make our waning years grow bright,
Heaven kindly lets us love once more,
Even though First Love has taken flight.

Rinville. I grant the systems which allow
Our hearts to change—for once, are true:
I too have loved, methinks, ere now,
But, then, I had not met with you!
And you, perchance, will half believe
How much delight my life had lost,
Had wilful fortune made me cleave
To my First Loves, at such a cost!

Charles. My wife, though pure as pure can be,
In London twice in love she fell;
I was myself but last of three—
Good! 'tis the latest bears the bell!
For English ladies, I can swear,
Such artless innocence display,
They still have virgin hearts to spare
When their first loves have pass'd away!

Emmeline. (*To the audience.*)
In vain they try with maxims cold,
To prove my cherished fancy wrong—
In spite of all they urge, I hold
There's often meaning in the song.
To save its credit, gentles, pray
Come see us here again, and prove
That we, at least, with truth may say,
That all return to a "First Love."

The sally which the scapegrace, Charles, is allowed to make against our dear countrywomen is amusing enough: at the time when the piece was first produced, (1825,) the prevalent Anglomania was far from popular amongst a large class of Parisians; and the temper which dictated *Les Anglaises pour rire*, was still in considerable force.

We will take, as a specimen of joint authorship, the Vaudeville by MM. Scribe, Justin Gensoul, and De Courcy, whimsically entitled, "Pay the Bearer a Kiss." The opening scene, between the hero and his valet, will set forth the argument with all needful brevity. Derville is rusticating, book in hand:—

Philip (the valet) *following him.* Suppose we rest a little, sir?

Derv. Don't disturb me.

Phil. This country walk has lasted for two hours. You must find that novel very amusing?

Derv. A novel! There, look—can you read?

Phil. (*Reading.*) Charron's Works. *Essay—on—on—Wisdom.*

Derv. Yes, wisdom.

Phil. It seems queer for you to read the book so currently, for, in reality, it must be so much Greek to you!

Derv. How now, Mr Philip? You seem inclined to play the wit—I tell you it is a book which teaches every thing.

Phil. The way to pay one's debts, for instance?

Derv. No! but it makes us learn to forget them.

Phil. In that case, sir, you should make your creditors read it. Such memories as those fellows have! You need not have left Paris for the country—I believe they have followed you—for I recognised, not an hour ago, at the Golden Sun, some familiar faces.

AIR.

You cannot pay, for longer date
Your notes of hand must be renewed.
As this has often chanced of late,
And I am provident of mood,
Of paper stamped a stock I bear.
(*Presenting them.*)

Derv. Write out of doors!

Phil. 'Tis urgent need—(*points to the book*)—
And, hold!—to execute the deed,
Rest on your book of wisdom there!

But Derville pockets the stamp—wishing to forget his duns and his disappointments in love. Madame de Vervelles, the aunt to his adorable Jenny, is a very straitlaced old lady, and has refused to give her wealthy niece to a spendthrift and a rake; she has caught him kissing a pretty peasant, the *Rosière* of the year, the evening before the marriage was to have been settled; and not only sent him incontinently about his business, but now favours a certain odious M. de Valbrun. Jenny, too, has renounced him—there is nothing left but country retirement, and Charron on Wisdom.

"But what sound is that?" he suddenly asks.

Phil. It is the fiddles for the wedding—there was a marriage this morning. If you like to wait, they will pass this way.

Derv. Wait! for what? To see their happiness! No, I tell you what—I renounce love, women——Is the bride pretty?

Phil. It is little Jeannette, the daughter of our landlord; she marries Thibaut, a tenant of Madame de Vervelles, who has a fine estate in this neighbourhood, too.

Derv. What! that clown Thibaut?—so jealous, too!—a fine thing for him to get such a wife!—for that little Jeannette is passable enough.

So he stays to see the wedding folks pass; and, by mere accident, Jeannette lingers to receive his *compliment de noce*; by accident, too, her spouse arrives in time to catch Derville kissing his wife; and, as he is hasty enough to be angry at this, he is about to pursue and punish her, but is held back by the chief offender, who attempts to pacify him thus:—

Derv. It is mere custom—brides are always kissed.

Thib. That is, if you were the husband, you would allow me to stand in your shoes in this manner?

Derv. Why—yes.

Thib. Indeed! I would not trust you.

Derv. You are quite mistaken. Listen! promise not to vex Jeannette for this; and, if I marry, you shall give my wife the kiss I stole from yours.

Thib. Oh, yes! very likely!

Derv. My word upon it!

Thib. Don't make me a fool!—you want to appease me; but, if you were to marry, and I came to remind you, I should presently be shewn the door, and your promise be forgotten.

Derv. If you distrust my word, will you have my note of hand?

Thib. Your note of hand—that would be curious!

Derv. Only say the word;—give me that paper and inkhorn—Gad! how lucky! (*Searching in his pocket.*) I have the very thing—here is a stamp!

Thib. In good earnest?

Derv. I always keep some for occasions of this kind. If you knew how many I have put into circulation! (*Writing on Thibaut's hat.*) "Accepted, for the amount

of one kiss from my wife, payable at sight, to M. Thibaut or his order; value received in currency." And there is my signature.

With this valuable security, the clown sets off, in high glee at the prospect of recovering his debt, on some future day, with such large interest. In the meantime, Madame de Vervelles arrives, to transact some business concerning her estate. She is accompanied by her niece. Derville is equally surprised and delighted to find the aunt no longer his enemy. She had been quite mistaken as to his adventure with Louise, the pretty *Rosière*, whom, it seems, far from wishing to court, he has actually established in marriage with a M. Bastien, giving her, out of his own pocket, a dowry of three thousand francs. She now sees how much she has wronged his generous motives, and mistaken the *paternal* nature of his caress. Derville listens, with meekness, to this incomprehensible eulogy, which ends with a formal offer to renew the treaty of marriage—nay, it is to take place forthwith. But his transport is checked by the evident coldness of Jenny; and he asks her, as soon as the aunt has withdrawn:—

Derv. Did I hear correctly? What, madam! it is no longer your aunt, but yourself, that oppose our marriage! Do you, then, still doubt my affection?

Jenny. That would be criminal, indeed, after the proofs you have given me; after the heroic anecdote we have just been hearing, of which, by the by, I would thank you to give me a few more particulars.

Derv. No! let us say no more about it, I entreat; we are now alone—your aunt is no longer present: I know not how to make a confession which will destroy the credit I have gained; but I would owe my happiness to yourself—to my love, and not to a fable.

Jenny. What do you say?

Derv. That it seems I must have been favoured by the most strange and fortunate accident; for in what has been just now related, there is not one syllable of truth.

Jenny. (*Aside, smiling.*) Come! at least, he is a man of honour. (*Aloud, with affected surprise.*) How, sir?

Derv. Yes, madam; I must have some cousin hereabout, of the same name, who happens to be a worthy person: he has wished, perhaps, to raise the family character by an act of expiation; but I will not rob him of the credit he deserves, nor assume so heavy a responsibility; for, after all, a reputation of this sort is too difficult to keep up.

This frank avowal reinstates him in Jenny's good graces; and he departs to inform her aunt that all is now forgiven, on the condition, eagerly accepted, that no new folly shall occur to displease his mistress. At this moment Thibaut enters in despair; the "bill transaction" he has been fool enough to reveal, and is, consequently, become the laughing-stock of the village; and, worse than this, he is likely to lose his farm, for which others have been offering Madame de Vervelles a higher rent. In his distress, he solicits the mediation of Jenny, who thus learns this new instance of her lover's delicacy and discretion, just as he returns from his interview with her aunt; and Thibaut points him out as the debtor.

Jenny. Well, sir! do you hear this?

Derv. (*Aside.*) I am ruined! (*With assumed calmness.*) What is it? What does it mean?

Jenny. It means that I have not forgotten our compact, and now recall my promise.

Thib. No! madam! by no means at all! do not think of it! because, you see, my security.—(*rummaging his pockets.*) Now, where is this plaguy bill?

Derv. (*Aside.*) Heavens! if it were lost! (*Aloud.*) You see, madam, this fool does not know what he says; he is drunk or crazy—and I defy him to produce the paper he speaks of. (*Threatening him, aside.*) Shew it if you dare, sirrah!

Jenny. He is daunted by your presence: but I inform him that, on this condition only, I will assist him; and that he shall not have the farm unless he can produce the bill.

At this instant enters Thibaut's wife, Jeannette—she had found the bill, and replies, when asked to produce it, by her spouse:—

Jeannette. I! give it you? For shame, sir! For shame on you! I had it read to me, and you ought to blush for it. What does this mean?—a married man, and have such credits in your possession!—(*Weeps.*) Oh! if my papa knew!

Thib. Hold your tongue, Madame Thibaut! It is a repayment; and you who cry out upon it, if you had not incurred the debt this morning, I should not have needed to take such assets in exchange.

She has it, however, no longer; having met with Major Valbrun, who was so good as to read it for her.

Jenny exclaims. The Major!

Derv. All is over with me.

Jean. Then he said to me, with a laugh, "If you will pass the bill to me, child, I will discount it for you."—I, who could not tell what this meant, replied, "With all my heart." Then, is it not droll? he gave me a kiss.

Thib. Bravo! that's the second to-day.

Jean. And I let him take the paper.

Derv. Confusion! in the Major's hand? and payable to bearer!

Jenny. There, sir!—you do confess then?

Derv. Yes, by Heaven! but I will find the Major!—(*Rushes out.*)

This new piece of levity, and its consequences, are too much for Jenny's endurance. Her aunt cannot induce her to account for or forsake the caprice, as it seems, which again possesses her; at length she pretends, to explain her refusal, that she has discovered he is plunged in debt. At this moment Derville, who has been fighting with the Major, and has wounded him, enters. In spite of Jenny's entreaties, Madame de Vervelles acquaints him with this new charge. To Jenny's consternation, he confesses it.

Jenny. How! true? Why, I did not suspect this, too.

Mad. de Ver. You do well to act surprise. You told me so yourself.

Jenny. Yes—because—I thought—that is—I fancied.—(*Aside.*) In fact, with him it is impossible to invent anything. (*Aloud.*) Fye, sir!—it is disgraceful!—you have every defect.

Mad. de Ver. Granted; but he is faithful.

Derv. (*Looking down.*) Yes, as your aunt says, I am——

Jenny. I believe he is actually going to boast of his constancy!

Determined to leave Jenny no excuse, Madame de Vervelles liberally offers to take upon herself all Derville's engagements. His creditors are sent for—the aunt leaves them together—Jenny is inexorable—but at this moment Philip enters with a piece of news. He discovers, at the same time, to Derville, that it was Jenny who had secretly portioned off Louise in his name; and to Jenny the fact of Derville's having fought the Major. The bill, however, had not been recovered—it was given to a valet of the Major's,

and the fellow had lost it before Philip could catch him. Thibaut, indeed, had been beforehand in the business; and, making him drunk, had filched it from his pocket, as appeared afterwards. The reciprocal disclosure, however, tends to reconcile Jenny and her lover—by betraying them to each other—and, if the bill can be found and destroyed, all may yet be arranged.

Madame de Vervelles appears; she has seen and pacified Derville's creditors. There can now be no further pretence to delay the marriage. This is the very moment for Thibaut, who enters, bill in hand, intent on payment and his farm—although his wife vainly tries to dissuade him from presenting the bill for payment.

Mad. de Ver. What is the matter, Thibaut?

Thib. Nothing, my lady. I only wished to inquire if the marriage of M. Derville is settled.

Mad. de Ver. Certainly.

Thib. In that case, here is an engagement of his for my benefit; it cost me no little to recover it—but what is the price of a carouse, when one's fortune is at stake?

Derv. (*Aside.*) He has got the bill.

Philip. It seems he must have regained it.

Thib. (*To Jenny.*) This morning, madam, you asked me for it, and I have now brought it you.

Jenny. (*Approaching to take it.*) Very good, give it to me.

Mad. de Ver. (*Preventing her.*) By no means, niece. By our agreement, I undertake all my nephew's liabilities.—(*Comes forward to take the bill, which Thibaut keeps reading over.*) Give it to me, Thibaut.

Thib. But, my lady, it is not you whom it concerns.

Mad. de Ver. That is your mistake. (*Shewing him several bills.*) There are a dozen which I have already paid in the same manner.

Thib. (*Amazed.*) Indeed!

Jeannette. Surely, yes, it is the aunt that pays all.

Thib. Ah! (*Stares stupidly.*)

Jeannette. Come! be quick, or we lose the farm.

Thib. (*Takes off his hat and presents the bill.*) There, my lady, if you are the party.

Mad. de Ver. Hand it to me, good man. (*Reads.*) "Accepted for the value of one kiss, payable to Thibaut, or his order."—What means this?—I do not understand debts of this kind.

Derv. You see, dear aunt—more bachelors' engagements!

Mad de Ver. And at a time when you are just going to be married—you, whom I supposed to be propriety itself!

Derv. It is indeed true; but it is long past its date. (*Aside.*) Heavens! what a fortunate idea!—it is not dated! (*Aloud.*) Indeed, it is so old a debt, contracted when a minor; on this account, perhaps, its validity might be contested; but I have too much honour to wrong a poor devil of a creditor, whom I heartily pity; and, as you have promised, dear aunt, to pay all my debts——

Jenny. (*Laughing.*) Yes, aunt, your word is engaged.

Accordingly, Madame de Vervelles submits with as good grace as she can; and poor Thibaut, laughed at on all sides, is consoled for his disappointment, by the promised renewal of his lease—exclaiming, that he is far too honest to wish for payment of the same debt more than once. The piece concludes with some couplets, which must be omitted here for want of room; but the reader will not, we think, fail to admire the spirit and vivacity of the play, even in the imperfect version now presented to him. And some idea may be formed of the diversion which such graceful trifles are calculated to afford, when set forth in all their completeness, with the advantage of scenic effect, and acted with a liveliness and delicacy approaching to perfection.

Our space is now exhausted. It would, however, have been difficult to afford an adequate idea of the character of these comedies, by choosing a greater number of specimens, and treating each with more brevity. A detached passage here and there would have possessed neither value nor meaning. The object has been to give an intelligible sketch of one of the favourite diversions of our light-hearted neighbours; and if the exhibition be found at all amusing, in its present form, there will be no difficulty in opening the doors to the public at another season.

V.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

FAREWELL, thou fair land of my earliest dreams,
Where long I've delighted to rove!
Thou once wert the land of my fancy's young gleams,
But now thou'rt the land of my love.

Farewell, thou brave land of the hero and sage,
Whom in story so oft I've admired!
Farewell, thrice renown'd of bright history's page,
Where so oft I've pursued thee untired!

Farewell, lovely land, where each streamlet and tree
A charm to fond memory lends!
Thou once wert the land of the stranger to me,
But now thou'rt the land of my friends.

Farewell, splendid land of the mountain and lake!
Farewell, the blue bonnet and plaid!
True hearts do ye cover, and for their dear sake,
Ye shall ne'er from my mem'ry fade.

Farewell, gorgeous land, where the cataract roars,
And the shepherd sleeps sweetly below!
Farewell, happy land, where religion still pours
The rich gifts she can amply bestow!

Farewell, glowing land of the heather and broom!
May the heavens smile calmly above ye!
Till this sad heart is laid in the mould'ring tomb,
It will fondly and ardently love ye.

Dear land, my young thoughts were first fixed upon you—
And shall we then, must we then part?
Thou art not the home of my fathers, 'tis true;
But still thou'rt the home of my heart.

And for what do I quit thee? The land of my birth,
Where remembrances vividly dwell;
Yet my heart, quick repelling all feelings of mirth,
Throbs with anguish to bid thee farewell.

Oh! would I might dwell in a sweet Highland cot,
With the mountain rills trickling round me!
My cares and my sorrows would then be forgot,
And all that in fetters has bound me.

Then, Scotia, dear Scotia, oh, kindly receive
Thine adopted one unto thy breast;
For gladly my home and my country I'd leave,
And lie down on thy bosom to rest.

August 11, 1837. X Y.

THE BEGGAR'S WALLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS ARMYTAGE," "STOKESHILL," &c. &c.

NO. X.—HARRIET COOPER.

THERE are few positions in the present artificial state of society which demand the exercise of more resolute good sense than that of the retired upper servant of a great house; enabled, either by prudence, peculation, (or its nobler synonyme of perquisite,) to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, without recourse to those commercial pursuits which so often convert the portly butler into a bankrupt publican. My lady's maid, metamorphosed into a mercer or milliner, my lord's man into a coal-merchant or corn-factor, becomes coerced, by the straits of trade and rubs of life, into a sense of his or her original condition; the homely home in which they were reared, and the honest bread they fed on in their childhood, being thus brought back to their remembrance with instructive force. But my lord's man, who has worn the badge of servitude to years of somewhat more than maturity, and my lady's woman, who has sacrificed her rest by night and her patience by day, from eighteen years to eight-and-forty, to the prodigious increase of their bank-stock, gout, rheumatism, wardrobe of cast-off clothes, and hoard of cast-off follies, so as to realize a small independence and a great consciousness of their own importance—are beings sorely to be pitied. All their lives long have they lived in the enjoyment of ten, twenty, fifty—nay, perhaps, one hundred thousand a-year—with half-a-dozen liveried lacqueys, or an army of martyrs, in the shape of chambermaids, state-room-maids, kitchen-maids, and other human nothingnesses, under their control; have drunk their claret and maraschino, and banqueted on their venison and marchpane; have toiled little and spun less; living upon the fat of the land, and dispensing its lean to their subordinates.

To descend from all this to an income of four or five hundred a-year, sheepy mutton, parboiled potatoes, and small ale, is a transition as striking to their sensations as would have been the ascent thereunto, had these people jumped into their fortune from their hereditary barefooted standing on some muddy village green. Throughout their days of servitude, indeed, they sweetened its occasional bitters by threatening themselves with this same genteel independence; parading to the admiring slaves, their fellow-servants, their prospects of peace, in sitting by a fireside of their own, unmolested by my lord's bell or my lady's sullenness. But experience very soon makes it apparent that—though the Duke of Marlborough might be excusable in exclaiming, as he returned to Blenheim Castle from a visit to a neighbouring squire, "Well! home's home, be it ever so homely"—a two-windowed house in the Edgware Road, Upper Baker Street, Prospect Place, Melina Row, or the Blackheath Road, with two poplars at the end of a strip of weedery, is a grievous falling off from the steward's room at the castle, with its blazing fires and gouty stools; or the housekeeper's, with her Turkey carpet and mahogany case of French liqueurs. The "girl" and "footboy," who do the spiriting or all-work of Mr Smith or Mrs Jones, will not submit to be hectored like the slender Sophias, or spruce and well-powdered Johns, who beheld in the said Mrs S. or Mrs J. the outward and visible manifestation of the almost invisible duke and duchess to whom they were indebted for their salaries. Jack and Sophy have "wages" instead of "salaries," are saucy and dirty, and will not submit to be asked "where they have lived all their lives" when convicted of wiping a knife or leaving a mop and pail in the entry. The new masters and the new slaves, mutually contemptuous, have, in short, a sorry time of it. Mrs Jones discovers that her unseasoned goose-feather-beds, bought of some bargain-upholsterer, have a very different odour from the down pillows furnished by Gillon to his Grace. She loathes the leg of mutton, of whose constituent pounds her butcher's bill acquaints her to an ounce with the amount; while Mr Jones' cousin, John Simmons the tailor, who drops in of an evening, to cribbage and Hollands and water, is her mortal aversion. She has all her Grace's cast-off antipathies—"can't abide the smell of a candle," or "the sight of a maid in curl papers;" and her sentiments are as displaced in Melina Place, as the often-darned Brussels-lace veil in which every Sunday she parades to church, sneering at the solid worth of her humble neighbours. To return to our original position, there are few people to whom good sense is more indispensable, in order to fall with decency, than to the retiring servants of a family of consequence.

When the Marchioness of Randsley received into her astonished hands the resignation of a certain Mrs Cooper, who, for two-and-twenty years, had held in custody her diamonds, point-lace, cosmetics, secrets, and chambermaids, her Ladyship was so pre-assured of the after-repentance of her Abigail, that she insisted on giving three days, like the king to a favourite minister, for the reconsideration of her projects. But Cooper's mind was made up, as well as the amount of 3 per cents. which, eighteen years before, on her union with my Lord the Marquis's clerk of the kitchen, she had fixed upon as the *summum bonum* of her happiness. For she was now a widow, the mother of two children, the interference of whose births with her duties, the Marchioness had kindly overlooked; and, though her son, John Cooper, educated at a country grammar-school in the neighbourhood of his paternal grandfather's farm, could dispense with her cares, her daughter, Harriet, who had now attained the age of seventeen, appealed forcibly to her maternal solicitudes. Harriet was my Lady's god-daughter—Harriet had been brought up, almost from her infancy, at a "genteel" board-

ing school at Turnham Green; and, between the solicitations of the girl and the prickings of her own ambition, Mrs Cooper found it impossible longer to debar herself the independent enjoyment of her income of four hundred and fifty pounds a-year. She always called it four hundred and fifty: but, though standing under her name at the bank, £80 per annum had been settled by her husband on his son, and was paid to old John Cooper, for the separate use of the lad.

It was already arranged, in the Cooper family, that John, whose genius was supposed to have a mathematical turn, should be brought up a surveyor; but with Harriet the family had nothing to do. Harriet was her mother's daughter, and her mother's creature; and my lady's woman, bridling with her own self-consequence, had resolved, from the time the little creature was five years old, that it should be brought up "a lady." Now, that which constituted a lady in the idea of the steward's room at the Castle, constituted, of course, a fine lady in the idea of Cooper's farm. Harriet, according to her mother's notion, was enjoying "the best of eddications," in learning music, dancing, and French; and Lady Randsley—who occasionally smoothed down her waiting woman's fits of ill-humour, which her own caprices had called up, by inquiring after her god-daughter—concluding, when she heard of all these accomplishments, that Harriet Cooper was preparing to become a governess, usually remarked in reply—"Plays the piano like an angel—eh, Cooper!—beginning Italian too!—quite right; a good education will be as good as a fortune to her!" The holidays which Harriet was allowed to spend with her mother at the Castle, brought higher commendations. Harriet's drawings and exercises were duly exhibited to my Lady's young ladies, Lady Harriet and Lady Marianne; who, being themselves emancipated from the school-room, found it no great stretch of good nature to remark that Harriet's horrible daubs and flourishings were really wonderful, *considering*. Mrs Cooper never rightly understood what was meant by "considering." She felt rather affronted, indeed, when, every Christmas, my Lady bestowed a guinea upon her god-daughter, "to buy herself a housewife;" the guinea or the housewife being very little in accordance with the waiting-woman's notions of her own importance or Harriet's accomplishments. But this was smoothed over by Lady Harriet's observation, when by chance they met in one of the corridors of the Castle, that Harriet was growing a very pretty girl; or Lady Marianne's inquiry of "Well, Mrs Cooper—is not Harriet coming down this Christmas? I hope she is getting on well with her music?"

All this tended to place a young woman whom nature had lavishly endowed, in a very false position. Harriet Cooper was a delicate, pleasing-looking girl, who greatly enjoyed coming down to Randsley, for the run of the park and gardens; and who looked upon the two young ladies who honoured her with their commendations, in the light of winglessangels. Nevertheless, the thought of quitting lessons and back-boards, and settling at once in a home of her own under her mother's protection, was infinitely more agreeable; and when poor Harriet installed herself in the paradise in Albany Street, Regent's Park, of which the drawing-room curtains were blue and yellow, and the carpets yellow and blue, she thought herself the happiest, and her mother the greatest of the human kind. A piano, chosen rather by the eye than ear, formed part of the furniture; and Harriet's series of views of the Lakes of Cumberland adorned the walls—still yellow and blue, to match with the suite; the woods, with their autumnal tinge, and Ullswater, with its deep blue waters, having exhausted all the ochre and ultramarine in her colour-box. Mrs Cooper's visiters, consisting of the wealthy trades-people of the Randsley family, who had become acquainted with the waiting woman per virtue of her vocation, admired and wondered; while poor Harriet blushed crimson at her mother's half-hourly repeated recapitulation of her accomplishments.

It happened, unluckily, that, a few months after Mrs Cooper's installation in her new abode, just as all was complete, and the two servants drilled into what she considered decent subordidation, she was sent for to the Marchioness, her former lady, to learn that Lady Harriet was going to be married—that her union with the Duke of Wilsden was to take place at the Castle—that several members of the royal family were to grace the ceremony—and that, as the Marchioness had found it impossible to replace her *souffre douleur* of two-and-twenty years with a person equally versed in the twist of her false curls and the dye of her rouge, she should take it as an obligation if Mrs Cooper would come down to the Castle for the month preceding the wedding. Half vexed, half flattered by this tribute to her personal consequence, the lady of Albany Street had only to curtsey her acquiescence; but when my Lady added, in a patronizing tone, "Of course you will bring Harriet," Mrs Cooper, though she curtseyed again, resolved in *this* instance to disobey; for at Harriet's last holiday visit to the Castle, the prudent mother had found it necessary to interdict those strolls in the parks or early walks in the garden, which exposed so pretty a girl to the approach of my young Lords Alfred and Henry; whose assiduities were such as to determine her that the girl should never again set foot in the Castle till she was married. Such, indeed, was the chief cause of her own retirement from office, and establishment of an independent home for Harriet; and when Mrs Cooper stepped into the post-chaise that was to convey her down to Randsley, to render my Lady's wig worthy of sitting at table with a royal highness, her daughter was already happily established in Sussex with the family of her grandfather.

It was late in the autumn when the mother and daughter met once more in Albany Street; Mrs Cooper rejoicing at her second release from

the whips and scorns of aristocratic lady's maid-hood; but Harriet—if the truth must be told—Harriet pining sadly after the country. She had spent such a happy summer in Sussex with her brother and the worthy maiden aunt who presided over her grandfather's establishment!—and Mrs Cooper's exclamation, on disentangling herself from her daughter's embraces, of "Lord bless the girl!—how she is tanned! I protest you are grown a perfect fright"—had been earned by the happiest enjoyment of the hay-field and harvest-field, and all the assistance she could render in Aunt Mary's garden. Mrs Cooper was still more shocked when Harriet interrupted her slight expressions of gratitude for the gaudy chain and locket forwarded to her by her lady godmother, as Lady Harriet's wedding present, with an account of a syllabub party in the hay-field at Longlands, which her mother reprobated as highly vulgar and unbecoming. But Mrs Cooper had soon other causes of dissatisfaction. On reminding the young lady that a diligent course of practice would be necessary to recover all she had lost in music, for want of an instrument during the summer months, Harriet replied, with a deep sigh, not altogether attributable to the difficulty of Herz's Exercises—

"Do you know, mother"——

"My dear, you know how often I have forbidden you to call me mother. When did you ever hear the young ladies at the Castle call the Marchioness *mother*?"

"Do you know, mamma, that I begin almost to wish I had given up less time to music and drawing, and learned a few things that might be really useful?"

"Who has put this nonsense into your head, Harriet?" inquired Mrs C., reddening.

"No one has put it into my head, mother—mamma, I mean; but, down at the farm, I found I could not do a single thing of any service in the house; that I did not even know how to give orders to the servants."

"I am not aware that you are likely to be under the necessity of making yourself useful in *a farm-house*," said Mrs C., with ineffable disdain. "I don't see how making a cheese or a pudding would qualify you more for the society you are likely to move in, than knowing how to take part in a quadrille or a sympony."

"Symphony," murmured Harriet, in a low voice.

"But I suppose all this stuff is Mary Cooper's putting into your head," persisted her mamma.

"No, indeed. Aunt Mary is so fond of me that she is willing to forgive all my deficiencies."

"I'm sure she's vastly obliging," sneered Mrs Cooper.

"But John was always quizzing me for being a fine lady. My brother was angry with me for preferring embroidery to making shirts; and, indeed, I was almost ashamed of myself, when he asked me to make him a set, to find myself so bad a plain-worker."

"I won't have you waste your time on no such trash," cried Mrs Cooper, with a lady's-maid contempt for the duties of the under-housemaid. "What would the Miss Sarsnets, and Mrs Selvage, and all the other genteel families of my acquaintance, think, if they were to find my drawing-room littered with rags like a ready-made-linen warehouse?"

By a routine of tea-drinkings, card-parties, and parties to the play, with the rich mercers, haberdashers, hatters, or tailors, of Regent's Street and Pall Mall, who constituted the visiting list of Albany Street, Mrs Cooper attempted to wean her daughter from her rustic reminiscences. The gaieties of the winter were beginning; for winter is still the gay season of a class over whose circles fox-hunting and Parliament exercise no social influence. The trading-classes of London still venture to be merry at Christmas, and generous on New-Year's Day; to feast on turkeys and mince-pies, dance in the New-Year, draw king and queen on Twelfth-Day, and enjoy "Romeo and Juliet" all the more for being followed by a pantomime. Christmas is as much *their* season as June that of their customers. It is then they display to their rivals of the counter their fine clothes and fine furniture—their hoards of plate and china—of books in fine bindings and pictures in fine frames. Lucky those who are free from the pretension of exhibiting at the same time the fine manners which they copy from the finest of their customers; lucky those who, like Harriet Cooper, content themselves with the frank simplicity adorning *all* stations of life, but peculiarly becoming in her own.

Of all gradations of female education, the worst and most injurious is that of second-rate accomplishments—the cheap boarding-school system, where girls are taught to execute, in an inferior way, what at the best is superficial and of small account. Such, unfortunately, is the line chiefly pursued by the shopkeepers of London. Unable to bring up their daughters at home, they dispatch them to schools in the suburbs, where, instead of learning to write a good hand, keep their fathers' books, and superintend the domestic economy of the house, they are taught to jabber of Shakspeare and the musical glasses in bad English and worse French; to squall, out of tune, bravuras to which Malibran alone could render justice; and paint groups of Camellias, in golden vases, which might pass for bunches of bachelors' button in a brass skillet. In this the French shew themselves far wiser than ourselves. The education bestowed in France upon young girls of the middle classes, is of a more practical kind; and the wife of a French tradesman, consequently, exercises twice the influence in her family obtained by the vulgar fine ladies of the back shops of Bond Street. It is to his wife or daughter a French tradesman invariably looks for the regulation of his books, and settlements with his work or shopmen. His wife or daughter superintends the business of the market and kitchen, without degenerating into the coarseness into which the good housewives of our own

country are apt to fall. For, the piano-forte playing young lady, when converted into a Mrs Notable, makes up in scolding and vociferation for her ignorance in the conduct of an establishment; while the French girl, who has been *taught* to make a bed, cut out linen, and arrange a *pot-au-feu*, or family soup, performs or overlooks these duties without effort or outcry. Graceful in their manners, and rational in their conversation, the moment they lay aside the little silk apron and appear in society, Frenchwomen of the class in question, are the most companionable as well as the best *menagères* in the world. It is their pride and glory to understand the conduct of a family.

But Harriet Cooper, ignorant as she was of the practical duties of life, was not more deficient than those with whom she associated. Like herself, the Miss Sarsnets and the Miss Dimities daubed landscapes and played "symponies," though with so much less *eclat* that Mrs Cooper was almost justified in her expectations that her daughter would eclipse them all, and carry off, before the end of the season, the hand and heart of a certain Mr Carat, through whose tempting plate-glass windows in Piccadilly, diamond necklaces and services of gilt plate shone resplendent. In the midst of these projects, her son John arrived to pass a month with his family in town, previous to the signature of his articles with an eminent surveyor at Lewes. Though Mrs Cooper was fond of her son, his right-down manners disgusted her artificial sense of propriety. She had very little patience either with the plain English or plain dealing of his country ways; and Harriet was incomparably her favourite child.

"So you haven't picked up a husband for Hatty yet?" was his insulting apostrophe to Mrs Cooper. "Better have let her pass the winter with Aunt Mary. They would have *taught* her something down at the farm. 'Tis a sin and shame to see a fine grown girl of her years so helpless."

Mamma looked disdainful, and remained ineffably silent. She did not think it necessary to communicate her plans to a lad of eighteen, unconversant with the ways of the world it had been her happiness to live in. But when, a few days afterwards, she heard her son bantering his sister on the attentions of a certain young fruiterer named Rowland, who resided in their neighbourhood, she begged "such rubbish" might never again be mentioned in her hearing. Harriet blushed, and looked reproachfully at her brother; for Harriet happened to think Henry Rowland anything but rubbish. Mrs Cooper had become acquainted with him as shopman of the considerable house of business dealt with by the Randsley family; and now, having set up in a small way for himself, and settled in Albany Street, she condescended to bestow upon the young man her notice and patronage, as loftily as that of the Marchioness, her late mistress, would have been bestowed upon Mr Pinchplum, his late master. Young Rowland's mother, who, still preserving her sober widow's weeds, presided over his establishment, was not considered worthy of admittance into the politer circles of Albany Street; and the green bunches of Portugal grapes, well papered baskets of China and Seville oranges, beffins, shadocks, lemons, limes, boxes of Guimeraen plumbs and Smyrna figs, revolted the fastidious eye of Mrs Cooper, after the glittering display of the wares of her intended son-in-law, the shining head of the house of Carat.

John Cooper, however, was not to be sneered out of the liking with which Harriet's humble admirer had inspired him. *He* delighted to sit in Rowland's parlour, on terms of easy friendship with the young man and respect towards the young man's mother. He thought Mrs Rowland, indeed, a *severe* woman. She was a sectarian; rigid in her notions, and unswerving in her doctrines. Even in John's presence, she did not scruple to anathematize habits and customs which she knew to be those of his family; but, from this frankness, he judged that her commiseration extended no farther, and suspected not that, during his absence, she was continually announcing to Harry that, if the wish of his heart could be fulfilled by a marriage with Harriet Cooper, the wedding-day would be the last happy one of his existence. "I am told she has five thousand pounds to her fortune," observed the obstinate old lady; "but I tell you, son Harry, I would rather see you take for your helpmate a maiden reared on parish bread, in habits of industry, than any flaunting Miss, so much above herself and *us*."

It was in vain Henry protested that the gentle and unpretending Harriet was no more of a flaunting Miss, than his friend John Cooper a flaunting Mister. It was undeniable that she was the daughter of a dressy, gossiping, expensive mother; that she played on the piano, and talked French—and *that* was enough. It was, perhaps, in order to convince himself more fully of his mother's mistake, that Henry contrived to throw himself so often in the way of John and his sister, when they were setting off to take a quiet walk together, across the Regent's Park to the Paddington Fields; so completely, at last, did he satisfy all remaining doubts, that, before her brother returned to Lewes, he had made up his mind that Harriet was without a fault, and inspired *her* with a grateful opinion that he was the most agreeable young man of her acquaintance. His manly independent spirit was so different from the flippant affectation of Mr Carat! His handsome countenance—his filial respect—his——in short, poor Harriet was nearly as much in love as her lover; and Mrs Cooper was glad when the day arrived for her son's departure, in order to break up the intimacy that was beginning to establish itself among the young people.

But the day arrived too late. That very evening, Mrs Cooper received from her rival and friend, Mrs Sarsnet, an invitation to the wedding of her daughter, Maria, with Mr Carat, (for whom she had just been at the pains of securing

the custom of the noble family of Randsley,) and a petition from Henry Rowland, for the hand of Harriet! The first of these two provoking challenges was alone accepted. She was afraid her mortification and disappointment might be suspected; and (though little aware that the designing Sarsnets had frustrated the intentions of the jeweller towards Harriet in the first instance, by constantly thanking heaven, in his presence, that "none of *their* family had been *in service*," till his pride took the alarm, and he transferred his matrimonial projects to a young lady of purer descent) she felt herself exceedingly ill-used—ill-used by the bride and bridegroom—by her son and daughter—by the whole world. Rowland was forbid the house, and Harriet forbid to think of him.

Young ladies are seldom improved as companions, by being crossed in love. With no active duties to engage her attention, with no kind brother to comfort her, with only her "symponies" and paint-brushes—which she had now begun to detest, on finding from John and Henry that they incurred the displeasure of old Mrs Rowland—Harriet fretted herself ill, and became feeble in health and peevish in temper. Mrs Cooper often wished herself back at the Castle, to be out of the way of seeing her daughter's red eyes and wasting figure; but, after nearly a year of discontent and disaffection, maternal anxiety got the better of her pride—she condescended to visit the Rowlands, and gave a reluctant consent to the union of the young people.

To her great indignation, the concession she thought to grant as a benefactress, was accepted with reluctance by the old lady. Mrs Rowland admitted, that she considered the match as bad a business for her son as Mrs Cooper considered it for her daughter; and signified an intention of removing from the house of the young couple to Bedford, her native place. "I dwelt with my son Harry, only in the hope of keeping him out of harm's way," said she. "The Lord has not prospered my endeavours; so I shall take up my staff, and labour elsewhere." It was in vain that Henry remonstrated, and answered for the filial attentions of his bride. "No, no!" said the obstinate old woman; "two mistresses are one too many for one household. I have been plainly bred. Your Miss would despise *me* as much as maybe I might despise *her*—so let us even part before hard words have been spoken betwixt us."

This removal, indeed, was the only thing that tended to reconcile Mrs Cooper to the match. The old quiz of a mother had been a great obstacle in her eyes; but no sooner was old Mrs Rowland safe at Bedford, than she persuaded Henry to invest the two thousand five hundred pounds which (instead of five thousand) formed the dowry of the bride, in a house and furniture in Wigmore Street; the shop floor of which was to be occupied by himself, and the remainder let in lodgings. She felt that, when thus eligibly situated, she should be less ashamed of acquainting the Marchioness of Randsley (who cared not a straw about the matter) that her god-daughter had thrown herself away on an humble tradesman. The shop was handsomely fitted up. Foreign fruits of the rarest kinds displayed their variegated hues in the windows. "Another year," said John Cooper, on paying them his bridal visit, and admiring the tall glass jars of preserves and brandy fruit, which, purchased wholesale in the city, formed part of the stock—"another year, Hatty, you will know how to help in all this, and lend a hand to the business."

Mrs Cooper, who stood by, rebuked him for supposing that a young lady, "eddicated like her daughter, would demean herself by any such drudgery;" and Rowland, still a lover, secretly promised himself, that his pretty Harriet should never be required to minister to domestic concerns so much beneath her notice. It was highly satisfactory to young Mrs Rowland's foolish mother, that, when Lady Randsley condescended to despatch her own woman to Wigmore Street, a few months afterwards, to ascertain, as she good-naturedly observed, that her old friend, Cooper's daughter, was respectably settled, that her successor in office could be received by the bride in a handsome apartment, (which she was careful not to announce as unoccupied lodgings,) and attired in a rich silk dress, proclaiming her elevation above menial duties. The lady's maid announced, on her return, that the Rowlands seemed well to do in the world; and Henry forbore that night, from what was becoming a nightly ejaculation with him—"I wish to goodness we could let our lodgings!"

For her own part, the young wife would have exerted herself to take a more active part in her household, but for the constant reprehensions of her mother. Mrs Cooper, having nothing else to do, visited them daily, to interfere and advise; and, as she saw their business well followed, and their custom increasing, insisted that Harriet should not mope herself to death, or wear her eyes out hemming dusters; but take a little pleasure, like Mrs Carat and the rest of her married acquaintance. Now, Henry was not fond of this standard of comparison. He knew that his own business did not realize two hundred pounds a-year, while that of Carat was bringing him in nearly as many thousands; and that pretensions becoming the jeweller, were ridiculous in the fruiterer. Still, he did not like to degrade his pretty wife to her fitting level. Harriet had not been used to a shop. Harriet, who was so fond of drawing, must go with her mother to the Exhibition; Harriet, to whom music was such a treat, must go with her mother to some concert, or the pit of the Italian Opera. The Marchioness had sent benefit tickets to "Cooper"—the Marchioness would expect to hear that her god-daughter had participated in the enjoyments. Rowland could easily stay at home, and mind his young man and the shop. And thus a chasm was created between the amusements of the husband and wife.

Unluckily, after Mrs Rowland's first confinement, she fell into delicate health. Exertion and household exercise would probably have

strengthened a naturally frail constitution; but Mrs Cooper nursed her up after the fashion she had seen the Duchess of Wilsden coddled by the Marchioness, previous to the birth of a son and heir; and it was pronounced by the medical attendant, that Harriet must not attempt to nurse her infant. The little boy was to be brought up by hand; but, between the incompetence of Harriet and the carelessness of an over-tasked maid, the business was mismanaged, and the child fell a victim to their blunders. When, the following year, a girl was born to the young people, Mrs Rowland, more delicate than ever, insisted upon a wet-nurse; and Henry, though wholly unequal to support such an expense, could not refuse her request.

But things had not gone well with him. His business was one of moderate profits; and his ill-managed household absorbed more than his gains. Their lodgings were almost invariably empty. A lodging-house, to afford comfort to its inmates, must have a stirring active mistress; and Harriet, ill and uncomfortable, was becoming slatternly as well as indolent. She now really suffered from exertion. She was not used to lift heavy weights, or encounter damp and cold. Her mother had given her all the feebleness of a fine lady.

But a time was at hand when exertion became doubly necessary. At the period when joint-stock companies produced a national frenzy, followed by a national smash, Mrs Cooper, without communicating a word to her children, but in the vain hope of enabling herself and Harriet to outshine Mrs Sarsnet and her daughters, so rashly invested the remainder of her little capital that, in the course of the following year, she was obliged to sell off her house in Albany Street, and take up her abode with the Rowlands.

"Better have settled an annuity to enable her to live elsewhere!" was the admonition contained in a letter from Bedford to Harry Rowland. "All that was before *bad* in your household, that woman will render worse."

And so it proved. The exertions which their altered circumstances sometimes compelled the young tradesman to require of his wife, were sure to be checked by her mother with—"Ay, ay!—he would not have dared send you slaving into the kitchen, had I not been so miserably fallen in the world!" Nevertheless, all that personal privation and efforts could effect, was done by Rowland. He rose before the dawn, he toiled after midnight, he rarely sat down to a meal, in order that Harriet might not be harassed. "Poor thing! she was so delicate!—she was not used to work!"

John Cooper, whose prospects in life were cruelly injured by his mother's imprudence, having accepted a small appointment to India, procured by the interest of the Randsley family, who generously defrayed his fitting out, was grieved when he came to take leave of his family, previous to embarking, to perceive how little his sister was able to contribute towards the lightening of her husband's cares. Instead of tending her children, she herself wanted attendance. Poor Rowland, who was now in difficulties, and found it a hard matter to keep up his respectability in the world, could not always refrain from a peevish rejoinder, when he found his comforts and household wholly neglected. Every man seemed to have a more orderly home than his. There was no method, no regularity in his house. Do what he would—exert himself as he might—things were always neglected, dirty, and disorderly in Wigmore Street.

"I'm sure, Mr Rowland, I can't guess what you want!" was Mrs Cooper's rejoinder, whenever he ventured to complain. "You know, I told you from the first, my daughter wasn't eddicated for a drudge. I'm sure, poor thing! Harriet never has a sovereign in her purse, nor a new gown to her back. It's unknown what she's gone through since she married. I protest I felt quite ashamed last Sunday, when we run against them Carats, as they were stepping into their carriage after church, and I saw Maria give such a glance at poor Harriet's old straw bonnet. To be sure, Mrs Carat would have given something for the pretty face that was blushing underneath."

For Harriet, though pale and delicate, was unluckily prettier than ever—unluckily, because her beauty often attracted attentions which she had not presence of mind to repel. By the intervention of her mother, Lord Alfred Randsley had become the occupier of the first floor. The rent of 150 guineas a-year was of too much consequence to the distressed Rowland, to admit of any hesitation about accepting such a tenant; and, once installed under their roof, Lord Alfred had soon occasion to notice the privations of his former playmate, and the gallantry or good nature to minister, on various occasions, to Harriet's taste for luxury and ease. He took a servant, whose chief business it was to assist the mistress of the house. He bought a piano-forte, which he entreated Mrs Rowland would consider as her own. The grandmother was treated with new shawls, and boxes at the theatres, the children with toys and sweetmeats. What could Lord Alfred do too much for his old playmate, so strangely mis-matched and out of place, as married to a vulgar tradesman!

The sequel of all this need not be circumstantially detailed. From folly to crime, the road slopes imperceptibly; and, to the crime of the delinquent, soon succeeded exposure, shame, and ruin. Harriet and her mother were driven from the house of the honest man they had disgraced, who, broken-hearted and hopeless, no longer attempted to stem the tide of difficulties their weakness and improvidence had created. Rowland became a declared insolvent; and, having resolved, for the sake of his children, to attempt the renovation of his fortunes in foreign adventure, he proceeded to Bedford, previous to embarking for America, to place his worse than orphan girls under the protection of his mother. "I need not say, give them habits of industry—I need not say, teach them to be

useful—to be good wives—good mothers," said the miserable man; "for I know your steady ways of thinking on such matters. Oh, mother! you were right! Had *she* been engaged, as she ought, in household duties, she might never have been the thing she is—she might never have come to harm!"

For grievous, indeed, was the harm that had befallen Harriet. With no one to turn to for her own or her mother's maintenance, unable to work, and to beg ashamed, the roof of her seducer afforded her an unquiet home. It was there that Mrs Cooper, the misjudging origin of so much evil, withered and died; and, after the loss of her mother, Harriet, a prey to grief and remorse, became lost in feebleness and indolence. Even Lord Alfred found her helplessness a burthen. He had not expected a fine lady in Cooper's daughter. Even *he* thought it the duty of a female companion to exert herself to provide him with a comfortable and orderly home. And, when the Randsley family (who affected to regard Harriet Cooper as a monster of ingratitude and vice) made it a *sine qua non* of paying his Lordship's debts of honour, that his "mistress" should be given up, *Harriet was dismissed.*

To subsist upon the scanty annuity vouchsafed her as a reward for the ruin of her husband and desertion of her children, would have been impossible to one so little capable of administering to her own necessities. But Heaven was merciful. The shocks she had sustained proved too much for so enervated a constitution; and Harriet was soon conscious that her career of sorrow was almost at an end. The approach of death gives courage. She felt that it was not for her father's daughter to die in a workhouse or a gaol. Aunt Mary—the kind-hearted, forgiving, merciful Aunt Mary—was still alive, and did not turn away from the humble confession of the penitent—"I have sinned against Heaven and before thee."

It was in the humble abode where her more deserving parent had seen the light, that the unhappy young woman laid down her head to die. Her last hours were haunted by agonizing recollections of the home she had neglected, the children she had abandoned, the husband she had branded with disgrace; and her sole consolation was the knowledge that Rowland's mother was rearing her deserted girls in the paths of usefulness and virtue. "My poor girls will not be deluded out of their sphere!" said she, as she turned her glazing eyes upon her sorrowful old aunt. "*They* will not be misguided to the fate that has befallen Poor Harriet Cooper!"

A DREAM AMID THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

"Post equiten sedet atra cura."—*Horace.*

"All is vanity, saith the Preacher."

I passed the little brook, which murmured on,
Just as of old, amid the meadows green;
I paused, and thought upon the days long gone:
It seemed one little hour since I had been
A youthful reveller in the well-known scene—
And now I was a man. Strange! could it be
The same old bridge o'er which I now did lean?
Was it the same clear stream I now did see?
And yonder proud tall oak—was it the self-same tree?

They were the same; nor older did appear
Than when, in ancient time, the spring's first flower
I gathered to adorn my sister dear—
The bright companion of my idle hour,
The queen whose throne was in the blossomed bower.
Such mem'ry of the past into my mind
Rushed with a vivid force; a solemn power
Left my dark manhood's sorrows far behind,
And gave them, as they rose, unto the passing wind.

And art thou dead, dear sister? How thine eye
Did blaze in beauty o'er thy infant face,
Shining in splendour, like a summer sky
From which no shadow dares the sunbeam chase,
But leaves the orb of day to run his race,
In glorious majesty, from east to west—
A golden picture, where nor sign nor trace
Of sadness seems!—to view it was as rest
To the fainting pilgrim, night to the serf oppressed.

But was I happy then? Alas! no, no!
Say, where, on earth, is pleasure to be found:
First youth, then manhood—'tis the same; gaunt wo
Tracks the poor human victim in his round,
From dust to death. Yes, only in the ground
Man's sorrows cease; for there they cannot come.
Care dare not follow through that turf-raised mound—
It is a haven still, a peaceful home,
Better by far than art's most gorgeous, proudest dome.

And what is boasted mirth? At best a span
That shortest is to those that wish it long;
But, to the heart-sick, melancholy man,
It seems a vain, fantastic, mocking song,
Which triumphs loud his perished hopes among,
And taunts him with its gay and noisy tones,
And idiot laughter in his hearing rung.
Can the wind's breath reanimate dead bones,
Or the cold river's voice make glad the sunken stones?

Far have I wandered o'er the busy earth,
And searched for pleasure, but have search'd in vain.
Oft have I heard the voice of seeming mirth,
And dreamed that joy had sought the world again;
Then, at such times, a brighter look would feign,
And say—Avaunt, dark sorrow! hence, away!
Begone, thou loathsome fiend! thou poisonous bane!
But still the grinning demon close would stay,
Mocking, and never would my idle words obey.

Joy, the false phantom, gaily lures us on
O'er the worn tide-mark of the sea-washed shore,
Then spreads her treacherous pinions and is gone,
And leaves us blindfold to the ocean's roar,
Whose greedy waves in fury on us pour,
Ere we can seek a refuge from their wrath.
In vain an aiding hand we then implore,
To lead us back in safety to the path,
Cold, shiv'ring, wet, and drenched in sorrow's bitter bath.

Then, fare thee well, thou sweetly murmuring stream!
I do not ask to roam thy banks, as when
Thy little channel to my youth did seem
An ocean, ere I knew the guile of men,
Or deemed there was a world beyond this glen.
I wish not now to fight the fight once more;
Let me not toil through weary life again;
Sleep now be mine!—night comes, the day is o'er,
And nothing care I now for wealth, or fame, or lore.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.—CHAP. II.

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS, HABITS, AND PECULIARITIES OF THE SOCIETY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In a paper in this Magazine in October 1834, entitled, "George Fox and his First Disciples," I stated the circumstances attending the origin of this Society; gave a rapid review of the character and career of George Fox, its founder; alluded to a few of his immediate followers; and detailed the more prominent religious doctrines and moral principles of the Society in its early days, and the changes, not of principle, but of practice, which latter times have witnessed. I might take that paper as a text for the complete illustration of the present position, peculiar views, and as peculiar habits of the Society of Friends. There certainly does not exist in England any portion of its population so singular as this Society—so far differing from the rest in appearance, manners, customs, and general tone of mind. Born and educated in this Society, and having had opportunity of seeing a good deal of it, under all its aspects, and in all the grades of its social life, I think it cannot fail to afford much interest and some benefit to the public at large, to be made more familiar with the present social character of this Society; and, perhaps, the benefit may even extend to the Society itself. There is no community so perfect but that it may derive some advantage from seeing itself faithfully reflected from the mirror of impartial observation.

The question is often asked—How is it that Friends, in general, are so prosperous in the world?—that there is so little poverty in the Society? Nothing appears to me more obvious than the causes of this state of things; and, as the answer to this question must consequently be very simple, we will proceed to it at once. Friends are generally successful in trade, because they are educated in a lively sense of the value of time; of the necessity of strict principle and punctuality in their dealings; of the propriety of being usefully employed; and of a total abstinence from a variety of amusements and pursuits, which contribute essentially to lighten the purses of a great part of the community. There is nothing which they more frequently hear commented upon, both at home and in their meetings, from the public preacher and from domestic lips, than the value and right employment of "precious time." They are taught to look upon time as one of those articles with the stewardship of which they are intrusted by their Creator, for which they will have to yield a rigorous and momentous account. It is a thing which they are made to feel is given to any individual but once in the whole range of eternity; and which is for ever flying before them to the place of judgment, to record its use or abuse in their hands. The right employment of their time, they are taught, consists in sedulously performing their duties to God and to their fellow-men. With their exclusively religious duties, we do not here concern ourselves; but their duties to their fellow-men, they rightly conceive to make part of their religion; and, amongst their fellows, their families, of course, claim their chief attention. There are no people who are taught to coincide more entirely with the Apostle in the opinion, that he who does not provide for his family is worse than an infidel. Accordingly, with these ideas of the importance of time, there is no other part of the community, of equal wealth, in which so many are engaged in trade. It may be said that scarcely an individual of the body but is, or has been, connected with some trade or profession. Being thus, on principle, where no actual necessity for it exists, engaged in trade—feeling it one of their highest duties to provide for the comfortable establishment of their children, and for the demands of philanthropy upon them—they pursue business with a steadiness unrivalled by any other class of persons; and they follow it, after it ceases to be in any other way necessary, from habit and liking for it; and their punctuality and strict attention to their word, give the public a confidence in them that is a sure passport to success. I do not mean to say that a Friend is necessarily honest and truth-speaking; but I will assert, from my own experience, that I have never found any other class of people equal to them as a body in these respects. I think it is a fact which must have been sorrowfully forced upon the knowledge of every one who has had much to do with men, that the want of punctuality, the want of strict integrity in making and keeping engagements, are amongst the curses of this country. With how few persons can you venture to treat, without tying them down, as you would the veriest knave! How few persons do you find whose word is actually their bond, when their interest is concerned! There are, undoubtedly, honest men in all classes of the community; but I must confess that, in the majority of cases where I have trusted to the honour of men, and, more especially, companies of men, I have found bitter cause to rue it; and I believe this is experience which most of us have purchased pretty dearly. The cheap rate at which truth and honesty are held by us as a trading nation, is truly disgraceful. If the Society of Friends has, in a great degree, preserved itself from this plague-spot, it has not been without a great and perpetuated effort. Every quarter, the query is put, in its meetings—"Are Friends just in their dealings, and punctual in fulfilling their engagements?" These are words that are as familiar to every Friend, as the great chalkings of Warren's Blacking or Mechi's Paste are to the public. They have been ground into his consciousness, quarter after quarter, and year after year, all

his life through; and any defaulter in these respects, is sure to be dealt with by the Society.

A Friend has thus got some recommendations to the public patronage. He is diligent, because he values time; he is honest and he is punctual, from a life-long inculcated principle. You may find him at his post; you may bargain for a thing without fear of being grossly cheated. He will often stand up for a good price, because he knows his articles are good, and his reputation enables him to obtain what he demands; but he will not recommend that as excellent which is really bad. If you agree for the completion or delivery of an article at a given time, you may safely calculate that it will be so finished or delivered. If a Friend promises, he will perform; for he is taught that lying is one of the meanest of vices—that truth is sacred. I say again, I do not pretend that, in every instance, those in the Society are worthy of this character—after all our building and patching, poor human nature will often turn out a very indifferent thing; but I do mean to assert, that no society that I know anything of, takes a tithe of the pains to make its members honest; and the world gives the Society credit for having, as a body, maintained the highest character for integrity—and the world decides as it finds. These, then, are great ingredients for success in trade; but these are not all. The Friends have separated themselves from the public on many points of religious principle, and have renounced, on that ground, many of its pursuits and pleasures. They are thus become a simple and domestic people; for, having abandoned almost all the expensive habits and recreations by which their neighbours spend their time and their money, they are thrown, in a great degree, upon business, as a mode of filling up their time. Thence they derive as tradesmen another great advantage: they not only devote to their business a greater proportion of their time than many others, but they give it an almost undivided attention. And does not all the world know the effect of that? What will not the whole time and whole attention of any one do? Is there a truer old saw, than that constant dropping wears away stone? People often wonder that shining abilities tell so little in trade, and that an almost utter destitution of commonsense frequently tells so much. But shining abilities are given for higher purposes than those of trade; they are evidently out of their true element in a course of mediocre plodding—it is not their legitimate sphere, and they can no more find their natural food in it, than the swallow or cuckoo could find theirs here in winter. Like them they must follow where the instinctive guidance of Providence leads, to their proper objects and their true aliment. Shining abilities, employed on what requires only very moderate ones, are just as wisely and economically tasked as a steam-engine set to break stones on a road, when it might be exerting its mighty energies in urging some great manufacturing process, or speeding social vehicles over sea or land. Shining abilities, thus employed, are as much misapplied as the labours of an elephant in doing the work of an ass. Operating where the heart does not work with them, they are wings without a head—sails without a rudder. It is the eye everlastingly fixed on one spot that becomes familiar with it; it is "the diligent hand which maketh rich." It is incredible what a minute portion of brain is required to pile up a huge heap of gold, if it be fixed on that and that alone. Well, then, the Friends have an education that gives them activity, application, and an attachment to business; which gives confidence in their integrity, and takes out of their track of accumulation rival propensities and seductions. They must, of necessity, under these circumstances, get money; and, having got, how are they to spend it? Is it on splendid houses and equipages—on liveries and armorial bearings—on numerous establishments—on attendance at the theatre, the opera—at races, clubs, balls, assemblies, routes—by magnificent entertainments to the titled and fashionable? Or is it on fine clothes, jewels, or the accomplishments of music, dancing, or painting—by field sports, or games of hazard? From all these they abstain on religious conviction. These could not divert them from the acquisition of wealth—these could not retard or lessen that acquisition in its course; and, wealth being once acquired, the only difficulty is to say how it shall be prevented from becoming enormous. Friends live in good houses, and have them well and even elegantly furnished; but then they indulge in none of those articles which absorb the greatest sums of money. Their dresses are simple: what can they spend on them compared to what fashionable people do? They keep no caskets of jewellery, to blaze in drawing-rooms and at levées. They have no costly pianos or harps, guitars or violins. They avoid as vanity carving and gilding, and the Babylonish glare of gaudy colours in curtains, hangings, and canopies. Seldom do satins and damasks, much less gold and silver tissues, flame on their chairs, couches, and ottomans; and, as for those glorious ornaments of walls, paintings, by masters old or new, in which lie often more capital than in the houses which hold them, or even the estates on which those houses stand—why, they have none of them—no, not even a framed engraving, in nine out of ten cases, except the West Family, Penn's Treaty with the Indians, and the portrait of Thomas Clarkson. What sums do they save in what are called accomplishments—in teaching children music, singing, dancing, fencing, drawing, painting, languages, and a dozen other things, which are now drilled into the young, without the slightest regard to capacity, taste, or future requirement! What sums do they keep out of the hands of opera-dancers and singers, actors, musicians, drill-masters, keepers of taverns and clubs. They have one member in Parliament; but there is no chance of their being brought to spend their ten or twenty thousand pounds at an elec-

tion; for they have a conscience against bribery and drunkenness, and, moreover, are not fond of turning night into day. Besides, they are educated in such quiet habits, and are so warned against everything like vehemence of feeling or action, that they shrink from strong excitement, and would cut no figure as orators. They can and will steadily follow up in a quiet way any object that interests their human sympathies; and, like the tortoise, though slow, will come up with it in time, as in the case of slavery, or in resisting priestly oppression. But they are seldom to be found thundering at political dinners, and would look oddly enough in the violence of a Parliamentary debate. You see their comfortable carriages and goodly horses, but you see no richly emblazoned arms. The heralds might starve for them. They are nearly all advocates of temperance societies—are, three-fourths of them, teetotalers, and drink coffee instead of wine: how are the wine-merchants and brewers to be benefited by them? Very few of them hunt or sport—none of them race: how can they then spend money in horses of £1000 each; in Joe-Mantons, of fifty guineas each; in dogs of fifty or a hundred guineas; in guns and ammunition; in keepers, grooms, jockeys, and all the public and private taxes thereunto belonging? As to war, whether on land or water, whether ostensibly for the honour of king or country, they do not believe it to be for the honour or good of either: therefore, how can they purchase commissions, or sport splendid uniforms? They seldom run the risk of having no home by having two or three. They live pretty steadily in town or in country; and as to gambling, they altogether eschew it, except in that legalized and merchant-like species, called stock-jobbing. Will any man tell me then how they are to get rid of their money? When people wonder that they thrive in trade and get rich, the great wonder seems to be, really, how they are, without great ingenuity, to avoid it.

The greatest danger which attends this state of things, is that of fostering a worldly spirit, and of bringing upon the possessors some of the worst evils of wealth, without its splendour and elegancies. And this is, in fact, the besetting sin of the Society. Many and repeated are and have been the warnings of the yearly meeting on this subject—and which may be found duly recorded in their Book of Extracts, or, as it is now called, the Book of Advices, or the Book of Discipline—that is, the book of the laws of the Society—for Friends to be moderate in their desires; to withdraw from trade, *when they have got enough!* and make way for others. But it must be confessed, that this advice is the least attended to of any. The words of Paine, though severe, were not without a good deal of justice, when he said—"They pursue money with a step as steady as Time, and an appetite as keen as Death." The majority of Friends go on trading to the last; and in no society is the influence of wealth more felt, or more powerfully, though silently, exerted. Is this to be wondered at, after the education now described, when the acquisition of property is necessarily looked upon as a great duty? I once saw a wealthy grocer, who was capable, not merely of keeping his carriage, but of keeping three or four, if he pleased, and with no family to provide for, busy wrapping up pounds of sugar, as if his living depended upon it. A person came in and related some foolish action of a retired tradesman. "Ah!" said the Friend, "when men go out of business, they are almost sure to do some foolish thing or other." His fingers moved more nimbly, his eyes glistened with satisfaction, and the weighing of pounds of sugar evidently seemed a more meritorious deed than before. How Friends *do* spend their money, we will speak of anon.

And now, let it not be supposed that the life of a Friend has no charms. It is a circle contracted, yet full of quiet comforts. It is the paradise of the peaceful and the domestic—of those who shrink from the vanities and the stir of the world, and who love to go through the earth in a plentiful tranquillity. For ardent and energetic spirits, it is not the field. They should have lived, if they lived as Friends, in the stirring days of Fox and his fellows—when zeal and intellectual power found ample exercise in setting up the standard of the Spirit against that of priestcraft and worldly vanity, and many a bold battle had to be fought against magistrates and hierarchs, for truth and freedom. That was the time for them, or a time which may yet come, but is not now. All feeling is now tamed down in the Society; all vehemence of heart and action eschewed, except through one channel, and that is not our present purpose to treat of. Let us now enter their dwellings, and see how they pass their lives. The thing which strikes us at once, in entering their houses, is their extreme neatness and purity. There is everywhere a subdued tone of colouring; no gaudy blues and yellows, no hot reds or rich purples; curtains and carpets, chimney ornaments and table covers, all are sober and cool, but all are beautifully clean and fresh, and have an air of refined, though sober taste, about them, that is very pleasing. You feel that you are in the habitation of a quiet people, and a people that is well to do in the world. There are nowhere evidences of grandeur, but everywhere proofs of that substance which could purchase it if it chose. There is everything that can contribute to domestic comfort and convenience. In all that belongs to real bodily refreshment and repose, I know of no abodes that excel them. In their dining-rooms, you find no apparatus for conviviality and excess; but their tables are, nevertheless, spread with all the good things of life. They avoid excess, but no people enjoy the plain luxuries and substantialities of the season more than they. In their drawing-rooms, you find no pictures, and their books are of a serious kind; but they shew you at once, that, if they care not for the frivolities of life, they are earnestly concerned for the improvement of their fellow

creatures. There are tracts, pamphlets, and volumes of the day, on the education of the people in this and other countries, in promotion of temperance and peace, liberty to the slave, and justice to the natives of our colonies. You will not have gilded annuals and meretricious books of flashy drawings for the boudoir; but you may find works of interesting travels, natural history, science, and of popular topics of the day, interesting to the race, as regards this world or the next. Their bed-rooms possess the most thorough neatness and completeness. It is no part of their system to make their guests pay the penalty of too little comfort in their bed-rooms, for too much show and splendour in the drawing-room. If the most downy beds, beautiful linen, fresh carpets, and a genial air and sense of snugness, purity, and repose, can make you amends for the want of gilded cornices and glowing canopies—there they are.

But let us just see how these peace-loving, home-loving people, who have cut off all the vanities and excitements of general society from their system of life, spend a single day—for one day with them is exactly like another, except that day be a Sunday, or the day of some monthly, quarterly, or yearly meeting. Friends, in general, adhere to early hours of both rising and resting, and taking their meals. As they oppose themselves to the mere frivolous freaks and changes of fashion, so they have varied their hours less than any similar class of society. In some active families of business, in country families especially, you may find them at breakfast at seven o'clock. When the cloth is drawn, the Bible is laid on the table, and a chapter is read; after which there is a pause of impressive silence, and the several individuals disperse to their different duties. Our old friend, Bernard Barton, the truest poetical representative of the Society, in spirit and sentiment, has thus noticed this custom:—

"But wherefore dwell on parting's mild delights?
Our circle is not doomed to sever yet.
I found it sharing in the festive rites
Of morning meal, unconscious of regret,
And only happy once more to have met.
That meal is past—the Christian volume now
Is opened, and we hear how CHRIST was set
A mark for impious scoffers, wondering how,
To gentleness like *his*, knees could in mockery bow.

. . . . . "The book is closed,
A pause of silence—eloquent appeal
To hearts awake, affections well disposed!—
Upon that record stamps its solemn seal;
And they who erst enjoyed that social meal,
Prepare them to obey each various call
Duty or inclination shall reveal;
The younger urchins, eager, joyous all,
Begin their morning sports, delights that seldom pall."

It is well known to most people, that Friends are not in the habit of saying grace, or pronouncing any audible thanksgiving at table. This results from their peculiar views of worship. They object to all set forms of words, or set times for expressing them, from the belief that worship is an act between the spirit of man and his Creator; and that all preaching, praying, and exhorting should proceed from a direct impulse of the Divine Spirit. Therefore no words are spoken before or after their meals, except some minister be present, and feels it his or her duty to address the family. A pause of silence is given, that every one may "feel after" a spirit of thankfulness and reverence. It would lead us into quite a different part of the Quaker system, were we here fully to explain all their peculiar views of Christian worship; but we shall presently have occasion to advert to it again. Here I will only add, that this custom of reading a chapter every morning after breakfast is a beautiful and excellent custom. It is one which secures, independent of other good consequences, a tolerable acquaintance with the Bible; and, if those who are desirous merely of acquiring sound *political* notions, were to adopt it, they would soon feel the benefit of it; for all sound politics must base themselves on sound Christianity. I have frequently seen the solemn and impressive effect of this custom upon strangers: the sudden cessation of light conversation as the cloth goes away—the bringing out of the sacred book—the chapter read in a reverential manner by some hoary patriarch of the family, some comely matron, or graceful youth or maiden—the deep pause that follows, and then the cheerful breaking up into the ordinary tone and tide of life. One of the noblest of our modern poets told me, on such an occasion, which was new to him, that it had carried him at once into the bosom of some old Covenanter's family. In some families, where they are liable to interruptions from business in a morning, they read in an evening—in others, the family reading occurs morning and evening. On Sunday evenings it is generally introduced soon after tea, and is prolonged to several chapters.

But our family having dispersed after breakfast, we may leave them to pursue their various objects—the men to business, the women to their household affairs, or friendly calls on each other, or visits to some of their favourite concerns of public and benevolent interest—schools or other things. It is in the evening that they reassemble more fully for domestic enjoyment. Dinner is, as I have said, in many families, an early one; few devote a long period to dinner. They make no long sitting over their wine, for they are great admirers of temperance; and even when they have dinner parties, they drink no toasts, and very generally do not even use the little ceremony of taking wine with each other. It is in the evening that they enjoy social pleasures—and the reader may well ask what these pleasures are; for we have seen that they do not frequent the places of public amusement. Cards, or any games of hazard, they never play at. You may, indeed, occasionally see some of the young people engaged at draughts, chess, or some similar game; but it is entirely as a game of skill. In no instance do they stake a farthing upon it. All playing, or betting for money, they regard as gambling; and they are too honest not to detest

gambling. Music they have none; their chief resources are books and conversation. But here, again, they put restraints upon themselves that the great proportion of readers do not. They are cautious in their use of books; for in everything they are anxious to preserve the purity of their minds, and indulge no taste which is not, in their eyes, worthy of a man and a Christian. Books, therefore, which are not of the most decidedly useful tendency, they will not read. Novels and romances are "*caviare* to the multitude" of them. A great deal of poetry is interdicted to many of them, because they believe its spirit impure and mischievous. What, then, it will be asked, do they do? They talk, and they read, and they enjoy their gardens in fine weather. Some of the most delightful hours which I recollect to have spent in my youth, were spent with a Friend's family, in their evening enjoyment of their garden, with their tea and books in their pleasant alcove. They delight also in a country walk or drive. I have already said that their life is only for the quiet and contemplative; but it has its charms. There is a delightful purity of feeling, a simplicity of heart, a soundness of moral sentiment about them, that, to me, are more attractive than all the glitter and fascination of more pretending society. One feels that all that we see and hear is real. We are not surprised by the exhibition of sentiments that are factitious and often flagitious—one is not disgusted by foppery, nor fearful of that hollow courtesy which is so plentiful in some society—we feel that we are in the atmosphere of security and worth. They talk of many things which have a deep interest for them—of their friends and relatives, of whom they have generally a wide circle, some of them living in distant parts of the kingdom. It may well be supposed that marriages and intermarriages have taken place, in such a Society, till their ties of kindred extend far and wide. This quickens the interest in each other. They have a great correspondence by letters; and these letters, with their different news of births and marriages—illness and recoverings—all the variations of good and evil incident to human creatures—furnish many an interesting topic. But they talk, too, of things of more general concernment. The men are, in their sedate way, strong politicians; and both men and women feel the liveliest concern in all plans for improving the moral and physical condition of humanity. The slave, the Indian, the prisoner, the penitent sinner, and the unhappy and sinned-against, children and adults, who need instruction and reformation—who need food or clothing—employment in health—medicine in sickness—comfort in distress—all these are the objects of their care, and the subject of their conversation. A Richard Reynolds, or an Elizabeth Fry, become celebrated through their philanthropy; but they are only the representatives of a large class in the Society, who are as actively, if not as conspicuously, employed in like manner. It is curious to go into some of their families and see the articles of dress that are making—the books that are piled up for distribution—the tracts and pamphlets that young women are stitching, or folding, for the same purpose. There are no people who are oppressed in any part of the world—the Negroes, the Indians, the Caffres, the Poles—but they are their FRIENDS; there is no national scheme in operation, for the relief of misery—the dissipation of ignorance—the destruction of the grand fallacies of war and political expediency—but they are engaged in it—it is their business and their topic. If we except missionary projects—from which their peculiar religious views have, in a great degree, restrained them—there are scarcely any Societies, Bible, Tract, Peace, Temperance, Anti-Slavery Societies, that they are not active members and supporters of. From the very origin of this Society, this has been a feature of it, which has never, for a moment, become less prominent. It is of these things that they a great deal converse; and it is on these, and such as these, that they spend that money which is saved from theatres and operas—from the clubs and gaming-tables; and it must be confessed that there is something beautiful in the appropriation of that expense to the soothing of human ills and the raising of the human character, which they deny to fashion, splendour, and dissipation. When I have been, on some occasions, induced to accuse them of unnecessary scrupulosity, of undue crushing down of the imagination, of injurious taming and contracting of the feelings—here is the part of their character—the breaking forth of their feelings again, in a noble and perpetual stream—the evidences of the clinging of their imaginations to the struggles and cries of humanity in all its trials and its abodes, however distant—which has induced me to give full testimony to these as highly redeeming qualities; for they are full of the poetry of Christianity. For this generous and unwearied philanthropy, they deserve the highest honour, and I am inclined to believe, after all, notwithstanding the apparent insipidity of their mode of life—notwithstanding the energies they subdue, and the excitements they avoid—that the purity and benevolence of their spirits bring them far nearer to happiness, than all the fascinations they renounce do those who embrace them.

And, besides, their pleasures are not so circumscribed as they appear at first view. The strength of their domestic affections—the intensity of the enjoyments springing from them—the delights of social intercourse with those of perfectly consonant tastes and views—are not to be estimated by such as dissipate their feelings over a thousand changing objects, and exhaust them with excess of stimulants. Is not the profound satisfaction of a calmly virtuous life, which they enjoy, the very thing which kings have descended from their thrones to seek, and which philosophers have eulogized as the true felicity? Of late years, too, their acquaintance with and taste for books have extremely expanded. Almost all kinds of books, that are strictly of a pure and laudable kind, they read and enjoy—especially

history, natural history, and science. To many branches of natural history, the young people are greatly devoted. In science some of the Society are well known to the public—as Dr Dalton, William Allen, Luke Howard, and others. In architecture—and, what is singular enough, especially in ecclesiastical architecture—Thomas Rickman, has attained great celebrity. It may appear, however, rather at variance with the propensity of the Society already alluded to, to put down imagination, to assert that poetry is one of its enjoyments. But such is the fact. John Scott of Amwell, and John Marriott, were esteemed by their own Society when the same boldness and originality in verse were not required as are required now. Since them, several of its members have become generally known to the public by their poetry and other literature; and it is quite true that a strong relish for poetry has long existed in the Society. With the graver portion, the sterling sense and true piety of Cowper are well appreciated; Wordsworth has his admirers; Montgomery is much esteemed for his beautiful feeling and devotional spirit; and a great mass of religious poetry has its admirers amongst them. The love of poetry assumes, in the young, a curious aspect. Though many of them do not read novels or romances in prose, they are warm admirers of them in poetry. Many who will not read the romances of the Author of Waverley, have read all the metrical romances of Walter Scott. They are warm admirers of poetry, and the poetry which they delight in is just of that kind which is most opposite to the ruling spirit of the Society—the poetry of strong feeling, of vivid imagination, of intense excitement. It strikes a person oddly, who has been accustomed to hear Friends described as so passionless and sedate, to hear the young people, in the plainest habit of the sect, quoting and talking in terms of enthusiasm of Scott, Moore, Byron, and such writers. But that it is so, hear our friend Bernard Barton's testimony:—

> "We conversed of donjons, towers,
> Hid in St John's vale from Sir Roland's eye,
> Or melting, soon as seen, into the vapoury sky.
> We talked of Byron's vagrant, lawless Childe;
> Of Moore's enchanting, lovely Nourmahal;
> Or of that other tale, so sweetly wild,
> Of what the gentle Peri did befall."

There is the testimony of one who is at once a poet and a plain Friend. And what is more natural than such a taste? Systems may vary, but human nature is the same. Young Friends are young men and women. The broad hat, or the drab bonnet, do not necessarily contain cool heads: young people may be clad in the costume, speeched with the shibboleth, and pressed and moulded into the prescribed form of Quakerism—they may learn to admire its discipline, and imbibe its doctrines as the very rules of life and salvation—yet may have all the feelings and fire of youth within them, may have all its living sympathies and nameless aspirations; and the restraint applied, on all hands, to the natural tastes of youth for amusement and excitement, only concentrates that feeling, and causes it to break forth with greater force, when it may. Poetry is a thing in itself so pure, so intellectual, so holy—a thing which may be enjoyed in the retirement of home—that it claims homage and attention from the gravest and most religious; and, having their sanction, it is not to be wondered that, under its privileged name, the young should stretch their admiration over a widish portion of it. Such is the fact; and in the Society, it is not Bernard Barton, who has so much in common with themselves, who is the popular poet; but rather those of a very different character—as Byron, Scott, Moore, Burns, and the like.

In the love of the Fine Arts, a great change has, too, of late shewn itself amongst Friends. Dancing has something in it so connected in their minds with lightness and wantonness of carriage, that it will not soon creep in amongst them; but music is gradually winning, if not open advocates, yet many real lovers. All this class of amusements which the Friends have denied themselves—music, dancing, the drama, poetry, sculpture, and painting—they have denied themselves on account partly of the time they consume, but still more of the dangers and abuses connected with them. The motives were of the most praiseworthy nature—the desire to keep themselves unspotted from the world, and to employ their time in the most beneficial manner. As it regards some of these things, there is no doubt that they will still think that the abuse ought to preclude the use; but, as it regards music and the fine arts, there seems no reason why they should not relax their ancient rigour. Fox and his friends, in their zeal to hew down the vanities and follies that polluted social life, went so far as to demolish also much that was beautiful and worthy of all love and admiration. As the early Christians, for a time, would not read the classic authors, lest they should be contaminated with their mythologic notions; and, as the Puritans, in their zeal against Popery and the semi-Popery of the Church of England, destroyed many a fair altar, and screen, and statue of Virgin and saint—so the early Friends carried their fear of the fine arts and music to an extent that would not be warranted in their successors of the present day. What a refreshment, and what a source of pure enjoyment, music may become, where there is a taste for it, by the domestic fireside! And what taste can be more pure, more refined, more weaning from gross pleasures and low desires, than that which seeks its enjoyment in the spirit of beauty which God has spread over the earth, and its living forms? The Friends are now great admirers of nature—no people are more frequently seen amid the visiters of our mountains and lakes, than they; a considerable number extend their visits to the cities and scenery of the Continent. From nature, to the arts which bring it into our own cities and houses, is but a step; and already they have in William Millar

of Edinburgh, an exemplary member of their own body, an engraver of the highest merit. Why not a Quaker painter, too? I can imagine few things by which a Friend might at once disperse some of his cash, reward talent, and aid truth and virtue more, than by purchasing and adorning his walls with paintings of a truly noble and Christian character. But more of this on another occasion. We will now present one of the most singular features of Quaker life, and such as few but the members themselves ever witness.

I have already said that, within the limits of a paper of this kind, we cannot go into their religious theories at length; yet it is from their peculiar faith respecting the influence of the Divine Spirit on the human heart that the great variance betwixt the practices and constitution of this Society and those of other Christian societies springs. It may be sufficient here to state, that, believing all ministerial functions to be dependent on the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, they, unlike every other society, have no fixed course of education for their ministers—no electing, no laying on of hands; any man, as he feels or believes himself called upon, in their meetings, to preach or pray, rises and does so. This is all that is necessary for any one to do in offering himself for the ministry; and what the church does in the case is this:—It takes precautions against such persons exercising "their gift" without the authority which the very commission of this public act assumes. In every meeting there are two or more persons of each sex who are supposed to live closely under the divine influence, under the name of elders, whose office it is to judge of the authenticity of such public effusions; in other words, to exercise the office of spiritual tasters. This is evidently a most momentous function—to judge between God and man of the reality or mere pretension to the divine afflatus. What is to guard against error in the judgment of the elders? The same sense living in the main body of the church. If the elders approve of the communications of any individual, he goes on from time to time, till, having the sympathy of the whole congregation with him, he is publicly declared an acknowleged minister, and then moves from his seat amongst the mass to an elevated gallery in front of the meeting; or, on ordinary occasions, sits side by side with the elders in a lower gallery—the overseers, or persons appointed to watch over the decorum of the body, occupying a seat just under them. If, on the other hand, the feeling of the elders, and the feeling of the meeting, do not go with a preacher, he is privately informed of it; and, if he persists, he will be publicly desired, by an elder, to discontinue his "appearances," as they are termed. If he should still persist, he would be looked upon as a troublesome person by the whole body, and the general feeling would not fail to put him down. This, it must be obvious, is a very delicate and critical custom; and assumes, *a priori*, that the real communion of spirit between the Almighty and a church will be perfectly kept up, or the confusion and division to which this practice might lead must be too apparent to need mentioning. What the effect of this doctrine has been, we shall speak of another time. I now confine myself to the ordinary ministerial routine in the Society. From this peculiar notion of the divine appointment and superintendence of ministers, it follows that no human appointment, and no human location or distribution of them, can take place. Admit that they are directly called, and it follows that they are called in the places where their labours are needed. Thus it happens, that, in some meetings, there are half-a-dozen ministers, or more—men and women, too, for they believe that either sex is alike called, there being "no male or female in Christ Jesus"—while in many others there is no human minister at all, and perhaps not a word spoken in some of them for a year together. This must appear a strange condition to all those who are accustomed to the active services of religious bodies in general; and nothing is more difficult than to make such people comprehend the Quaker doctrine, that all outward offices are unnecessary to Christian worship; that the Minister of ministers is in the midst where two or three are met together in His name. The astonishment of the poor woman who got into the Friends' Meeting at Edinburgh, and, having sat till it broke up, without hearing a word spoke, said, on coming out—"An unco place this, where there's neither prayer nor praise!"—was not more curious than natural. Ministers, thus originating, are to be found in clusters in one place, and in others not at all. Every one who has entered their meetings must have looked in vain for a pulpit, and found instead a gallery along the front, which, in some meetings, was occupied by half-a-dozen ministers, rising and preaching or praying, one after another, while other meetings were sitting in perpetual silence. Heaven had not occasion to send into those meetings any ministers at all. They must be presumed to be so faithful to the spiritual guide and teacher, as to need none other, or so hopeless as to be purposely overlooked. Yet such meetings are seldom entirely overlooked. The same influence which creates ministers, also sends them forth on perambulatory missions amongst the people, both in and out of the Society. One or more of these ministers will now and then—to use their own phraseology—"lay their concern" before their monthly meeting, to visit certain districts of the country, to hold public meetings with the inhabitants, or merely meetings with the Society, or to pay family visits to the Friends. It may be for one of these purposes, or it may be for all. This being solemnly considered by the meeting, it comes to the conclusion that it feels an assurance that it is right that the minister or ministers should go or should not go. If it is decided to sanction this project, and the district proposed to be visited lie within the limits of the monthly meeting, the sanction of that meeting is sufficient; if beyond

it, the sanction of the quarterly meeting is required; if beyond the kingdom, the sanction of the yearly meeting; and, in all these meetings, a minister wishing to go abroad has to pass through the same ordeal of spiritual judgment. These foreign religious visits are not uncommon. Frequent excursions are made to America—some to the Continent; and there have been some to places as distant as Greece, and even to New South Wales. At the yearly meeting, just past, permission was granted to Joseph John Gurney to go to America.

Well, then, after this primitive proceeding—after Friends, as their term is, have seen their way clear, to let them go—these apostles set forth. And they go, too, in a primitive manner. They go, in fact, almost literally without purse or scrip; for, though the Society considers that the ministry is a free and unpurchased office—that the gospel is not to be bought or sold—that as freely the ministers of Christ receive, freely they must give—and, therefore, never pay them for their preaching; yet they deem the labourer is worthy of his hire—that is, of his support while labouring in the vineyard. Into whatever city, therefore, he comes, according to the custom of the apostles, he takes up his abode with such of the Friends as he chooses, or rather as his guides choose; for, from one meeting to the next, one or more Friends accompany him, convey him in a carriage, pay his expenses on the road, and deliver him over to the care of the Friends of that place, who take up the same charge, and deliver him, in like manner, to the Friends of the next place to which he is bound; and so he goes through his whole journey. If he goes out of the kingdom, the yearly meeting appoints him a companion, and pays his expenses out of what is called the National Stock of the Society.

Suppose, then, one of these Friends on his pilgrimage—suppose him arrived at some town where his concern lies. If he be concerned only to hold a meeting with the Friends there residing, we will leave him and them together; for to describe an ordinary Friends' meetings is not our business just now. If he have a concern to meet with the inhabitants generally, or to have what is called a public meeting, then he announces his intention, and names the time. The leading Friends of the place then send out persons from house to house to proclaim the fact—the most common plan being to deliver printed tickets from door to door, naming the object, and specifying time and place. And here it should be noticed, that the announcement is merely that some Friend or Friends wish to have a meeting with the people—not that he or they are intending to address them. This is carefully guarded against; because the Friends do not know, or profess not to know, that they will be called on to preach at all. Their doctrine is that they must move under the divine influence to call the meeting, and then wait for the same influence to direct what they shall do, and what they shall say. It might, therefore, happen that, after they shall have called a thousand persons together in this manner—and it has happened, though not often—that they have had nothing to say, and the amazed congregation has sat, waiting and wondering, and puzzling themselves to know which was the parson, whether he was actually present, or whether, as it appeared, his friends were waiting for him, till they saw the Friends shake hands, rise up, and go away. An Irishman was once describing to a Friend, such an incident, as it befel him, in Dublin, to his great amazement. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is preaching—ay, not improbably, two or three sermons. In this case, the astonishment of the public is frequently not less. Perhaps, after waiting half-an-hour or more in silence, during which time the preacher feels no call or authority to utter a word, up rises a woman, and, without text or apparent order, delivers a long harangue, picturesque with a peculiar phraseology, and wildly dashed with Eastern imagery, from the most florid of the prophetic writings—from the Songs of Solomon and the Psalms of David;—or it may be a simple and uneducated countryman; a shepherd from the fields, or husbandman from his plough; a shoemaker from his stall—for such was one of the most powerful and original of their preachers, till recently; or a gentleman that has come in his own carriage. Be he who he may, the address is as different from any other preaching, in form and style, as it is in its delivery. It is generally pronounced in a sort of recitative or sing-song, rising gradually from the natural key of the speaker's voice, into the highest and most energetic notes—the singing intonation growing more and more decided, till at once the voice is dropped again to the bottom of the scale, and the speaker recommences in such a low and more natural tone, as has often quite a startling effect. This running up and dropping of the voice—this singing and wild imagery continued through a long sermon—must have a singular effect on people in general. How or with whom this manner first arose in the Society, is not known; but no doubt it was the custom of some leading preacher or preachers of the Society at its rise, and has become so much part and parcel of the ministerial manner, that, though it has not the sanction of the Society's better reason, but, on the contrary, has been repeatedly advised against by the yearly meeting, it is perhaps almost as far as ever from being exploded. In the late yearly meeting, I heard the most singing sermon from a stout Irish farmer, that I have heard for these twenty years.

A public meeting of the Friends is, then, a very singular spectacle to those accustomed only to regular preachers amongst other denominations. Women preaching, as well as men—their singing their sermons—no text taken, or taken, as it were, at hap-hazard, in a very unusual manner—the avowed claim to immediate inspiration—no other order or office of worship but preaching and prayer, and those occurring not in routine, but from the impulse of the moment—the men sitting, such as are Friends, with their

hats, on one side of the meeting; the women sitting together on the other: the whole striking, on eyes and ears, unaccustomed, with a strange effect. They hold that in all this they are guided by the practice of the apostolic age, and the dictates of the Spirit. Into that we do not enter; but follow those singular people into one of their family visits, which are not the less distinct from the form and spirit of this age.

A ministering Friend frequently pays a family visit through a whole wide district, containing several populous towns. It may be to London itself that his concern leads him; and there he goes progressing through all the Friends' families in all that great Babel. Only think of the labour and serious moment of such an undertaking! To sit with all the Friends' families of such a place—with high and low, humble and proud, serious or careless, busy or idle; to call them all from their daily concerns; to stop them in their eager speculations, or their social engagements; to sit with them and feel with them; to centre down, as the phrase is, into the depths of the heart, below the tide and stir of daily business, of ordinary passions, of natural hopes and fears; to seek to enter by the key of David, which openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth, into a knowledge of every heart present—to commune with it, to sympathize, or to wrestle with it; to give vent to the result of such spiritual exercise, and to address each individual, in pointed and often awful terms, on his or her state of mind and heart—this is, in fact, the business and the practice of these family visits. None but a most primitive people could attempt such a thing: none but such a people could submit to it.

But the ministering Friend has arrived in a certain city. He takes up his quarters at the house of some influential, which generally means some wealthy Friend. He sits with his family; and, while he sits there, his intention is announced by a messenger to another family, that at such a time he will be with them. He comes at the time appointed, with his travelling companion. The family receive him in a room, which the servants have orders to preserve from interruptions. They sit down round the fire. For a few minutes, the customary salutations and inquiries after each other's health, and answers, go round. A silence then falls on the whole group. This silence perhaps lasts for a quarter or half an hour. It is profound and solemn as silence can be. The family group is supposed to be seated in the presence, and under the searching eye of the Divine Being, which, operating on the heart of his minister, and opening to his mental vision the state of those about him, will anon lead him to give utterance to the feelings that such an inquisition of hearts has inspired. At length, the minister opens his mouth, in a solemn and impressive strain, addressing "the dear heads of the family;" thence progressing from one to the other of "the beloved youth." It must strike an unbeliever in this spiritual influence and introspection, as a most awful presumption for one man to speak to another as those ministering Friends often do. I have more than once heard them predict strange things to particular individuals; and one old Friend, long gone to his grave, once distinctly told me, being then very ill, that my time was come, and that I had nothing to do but die. I do not here, of course, concern myself with the propriety or impropriety of the practice: I notice it only as a psychological and social phenomenon. To a stranger to the practice, I have no doubt that it would be striking, and perhaps repulsive; but in those who have been educated in the Society, I can say, from experience, that, for the time, it frequently acts as a powerful spell on the imagination. The feeling, on the breaking up of the meeting, is that of solemn, and sometimes, as the communications may have been, of deep-felt awe. Though you may even resist all credence in the thing said, the manner of saying it shall have taken strong hold on your nerves. Yet, it is wonderful what a different tone of feeling is elicited by different ministers. I have been present on such occasions, when the beauty of a fine mind, and the affections of a sweet and loving spirit, have flowed forth over the assembled group, and filled the room, as it were, with an atmosphere of heaven; and I have thought virtue never appeared so lovely, nor the felicity of refined and perfected spirits more palpably presented to the imagination. I will say, that I have felt on such occasions a sense of the beautiful purity and the cementing spirit of Christian love, such as no other services have called forth. Such power does there dwell in the sunny region of a heavenly-tempered mind!

When this family meeting breaks up, the Friends enter again into conversation, but in a more serious tone. Perhaps the Friend goes on to another family, or he takes a meal with this. If the latter be the case, it is ten to one but a variety of curious traits of the Society may come out. It is very probable that, in the silence that precedes or follows the meal, something general may occur to the preacher, or he may drop into a silence in the very middle of a conversation that follows it. That silence is instantly felt, and spreads itself through all present, except there should happen to be there one not acquainted with the habits of Friends. On such occasions, the effect is very ludicrous. That person does not perceive the gathering silence—does not feel it. He or she goes on talking in a tone, which, from the hush in all around, seems quite loud and startling: there is no answer. The observation is repeated: there is still no answer. The speaker looks round, and sees all sitting motionless; and he becomes silent, too, with wonder and curiosity. The preacher then says what he has to say, and the conversation is resumed.

It is curious, too, at these times, to see all the little ways by which some ministering Friends attempt to give admonition, and to convey a reproof for any departure from the dress or manners of the Society. He or she often sets an eye on a gay

ribbon, or an unusual number of plaits in a young woman's dress; a smarter cut, or a brighter waistcoat in a young man's. He is almost sure to drop, in a dry and sly way, a word about it; or, if not, he has another way of going to work. If he does not preach to, he is almost sure to preach at them. He comes armed, also, with a variety of little missiles and paper artillery, to launch against vanities and shortcomings. He has, folded in his ample pocket-book, manuscripts and little printed sheets, each of which serves a certain purpose on a certain occasion. He has letters from Friends, or letters concerning what people of the world, or of rank, have seen amongst Friends to admire or to regret in their departure from their ancient testimonies. He has, moreover, quantities of tracts stowed away in his capacious pockets; and, on going away, he will not, unfrequently, leave one unobserved on the table. Be sure that tract has reference to something which he has seen and would wish to reform. He has generally, too, some recent account of what Friends on religious visits abroad are doing; or the state of the Negro question; or the Peace Society; or some striking compliment to the Friends, such as the visit of the Emperor Alexander to their meeting, and to a Friend's house, when in England; or of some conspicuous testimony to the principles of the Society, discovered in some pious people abroad. You would imagine, to hear him speak and read these things, that the principles of Quakerism were spreading triumphantly far and wide; but he goes away, and, ten years after, the Society is just where it was in numbers and in moral condition.

A kind of family visit, similar to the one described, also occurs on the receipt of the certificate sent after a member who has removed from one part of the country to another, announcing the fact of his membership. This is an appointment of two individuals of the same sex as the party to be visited; two of each, if the newcomers be of both sexes. The practice of sending a certificate is an excellent one: it prevents any chance of a person palming himself off as a member when he is not, and it furnishes a direct introduction for the stranger to the Friends he goes to live amongst. But the formality and solemnity with which a certificate is announced is often ludicrously overdone. I recollect when I went, a mere youth, to live in a distant place, two Friends waited on me to announce the receipt of my certificate. One of them addressed me in a long harangue on the dangers of the world, and the perilous paths of youth, all of which has vanished from my memory. The other simply said—"William, let thy companions be few, and those very choice." These words have stuck fast with me to the present hour, and have in them a germ of practical wisdom, that, in going through life, is found more and more to outvalue a hundred sermons.

I have thus sketched some of the most prominent and curious of the domestic manners and religious habits of the Society of Friends. I have sketched them as I have long known them; and I appeal to all the sensible and observant of the Society for the faithfulness of the transcript. I have not hesitated to praise what I admire, and to speak frankly of things as they are. The consideration of what is good, what is otherwise, what is worthy of admiration and adoption, and what does not appear in practice or opinion so well suited to the wants and intelligence of the present age—I leave to those whom it may concern, and to the reader. Many of those who have seen little of Friends may be inclined to believe that, in reading this paper, they are reading the account of some little church of primitive Christians discovered in some distant land; so far are their views, manners, and usages unlike those of the generation they live amongst. Such, however, are they as here described. We might give many other views of their peculiar customs; but we must content ourselves with, ere long, taking a glance at them as assembled in London in their yearly meeting.

AN ELECTION AT SNUGBOROUGH.

My ancestors, from the time of the Conqueror, had been violent Conservatives; and my father and twelve elder brothers had trodden with pious veneration in the path which had been so well beaten by the wisdom of their ancestors. Being the thirteenth of the family, and therefore completing the devil's dozen of my father's progeny, I had, from my birth, being assigned to his Satanic Majesty, as his peculiar property—a property of which none of the angels and ministers of grace of the Tory party—for in those days Conservatives were not—seemed at all inclined to dispute with him; for, as soon as I could speak, I pushed forth the budding horns of Radicalism against my astonished father. On being admitted after dinner, one evening, to drink a glass of wine to the health of the "heaven-born statesman," I indignantly perverted the toast into "The Majesty of the People;" a sentiment which I had learnt that day from the admirer of my nurserymaid, a servant of Mr Copley, who was, like his master, a Whig and something more.

The horror of my almost fainting father, my twelve thunderstruck brothers, and my hysterical mother, only made my infant bosom swell with the pride of opposition; and when I was deprived of my untasted cake and wine, and menaced with bread and water, and being sent to bed in disgrace, I was but fired with the glory of martyrdom in the cause of the people.

I indignantly refused to answer the eager questions which were showered from my horrified audience, as to the source from whence I had drawn this polluted doctrine, to use the rhetorical flourish of my sixth brother; nor could the threat of the birch extort a betrayal of Kitty:

but, unfortunately, the footman, who just then entered with coals, being questioned, was base enough, as I thought, to supply the requisite information; and poor Kitty received instant warning, that her services would be no longer required, at the expiration of a month, at Snugborough Hall.

I was soon sent to Eton, as my father expected that an education at that aristocratic seminary would nip in the bud my obnoxious tenets; but, at the age of thirteen, I composed an eloquent "Appeal" to the "Reason of Mankind," which, after being corrected and touched up by my master, the son of a Scottish Political Martyr, was published in *The Times*, then the organ of the ultra-Liberals.

The text which I selected for my Appeal to the Public, was the enigma—"What is Majesty stripped of its externals?—A jest." And upon this theme I enlarged, proving, to my own perfect satisfaction, that the throne was but a block, and the person who sat upon it, a block-head.

The man, or boy, who first sees his effusion in print, is like the predestined toper, who tastes his first glass of the too seductive "unsophisticated gin"—(*vide* an Oxford Street advertisement)—I did not cease scribbling, until the editor hinted to me, that, from the press of more important matter—to wit, the rupture of the Peace of Amiens—my communications must henceforth be considered as advertisements.

The contents of my pocket not being so weighty as my arguments, my youthful ardour was considerably damped; but, like the swan, I expired in song, for I composed a Pindaric ode upon the treachery of friends, and, most luckily, succeeded in procuring its insertion into "The Friend of the People"—a small Radical print, which appeared once a fortnight from the press of a town near Snugborough.

My avocations as a merchant caused me to be absent for many years from England; but I never forgot the principles of my youth, nor ceased to cherish the most sublime and expansive notions in favour of liberty, equality, and the rights of man—applied more particularly to popular elections. I was also delighted to learn, from my private correspondent, that the doctrines of civil and religious liberty had taken firm root in Snugborough—that my memory was still fresh in the souls of the Radicals of that heretofore degraded spot—and that my health was always drunk at their social soirées, accompanied by the significant airs of "Here's a health to him that's awa," and "O'er the water to Charlie."

I happened to return to London just in time to learn, that, from the demise of the late Member, a cousin of my own, there was to be a contested election at Snugborough—an event which had not occurred within the memory of the grandfather of the oldest inhabitant of the place, and which was traditionally reported to have only once occurred before, about two centuries and a half ago.

I lost no time in securing a place in the mail, in order to witness the rise of the morning star of liberty at Snugborough, as the circular of Charles James Fox Russell Sydney Hampden Buggins, Esq., the popular candidate, termed his coming forward against the fifth son of the Duke of Greatlands—a young gentleman fresh from college, and who was the name-son of *all* the Royal Dukes, and of George III. I arrived at the Shovel and Boot Hotel, which was the Liberal house, late in the evening; and, for some time, no one recognised me; at last, my voice attracted the attention of the head housemaid, a withered old woman; she threw down a pillow-slip, and almost embraced me, exclaiming that I was her own "sweet little lamb." The ghost of the once blooming Kitty, and her former charge, stood confessed.

The news of my arrival flew like wildfire; and the whole Liberal party flocked to the Shovel and Boot, and overwhelmed me with congratulations. After almost dislocating my shoulders by the vehemence of their welcomes, they unanimously voted me into the chair of a meeting of the friends of C. J. F. R. S. H. Buggins, Esq., which was just going to be held at his committee-room.

Only fancy a stranger like myself, after an absence of thirty-five years, finding himself inducted into a post of such delicate responsibility, perfectly ignorant of the individuals around him, and of the local and popular interests of Snugborough! Alarmed at my own incapacity, I modestly attempted to evade the distinction, and was at last dragged to the chair, after the mode of former Speakers, with professions of humility quite as great and infinitely more sincere.

I soon found, however, that the duties of chairman were not so difficult as I had at first imagined—in fact, I had nothing to do but to cry "hear, hear;" laugh at what was intended for wit; and take snuff with everybody who invited me. I easily compiled a speech of half-an-hour's length from the arguments of the various orators who had preceded me; and my audience kindly overlooked my manifold plagiarisms, in consideration of my recent arrival; the deafening cheers with which every sentence was received, likewise contributed to conceal any halt in my grammar or my sense; and we separated about two, after a vote of thanks had been passed to me for my "able and impartial" conduct—that is, appropriation of my neighbours' wit and wisdom.

I then courted balmy sleep, but in vain. Tired nature's kind restorer visits not the front rooms of hotels, in central situations, during election week nights, when, ever and anon, the post-chaises of the enemy, full of one's party's kidnapped voters, rattle past with furious haste. I could not sleep, being inclined to rush forth, in the guise of Orlando Furioso, to the rescue of the pure patriots of Snugborough; and I arose and proceeded towards the public-room, in which I hoped to find consolation from some leading Bugginite, from my terror of foul play; but the door was locked, and a confused hum, as of a hive of bees, issued from within.

"This way, sir! this way!" said a waiter, perceiving my dilemma, and flinging open the door of a private parlour at the same time. "We have five dozen of voters locked up in that room," he added, explanatorily, with great *sang froid*.

My hair stood on end. I thought that I had misunderstood him. "What! Five dozen voters locked up there, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, five dozen doubtfuls."

"Doubtfuls! Are there any such?"

"Oh, lots," responded the waiter, looking as if he thought me mad.

"But we reject all such with indignation and contempt," I exclaimed, raising my hand with a dignified gesture.

"He is rather excited, poor gentleman!" said the lady of the house, passing us at that moment. "Leave him to himself, Thomas."

Away went Thomas, slamming the door after him.

Was this the reward of my pure and spotless principles? Taken as a madman by one person, and supposed tipsy by another! "O plebs! O mores!" I exclaimed. If black and white were to be believed, they had found refuge in the address of C. J. F. R. S. H. Buggins, Esq., which was placarded above the fire-place in large type. One paragraph ran thus:—

"I seek not one doubtful vote, I seek not the suffrage of one single individual who does not cordially and conscientiously agree with me. If any man feels wavering, let him depart in peace. Let ours be the pure triumph of public opinion, of political consistency. Let the coward turn and flee; I would sooner endure defeat than incur the disgrace of forcing one unwilling vote."

Whilst I was reading this, I listened to the murmuring music of the voices of the five dozen electors locked up next door to me; and, whilst I was attempting to reconcile the Bugginite acceptation of the term "political consistency" with my own, and comparing this beauteous unity of practice and precept, the chief agent hastily entered. I addressed him in tones tremulous from virtuous indignation.

"Oh, the fellows all came here in a body, to save themselves from being kidnapped," he replied.

"And will you accept of the suffrages of cowards?"

"If we can get 'em," he answered, seizing some copies of the address.

"Why, look at your own words!" I exclaimed, pointing to the placard.

He laughed in my face, and ran out of the room.

The hours passed slowly away. At last, after a noisy and scanty breakfast, the supporters of Mr Buggins began to assemble, in order to accompany him to the hustings, for the nomination. And who could think of the vulgar details of eating and drinking, when the "most important era of the annals of the borough," as the address said, "was so close at hand?"

A loud cheering, a few minutes before twelve, announced the arrival of the popular candidate. I pressed forwards, to obtain a glimpse of our honourable member that-was-to-be; and I obtained a squeeze of his hand, of truly candidate cordiality.

Mr Buggins was about five feet eight, with an air of business-like activity and sagacity. He wore a blue frock, drab trowsers, buff waistcoat, and black stock; and an enormous cockade of buff and blue ribbons decorated his buttonhole. He was the most extensive manufacturer in the county, I was informed.

The young ladies of the house then appeared, bearing elegantly ornamented baskets full of favours of a similar description; and, as male fingers are awkward in tying narrow ribbons, and as bachelors have a truly masculine terror of pins, these young ladies were furthermore graciously pleased to affix the favours with their own fair hands to the buttonholes of all the Bugginites.

All this time I had never obtained a glimpse of *our* opponent—for I was now fairly incorporated in the Liberal party; but, as we mounted the hustings, I perceived a fair, slight, wo-begone epitome of a man, with his long pale face, peeping above a huge knot of scarlet and purple ribbons, fixed on the breast of his waistcoat.

"Who is that?" I inquired.

"T'other fellow," was the reply—he was our antagonist. Whilst the Sheriff was going through the usual formalities of reading the writ, and the act for the encouragement of adroit bribery, my friend obligingly favoured me with a short biographical sketch of Lord William Henry George Ernest Augustus Frederick Edward Manners.

He had been brought up at home to the age of sixteen, (his father being the most violent Tory within a hundred miles of Snugborough;) he was then sent to Eton, where he was nearly persecuted to death as a baby and a moll-coddle. A few months afterwards, he was withdrawn from thence, and remained at home, until he was old enough for Oxford, where he had passed two years in obscurity. He now wished a place and a pension; and, as the Whig government was declared on the very verge of dissolution, he was certain of both when his own friends came into power. *They* compared his youth to that of Pitt, Fox, and Chatham—*we* called him a "raw schoolboy."

"And is such an individual to be presented to a British constituency, as a Member of Parliament?" I inquired, with sententious astonishment. "Is he to be supposed capable of comprehending the mighty mass of"——

"Hush! the Sheriff has done!" interrupted my companion.

I do not know how it is, but whenever I attempt to utter any of my opinions, I am always interrupted—surely I cannot be thought prosy?

"Now for the usual stuff about the Church and the Papists," said one of the Bugginites. "Listen to them—it will be capital fun."

The proposer of Lord W. Manners began

by prefacing that he was utterly unable to compass the magnitude of his subject—the appalling dangers of the Church and the Constitution would overcome him altogether, but for the satisfaction with which he begged leave to present to their notice a distinguished young man, who, with all the generous ardour of youth, had thrown himself foremost in their ranks, to battle against the legions of democracy. (Hisses and groans.) He (the proposer) had not written one sentence of his speech—no, not one note of it—(here we, who stood behind him, perceived it peeping out of his pocket in MS.)—he was a plain man, and in plain terms he told them that the other party were leagued with the Pope, the French, the Devil, and Daniel O'Connell, to destroy them. Here the uproar became so furious that not another word was audible.

The seconder, an apoplectic, sporting Baronet, stood kneading his hat, and with his left ear inclined backwards towards a tall gentleman in black, who fed him with his speech, sentence by sentence. I understood him to say that he hated all foreign fashions and the American democrats, and that the French drank their wine instead of porter—that the Whigs were desirous of introducing this thin wine, instead of gin and brown stout, into Great Britain, which would ruin the agricultural interest: he, therefore, seconded his distinguished young friend, and he had no doubt all true Englishmen would do so likewise.

It was now our turn; and a good-humoured, broad-faced man, a retired merchant, stepped forwards, and was greeted with the warmest welcome.

He begged leave to appeal at once to their common sense as Englishmen, whether a steady old townsman of their own, a man of business, was not likely to make a fitter member than an untried lad—a youth fit only for an apprenticeship in politics. (Yes! yes!) He did not need to make a long speech to them—they all knew Buggins! (We do! we do!) They knew he was a tried man—a man who had a deep stake in the welfare of Snugborough—a man who had greatly contributed to that welfare by his unwearied exertions in the improvement of the staple commodity of the place—a commodity the very name of which caused the heart of every true Englishman to thrill with emotion, connected, as it was, with all that is venerable from antiquity, and endeared by association. He need not specify that he alluded to the unrivalled goose pies of Snugborough—(great cheers)—pies which adorned the Christmas tables of Britons in every quarter of the globe—pies that had penetrated to the burning sands of Africa—through the pathless jungles of Hindostan—pies that had sailed up the mighty Orellana—and that cheered the gallant heart of our immortal Parry on the shores of the wild islands of the Polar regions. (Long and continued cheers.) His honourable opponent had alluded to France; he had a fact more gratifying than vague assertion to tell them—the Snugborough pies were beating the celebrated Périgord Pâtés from the tables of the French. (Hear, hear, hear, hear.) He held in his hand an order for two hundred thousand goose pies for the table of his Majesty the King of the French. (Loud cheers.) Now, he asked the farmers, whose flour went into those pies? He would ask the grocers, whose spices and salt went into those pies? He would ask those individuals who paid such enormous rents for the fens of the Duke of Greatlands, whose geese, whose teal, whose larks went into those pies? He would appeal to the lovely and blooming ladies he perceived below him, whose eggs and butter went into those pies? (Ours! ours!) He need say no more—his fellow-countrymen were not to be deluded by fine words—let them look to their pockets, and to the duty they owed their wives and families, and support the man who was a market to them. (Deafening cheers, and cries of "We will! we will!")

The seconder was by way of being the wit of our party. Everybody had come prepared to find him so very funny that, before he took off his hat, there was a round of laughter.

He had only one fault to find with the speech of his esteemed predecessor—it was just too complete, it left him nothing to say—the bread was taken out of his mouth, he might say. (Great laughter.) Their opponents taunted them with being geese—they forgot that those much vilified birds had saved the capitol. (Renewed laughter.) They said that a defeat would be the merited fate of the geese. He begged permission to quote an old proverb—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." (Shouts of laughter.) He trusted that they would bestow that sauce upon their foes with great liberality—it was the only gift which he should not grudge them. (We will! we will!) They were very good to listen to him so patiently; but he knew they were all friends of his; and so he would but repeat a few lines which they had often sung together—

> It's good to be merry and wise,
> It is good to be honest and true,
> It is good to fight for England's right,
> And to bide with the buff and the blue.

When the deafening applause that followed this oration had somewhat subsided, Lord William Henry uncovered with infinite reluctance. He cleared his throat and began:—

"I stand before you with some pride, the son of a nobleman of five-and-twenty descents. I hate the very name of Reform"——

Not a word more could be heard—the hisses and groans, and laughter of the people effectually drowning his voice. After some dumb show, he retired, and Mr Buggins was greeted with equal cordiality. His oration was exceedingly popular; he promised to vote for the repeal of all taxes, and to institute a rigid inquiry into the pension list. (At this sound of fear, unpleasing to a Tory ear, Lord W. H. Manners threw a look of mingled defiance and contempt at him.)

I need not enumerate the other topics of our honoured candidate's oration; in fact, the cheers of the multitude almost prevented me hearing it. The show of hands being all in his favour, a poll was demanded; and we withdrew to prepare for the tug of war on the ensuing day. I was much gratified by this burst of spontaneous feeling. I thought that my visions were really about to be realized.

"Surely you can have no doubt of success?" I said to our principal agent. "It is universal suffrage in our favour."

"From the *non*-electors," he replied, with a significant emphasis that alarmed me a little.

The streets were paraded throughout the night by bands of the rival partisans, shouting their respective gathering cries, and now and then interchanging blows. This scandalized me a little, it is true; but I fell asleep, whilst I was feasting my imagination upon the glorious sight of free-born Britons walking up, in awful majesty severe, to support the candidate of their unbiassed choice. We were all on foot by six on the following morning; and, whilst I was shaving, a Bugginite burst into my room.

"Quick! quick!" he exclaimed. "Be off to John Scroggs—he's shamming sick—he was gardener for twelve years to your mother. Off to him!"

I opened my mouth to reply, but only got it full of lather. I was thus prevented from uttering my conscientious scruples as to influencing John Scroggs.

"Quick! quick!" reiterated the Bugginite. "Dead or alive, bring him up."

I accordingly repaired, with all haste, to the dwelling lone of John Scroggs, a market gardener, in the outskirts of Snugborough; but, upon requesting admittance to him, I was sullenly denied it by a sulky dame. A man's house being his castle, I politely bowed, and walked off. A few yards further on, I met two Bugginites, to whom I reported my unsuccessful attempt to get in.

"You *asked* to see him?" replied one of them, with a face of provocation at my stupidity. "Come along, Tom. He'll be wiser next time."

They passed on, leaving me quite bewildered; all my exalted ideas seemed destined to be overturned; but, as a crowded and narrow street, upon a polling morning, is not exactly the site to choose for philosophical reflections, I was soon drawn into the stream that was setting towards one of the booths where the votes were taken. Eight o'clock struck—instantly the door of an omnibus standing near, with a zealous Bugginite upon the steps, was flung open, and, one by one, twenty men, whose opinions were doubtful, were polled for Buggins; a dozen of tipsy Mannerites then appeared for our opponent; two gentlemen in buff and blue marched up for Buggins, and were received with loud cheers; then a body of Mannerites. Again and again came the omnibus with the buff and blue colours.

"Who are these?"

"Our neutrals."

"But I thought"——

"You must not think now. Buggins, 24 a-head!"

"Hurrah!" cried the people.

Eleven o'clock.—Buggins, 64
Manners, 63

"They have polled their committee," whispered my friend, seeing my long face.

Twelve o'clock.—Manners, 98
Buggins, 89

A couple of nods were interchanged between two Bugginites, and one of them disappeared. That mute eloquence which passeth speech seemed perfectly understood by them; it even gave me some hopes.

One o'clock.—Buggins, 110
Manners, 108

I began to grow dreadfully nervous; it was clearly a neck-and-neck business. I had never contemplated the possibility of defeat. My brain grew dizzy—my heart grew sick. Fear proverbially makes men tyrants—I longed to pounce upon every man present, and to force him to poll for Buggins; but, alas!

Three o'clock.—Manners, 213
Buggins, 200

I rushed down a narrow lane, in order to conceal my despair. How long or how far I wandered, is uncertain; but, upon turning a sharp corner, what should I spy, but a whole file of hackney coaches, the drivers of which were grouped round an open window, through which man after man was extracted, to my infinite amazement!

"Who are these?" I inquired.

"Chaps of ours, as have been in limbo," was the reply.

The coaches were all filled with these reserved prisoners, and drove off, full speed. The tables were turned.

Four o'clock.—Buggins, 287
Manners, 256

Majority for Buggins, 31

Most vociferous cheering greeted this announcement, in which I joined with all the strength of my poor asthmatic lungs. So rapidly had the spirit of party gained upon me, that I forgot all the superfine feelings which had been so grievously shocked in the morning.

A spirited address of thanks was immediately thrown off, and profusely distributed. It ran thus:—

"Gentlemen—Fellow-citizens—Brother Electors,—We have triumphed—gloriously triumphed—over the base and profligate arts of our adversaries. The shackles of a sordid and selfish aristocracy are burst asunder. Your unbiassed suffrages have placed me in the proud and elevated position of your representative. Gentlemen, accept my warmest, my most humble, my most heartfelt thanks. My unremitting attention shall be devoted to your interests; and, whilst your enemies are left to brood over

the deep dishonour of their unprincipled contest, the name of Snugborough shall be enrolled in the golden book consecrated to those towns which have determined to assist the Liberties of Mankind."

Upon the following morning, I was awoke by a strong smell of smoke, and, upon rushing to the window, I was alarmed beyond measure to perceive enormous volumes of fleecy clouds thereof, slowly chasing each other over the roofs of the houses opposite. One thought alone struck me—the Mannerites had fired Snugborough! The conflagrations of Prague and of Moscow were about to be repeated in my natal spot! Hastily packing up my most valuable articles in a yellow silk pocket handkerchief, I hurried down stairs, to give the alarm of fire, when I was collared by a half-tipsy waiter, who took me for the "gentleman" in No. 809, who was decamping without paying his bill.

This mistake being speedily rectified, I found that I also was acting under false impressions, and that the volumes of smoke proceeded merely from the vasty depths of the chimneys of Buggins' Great Goose Pie Manufactories. Much relieved, I returned to my room; but sleep did not again vouchsafe to visit my wearied eyes; for the smoke had penetrated through the window frames, and I was reduced almost to the plight of a red herring, before the hour of the declaration arrived.

We had banners and music; and the "Conquering Hero," having been pronounced duly elected, amidst tremendous cheering, came forward, pulled out his pocket handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes. The tear-drop who shall blame, whether caused by smoke or by sensibility? He recovered in a moment, and returned thanks:—The contest had been one of principles—not of persons; he had conducted it all along with feelings of the most perfect cordiality towards his noble and honourable young opponent. He now promised to vote for the repeal of the tobacco duty—(immense cheers)—and of all other taxes that weighed upon the scanty luxuries of the poor. (Loud cheers.) It was his wish that every man should have his roast-beef, and plum-pudding, and glass of grog on Sundays; and he trusted that all his friends would meet him that evening, at nine o'clock, on the common, to drink the health of his Majesty and the Liberal Ministry; (deafening cheers;) a Ministry, the leaders of their species in the right direction—the first men of the age—the martyrs of the Tory press—the pioneers of—of—of—the pioneers of—of—he might say, the pioneers of the way that would lead the people to the grand era of self-government, which he ventured to predict was not far off. (Tremendous shouts of applause, amidst which Lord William Henry made his bow unnoticed.)

The chairing followed; and, at nine o'clock, the whole population of Snugborough was regaled with Barclay & Perkins' extra Stout, and with Buggins' Goose Pies.

So elated was I with our victory, that I found myself officiating as croupier at one of the tables, without one twinge of regret at the polling of neutrals; and I proposed, after a neat and appropriate speech, "The Majesty of the People of Snugborough!" which our un-Manner-ly opponents henceforth determined to christen *Bug*borough.

HAZLITT, AS A CRITIC OF THE DRAMA AND THE FINE ARTS.

The life of Charles Lamb, noticed in our last Number, may have revived in the minds of some of our readers that admired friend whom he esteemed "one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." To the works of this celebrated, harshly-judged, and ill-appreciated man, we formerly ventured to direct the public attention; and we now propose to close the subject, by a few observations, and specimens of Hazlitt's abilities as a critic of the Drama and of the Fine Arts, and as an anatomist of literary character.

In our former article, we had spoken of some of the things upon which Gifford rested his mean and malicious attacks. The following character of Hamlet was, it may be noticed, chosen by the viperous critic as a specimen of the ignorance and stupidity of Hazlitt. He, however, prudently forbore to set it before his readers. The poison of heresy might have been conveyed by such inadvertence; or it might have been discovered to mark neither ignorance nor dulness:—

> Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him, only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

In this sense, we fear that poor Hazlitt was himself but too often the "true Hamlet." His compulsory calling of newspaper critic first led him to the theatre. Attendance became a

habit, the necessary stimulus of a solitary, careworn, literary life, long after it had ceased to be a pleasure. If he sickened of his own painting, from its inferiority to his high and exquisite perception of beauty and power in Art, how much more must he have often been disgusted with the dramatic murderings and marrings of the ordinary players! Scarcely one among them reached his high or ideal standard of excellence. Kean came the nearest to it. Among Shakspeare's plays, he could not relish, he could, indeed, scarcely endure, the representation of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "As You Like It." No Rosalind could be felt as his Rosalind—no Lear was the Lear of his imagination. Of Hamlet, he goes on to say—and how much of his peculiar mind is here!—

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If Lear is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only "the outward pageants and the signs of grief;" but "we have that within which passes show." We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencraus and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason, he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity.

And he cites the wavering thoughts, swayed by every breath, of this "prince of philosophical speculators;" and that immortal soliloquy, which the mouthing of generations of players and schoolboys has not been able to vulgarize, in which Hamlet spurs his lagging intent, and continues—

Still he does nothing; and this very speculation on his own infirmity only affords him another occasion for indulging it. It is not from any want of attachment to his father, or of abhorrence of his murderer, that Hamlet is thus dilatory; but it is more to his taste to indulge his imagination in reflecting upon the enormity of the crime, and refining on his schemes of vengeance, than to put them into immediate practice. His ruling passion is to think, not to act; and any vague pretext that flatters this propensity instantly diverts him from his previous purposes.

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question; we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist" (as Shakspeare has been well called) do not exhibit the drab-coloured quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from the "Whole Duty of Man," or from the "Academy of Compliments!" We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint, with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:—

"I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

It is impossible for those who have looked into the inmost recesses of Hazlitt's mind, as revealed in his books—and they are his mind's true mirrors—to help fancying that, in theorizing upon the character of Hamlet, he drew from within, and that his imaginary Hamlet, the Dane, bore, in *idiosyncrasy*, no faint resemblance to the real William Hazlitt, refining upon and idealizing his own thoughts and sensations, and leading, so to speak, a double mortal life. If Hazlitt's character of the Dane be as true as it is ingenious and original, Coleridge made a still closer approximation to this philosophical dallying, and poetic and metaphysical idling and tampering with life and all that it inherits.

The play of "Lear," which he could not bear to see acted, he wishes he could pass over uncriticised. Yet, who has spoken of "Lear" with the

same penetrative spirit, and in the same congenial vein. The "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" might, indeed, be more accurately named —"Shakspeare Illustrated, by William Hazlitt." Who has ever perused one of his glowing commentaries on these plays without rising with a deeper perception and more intense love and admiration of their unapproachable divinity? Of "Lear," which he would have reverently passed, he remarks—

It is the best of all Shakspeare's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination. The passion which he has taken as his subject is that which strikes its root deepest into the human heart; of which the bond is the hardest to be unloosed; and the cancelling and tearing to pieces of which gives the greatest revulsion to the frame. This depth of nature, this force of passion, this tug and war of the elements of our being, this firm faith in filial piety, and the giddy anarchy and whirling tumult of the thoughts at finding this prop failing it—the contrast between the fixed, immovable basis of natural affection, and the rapid, irregular starts of imagination, suddenly wrenched from all its accustomed holds and resting-places in the soul—this is what Shakspeare has given, and what nobody else but he could give. So we believe.—The mind of Lear, staggering between the weight of attachment and the hurried movements of passion, is like a tall ship driven about by the winds, buffeted by the furious waves, but that still rides above the storm, having its anchor fixed in the bottom of the sea: or it is like the sharp rock circled by the eddying whirlpool that foams and beats against it, or like the solid promontory pushed from its basis by the force of an earthquake. . . . . .

It has been said, and we think justly, that the third act of "Othello," and the first three acts of "Lear," are Shakspeare's great master-pieces in the logic of passion: that they contain the highest examples, not only of the force of individual passion, but of its dramatic vicissitudes and striking effects, arising from the different circumstances and characters of the persons speaking. We see the ebb and flow of the feelings—its pauses and feverish starts, its impatience of opposition, its accumulating force when it has time to recollect itself, the manner in which it avails itself of every passing word or gesture, its haste to repel insinuation, the alternate contraction and dilatation of the soul, and all "the dazzling fence of controversy" in this mortal combat with poisoned weapons, aimed at the heart, where each wound is fatal. We have seen in "Othello," how the unsuspecting frankness and impetuous passions of the Moor are played upon and exasperated by the artful dexterity of Iago. In the present play, that which aggravates the sense of sympathy in the reader, and of uncontrollable anguish in the swollen heart of Lear, is the petrifying indifference, the cold, calculating, obdurate selfishness of his daughters. His keen passions seem whetted on their stony hearts. The contrast would be too painful, the shock too great, but for the intervention of the Fool, whose well-timed levity comes in to break the continuity of feeling when it can no longer be borne, and to bring into play again the fibres of the heart, just as they are growing rigid from over-strained excitement. The imagination is glad to take refuge in the half-comic, half-serious comments of the Fool, just as the mind, under the extreme anguish of a surgical operation, vents itself in sallies of wit.

He can find no fitter commentary on this transcendent play, than to transcribe entire and long scenes. The close of that with Regan and Gonerill, we also must copy, as it will save lazy readers the trouble of turning up their Shakspeares, and may also be of use to the economists and poor-law commissioners:—

Regan. What need one?
Lear. Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st;
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.——But, for true need——
You Heavens, give me that patience which I need!
You see me here, ye gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
Oh, let no woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!——No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such things——
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep:——
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep;——O fool, I shall go mad!——
[*Exeunt, Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

If there is anything in any author like this yearning of the heart, these throes of tenderness, this profound expression of all that can be thought and felt in the most heart-rending situations, we are glad of it; but it is in some author that we have not read.

The scene in the storm, where he is exposed to all the fury of the elements, though grand and terrible, is not so fine; but the moralizing scenes with Mad Tom, Kent, and Gloster, are upon a par with the former. His exclamation in the supposed trial-scene of his daughters, "See the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me;" his issuing his orders, "Let them anatomize Regan—see what breeds about her heart;" and his reflection when he sees the misery of Edgar—"Nothing but his unkind daughters could have brought him to this" —are in a style of pathos, where the extremest resources of the imagination are called in to lay open the deepest movements of the heart, which was peculiar to Shakspeare. In the same style and spirit is his interrupting the Fool, who asks "whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman," by answering "A king, a king."

Here is another of those passages which drew down the fierce vengeance of Tory reviewers. How is it that they have allowed Scott to get off with impunity with his pitiful buffoon, coward, pedant, and braggart, James I., or with his heartless and profligate Charles II? The drama, taken from the "Fortunes of Nigel," is certainly the most free and indecent exhibition of sacred majesty and holy legitimacy that belongs to the stage; and yet it is only faithful to the novel.

The character of Henry VIII. is drawn with great truth and spirit. It is like a very disagreeable portrait, sketched by the hand of a master. His gross appearance, his blustering demeanour, his vulgarity, his arrogance, his sensuality, his cruelty, his hypocrisy, his want of common decency and common humanity, are marked in strong lines. His traditional peculiarities of expression complete the reality of the picture. The authoritative expletive, "Ha!" with which he intimates his indignation or surprise, has an effect like the first startling sound that breaks from a thunder-cloud. He is of all the monarchs in our history the most disgusting: for he unites in himself all the vices of barbarism and refinement, without their virtues. Other kings before him (such as Richard III.) were tyrants and murderers out of ambition or necessity: they gained or established unjust power by violent means; they destroyed their enemies, or those who barred their access to the throne, or made its tenure insecure. But Henry VIII.'s power is most fatal to those whom he loves: he is cruel and remorseless to pamper his luxurious appetites; bloody and voluptuous: an amorous murderer; an uxorious debauchee. His hardened insensibility to the feelings of others is strengthened by the most profligate self-indulgence. The religious hypocrisy under which he masks his cruelty and his lust, is admirably displayed in the speech in which he describes the first misgivings of his conscience and its increasing throes and terrors, which have induced him to divorce his queen. The only thing in his favour in this play is his treatment of Cranmer: there is also another circumstance in his favour, which is his patronage of Hans Holbein.—It has been said of Shakspeare—"No

maid could live near such a man." It might with as good reason be said—"No king could live near such a man." His eye would have penetrated through the pomp of circumstance and the veil of opinion. As it is, he has represented such persons to the life—his plays are in this respect the glass of history—he has done them the same justice as if he had been a privy counsellor all his life, and in each successive reign. Kings ought never to be seen upon the stage. In the abstract, they are very disagreeable characters: it is only while living that they are "the best of kings." It is their power, their splendour; it is the apprehension of the personal consequences of their favour or their hatred, that dazzles the imagination and suspends the judgment of their favourites or their vassals; but death cancels the bond of allegiance and of interest; and, seen *as they were*, their power and their pretensions look monstrous and ridiculous. The charge brought against modern philosophy as inimical to loyalty is unjust, because it might as well be brought against other things. No reader of history can be a lover of kings. We have often wondered that Henry VIII. as he is drawn by Shakspeare, and as we have seen him represented in all the bloated deformity of mind and person, is not hooted from the English stage.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is a drama over which Hazlitt's fancy luxuriated. But *Puck* and *Falstaff*, *Bottom* and *Othello*, are treated by him with equal ease. His sympathy with Shakspeare is universal. The invention of the poet is not more lively and subtle than the quick apprehension of the congenial critic.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, (he remarks,) is the leader of the fairy band. He is the Ariel of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and yet as unlike as can be to the Ariel in "The Tempest." No other poet could have made two such different characters out of the same fanciful materials and situations. Ariel is a minister of retribution, who is touched with the sense of pity at the woes he inflicts. Puck is a mad-cap sprite, full of wantonness and mischief, who laughs at those whom he misleads—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Ariel cleaves the air, and executes his mission with the zeal of a winged messenger; Puck is borne along on his fairy errand like the light and glittering gossamer before the breeze. He is, indeed, a most Epicurean little gentleman, dealing in quaint devices, and faring in dainty delights. Prospero and his world of spirits are a set of moralists: but with Oberon and his fairies we are launched at once into the empire of the butterflies. How beautifully is this race of beings contrasted with the men and women actors in the scene, by a single epithet which Titania gives to the latter, 'the human mortals!" It is astonishing that Shakspeare should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." His subtlety exceeds that of all other dramatic writers, insomuch that a celebrated person of the present day said that he regarded him rather as a metaphysician than a poet. His delicacy and sportive gaiety are infinite. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together. What we mean is this, that we will produce out of that single play ten passages, to which we do not think any ten passages in the works of the French poets can be opposed, displaying equal fancy and imagery. Shall we mention the remonstrance of Helena to Hermia; or Titania's description of her fairy train; or her disputes with Oberon about the Indian boy; or Puck's account of himself and his employments, or the Fairy Queen's exhortation to the elves to pay due attendance upon her favourite, Bottom; or Hippolita's description of a chase, or Theseus's answer? The two last are as heroical and spirited as the others are full of luscious tenderness. The reading of this play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight: the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.

Falstaff has been an inexhaustible theme to the critics; but, save by his dramatic creator, the fat knight has never been so skilfully, because never so cordially appreciated as by Hazlitt.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease, and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination, and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle, is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters, to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices.

. . . . . .

The secret of Falstaff's wit is, for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion, and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy.

"Cymbeline," "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," "Julius Cæsar," and the historical plays, Hazlitt discourses on with the same enthusiasm, and the same fine and original perception of their individual beauties, their har-

monies and contrasts. To the critiques upon the comedies, or mixed dramas of Shakspeare, we cannot advert, as we reserve our space for what, besides being equally admirable, is, we imagine, less generally known among popular readers.

We shall first, however, cite the following passage, from the "Lectures upon the Comic English Authors," not alone for its practical wisdom and felicity, but as an indirect lesson to certain pests of social life and conviviality, with which the country and city swarm. These are the regular witlings, the professed punsters, the universal laughers, that infest and torment all companies.

There is nothing more ridiculous than laughter without a cause, nor anything more troublesome than what are called *laughing people*. A professed laugher is as contemptible as a professed wit. The one is always contriving something to laugh at, the other is always laughing at nothing. An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity. . . . . Any one must be mainly ignorant who is surprised at everything he sees; or wonderfully conceited who expects everything to conform to his standard of propriety. Clowns and idiots laugh on all occasions; and the common failing of wishing to be thought satirical, often runs through whole families in country places, to the great annoyance of their neighbours. To be struck with great incongruity in whatever comes before us does not argue great comprehension or refinement of perception; but rather a coarseness and flippancy of mind and temper which prevents the individual from connecting any two ideas steadily or consistently together. It is owing to a natural crudity and precipitateness of the imagination, which assimilates nothing properly to itself. People who are always laughing, at length laugh on the wrong side of their faces; for they get few others to laugh with them. In like manner, an affectation of wit by degrees hardens the heart, and spoils good company and good manners. A perpetual succession of good things puts an end to common conversation. There is no answer to a jest but another; and even when the ball can be kept up in this way without ceasing, it tires the patience of the by-standers, and runs the speakers out of breath. Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.

It was neither the love of paradox, nor of saying startling things, which led Hazlitt to disturb many of the received or hereditary commonplaces of criticism, and of the orthodox or standard opinions upon men and books; but the force of truth pressing upon his own mind. He perceives, for example, all the comic humour of many of the stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the spirit of drollery and wanton love of mischief producing so many ludicrous mishaps and distresses; but he seriously questions the existence of great imaginative power in these oriental fictions, which it has become a sort of fashion to admire; which, as it were, keep their place by prescription, and also secure immunity and admiration for their legitimate successors, the "Caliph Vatheks," "Castles of Otranto," and such like. After enumerating some of the best scenes of heartless mirth—for it is at best heartless—embodied in these tales, he proceeds:—

There are a thousand instances of the same sort in the Thousand-and-one Nights, which are an inexhaustible mine of comic humour and invention; and which, from the manners of the East, which they describe, carry the principle of callous indifference to a jest, as far as it can go. The serious and marvellous stories in that work, which have been so much admired and so greedily read, appear to me monstrous and abortive fictions, like disjointed dreams dictated by a preternatural dread of arbitrary and despotic power; as the comic and familiar stories are rendered proportionably amusing and interesting, from the same principle operating in a different direction, and producing endless uncertainty and vicissitude, and a heroic contempt for the untoward accidents and petty vexations of human life. It is the gaiety of despair, the mirth and laughter of a respite during pleasure from death. The strongest instances of effectual and harrowing imaginations, are in the story of Amine and her three sisters, whom she led by her side as a brace of hounds; and of the *goul* who nibbled grains of rice for her dinner, and preyed on human carcases. In the condemnation of the serious parts of the "Arabian Nights," I have nearly all the world, and, in particular, the author of the "Ancient Mariner" against me, who must be allowed to be a judge of such matters, and who said, with a subtlety of philosophical conjecture which he alone possesses, "That if I did not like them, it was because I did not dream." On the other hand, I have Bishop Atterbury on my side, who, in a letter to Pope, fairly confesses that "he could not read them in his old age."

Many, were they equally candid, would, we suspect, subscribe Atterbury's confession, even in their youth and middle age.

The next regular attack, or shaking of old prescriptive literary notions, which we shall notice, is yet bolder, and, we apprehend, not less just. It is on Ben Jonson's reputation. The parallel between Shakspeare and Jonson, we cannot venture upon; but here is Father Ben bearded alone:—

There are people who cannot taste olives, and I cannot much relish Ben Jonson; though I have taken some pains to do it, and went to the task with every sort of good will. I do not deny his power or his merit—far from it; but to me it is of a repulsive and unamiable kind. He was a great man in himself; but one cannot really sympathize with him. His works, as the characteristic productions of an individual mind, or as records of the manners of a particular age, cannot be valued too highly; but they have little charm for the mere general reader. Schlegel observes, that, whereas Shakspeare gives the springs of human nature, which are always the same, or sufficiently so to be interesting and intelligible, Jonson chiefly gives the humours of men, as connected with certain arbitrary or conventional modes of dress, action, and expression, which are intelligible only while they last, and not very interesting at any time.

But we are dealing with Hazlitt, not Schlegel; and Hazlitt proceeds—

Shakspeare's characters are *men*; Ben Jonson's are more like machines governed by mere routine, or by the convenience of the poet, whose property they are. In reading the one, we are let into the minds of his characters; we see the play of their thoughts, how their humours flow and work. The author takes a range over nature, and has an eye to every object or occasion that presents itself to set off and heighten the ludicrous character he is describing. His humour (so to speak) bubbles, sparkles, and finds its way in all directions, like a natural spring. In Ben Jonson it is, as it were, confined in a leaden cistern, where it stagnates and corrupts; or is directed only through certain artificial pipes and conduits to answer a given purpose. The comedy of this author is far from being "lively, audible, and full of vent." It is, for the most part, obtuse, obscure, forced, and tedious. He wears out a jest to the last thread and coarsest grain. His imagination fastens instinctively upon some mark or sign, by which he designates the individual, and never lets it go, for fear of not meeting with any other means to express himself by. A cant phrase, an odd gesture, an old-fashioned regimental uniform, a wooden leg, a tobacco-box, or a hacked sword, are the standing topics by which he embodies his characters to the imagination. They are cut-and-dried comedy; the letter, not the spirit of wit and humour. Each of his characters has a particular badge which he

wears and is known by, and by nothing else. There is no end of Captain Otter, his bull, bear, and his horse, which are no joke at first, and do not become so by being repeated twenty times. . . . . There is almost a total want of variety, fancy, relief, and of all those delightful transitions which abound, for instance, in Shakspeare's tragi-comedy. In Ben Jonson, we find ourselves generally in low company, and we see no hope of getting out of it. He is like a person who fastens upon a disagreeable subject, and cannot be persuaded to leave it. His comedy, in a word, has not what Shakespeare somewhere calls "blest conditions." It is cross-grained, mean, and mechanical. It is handicraft wit:—squalid poverty, sheer ignorance, bare-faced impudence, or idiot imbecility, are his dramatic commonplaces—things that provoke pity or disgust, instead of laughter.

This, after the frequent manner of Hazlitt, is, perhaps, pushed too far, but it is towards the right point; and what follows is both more acute and more just.

Old Ben was of a scholastic turn, and had dealt a little in the occult sciences and controversial divinity. He was a man of strong, crabbed sense, retentive memory, acute observation, great fidelity of description and keeping in character—a power of working out an idea so as to make it painfully true and oppressive, and with great honesty and manliness of feeling, as well as directness of understanding; but, with all this, he wanted, to my thinking, that genial spirit of enjoyment and finer fancy which constitute the essence of poetry and of wit. The sense of reality exercised a despotic sway over his mind, and equally weighed down and clogged his perception of the beautiful and the ridiculous. He had a keen sense of what was true and false, but not of what was agreeable and disagreeable; or, if he had, it was by his understanding rather than his imagination; by rule and method, not by sympathy or intuitive perception of "the gayest happiest attitude of things." There was nothing spontaneous, no impulse or ease about his genius; it was all forced, up-hill work; making a toil of a pleasure. And hence his overweening admiration of his own works, from the effort they had cost him, and the apprehension that they were not proportionably admired by others who knew nothing of the pangs and throes of his Muse in child-bearing.

If we were merely seeking for brilliant passages in the works of Hazlitt—no difficult task amidst his abundance—it is not such extracts as the above that we would select. They are recommended rather by their originality and *justness* than by their beauty or eloquence. Of those higher qualities anon; but, first, for the other illustrious member of the clan Jonson, of whom Hazlitt observes—"I have a high respect for Dr Johnson's character and understanding, mixed with something like personal respect;"—though, at the same time, he will not allow that orthodox critic to be capable of appreciating poets and poetry, and especially Shakspeare.

It is not, however, his remarks upon Johnson as a critic of Shakspeare, that we mean to cite; but what we consider a strikingly just estimate of that celebrated and excellent person in his whole man, moral, literary, and conversational. The passage occurs in Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Periodical Essayists," in which he characterises "The Rambler" as "a splendid and imposing commonplace-book of general topics, and rhetorical declamation on the conduct and business of life;" and he proceeds:—

I am not here saying that Dr Johnson was a man without originality, compared with the ordinary run of men's minds; but that he was not a man of original thought or genius, in the sense in which Montaigne or Lord Bacon was. He opened no new vein of precious ore, nor did he light upon any single pebbles of uncommon size and unrivalled lustre. We seldom meet with anything to "give us pause." He does not set us thinking for the first time. His reflections present themselves like reminiscences; and do not disturb the ordinary march of our thoughts . . . . After closing the volumes of "The Rambler," there is nothing that we remember as a new truth gained to the mind, nothing indelibly stamped upon the memory; nor is there any passage that we wish to turn to as embodying any known principle or observation with such force and beauty, that justice can only be done to the idea in the author's own words. Such, for instance, are many of the passages to be found in Burke, which shine by their own light, belong to no class, have neither equal nor counterpart, of which we say that no one but the author could have written them. There is neither the same boldness of design, nor mastery of execution in Johnson. In one, the spark of genius seems to have met with its congenial matter; the shaft is sped; the forked lightning dresses up the face of nature in ghastly smiles, and the loud thunder rolls far away from the ruin that is made. Dr Johnson's style, on the contrary, resembles rather the rumbling of mimic thunder at one of our theatres; and the light he throws upon a subject is like the dazzling effect of phosphorus, or an *ignis fatuus* of words.

Some of our readers may be apt to think that this applies to a good deal of what Hazlitt himself has done—and they may be right; but the same apology will serve for him and his subject—both of them writers on the spur of the moment for daily bread.

There is a wide difference, however, between perfect originality and perfect commonplace; neither ideas nor expressions are trite or vulgar because they are not quite new. They are valuable, and ought to be repeated, if they have not become quite common; and Johnson's style, both of reasoning and imagery, holds a middle rank between startling novelty and vapid commonplace.

Every one must confess the justice and propriety of what follows:—

Johnson had as much originality of thinking as Addison; but then he wants his familiarity and delightful humour. What most distinguishes Dr Johnson from other writers, is the pomp and uniformity of his style. All his periods are cast in the same mould—are of the same size and shape, and consequently have little fitness to the variety of things he professes to treat of. His subjects are familiar; but the author is always on stilts. He has neither ease nor simplicity; and his efforts at playfulness, in part, remind one of the lines of Milton:—

"The elephant,
To make them sport, wreathed his proboscis lithe."

Many just and subtle remarks follow upon the peculiarities and defects of Johnson's style; but what succeeds is more important, if it be equally true:—

Dr Johnson is also a complete balance-master in the topics of morality. He never encourages hope but he counteracts it by fear; he never elicits a truth but he suggests some objection in answer to it. He seizes and alternately quits the clue of reason, lest it should involve him in the labyrinth of endless error. He wants confidence in himself and his fellows. He dares not trust himself with the immediate impression of things, for fear of compromising his dignity; or follow them into their ultimate consequences, for fear of committing his prejudices. His timidity is the result, not of ignorance, but of morbid apprehension. "He runs the great circle, and is still at home." No advance is made by his writings in any sentiment or mode of reasoning. Out of the pale of established authority and received dogmas, all is sceptical, loose, and desultory; he seems, in imagination, to strengthen the dominion of prejudice, as he weakens and dissipates that of reason;

and, round the rock of faith and power, on the edge of which he slumbers blindfold and uneasy, the waves and billows of uncertain and dangerous opinion roar and heave for ever more. His *Rasselas* is the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that ever was put forth. Doubtful of the faculties of his mind, as of his organs of vision, Johnson trusted only to his feelings and his fears. He cultivated a belief in witches, as an out-guard to the evidences of religion; and abused Milton, and patronised Lauder, in spite of his aversion to his countrymen, as a step to secure the existing establishment in Church and State. This was neither right feeling nor sound logic.

These strictures would lose half their efficacy, if, without turning over the leaf, they stopped here, and shewed merely the seamy side of Johnson's mind, though it has sometimes been mistaken for the right one, so dazzlingly is it brocaded. "The man was superior to the author," says Hazlitt; and this is praise, indeed, of any author, and the highest praise of a great one. He goes into the eulogium, rendered more memorable by what has lately been made known of the curious circumstances* under which part of it was delivered.

The most triumphant record of the talents and character of Johnson is to be found in Boswell's Life of him. *The man was superior to the author.* When he threw aside his pen, which he regarded as an incumbrance, he became not only learned and thoughtful, but acute, witty, humorous, natural, honest, hearty, and determined—

> "The king of good fellows,
> The wale of auld men."

There are as many smart repartees, profound remarks, and keen invectives to be found in Boswell's "inventory of all he said," as are recorded of any celebrated man. The life and dramatic play of his conversation form a contrast to his written works. His natural powers and undisguised opinions were called out in convivial intercourse. In public, he practised with the foils. In private he unsheathed the sword of controversy, and it was "the Ebro's temper." The eagerness of opposition roused him from his natural sluggishness and acquired timidity; he returned blow for blow; and whether the trial were of argument or wit, none of his rivals could boast much of the encounter. Burke seems to have been the only person who had a chance with him; and it is the unpardonable sin of Boswell's work that he has purposely omitted their combats of strength and skill. Goldsmith asked—"Does he *wind* into a subject like a serpent, as Burke does?" And, when exhausted with sickness, he himself said—"If that fellow Burke were here now, he would kill me." It is to be observed that Johnson's colloquial style was as blunt, direct, and downright as his style of studied composition was involved and circuitous. . . . . His good deeds were as numerous as his good sayings. His domestic habits, his tenderness to servants, and readiness to oblige his friends; the quantity of strong tea which he drank to keep down sad thoughts; his many labours, reluctantly begun and irresolutely laid aside; his honest acknowledgment of his own faults, and indulgence to the weaknesses of others; his throwing himself back in the postchaise with Boswell, and saying—"Now, I think I am a good-humoured fellow," though nobody thought so, and yet he was; his quitting the society of Garrick and his actresses, and his reason for it; his dining with Wilkes, and his kindness to Goldsmith; his sitting with the young ladies on his knee at the Mitre, to give them good advice, in which situation, if not explained, he might be taken for Falstaff; and, last and noblest, his carrying the unfortunate victim of disease on his back, up through Fleet Street, (an act which realizes the parable of the good Samaritan:)—all these, and innumerable others, endear him to the reader, and must be remembered to his lasting honour. He had faults, but they lie buried with him. He had his prejudices, and his intolerant feelings; but he suffered enough in the conflict of his own mind with them. For, if no man can be happy in the free exercise of his reason, no man can be happy without it. His were not time-serving, heartless, hypocritical prejudices; but deep, inwoven—not to be rooted out but with life and hope—which he found from old habit necessary to his own peace of mind, and thought so to the peace of mankind. I do not hate but love him for them. They were between himself and his conscience, and should be left to that higher tribunal "where they in trembling hope repose, the bosom of his father and his God." In a word, he has left behind him few wiser or better men.

It was thus Hazlitt could think and speak of one who, on so many points, was fanatically opposed to those political truths that he held the most precious. Why is there, then, no room for candour or charity among Johnson's Tory admirers in judging of him? Much of the conclusion of the above passage is singularly apposite to the case of the writer.

The work in which Hazlitt is in some sort brought into direct comparison with Johnson as shewn by Boswell, is the "Conversations of Northcote," which contains much fine thought, liberal criticism, and refined, yet solid and practical wisdom. We do not mean to say that the works are equal, but that there is similarity of character and object; and there might have been a closer approximation in quality had the same length of time been given to each. Hazlitt's talk here is confined to a few morning visits. The conversations, besides, wanted the impulse and genial warmth of conviviality.

Of a person of the class who are fastidious in composition, (Mr Prince Hoare, we believe,) Hazlitt said—

> Mr H—— was too fastidious, and spoiled what he did, from a wish to have it perfect. He dreaded that the shadow of an objection should be brought against anything he advanced; so that his opinions, at last, amounted to a kind of genteel truisms. One must risk something, in order to do anything.

Of the mischief which partisans do each other, he said:—

> If anything could make me a bigot, it would be the arrogance of the freethinker; if anything could make me a slave, it would be the sordid, sneering fopperies and sweeping clauses of the Liberal party. Renegades are generally made so, not by the overtures of their adversaries, but by disgust at the want of candour and moderation in their friends.

Renegades are not thus made, unless they be very weak or vain men; but renegades, in the indiscreet and illiberal violence of their party-friends, often seek and find a pretext with which to pacify their consciences.

Once Northcote said to him, when he had been proclaiming his indifference to fame—"Do you think, if nobody took any notice of what you did, this would not damp your ardour?"—"Yes: after I had done anything that I thought worth notice, it might considerably; but how many minds (almost all great ones) were formed in secrecy and solitude, without knowing whether they would ever make a figure or not! All they knew was, that they liked what they were about, and gave their whole souls to it."

The conversation once turned upon an asser

* *Tait's Magazine* for August 1836.

tion of Canning's, that "Slavery is not inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, inasmuch as it was the beauty of Christianity to accommodate itself to all conditions and circumstances."

Did Canning (Hazlitt inquires) mean to say that because Christianity accommodated itself to, or made the best of all situations, that it did not, therefore, give the preference to any? Because it recommended mildness and fortitude under sufferings, did it not, therefore, condemn the infliction of them? or did it not forbid injustice and cruelty in the strongest terms? This were, indeed, a daring calumny on its Founder; it were an insolent wrong. . . . It is like the Italian banditti, who, when they have cut off the ears of their victims, make them go down upon their knees, and return thanks to an image of the Virgin Mary for the favour they have done them. It was because such things exist, that Christ came to set his face against them, and establish the maxim, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If Mr Canning will say that the masters of slaves would like to be treated as they treat their slaves, then he may say that slavery is consistent with the spirit of Christianity. No; the meaning of those maxims of forbearance and submission which the Quakers have taken too literally, is, that you are not to drive out one devil by another; it aims at discouraging a resort to violence and anger; for, if the temper it inculcates could become universal, there would be no injuries to resent. It objects against the power of the sword; but it is to substitute a power ten thousand times stronger than the sword—that which subdues and conquers the affections, and strikes at the very root and thought of evil. All that is meant by such sayings as that if a person "smites us on one cheek, we are to turn to them the other," is, that we are to keep as clear as possible of a disposition to retaliate and exasperate injuries.

In the following observations upon players, we find the germ of one of his best essays:—

I observed that I was more affected by the fate of players than by that of any other class of people. They seemed to me to be more to be pitied than anybody—the contrast was so great between the glare, the noise, and intoxication of their first success, and the mortifications and neglect of their declining years. They were made drunk with popular applause, and, when this stimulus was withdrawn, must feel the insignificance of ordinary life particularly vapid and distressing. There are no *sots* like *the sots of vanity*. There were no traces left of what they had been, any more than of a forgotten dream; and they had no consolation but in their own conceit, which, when it was without other vouchers, was a very uneasy comforter. I had seen some actors who had been favourites in my youth, and "cried up in the top of the compass," treated, from having grown old and infirm, with the utmost indignity, and almost hooted from the stage. I had seen poor ——— come forward in these circumstances to stammer out an apology with tears in his eyes (which almost brought them into mine) to a set of apprentice boys and box-lobby loungers, who neither knew nor cared what a fine performer and fine gentleman he was thought twenty years ago.

Sir Walter Scott had visited Northcote, who was much pleased with his easy, unaffected manner, and his readiness to converse on any subject whatever, totally forgetful of himself and his pretensions. To Hazlitt, the painter afterwards said—

You don't know him, do you? He'd be a pattern to you. Oh! he has a very fine manner. You would learn to rub off some of your asperities. But you admire him, I believe?

H. Yes; on this side of idolatry and Toryism.

N. That is your prejudice.

H. Nay, it rather shews my liberality, if I am a devoted enthusiast, notwithstanding. There are two things I admire in Sir Walter—his capacity and his simplicity; which indeed I am apt to think are much the same. The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with the idea of himself. Every one gives the same account of the author of "Waverley" in this respect. When he was in Paris, and went to Galignani's, he sat down in an outer room to look at some book he wanted to see; none of the clerks had the least suspicion who it was: when it was found out, the place was in a commotion. Cooper, the American, was in Paris at the same time: his looks and manner seemed to announce a much greater man. He strutted through the streets with a very consequential air; and in company held up his head, screwed up his features, and placed himself on a sort of pedestal, to be observed and admired, as if he never relaxed in the assumption, nor wished it to be forgotten by others, that he was the American Sir Walter Scott. The real one never troubled himself about the matter. Why should he? He might safely leave that question to others. Indeed, by what I am told, he carries his indifference too far: it amounts to an implied contempt for the public, and *misprision of treason* against the commonwealth of letters. He thinks more of the money he gets for his works than that "all Europe rings with them from side to side."

If so, he has been severely punished for his infirmity.

N. Though you do not know Sir Walter Scott, I think I have heard you say you have seen him.

H. Yes: he put me in mind of Cobbett, with his florid face and scarlet gown, which were just like the other's red face and scarlet waistcoat. The one is like an English farmer, the other like a Scotch *laird*. Both are large, robust men, with great strength and composure of features; but I saw nothing of the *ideal* character in the romance-writer, any more than I looked for it in the politician.

N. Indeed! But you have a vast opinion of Cobbett too, hav'n't you? Oh! he's a giant! He has such prodigious strength!—he tears up a subject by the roots. Did you ever read his Grammar? or see his attack on Mrs ———? It was like a hawk pouncing on a wren. I should be terribly afraid to get into his hands. And then his homely, familiar way of writing—it is not from necessity or vulgarity, but to shew his contempt for aristocratic pride and arrogance. He only has a kitchen-garden; he could have a flower-garden, too, if he chose. Peter Pindar said his style was like the Horse-Guards, only one story above the ground, while Junius's had all the airy elegance of Whitehall: but he could raise his style just as high as he pleased; though he does not want to sacrifice strength to elegance. He knows better what he is about.

H. I don't think he'll set up for a fine gentleman in a hurry, though he has for a Member of Parliament; and I fancy he would make no better figure in the one than the other. He appeared to me, when I once saw him, exactly what I expected: in Sir Walter I looked in vain for a million of fine things! I could only explain it to myself in this way, that there was a degree of capacity in that huge double forehead of his, that superseded all effort, made everything come intuitively and almost mechanically, as if it were merely transcribing what was already written, and, by the very facility with which the highest beauty and excellence was produced, left few traces of it in the expression of the countenance, and hardly any sense of it in the mind of the author. Expression only comes into the face as we are at a loss for words, or have a difficulty in bringing forward our ideas; but we may repeat the finest things by rote without any change of look or manner. It is only when the powers are tasked, when the moulds of thought are full, that the effect or the *wear-and-tear* of the mind appears on the surface. So, in general, writers of the greatest imagination and range of ideas, and who might be said to have all nature obedient to their call, seem to have been most careless of their fame and regardless of their works—they treat their productions, not as children, but as "bastards of their art;" whereas those who are more confined in their scope of intellect, and wedded to some one theory or predominant fancy, have been found to feel a proportionable fondness for the offspring of their brain, and

have thus excited a deeper interest in it in the minds of others. We set a value on things as they have cost us dear: the very limitation of our faculties, or exclusiveness of our feelings, compels us to concentrate all our enthusiasm on a favourite subject; and, strange as it may sound, in order to inspire a perfect sympathy in others, or to form a school, men must themselves be *egotists!* Milton has had fewer readers and admirers, but I suspect more devoted and bigoted ones, than ever Shakspeare had. Sir Walter Scott has attracted more universal attention than any writer of our time; but you may speak against him with less danger of making personal enemies than if you attack Lord Byron. Even Wordsworth has half a dozen followers, who set him up above everybody else from a *common idiosyncrasy* of feeling, and the singleness of the elements of which his excellence is composed. Before we can take an author entirely to our bosoms, he must be another self; and he cannot be this if he is "not one, but all mankind's epitome." It was this which gave such an effect to Rousseau's writings, that he stamped his own character and the image of his self-love on the public mind—*there* it is, and there it will remain in spite of everything. Had he possessed more comprehension of thought or feeling, it would only have diverted him from his object. But it was the excess of his egotism, and his utter blindness to everything else, that found a corresponding sympathy in the conscious feelings of every human breast, and shattered to pieces the pride of rank and circumstance, by the pride of internal worth.

After a few more observations upon the effect of Rousseau's character and writings, and of the diffusion of knowledge, he proceeds:—

Before, physical force was everything; henceforward, mind, thought, feeling was a new element—a fourth estate in society. What! shall a man have read Dante and Ariosto, and be none the better for it? Shall he be still judged of only by his coat, the number of his servants in livery, the house over his head? While poverty meant ignorance, that was necessarily the case; but the world of books overturns the world of things, and establishes a new balance of power and scale of estimation. Shall we think only rank and pedigree divine, when we have music, poetry, and painting within us! Tut! we have read "Old Mortality;" and shall it be asked whether we have done so in a garret or a palace, in a carriage or on foot? Or, knowing them, shall we not revere the mighty heirs of fame, and respect ourselves for knowing and honouring them? This is the true march of intellect, and not the erection of *Mechanics' Institutions*, or the printing of *twopenny trash*, according to my notion of the matter, though I have nothing to say against them neither.

Of fashion he quaintly says—

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not very far asunder.

. . . . . .

Fashion is imitating, in certain things that are in our power, and that are nearly indifferent in themselves, those who possess certain other advantages that are not in our power, and which the possessors are as little disposed to part with, as they are eager to obtrude them upon the notice of others by every external symbol at their immediate control. We think the cut of a coat fine, because it is worn by a man with ten thousand a-year, with a fine house, and a fine carriage: as we cannot get the ten thousand a-year, the house or the carriage, we get what we can—the cut of the fine gentleman's coat; and thus are in the fashion. But as we get it, he gets rid of it, which shews that he cares nothing about it: but he keeps his ten thousand a-year, his fine house, and his fine carriage. A rich man wears gold buckles, to shew that he is rich; a coxcomb gets gilt ones to look like the rich man; and, as soon as the gold ones prove nothing, the rich man leaves them off. So it is with all the real advantages that fashionable people possess. Say that they have more grace, good manners, and refinement than the rabble; but these do not change every moment at the nod of fashion. Speaking correctly is not proper to one class more than another; if the fashionable, to distinguish themselves from the vulgar, affect a peculiar tone or set of phrases, this is mere *slang*. The difference between grace and awkwardness is the same one year after another. This is the meaning of *natural politeness*. It is the perception of and attention to the wants of others, which is the same thing, whether it is neglected by the great or practised by the vulgar. The barrier between refinement and grossness cannot be arbitrarily effaced. Nothing changes but what depends on the shallow affectation and assumption of superiority: real excellence can never become vulgar.

This is excellent. The remarks upon what constitutes indecency or grossness in art, are equally ingenious and true. Northcote admired Guido. He could perceive no indelicacy, no nakedness, in his naked figures. Hazlitt observed—

As to the display of the naked figure in works of art, the case to me seems clear: it is only when there is nothing but the naked figure that it is offensive. In proportion as the beauty or perfection of the imitation rises, the indecency vanishes. You look at it then with an eye to art, just as the anatomist examines the human figure with a view to science. Other ideas are introduced. J——, of Edinburgh, had a large, sprawling Danae hanging over the chimney-piece of his office, where he received Scotch parsons and their wives on law-business: he thought it a triumph over Presbyterian prudery and prejudice, and a sort of chivalrous answer to the imputed barbarism of the North. It was certainly a paradox in taste—a breach of manners. He asked me if I objected to it because it was naked? "No," I said, "but because it is ugly: you can only have put it there because it is naked, and that alone shews a felonious intent. Had there been either beauty or expression, it would have *conducted off* the objectionable part. As it is, I don't see how you can answer it to the kirk-sessions."

And he elucidates real indelicacy or prudery by this apt illustration:—

I recollect a remark of Coleridge's on the conclusion of the story of "Paul and Virginia" by Bernardin St Pierre. Just before the shipwreck, and when nothing else can save the heroine from perishing, an athletic figure comes forward stripped, but with perfect respect, and offers to swim with her to the shore; but, instead of accepting his proposal, she turns away with affected alarm. This, Coleridge said, was a proof of the prevailing tone of French depravity, and not of virgin innocence. A really modest girl, in such circumstances, would not have thought of any scruple.

Hazlitt, who disliked all mediums and mediocrities, had a warm admiration of everything in art or literature resembling originality.

Originality (he said) is the seeing nature differently from others, and yet as it is in itself. It is not singularity or affectation, but the discovery of new and valuable truth. . . . . A little originality is more esteemed than the greatest acquired talent, because it throws a new light upon things, and is peculiar to the individual. The other is common, and may be had for the asking to any amount. The value of any work is to be judged by the quantity of originality in it. A very little of this will go a great way. If Goldsmith had never written anything but the first two or three chapters of the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the character of a country schoolmaster, they would have stamped him a man of genius. The editors of encyclopedias are not usually reckoned the first literary characters of the age. The works of which they have the management contain a great deal of knowledge, like chests or warehouses; but the goods are not their own.

Hazlitt held that any one excellence possessed in a first-rate degree, was distinction enough for one man, sufficient for his fame, and all that was required. "Why should a man do more than his part?" Yet, by an apparent contradiction, he gave no quarter to those he called

people with one idea—such as was Major Cartwright's for Parliamentary reform, or Clarkson's for the Abolition of Slavery; as if it were a grand distinction to excel in any one art, or in any particular department of literature, but a folly to devote the entire mind to a single great moral achievement, and "bind up each faculty to the stubborn feat." The nature of the "one idea" makes all the difference in the world. We give up, for example, Mr Owen's one idea, compounded of himself and his "new view," but hesitate when we find Wordsworth's one idea thus alluded to.

Why must a man be for ever mouthing out his own poetry, comparing himself with Milton, passage by passage, and weighing every line in a balance of posthumous fame which he holds in his own hands? It argues a want of imagination as well as commonsense. Has he no ideas but what he has put into verse; or none in common with his hearers? Why should he think it the only scholar-like thing, the only "virtue extant," to see the merit of his writings, and that "men were brutes without them?" Why should he bear a grudge to all art, to all beauty, to all wisdom that does not spring from his own brain? Or why should he fondly imagine that there is but one fine thing in the world, namely, poetry, and that he is the only poet in it? It will never do. Poetry is a very fine thing; but there are other things besides it. Everything must have its turn. Does a wise man think to enlarge his comprehension by turning his eyes only on himself, or hope to conciliate the admiration of others by scouting, proscribing, and loathing all that they delight in? He must either have a disproportionate idea of himself, or be ignorant of the world in which he lives. It is quite enough to have one class of people born to think the universe made for them! —It seems also to argue a want of repose, of confidence, and firm faith in a man's real pretensions, to be always dragging them forward into the foreground, as if the proverb held here—*Out of sight out of mind.* Does he, for instance, conceive that no one would ever think of his poetry, unless he forced it upon them by repeating it himself? Does he believe all competition, all allowance of another's merit, fatal to him?

There is another and a quite different class of people of one idea—those whose only idea is not of their own poetry, but of their own importance, or their own purse.

In the Essay upon the "Ignorance of the Learned," we find many observations of a kind that have interest from the controversy now going on between the classicists and rationalists.

Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having had a very narrow escape. It is an old remark, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world. The things, in fact, which a boy is set to learn at school, and on which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or of the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind) is the chief faculty called into play, in conning over and repeating lessons by rote, in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, &c.; so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention, will make the most forward schoolboy. The jargon containing the definitions of the parts of speech, the rules for casting up an account, or the inflections of a Greek verb, can have no attraction to the tyro of ten years old, except as they are imposed as a task upon him by others, or from his feeling the want of sufficient relish or amusement in other things. A lad with a sickly constitution, and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has neither sagacity to distinguish, nor spirit to enjoy for himself, will generally be at the head of his form. An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits, who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of his blood and the motion of his heart, who is ready to laugh and cry in a breath, and who had rather chase a ball or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, look at the fields or the sky, follow a winding path, or enter with eagerness into all the little conflicts and interests of his acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty spelling-book, repeat barbarous distichs after his master, sit so many hours pinioned to a writing-desk, and receive his reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize-medals at Christmas and Midsummer. There is, indeed, a degree of stupidity which prevents children from learning the usual lessons, or ever arriving at these puny academic honours. But what passes for stupidity is much oftener a want of interest, of a sufficient motive to fix the attention, and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school learning. The best capacities are as much above this drudgery, as the dullest are beneath it. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university.

"Th' enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever."

Gray and Collins were among the instances of this wayward disposition. Such persons do not think so highly of the advantages, nor can they submit their imaginations so servilely to the trammels of strict scholastic discipline. There is a certain kind and degree of intellect in which words take root, but into which things have not power to penetrate. A mediocrity of talent, with a certain slenderness of moral constitution, is the soil that produces the most brilliant specimens of successful prize-essayists and Greek epigrammatists. It should not be forgotten, that the least respectable character among modern politicians was the cleverest boy at Eton.

The best scholar at Harrow, contemporary with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, was the present member for Caithness!

We have hitherto spoken of Hazlitt as a dramatic critic, an essayist, and generally as a man of letters. Those who dispute his high claims in this capacity, are yet willing to confess his superiority as a critic in art; and, if we wished to give any young or uninstructed individual a correct and exalted idea of what is meant by those vague terms, "The Arts," or "The Fine Arts," we should simply place in his hands, HAZLITT'S ESSAY ON THE FINE ARTS, printed in the last edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

His original and chosen profession, was that of a painter; and he failed in it, not from want of more than ordinary power—for his early attempts are very favourably spoken of—but from want of confidence in himself, and a painful and false humility, arising from his ideas of all that is beautiful and exquisite in art, so far outrunning his actual performances. His imagination left his manual dexterity bankrupt; it soared to embrace the glories of Raphael and the grandeur of Michael Angelo, while he was still dabbling with portraits, mediocre in execution, though shewing the high if abortive aims of the young artist, retarded and pent-up by his own refined sense of excellence. His essay, which though somewhat inaccessible, merits to be delved for,* is neither tedious nor professional. It is

* In this digging in a rich mine, the reader cannot fail to hit upon other treasures, and to gather the wealth of the numerous new veins that have been opened. An Encyclo-

entirely free of the technicalities and jargon of art, while it rapidly, as with an eagle glance, unfolds its true principles, and points to the finest specimens of the different masters in painting and sculpture which the world possesses, discriminating their beauties and contrasting their styles. Those which he considered models of perfection in their several kinds were—the Greek statues, the pictures of the great Italian masters, and those of the Dutch and Flemish school. Of the French artists, he singles out N. Poussin and Claude Lorraine; and of those of Spain, Murillo and Velasquez. Of English artists generally, he did not think very highly, though he had seen the finest of their works, save Hogarth, who, like Napoleon, was, in some respects, one of his infatuations. He claims pre-eminence for Hogarth by the same high charter which has given perfection to the works of every great artist, and of every school—*The immediate imitation of nature.* "This principle," he remarks, "predominated equally in the classical forms of the antique, and in the grotesque figures of Hogarth. The perfection of art in each arose from the truth and identity of the imitation of the reality: the difference was in the subjects; there was none in the mode of imitation." Hazlitt considered *the ideal system* of art as the error which, of all others, is the most detrimental to its advancement. The foundation of this error, he ascribes to the beauty and grandeur of form and features in the exquisite remains of Greek antiquity; contending, however, that those noble forms and features are in themselves as real and national, and as true to nature, as the meanest of contemporary pictures formed by modern artists from the immediate imitation of the vulgar nature around them. To disprove the imaginary ideality of the painters of antiquity, he states that their portraits of individuals were often superior to the personification of their gods—the real to the ideal; and he advances a more cogent argument, in saying that no unprejudiced spectator of real taste, can hesitate for a moment in preferring the head of the Antinous to that of the Apollo. In the *Elgin marbles* he finds corroboration of his leading principle. They were taken from the Acropolis at Athens; they are believed to be the works of Phidias, one of the greatest masters of antiquity; and there is no fastidious refinement and indefinite abstraction visible in them. These separate figures have all the ease, the simplicity, and variety of individual nature—and this is pronounced the truest and highest art. And then we have an admirable definition of the true ideal: which is "not the preference of that which exists only in the mind, to that which exists in nature; but the preference of that which is fine in nature to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and, as it were, in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works of art. As the Greek statues were copied from Greek forms, so Raphael's expressions were taken from Italian faces; and I have heard it remarked that the women in the streets of Rome seem to have walked out of his pictures in the Vatican."

Sir Joshua Reynolds considers Raphael the greatest example in modern times of the *ideal* style; Hazlitt more truly considers him the greatest example of the *natural* style. "In the Cartoons, and in his groups in the Vatican, there is hardly a face or figure which is anything more than fine individual nature, finely disposed and copied." He is not, therefore, surprised that Sir Joshua, when he first saw Raphael's pictures in the Vatican, was disappointed, if he had repaired thither for confirmation of his false theory of the ideal. This adherence to nature—the reliance of genius upon reality—is the fundamental principle of Hazlitt's dissertation. He attacks the most pernicious heresy under which art suffers, and multiplies proofs without end in support of his own opinion, bringing them from the greatest works of the greatest masters. "After Michael Angelo and Raphael, there is no doubt that Leonardo de Vinci and Correggio are the two painters in modern times who have carried historical expression to the highest ideal perfection: and yet it is equally certain that their heads are carefully copied from faces and expressions in nature."

After a masterly description of Leonardo's style, which, in a few lines, seizes its leading characteristics and peculiar beauties, he continues:—"The master-pieces of Correggio have the same identity with nature, the same stamp of truth. He has, indeed, given to his pictures the utmost softness and refinement of outline and expression; but this idea, at which he constantly aimed, is filled up with all the details and varieties which such heads would have in nature. So far from anything like a naked abstract idea or middle form, the individuality of his faces has something peculiar in it, even approaching the grotesque. He has endeavoured to impress habitually on the countenance those undulating outlines which rapture or tenderness leave there, and has chosen for this purpose those forms and proportions which most obviously assisted his design. As to the colouring of Correggio, it is nature itself. . . . . Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the Bassans, are the remaining great names of the Venetian School. The excellence of all these consisted in the bold, masterly, and striking imitation of nature. Their

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pedia, at least in Great Britain, wont to be considered a mere repertory of barren facts and dry details, claiming as its sole merit accuracy and authority, and the possession of the latest and best authenticated information regarding discoveries in science. Originality was never looked for, save in a few departments of science or the useful arts. In the modernized "Encyclopedia Britannica," every old thing, we may say, has passed away, and been renewed in a superior form, save the mere name. The first thinkers, writers, and savans of the age, have, in this work, consolidated a body of philosophy, history, belles letters, biography, science, and art, which fulfils whatever is required from a complete circle of literature and the sciences—an ample library of human knowledge. Hazlitt's masterly dissertation is one proof, and hundreds might be found.

want of *ideal form* and elevated character is, indeed, a constant reproach against them." Another corroboration of that fundamental doctrine which Hazlitt considered so essential to the progress of true art, is found in the fragment of the Theseus among the Elgin Marbles, as it shews the possibility of uniting the grand and the natural style in the highest degree. "The form of the limbs, as affected by pressure and action, and the general sway of the body, are preserved with the most consummate mastery." And now the bold and innovating genius of the original-minded critic breaks fairly out:—"I should prefer this statue as a model for forming the style of the student to the Apollo, which strikes me as having something of a theatrical air; or to the Hercules, in which there is an ostentatious and overladen display of anatomy. This last figure, indeed, is so overloaded with sinews, that it has been suggested, as a doubt, whether, if life could be put into it, it would be able to move. Grandeur of conception, truth of nature, and purity of taste, seem to have been at their height when the masterpieces which adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens, of which we have those imperfect fragments, were produced. Compared with these, the late Greek statues display a more elaborate workmanship, more artifices of style." He, in another place, accuses the Apollo of a "supercilious air," and hints that, if any of those wonderful productions of art have a fault, it is want of the entire and naked simplicity which pervades the older fragments. His guiding principle in imitative art leads him to prefer, by far, *Teniers'* boors, old women, and children, to the little carved ivory Venuses in the pictures of *Vanderneer;* Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* to his *Sigismunda;* and Wilkie's *Card-players* to his *Alfred;* because he prefers truth and nature, in the simplest guise, to affectation and inanity, in the most pompous disguise.

As a specimen of this inimitable dissertation on painting, we shall try to select a short passage. The eulogy on Hogarth, and that on Rembrandt, are certainly more eloquent and far more characteristic of the passionate enthusiasm which sometimes moved the genius of Hazlitt, and carried him out of bounds in admiration, whether of Napoleon, Kean, or of Cavanagh, the fives-player; yet the passage we shall give is as exquisitely discriminative, and perhaps more true:—

Having spoken now of the Greek statues, and of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as far as relates to the imitation of nature, I shall attempt to point out, to the best of my ability, and as concisely as possible, what I conceive to be their great characteristic excellencies. The ancients excelled in beauty of form, Michael Angelo in grandeur of conception, Raphael in expression. In Raphael's faces, particularly his women, the expression is very superior to the form; in the ancient statues, the form is the principal thing. The interest which the latter excite is in a manner external; it depends on a certain grace and lightness of appearance, joined with exquisite symmetry, and refined susceptibility to voluptuous emotions; but there is in general a want of pathos. In their looks we do not read the wishings of the heart; by their beauty they are raised above the sufferings of humanity; by their beauty they are deified. The pathos which they exhibit is rather that of present and physical distress, than of deep internal sentiment. What has been remarked of Leonardo da Vinci, is also true of Raphael—that there is an angelic sweetness and tenderness in his faces, in which human frailty and passion are purified by the sanctity of religion. The ancient statues are finer objects for the eye to contemplate; they represent a more perfect race of physical beings; but we have little sympathy with them. In Raphael, all our natural sensibilities are heightened and refined by faith and hope, pointing mysteriously to the interests of another world. The same intensity of passion appears also to distinguish Raphael from Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo's forms are grander, but they are not so informed with expression. Raphael's, however ordinary in themselves, are full of expression, even to overflowing; every nerve and muscle is impregnated with feeling, bursting with meaning. In Michael Angelo, on the contrary, the powers of body and mind appear superior to any events that can happen to them; the capacity of thought and feeling is never full, never strained, or tasked to extremity of what it will bear. All is in a lofty repose and solitary grandeur, which no human interest can shake or disturb. It has been said that Michael Angelo painted *man*, and Raphael *men;* that the one was an epic, the other a dramatic painter. But the distinction I have stated is perhaps truer and more intelligible—viz., that the one gave greater dignity of form, and the other greater force and refinement of expression. Michael Angelo, in fact, borrowed his style from sculpture. He represented, in general, only single figures, (with subordinate accompaniments,) and had not to express the conflicting actions and passions of a multitude of persons. It is, therefore, a mere truism to say that his compositions are not dramatic. He is much more picturesque than Raphael. The whole figure of his Jeremiah droops and hangs down like a majestic tree surcharged with showers. His drawing of the human form has the characteristic freedom and boldness of Titian's landscapes.

Hazlitt's observations on the style and characteristic traits of Titian, are even more subtle and penetrative than the preceding remarks. He says, that, because Titian was the greatest colourist in the world, this, his most prominent superiority, has been taken for his only excellence. He considers Titian deficient in invention or composition, rather from want of habit than want of power; but then his drawing of inanimate objects is unrivalled. "His trees have a marked character and physiognomy of their own, and exhibit an appearance of strength or flexibility, solidity or lightness, as if they were endowed with conscious power and purposes." Titian's portraits—in expression, in conveying a fine idea of intellect and feeling—he places only secondary to those of Raphael; the latter being more imaginative and contemplative, while Titian is more personal and constitutional.

Rubens, "the prince of Flemish painters," is handled with equal power and delicacy in this study for the lovers or the young professors of Art. Rubens' picture of the *Peasant's Family going to Market*, is noticed particularly as a masterpiece, and specimen of his finest peculiarities, and that felicity in some departments of colouring which enabled him to give his flesh greater transparency and freshness than any other painter. Another of the excellencies of Rubens, according to his critic, is the expression of motion, and the ease, freedom, and expressive elasticity of his forms. His groups of satyrs, bacchanals, fauns, nymphs, and animals,

"where striking contrasts of forms are combined with every kind of rapid and irregular movement"—such as his *Silenus*, at Blenheim, "where the lions seem drunk and staggering;" and *The Procession of Cupids riding on Animals*, at Whitehall—are declared unrivalled. We have another bold opinion. The portraits of Rubens are pronounced the least valuable of the productions of his pencil, "while his landscapes are often delightful, and appear like the work of fairy hands."

In an Essay written expressly for a standard work of the national importance of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," considerable space is with propriety devoted to British Art, and to the most eminent British artists. Of these, Hazlitt's catalogue is very brief. Hogarth, Reynolds, and Wilson, are the chief names; and of the latter, his praise is as stinted as of Hogarth it may to some persons appear extravagant. Those probably do not see Hogarth in the same light. To Hazlitt he was a Fielding, a Smollet, a Moliere, a Vanbrugh; who wrote and published with his pencil. "Other pictures we see, Hogarth's we read," says Charles Lamb, another ardent admirer of Hogarth; and his friend Hazlitt adopts the opinion. Hogarth's pencil did not dwell on the grand and the beautiful, because he was a humorist and a moral satirist. His merits are chiefly intellectual; yet Hazlitt claims for him considerable merit as a mere painter, particularly from the execution and colouring of the series of pictures of the *Marriage à la Mode*.

He cannot allow Wilson to be superior in landscape to Claude Lorraine, nor to be at all compared with that great artist, of whom Sir Joshua Reynolds has said, "there would be another Raphael, before there would be another Claude." In censuring the choice of some of the English scenery delineated by Wilson, we find the following profound observations, in which, however, the metaphysician overpowers the critic on art.

> In general, *air* is necessary to the landscape painter; for this reason, the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland afford few subjects for landscape painting. However stupendous the scenery of that part of the country is, and however powerful and lasting the impressions which it must always make on the imagination, yet the effect is not produced merely through the medium of the eye, but arises chiefly from collateral and associated feelings. There is the knowledge of the physical magnitude of the objects in the midst of which we are placed—the slow unprogressive motion, which we make in traversing them; there is the abrupt precipice, the torrent's roar, the boundless expanse of the prospect from the highest mountains, the difficulty of their ascent, their loneliness and silence—in short, there is a constant sense and superstitious awe of the collective power of matter, on which, from the beginning of time, the hand of man has made no impression, and which, by the lofty reflections they excite in us, give a sort of intellectual sublimity, even to our sense of physical weakness. But there is little in all these circumstances that can be translated into the *picturesque*, which makes its appeal immediately to the eye.

Gainsborough is not rated high as an original-minded artist, nor considered a man of genius; but justice is done to the truth, delicacy, and sweetness of some of his most celebrated productions—such as *The Woodman*, and *The Boy in a Snow-storm*. He was guilty of what Hazlitt seems to consider the deadly and easily-besetting sin of modern painters. His general fault was, "presenting us with an ideal of common life, of which we have had a surfeit in poetry and romance." That is, we presume, in the *ideal* style of pastoral poetry and Arcadian romance. Gainsborough is suspected of first having introduced the masquerade style, "which piques itself on the giving the air of an Adonis to the driver of a hay-cart, and models the features of a milk-maid on the principles of the antique."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the first modern English painter, and the most influential instructor in the principles of the Art, demands and receives ample notice. His influence is considered beneficial in itself, and his example as still more creditable to his rare talents and elegant mind. "He raised the art of painting from the lowest state of degradation—of dry, meagre, lifeless inanity—to something at least respectable, and bearing an affinity to the rough strength and bold spirit of the national character." But, on the other hand, it is questioned, whether that implicit deference to the authority of Reynolds, which helped to overawe art to a certain length, has not, among other causes, tended to limit and retard its progress; whether there are not certain original errors, and a systematic bias from the right line, both in the principles and practice of this eminent painter, which the farther they are proceeded in lead the farther from the truth, and from the goal of the highest perfection. This question is discussed with the vigour, amplitude, boldness, and originality of a philosopher who had been an artist, and had failed as such from entertaining too exalted an idea of art, and too deep and keen an insight into its principles, to be easily contented either with his own juvenile productions or those of far more eminent painters. Into this discussion, so interesting in itself, and so important to the prospects of painting in this country, we cannot enter here, though we consider it the all in all of the dissertation. But if Sir Joshua's theoretical heresies, enumerated in the Discourses, are exposed and condemned, generous justice is done to his talents and to his productions, even when the criticism seems to fall with most severity. The general acuteness with which Hazlitt exposes the dangerous errors of this great authority may be shewn by a single instance. Sir Joshua Reynolds lays it down as a general and invariable rule, applicable to *history, landscape*, and *portrait*, that "*the great style* in Art, and the most PERFECT IMITATION OF NATURE, *consists in avoiding the details and peculiarities of particular objects.*" Hazlitt, on the other hand, is equally dogmatic in his principle, "*that the highest perfection of art depends, not on separating, but on uniting general truth and effect with individual distinctness and accuracy.*" And this principle he supports with power and felicity:—

> *First*, it is said that that *great style* of painting, as it re-

lates to the immediate imitation of external nature, consists in avoiding the details of particular objects. It consists neither in giving nor avoiding them, but in something quite different from both. Any one may avoid the details. So far there is no difference between the *Cartoons* and a common sign painting. Greatness consists in giving the larger masses and proportions with truth; but this does not prevent giving the smaller ones too. The utmost grandeur of outline, and the broadest masses of light and shade, are perfectly compatible with the utmost minuteness and delicacy of detail, as may be seen in nature. It is not, indeed, common to see both qualities combined in the imitations of nature any more than the combinations of other excellences; nor am I here saying to which the principal attention of the artist should be directed; but I deny that, considered in themselves, the absence of the one quality is necessary or sufficient to the production of the other.

The logic of this is superior to the criticism. We are not sure, however, but that Sir Joshua is misapprehended by his critic, or that he meant to convey more than that useless accessaries, and mean and cumbrous details, mar the effect aimed at in imitative art.

Another of Sir Joshua's notions of perfection is thus summarily disposed of:—"Sir Joshua Reynold's *ideal*, as consisting in a mere negation of individuality, bears just the same relation to real beauty or grandeur, as caricature does to comic character."

Of West's pictures, he says, they never "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." "They exhibit the *mask*, not the *soul* of expression." "They display a total want of gusto." Why, we cannot stop to tell. The causes of the comparatively low or stationary condition of painting in England are various. The mistaken or *ideal* theory is one, the want of models in nature may be another reason, why there has hitherto been no native painter, who, in serious historical subjects, can be placed in the first rank of genius, or, in similar walks, take place side by side with Raphael, Titian, or even Murillo and Claude; and this in a nation, the richest in the world in poets and dramatists. Yet modern British artists have their peculiar excellences.

Many (he remarks) of the pictures of modern artists, have evidenced a capacity for correct and happy delineations of actual objects and domestic incidents, only inferior to the Dutch school. I might here mention the names of Wilkie, Collins, Heaphy, and others. We have portrait-painters, who have attained to a very high degree of excellence in all the branches of their art. In landscape, Turner has shewn a knowledge of the effects of *air*, and of powerful relief in objects, which was never surpassed; but, in the highest walk of art, in giving the movements of the finer and loftier passions of the mind, this country has not produced a single painter who has made even a faint approach to the excellence of the great Italian painters.

This we fear is not to be gainsaid. The following remarks may be applied at one sweep to all that our Haydons, Ettys, Allans, Martins, &c. &c. have endeavoured and accomplished.

They have given us a good number of specimens of the clay figure, the anatomical mechanism, the regular proportions measured by a two-feet rule; large canvasses covered with stiff figures arranged in deliberate order, with the characters and story correctly expressed by uplifted hands and eyes, according to old receipt-books for the passions; with all the hardness and inflexibility of figures carved in wood, and painted over in good strong body colours, that look as if some of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well. But we still want a Prometheus to give life to the cumbrous mass—to throw an intellectual light over the opaque image—to embody the inmost refinements of thought to the outward eye—to lay bare the soul of passion. That picture is of little comparative value which can be completely *translated* into another language—of which the description in a common catalogue conveys all that is expressed by the picture itself; for it is the excellence of every art to give what can be given by no other in the same degree.

This lamentable defect in a people otherwise so eminent, is ingeniously accounted for, from the national character of the English, and we own from what we consider highest and noblest in that character.

Hazlitt decidedly considers Academies and fostering institutions injurious to art. In giving one strong reason, he probably spoke from reflective experience, though his early studies in art were little indebted to models.

The assiduous imitator, in his attempts to grasp all, loses his hold of that which was placed within his reach; and, from aspiring at universal excellence, sinks into uniform mediocrity. The student, who has models of every kind of excellence constantly before him, is not only diverted from that particular walk of art, in which, by patient exertion, he might obtain ultimate success; but, from having his imagination habitually raised to an overstrained standard of refinement, by the sight of the most exquisite examples in art, he becomes impatient and dissatisfied with his own attempts, determines to reach the same perfection all at once, or throws down his pencil in despair.

There is no doubt he spoke from the heart in what follows:—

Thus, the young enthusiast, whose genius and energy were to rival the great masters of antiquity, or create a new era in the art itself, baffled in his first sanguine expectations, reposes in indolence on what others have done—wonders how such perfection could have been achieved—grows familiar with the minutest peculiarities of the different schools—flutters between the splendour of Rubens and the grace of Raphael—and ends in nothing! Such was not Correggio! He saw and felt for himself; he was of no school; but had his own world of art to create. The image of truth and beauty, which existed in his mind, he was forced to construct for himself, without rules or models.

In anxiety to draw attention to Hazlitt's bold and original inquiry into the principles of the art of painting, and his exquisite criticism upon its time-consecrated productions, we have somewhat exceeded our limits, and left no space at present for the practical wisdom with which his essays are fraught; nor yet for what we consider as by far the most attractive portion of his writings—his Confessions, if we may so call those abrupt and eloquent self-revealings, glancing like wandering lights over so many of his moody pages, and momentarily wrung forth by the agony of mental anguish, or welling up from the mournful and tender reminiscences of his happiest hours, and of the best-beloved *books* and *pictures*, companions and friends of his youth and early manhood. Though what we mean mingles more or less with nearly all Hazlitt's serious essays, we would especially direct the young reader's attention to the papers, entitled, "My First Acquaintance with Poets," "Upon the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority," "The Shyness of Scholars," "On Effeminacy of Character," "On Little

Things and Great," "On the Love of the Country," and detached parts of many other essays. The writings of Hazlitt, all more or less of the highest excellence and value, are rather voluminous for modern grave authorship. We therefore make no excuse for having dwelt upon them at such length. Indeed, our main regret is, that into works which we esteem so rare and precious, and which are at present nearly debarred to the mass of readers, we are precluded from entering more fully.

SONNETS WRITTEN DURING A LATE TOUR IN ITALY.

BY DR BOWRING.

VENICE.

Come to the tall Rialto, rising o'er
The palace-girdled waters! Come and see
The proud, the lonely Galilean tower!
St Mark's Piazza and its majesty!
See the Palazzo of the Doge's power!
Come to the Temple, where the ashes be
Of the Evangelist! Here every hour
Is precious, where a grand antiquity
Hath left unwonted splendour, and hath flung
Greatness and fame, that shine in glory yet.
Talk not to me of Venice free and young;
Her place is desolate—her sun is set:
I can hear nothing but the Austrian tongue,
See nothing but the invader's bayonet!

Venice, 8th January 1837.

VENICE AND TRIESTE.

With what a mournful feeling doth the queen
Of th' Adriatic Ocean round her cast
Dark thoughts on all her glories that are past—
Her pomp, her power, that are not—but have been!
And, turning towards the Istrian mountain scene,
A grief oft smites her, like a wintry blast,
When this small spot—her lowliest and her last
Dependent—frowns with proud and scornful mien.
O Venice! many are thy woes; and deep
And desolate thy tomb. Say, is thy sleep
Eternal?—is the curse that binds thee down
Linked to a fate too mighty for all strife?
Is there within thee neither fire, nor life,
Nor hope, nor pride, nor courage, nor renown?

Trieste, 14th January 1837.

MILAN.

Before me are the snowy Alpine hills,
Behind me Italy; and now I part
From these sweet scenes, and my o'erladen heart
An ocean of desponding surges fills;
For I had dreamed that the transfixing dart
Which irritates to vengeance—or which kills—
Might, from the very anguish of its smart,
Rouse up a people to redress the ills
Poured out in torrents from the invader's hand.
But I despair; for, though the ancient light
Of beauty beams upon the Italian land—
Though she is still the lovely and the grand—
When is the Italian struggling for the right?
Where are the flags, the warriors, or the fight?

Milan, 19th January 1837.

LAST THOUGHT OF ITALY.

I wended back my weary way
From tyrant-trodden Italy;
And on my aching bosom lay
A mountain of despondency.

For I had seen the oppressor's hand
Fast-riveting the accursed chain;
And I had heard that lovely land
Pray for a saviour—but in vain.

But on the Sempione's height,
When parting's dew-drops dimmed my eye,
A ray of hope, a beam of light,
Fill'd my reviving soul with joy.

For there, amidst the intensest frost,
A mountain streamlet danced along;
Nor could the winter's mightiest host
Or check its speed, or still its song.

It gathered greatness as it passed;
And, though its course was veil'd from me,
Oh, could I doubt it reached at last
The flood that bore it to the sea!

Sempton, 21st January 1837.

TO EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

(FROM THE SUMMIT OF BENLEDI.)

Elliott! I want thee at my side, to-day!
Here are the scenes in which thy spirit prides;
Yon up-heav'd sea of hills, with rocks all grey,
And stream-worn furrows down their rugged sides.
An empire, wide and limitless, is thine:
Wild, ancient hills, where truth upholds her seat,
In grandeur stern—there lochs, in contrast fine,
Spread many-shaded mirrors at our feet.
Here thou, a truth-bold, yet child-hearted man,
Canst mount a throne to royal names denied,
Greater than he who leads his marshall'd van
O'er men and mountains, prostrate to his pride.
Thy soul takes wing 'mid desolation free,
And paints clear-pictured scenes of what our earth might be.

L.

TO SCOTLAND.

Scotland! thou art twice-wedded to my soul:
Thy voice, made music, in undying song
Comes o'er my feelings, as the sea-waves roll
Shoreward, with power—full, swelling, free, and strong;
Thy name, ennobled by the loftiest deeds,
Made my young heart a not unfaithful shrine;
Thy master-minds have sown the richest seeds,
Springing on other soils to honour thine,
What, then, was sought? This, more than imag'd joy,
Hiv'd with warm thoughts, a fond hope-woven plan—
To *see* that land which, cherish'd in the boy,
Grew with the ripen'd spirit of the man.
Long-stamped on mind, by thy own giant hand,
Thine image now I trace, and with thy great I stand.

L.

THE LATE ELECTION OF SCOTTISH PEERS.

As it must always be our desire to select such topics as may be most generally interesting to our readers throughout the empire, we cannot help dreading that the high-sounding title under which we now write, so far from exciting anything like universal attention, may rather have the effect of condemning this our page to be passed over with a "*pshaw!*" and shuffled by with a shove from many an indignant finger. But if it should happen that any eye more curious than the rest, may have chanced to skim thus far over its surface, we entreat the head to which it belongs to carry it on with us for a little way, that we may shortly consider what passed at the late election of the Scottish Peers—a ceremonial which, whatever it may be now, was certainly looked upon by those politicians who had a hand in the negociations which produced the union between the two extremities of Great Britain, as likely to have its due influence on the future legislation of the newly-consolidated kingdom. However unpopular that measure may have been in Scotland, especially among those who feared that it would rob them of that power, as well as of those profitable pickings, which they had hitherto reaped from their share of the management of its legislation and of its politics, the confined knowledge of the humbler classes of our northern forefathers must have led them to look for the production of certain powerful effects in the English House of Lords, by the introduction there of sixteen individuals taken from that body of mighty personages to whose solemn and severe countenances, richly arrayed persons, heavy gilded coaches, coronets, long-tailed horses, and trains of running footmen and attendants, they had been so long accustomed to turn up their eyes with wonder and awe. Their minds having been long prostrated by the power which those grandees of Scotland possessed, even over most of the landed gentry, as well as by the domineering manner in which they had always ruled in their own country —these poor people must have chuckled inwardly at the control which they anticipated that their Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and Lords, were likely to exercise over those in England, who, though they might be called by similar titles, must have been regarded by uninformed Scotsmen as beings of a very inferior order to those whose high carriage and scowling brows had all their lives filled them with fear and trembling, and before whose mighty fiat they believed that nothing human could stand. It is extremely probable, therefore, that they were prepared to believe, that the chosen few of those terrible great men who were to be sent southwards, would sway the whole destinies of the empire. On the other hand, good honest John Bull was doubtless rather dubious in his own mind as to what was to be the effect produced by the admission into the assemblage of polished, punctilious, and high-bred English Peers, of a set of men whom his ignorance led him to believe must be little better than a gang of kilted and bare-legged savages—shaggy of head and hairy of feature, and using or professing no other arguments than those which lay in the dirks and pistols that bristled within the wide circle of their belts. It is easy to conceive that it must have been a matter of some uneasiness for English prejudices to have contemplated the probable effects of the onslaught of such a ruffian crew so armed, upon the polite and perfumed members of the hall of the English Peerage; and we have very little doubt that bloody frays and cruel murders were the least of the evils that were probably anticipated from the fearful approach of those who were considered rather as wolves and bears than as human beings.

The forebodings that arose on both sides of the Tweed, however, were very speedily negatived. The Parliament of Great Britain was assembled, and it was very soon found that the sixteen Scottish Peers, as well as the forty-five gentlemen who were sent from Scotland to the new British House of Commons, were animals partaking more of the patient and mild disposition of asses, sheep, and spaniels, than of those of the wolves and bears for which they had been mistaken. So far from being prone to rend and to tear, they became all at once as pliant and supple as a set of well-drilled dancing dogs; and, during more than a century that has elapsed since the time of their amalgamation with their brethren in England, they have been most gentle and accommodating. They have not even exhibited the least disposition to bite or scratch those who have occupied their respective chambers along with them; on the contrary, they have uniformly gone to London, with their ears humbly drooping down over their shoulders, and their tails hanging among their feet, practising docility and obsequiousness all the way as they went, that they might be the more prepared properly to exercise it when they should come into the presence of the minister of the day, and that they might be ready to prostrate themselves before him the moment they should behold the glory of his countenance, and to lick the dust from off his feet whenever he should permit them to approach sufficiently near to his sacred person for their tongues to reach his shoes. Their wonderful cleverness, also, in acquiring the various evolutions which ministerial tacticians found it necessary to teach them, displayed an intelligence which very much astonished those who had considered them as the dull creatures of a cold, inhospitable northern clime, and miserable starving country. At last, to the amazement of all who observed them, their acquirements rapidly grew from less to more, till they so much exceeded the other recruits of the servile corps of ministerial enlistment, that they could figure in and figure out, chassez, balancez, cross hands,

and down the middle and up again, turn corners—ay, and cut and shuffle too—exactly as the ministerial master of the ceremonies for the day might direct; and all that with an agility, adroitness, and precision that has long been the absolute amazement of all beholders.

So far as the gentleman commoners of Scotland are concerned, all such indecent morrice-dancing as this has been pretty well stopped by the Reform Act, which has given to the people a voice in the election of the members of their own Lower House; and, if we can only succeed in obtaining the purification of that Act from those foul introductions with which the Tories have poisoned it, we may by and by see it even yet more effective in getting us rid of those posture-masters. But it is with the Peers that the title of this our paper tells us we have to do; and, if it be a dreary and comfortless prospect to look to what is to be expected from the whole body of the English incurables, or to consider how they are to be dealt with in the extremity they have brought us to—with what hopes shall we regard the clay and leaden subject of our Scottish Peers?

We do not say that there have not been glorious exceptions to the servility of the individuals of the sixteen Scottish representative peers; for, as the roll of the general Peerage of Scotland has always boasted of some Liberal Peers, who, though less violent, were not less rational in their Liberal opinions than the young Earl of Lauderdale once was, and who, much to their own honour, were at all times ready to espouse the cause of the people, and who continued to adhere to it to their last hour—so we are aware that such men were now and then carried into the body of the sixteen representative Peers, by the mere force of that universal respect which their characters commanded. But the days when all such approach to honest election was permitted, are now over. Any such dire innovation on the purity of the Tory batch can now no longer be tolerated. The close borough of the Scottish representative Peerage has been purged of every thing like liberality. Lord Elphinstone was the last lingering fragment of its remains that was swept forth from the threshold; and when his expulsion was effected by the exertions of a certain noble Earl, who is well known to exercise a tyrannical power over the weaker capacities of his brethren, and who is supposed to act as porter to that gate which gives admission to the select representative body, he applied the Hanoverian padlock and chain to its door, and, grinning horribly a ghastly smile of triumph at those noble Lords of the Scottish Peerage above whose Liberal politics the republican flights of his youth had once led him to soar far amid the clouds, he bids them go away with them and be hanged!

Having had a tolerably good preconceived idea of the nature of the ceremonial of the election of the Scottish Peers, we have, hitherto, avoided giving ourselves the pain of witnessing what every liberal man must consider as an absolute insult upon the country where it is practised. But, as the picture of a thing raised by fancy in our minds, is never precisely in all respects correct, when compared with the original, and as a just knowledge of things is thus only to be gained by personal observation, we have always been disposed to prefer submitting to some little trouble in order to enable ourselves to think and judge correctly; and, accordingly, we did, at last, with some reluctance, make up our minds to be present in the grand, gloomy, old picture-gallery of the ancient palace of Holyrood, on Friday the 25th of August last; and we must confess that, had the election been anything like liberal, the scene would have been in itself rather impressive. A long table in the centre, occupying about a third part of the length of the hall, was furnished with chairs enough on both sides of it to have held the whole Scottish Peerage. Behind these were several rows of seats, for Peeresses and their friends. At the upper end, there was a cross table, where were placed the two clerks of the Court of Session, who were there for the purpose of ruling any points of law that might arise, and the clergyman, whose prayers were required in opening and closing the meeting. The two extremities of the hall were occupied by ranges of seats rising backwards one over another; and these, and the other places set apart for strangers, were filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, admitted by tickets obtained from Scottish Peers. The whole spectacle, arranged as it was, presented a pretty, as well as a picturesque, *coup d'œil*, with the grim visages of the Scottish monarchs, from King Fergus down to James the Sixth of Scotland, inclusive, looking earnestly over it from their frames.

Proceedings were begun by a prayer from Dr Lee, which was in itself excellent for such an occasion, if that occasion had been rightly conducted; but which became a perfect mockery when followed up by the absolute farce to which it was the solemn preface; though, in justice to the pious and reverend Doctor, we must say that he did his part reverently and conscientiously, and that the sin of the mockery lay not at his door, but with those who turned that which was good and holy into an abomination by the unworthiness of their after work. We, for our part, could not behold a set of noblemen met with the intent of perpetrating a purpose so truly dishonest to the people of Scotland, and so utterly hostile to the best interests of their country, without shuddering to think that they, whose Conservative zeal for religion is so professedly great, and whose superior piety is held up to the eyes of the world with so much pretension, should have permitted the holy privilege of prayer to be so abused in their persons. After the perusal of her Majesty's warrant for calling the Parliament and for the election, and after the oaths of allegiance had been taken by the Peers composing the meeting, the roll of the whole Scottish Peers was read over; and of those so called, eighteen personally answered to their names. Of this number the individual calling

himself the Earl of Stirling was protested against, as having no claim to that title, nor right to vote; as it is to be presumed, therefore, that he appeared and voted more to keep up his claim to the peerage of Stirling than for the immediate object of the election, we may lay him aside so far as it is concerned. There were there present, then, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Earls of Morton, Hume, Strathmore, Lauderdale, Airly, Leven, Selkirk, and Orkney, Viscounts Arbuthnot and Strathallan, and Lords Forbes, Saltoun, Sinclair, Colville, and Belhaven. The last-mentioned was the only Liberal Peer who attended; but he went away after leaving a signed list on the table, and we were left ignorant as to what names it contained, owing to its having some informality in it which prevented its being received. We may, therefore, omit his Lordship; trusting, for his own honour, that his list was a right one. It was thus evident that the few Liberal Peers who do exist, with the Dukes of Hamilton and Roxburgh at their head, had made up their minds to be no parties to that scandalous proceeding, the result of which their presence could not have affected; and we, for our part, could not help applauding them for so resolving; for, by their absence, the whole odium of an election so insulting to the nation at large and to the people of Scotland in particular, must now rest on the shoulders of what we may, perhaps, with great propriety, and doubtless with great gratification to themselves, distinguish as the Hanoverian moiety of the Scottish Peerage; and we are thus left with so much the better hope, that, if the magnitude of this scandal does not shame its perpetrators into amendment, the people will at least see all the more clearly who are their decided enemies.

We had thus, then, assembled sixteen Peers, of Hanoverian politics, for the purpose of electing the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland. They were all of them very good worthy men in society; but such a strange group of unintellectual-looking heads, Lavater himself could never have imagined it possible to have beheld collected about any one table. How far their intellects may or may not belie their looks, we do not pretend to say; seeing that they have afforded us little opportunity of judging—with the single exception, perhaps, of that same noble Earl to whom we have already most directly alluded, whose superior powers of mind are generally supposed to have enabled him to carry the opinions and will of all the rest in his pocket, and whose talents have, at least, had the important effect of bringing his very extraordinary political tergiversation more fully into the broad day-light of public condemnation. Nothing could be more ludicrous than to behold them, with their heads all drawn together, crouching over the table, like a parcel of schoolboys at their tasks, each working away at his pot-hooks, to produce his list—so far as we could see—from a copy set before him, written, no doubt, by the great monitor of the whole school. This done—and it took a long time to do, as if the mere mechanical act of writing was anything but easy for them—there was a consultation with their great prime mover, and a rising, and a shaking of wise heads, and a goggling of portentous eyes, and a muttering and mumbling, that put us in mind of the horrible incantations of the weird sisterhood in "Macbeth." Yes—we do say that it surprised us that Macbeth himself did not start from his place on the wall of the gallery, at the very sight of them, exclaiming—

> ——————— "What are these,
> So withered and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't?"—"You should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so."

For our own parts, we must honestly confess that we could not look down from on high, on that table, and behold those noble Lords thus laying their heads together, to prepare their poisonous pill, compounded of Peers, nauseous in the nostrils of the people, as being notorious for politics altogether opposed to the best interests of their country, without thinking of the mischievous old women assembled round the caldron, under the wicked influence of Hecate:—

> "Round about the caldron go;
> In the poisoned entrails throw—
> Toad that under coldest stone
> Days and nights hast thirty-one
> Sweltered venom, sleeping got—
> Boil them first i' the charmed pot!
> Fillet of a fenny snake
> In the caldron boil and bake;
> Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing—
> For a charm of powerful trouble,
> Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
> Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

We must confess that we never saw any part better played than that of Hecate, by the noble Lord who performed it. He looked the character to admiration, and went through the dumb show of the piece with a propriety altogether befitting the occasion. As for his Peers, we may safely declare, that they altogether amazed us. Some of those who were there were not only present in their own personal shapes, but they absolutely contrived, by means of their strange witchcraft, to appear also as some of their absent friends, of similar politics. Thus, the Duke of Buccleuch suddenly became the Duke of Montrose, and, after that, the Marquis of Lothian; and my Lord Morton was as suddenly transformed into the Earl of Aberdeen; whilst the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls of Mar, Moray, Haddington, Dumfries, Elgin, Wemyss, Dalhousie, Balcarras, Glasgow, Cathcart, and Mansfield; Viscount Kenmure; and Lords Reay, Forrester, Rollo, and Ruthven—each and all of them Conservatives—appeared from the pockets of some one or other of the potent witches present. The "*toil and trouble*" was thus "*doubly doubled*," and the unholy joy of those initiated disciples of this abominable craft rose higher and higher.

But, full of mirth as the eldrich sport might be to those gifted beldams who were employed in it, we tell you, brother Reformers, that their foul sport and horrible spells were meant to be death to us.

And yet, when the charm was at last duly wrought, and each of the weird sisterhood arose in turn to pronounce an individual share of the potent spell that was intended to bind you, and to shackle more and more your freedom of action, so as to render all your honest efforts for the recovery of your liberty utterly hopeless, we must acknowledge that, if we had not been too much grieved and disgusted to laugh, our risible muscles must have been greatly affected by the solemn and pompous absurdity of each new enunciation *of precisely the same list of names*—which was sixteen times repeated *viva voce*, by those present, for themselves, and we know not how many times for those who, though absent in the body, were present in the spirit, at this terrible incantation. Strange it was to observe, that all were so accurate as never to let slip one name of the mystic knot—amply proving that spiritual communion which must have previously taken place between them and Hecate, their great head, in order to produce so perfect and unbroken an unity of purpose, which ensured the weaving of as pretty a garland of red-hot, bigoted, and immovable Toryism, as ever was sent up to vote in either House of Parliament, under Hanoverian leaders, against all those measures of reform and amelioration so anxiously panted for by the people, and that in defiance of all the right reason and sound argument that may be arrayed in their support. Depend upon it these sixteen worthies of Caledonia will obey their great head when in Parliament as well as they did in Holyrood, where each individual of them, not already provided for, took care, with a due regard to his own importance, accurately and faithfully to dovetail his own name into the precious list that contained those of his friends.

We have no hesitation in saying that, of all the farces that we ever saw—and we have seen many—this was, unquestionably, the most unblushingly impudent. Talk of O'Connell and his Tail! What is the Tail of the great Agitator of Ireland compared to that of our wily Caledonian Earl, composed as it is of sixteen jewelled, coroneted, and sparkling Peers? But, glittering as its joints may be, we may well laugh at them so far as the people are concerned. The truth is, that wisdom should have taught them to have contented themselves with less; for this last masterstroke of witchcraft is rather too much. It is well calculated to make the people think—and if the people do once begin to think seriously, they will soon fall upon summary means of abating so great, so offensive, and so insulting a nuisance. Wishing well to these foolish men, as we very naturally do, from certain connexions and sympathies we have with them, we would earnestly counsel them to cease any longer thus to add insult to injury in their opposition to the honest and legitimate wishes and demands of an intelligent and determined people—else do we, without any great pretensions to prophetical powers, venture to predict that they may be the means of pulling down their own house, just as it appears to us that the clergy of both National Churches are working to undermine theirs. We, for our parts, want to see the constitution renovated and perfected—not overturned; but, as Dirk Hatteraick said to Gilbert Glossin, "if they *will* have it," then must they blame themselves, and not the over-goaded people whom they are so recklessly, so unwisely, and so contemptuously trampling under their iron heels. For our part, so far as the ultimate result of our struggles for freedom may be concerned, we regard the noble Earl's Tail pretty much as we do that of a peacock—or, perhaps, more like that attached to a paper kite; whereas, we consider that of O'Connell as the tail of a lion, the angry agitation of which is always calculated to excite alarm in the mind of every rational person. Trusting, however, to the noble-minded courage of the animal, we have no fears of anything sanguinary from him, knowing as we do the pitiful nature of his opponents; for, if they dare to stand before him, their string of worthless, though glittering rags, must be shrivelled into tinder by the very breath of his nostrils. But, through the merciful interference of Divine Providence, and a due respect for the power of the people, we trust that they will become wiser—that they will cease to continue to set themselves up as obnoxious obstacles to all improvement—that justice will speedily be done to Ireland—and that the whole laws and institutions of the United Kingdom will be renovated and brought up to that state of perfectibility, to which we may venture to hope that things human may be carried by the proper concentration and application of human wisdom.

We shall conclude these few and hasty observations, by saying, that, as this was our first visit to an election of Scottish Peers, we have every reason to think that we shall have no desire to repeat it. We confess that we returned from it with our respect for the hereditary wisdom, as well as for the grace, beauty, and nobleness of our Caledonian Peerage, reduced to a very low ebb—with the spirit of Christianity within us very much shocked—with our feelings as men very much humbled—and with our pride as Scotsmen absolutely laid in the very dust. Oh, venerable shade of Robert Bruce! are these the drivelling dregs, the vivified dust and ashes of those heroes, who fought and bled with you for Scotland's freedom and for Scotland's glory? As we sat beholding their doings, we could not help looking up, from time to time, to the heroic portrait of the Bruce—fancying that it frowned indignantly upon them, as they sat at their unholy orgies—and half expecting the grim warrior to quit his canvass, and to stalk down upon them, dispersing the miserable group like a flock of chattering baboons, by one single wave of his truncheon. And if he had done so,

and in this way put an end to this childish, but mischievous piece of mockery, we conceive that his spirit would have not only added a trifle to the many benefits which it conferred on his country, whilst it bravely animated his kingly person in the olden time, but it might have been the means of saving these blind and foolish men, by arresting their progress towards that precipice of destruction to which some strange madness seems to be irresistibly impelling them.

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LITERARY REGISTER.

The Life and Poems of Michael Bruce. By the Rev. William Mackelvie, Balgedie.

THE editor and biographer has performed his office with reverence and love; and told us much more about the simple tenor of Bruce's life than we had fancied it possible now to arrive at. There can be no person of much poetical sensibility or national feeling in Scotland who has not at one time or another admired, loved, and deeply sympathized with the fortunes of Michael Bruce: so young, so gifted, so unfortunate, as we deem him; born in obscurity, reared in the most extreme penury, and ever struggling with poverty, until he was consigned to an early grave. There is much in this memoir to shew that our pity is misplaced. The life of Michael Bruce was full of enjoyment—quiet, lowly, but refined and elevating. His is still a bright and a beloved name; and to the distant and the unborn, it will continue so. He is the unsetting star of his native district, the kindler of virtuous enthusiasm in the bosoms of the young, and the proud theme of the aged. He has bequeathed the world some exquisite poetry; and, during his brief and obscure life, while existing on a couple of shillings a-week, he was the possessor of the most precious treasures of time, and the rich inheritor of eternal blessedness. His humble history, his amiable dispositions, and pure and blameless character, are in some respects more interesting than his poetry, which derives much of its charm from the condition of the writer. Bruce, the herd-boy, the poor scholar, the elegant poet, with his father and mother, their hardships, their patience, and piety, and pride in the genius of their son, form a picture which no one can contemplate without that tenderness which "maketh the heart better."

Mr Mackelvie has bestowed great pains in collecting original information respecting Bruce; and out of these short and simple annals he has woven a very engaging history. He has entered keenly into the old controversy about the true authorship of the beautiful verses to the cuckoo, which he claims for Bruce; thus affixing a deep stigma upon the memory of Logan. The point can never now be fully cleared up; and we are contented to let it rest, unwilling to believe that, with all his failings, Logan deserves the severe condemnation implied. The poems and songs of which Logan is the undoubted author, do not make it in the least impossible that the verses to the cuckoo should be his; and their exquisite simplicity, the very perfection of refined skill in versification, shew, we think, greater maturity of taste than belongs to any of Michael Bruce's undisputed verses. There is enough in the life and in the verse of Bruce without this, to endear him for ever to every kindred mind; and above all, to the youth of Scotland. By them this volume will be duly prized.

Domestic Prospects of the Country.

This pamphlet has made some noise in the world. It was taken, or rather mistaken, for the wonted special pleading, the Ministerial Manifesto for the coming session. It was, therefore, rashly lauded to the skies, by the Government prints, in one day; but, finding that the thing did not take, and that they had mistaken their cue, it was disclaimed and run down the next. Now, the pamphlet is, after all, not stupid. It is, indeed, though *young*, rather clever. We wish we could say as much for its honesty. The author, as in duty bound, has got up a little bit of fudge about Ireland, to clap to the tail of his English manifestations, and some blarney about the young Queen; but, excepting this, there is not very much sheer nonsense in his well-meant lucubrations.

Religion and Politics. By Robert Dick, M.D.

This gentleman's pamphlet is a bold argument for tolerance, charity, and liberality in opinions concerning religion and politics. Even those who consider his dogmas unsound, may approve of his charity. Though not *orthodox* himself, he gives wholesome counsel to those who are so, and particularly to the Established Clergy. Laxity was their general rule a few years back; now, they are hastening to the other extreme—ascetism. It is difficult to say which is the worst. We incline to think the laxity, carelessness, or total indifference of twenty years since, the greater evil; the author of the pamphlet, on the other hand, condemns the strictness and severity now assumed.

Some Recollections of Jeremy Bentham. By Mr Prentice, Editor of the *Manchester Times*.

This little pamphlet will probably have had a wide circulation before we have the pleasure of introducing it to our readers, as we believe it lately appeared in Mr Prentice's newspaper. It gives an interesting relation of several interviews and conversations which the author had with the venerable philosopher, when on a visit in London, not long before his decease. It will form a useful, though small contribution, to Dr. Bowring's materials for composing Bentham's Memoirs.

The Churches of London.

Tilt is at present publishing, in Numbers, a history of the metropolitan churches, with views of the exterior, and of their various decorations, tombs, windows, &c. &c. The history abounds in traditions, and delightful *bits* of antiquarianism.

A few more Parts of BELL'S HISTORY OF BRITISH QUADRUPEDS have appeared. The wood engravings are truly beautiful; and, as in these numbers they are of the domestic animals, horses, asses, cattle, sheep, goats, &c. more than ordinarily interesting.

NEW NOVELS.

Let the evenings grow as long, and the weather as wet as it pleases, whether in the country, by the sea-side, or at any interior watering-place, however dull, we may this season bid *ennui* and tedium defiance. Most bountifully has the press of Colburn and of the other prescriptive London caterers dropped romance, tale, and novel. The ladies are the principal artists in the present season, with the solitary exception of Captain Marryat, from whom we have, in SNARLEYOW, a story which we perceive is much admired, and which certainly possesses a great deal of brute force, so to speak, and shews much knowledge of the worst aspects of human nature. Yet, "Snarleyyow" is not at all to our taste, nor yet likely to add fresh laurels to the wreath of the author of "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful."

Stokeshill Place, or the Man of Business,

From the pen of Mrs Gore, is distinguished by all her characteristic excellencies—her unceasing vivacity, her charming facility, her large knowledge of the world, and delightful mode of insinuating practical wisdom, and enforcing all the domestic and feminine virtues, without once assuming the grave or pedantic airs of a professed teacher. We have so often spoken in terms of the highest commendation of this lady's productions, and given so many proofs in support of our admiration, that we con-

sider it unnecessary to dwell longer upon "Stokeshill Place," as, before our pages can reach the public, it will have become a stock-piece in all the circulating libraries, and a favourite on many a table. No author of the present time so faithfully and vividly pictures modern English society, in the fashionable and middle ranks, as Mrs Gore. And this is but one of her characteristic merits.

Uncle Horace, by Mrs Hall,

Is a novel in every way adapted to the circulating library. It abounds in the staple of romance—plots, mysteries, and incidents, more startling than natural or original; and thus fulfils the main object of keeping alive the reader's interest. Uncle Horace himself is a well-imagined character, not always in keeping, but always piquant, and often amusing.

Country Stories, by Miss Mitford,

Might be sworn to as hers before any literary tribunal in the three kingdoms. She is a decided mannerist, which is just so much the better, since her manner is so peculiar and delightful. She is the *Gainsborough* of English writers, with all his characteristic beauties, and but few of his faults; for Miss Mitford neither caricatures nor yet *idealizes* her charming rustics; her healthful, hearty, and sturdy peasants, and delicious bits of English landscape. We could sometimes wish that a few more elements entered into her compositions, that she chose a greater breadth of canvass, and painted in a deeper and bolder style. But then her transparent, original style might be lost, and, in that case, we should be anything but gainers. The stories in this volume, or the greater part of them, have already been seen scattered through different periodical works; but we think that they are generally retouched and amplified; and, at any rate, no English writings of entertainment better deserve to take an abiding form than those charming sketches of whatever is most delightful, in the *real* rural life of England. How much truth, nature, and life are embodied in the story of *Aunt Deborah!* how much beauty and pathos in *Jesse Cliffe*, and tender sweetness in the *Widow's Dog!*

FINE ARTS.

A few more Parts of Finden's national series of THE PORTS AND HARBOURS OF GREAT BRITAIN have appeared. The paintings are by different artists of celebrity. In the last Part, (the 8th,) we are bound to signalize *Ramsgate* and *Hastings*, *Weymouth* and *Budleigh Salterton*.

The 13th Part of the SHAKSPEARE FEMALE GALLERY is before us. The fancy portraits are—*The Abbess*, in the "Comedy of Errors," a stately, majestic dame; *Silvia*, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," an elegant *Annual* young lady; and the tender *Cordelia*, a deep shadow veiling her face, dropping "holy water from her heavenly eyes," on hearing of the cruelty of her sisters and the sufferings of her father, ere she retires "to deal with grief alone."

POLITICAL REGISTER.

IT is now certain that Parliament is to meet in November; the great number of election petitions, as well as the extent of business left undone last Session, rendering it necessary to resume the sittings earlier than usual. The expense of the election appears to have exhausted the ready money of the Tories, and they have resorted to the unprecedented device of publicly setting on foot subscriptions, to unseat the Irish Liberal Members. Such a scheme will form to the Repealers a strong argument for dissevering the connection between Ireland and Great Britain; for what is it the Tories have in view? Nothing less than to disfranchise Ireland in the gross, and to deprive the people of that country of their right to return to Parliament the representatives of their choice. What would we in Scotland think of subscriptions publicly advertised in England and Ireland, to petition against the return of our Representatives? We are convinced that it would rouse the country from end to end, and that such a spirit would be shewn as would speedily put an end to the attempt; nor do we believe that the Irish are so tame-spirited as quietly to submit to it. We hope that, as is usual with other subscriptions, the names of the subscribers will be published, that it may be seen who are the parties who support it.

The discussion as to the amount of the majority for Ministers in the New Parliament, has proceeded during the month. The *Spectator* sets it down as low as fourteen, and the Whig papers estimate it at forty, or, at the utmost, forty-three. It is therefore useless to conceal the fact that the Tories have been the victorious party at the general election. The Whig tenure of office is most precarious. Had Lord Melbourne not dissolved Parliament till after the registrations for this year, it is more than likely that he would have been left in a minority. In Peeblesshire, for example, the Tory gain on this year's registration, is eighty-nine; in Berwickshire, thirty-one; and so on in numerous other places. The Whigs state, that they have obtained a working majority. This may be quite true if it is intended to proceed in the do-nothing style of last Parliament, preparing measures for the rejection of the Lords; but not if any efficient measures are meant to be carried. The Reform Bill, it is now proved, is quite insufficient to secure a fair representation; and, if no farther organic changes are made, we must lay our account again to sink under Tory rule; or, what is the same thing, practically to be ruled by the Whigs on Tory principles, a system for which their pamphleteers are already preparing the public. They attempt to shew that everything must be sacrificed to keep the present Administration in office. This also is the theme of O'Connell, (who has now obtained the patronage of Ireland,) in a long address to the People of Ireland. We would like to know what good the present Administration has done to Ireland, or which of the numerous grievances she labours under, has been redressed by the Whigs. There has been plenty of talk of what was intended; but, as little was done in last Parliament to relieve her, nothing, it is not difficult to see, will be done in the next.

We do not observe that Scotland has derived much more benefit from the Reform Bill than Ireland. The only beneficial measure, affecting this part of the empire, which has been carried for the last five years, is the Municipal Corporation Act. Numerous attempts have been made to reform particular parts of the law; but the only measure of general importance which has been carried, is the act regarding *Cessiones Bonorum*, and a more slovenly-drawn and ambiguous enactment does not disgrace the statute-book. It has already led to the most expensive litigation; and the most contradictory decisions as to the true intent of the greater number of its provisions have been pronounced in the different Sheriff-courts of Scotland. The person who has derived the greatest advantage by it is the "writer," as he is called, of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, who is allowed to charge 10s. 10½d. for a notice, which any other newspaper would insert for 3s. no government duty being exigible. It must have nearly doubled his emoluments. Is it not disgraceful, that a sinecure office should be kept up out of the miseries of the people? There is not one case in a hundred, where there are any funds to be given up by the pursuer of a cessio; and, considering how the writer of the *Gazette* is paid from other sources, he should not have been allowed to draw any emolument from the inmates of our jails.

ENGLAND.

The seventh annual meeting of the British Association of Science took place at Liverpool on the 11th of September. Many distinguished foreigners were present; but the proceedings do not appear to have been of much interest. Mr Cross's experiments on the reproduction of insects from silica, were the subject of renewed discussion. It appeared that the experiments had been repeated

without any insects being found, and it was generally agreed that he had been mistaken, and that they had been produced from the water employed in the experiment.

Dr. Thomson of Glasgow read an account of a series of experiments he had made on the comparative properties of cold and hot blast iron, by which it was proved that the latter was the purer, and in many respects superior to the former. The observations and experiments of Mr Russel of this city, on tide waves in rivers, excited much interest. The velocity of the tide, it appears, is always increased by an increase of the depth of the river, and is diminished by the breadth. If the channel were only four feet deep, and the tide went eight miles an hour, it would flow fifteen miles an hour if the channel were made fifteen feet deep. A sloping bank retards the tide, while a verticle bank accelerates it.

The Association appears to go on prosperously. They have a balance in hand of upwards of £5000, which would be considerably augmented by the sale of tickets.

THE PENSION LIST.—It was generally believed that the practice of giving unmerited pensions had been abandoned by the present Administration, and that the amount of the Pension List would rapidly diminish by the deaths of the present pensioners. It appears, however, that the pensions payable out of the Civil List alone, granted within these last two years is £4540, and those which have fallen amount in value to £4389; so that there is a positive increase in the burden. Some of these pensions are perhaps well deserved, although we wish that some other means could be fallen upon for rewarding men of literature and science, than by taxing the people; but, as heretofore, in the good old times of Tory rule, the great proportion of the grants are to connexions of the aristocracy, of one sort or another; generally females, of whose title to public favour the great body of the people are certainly as ignorant as ourselves.

THE BALLOT.—One of the advantages of the defeat of the Liberals at the late General Election, is the opening of men's eyes to the value of the Ballot. In all parts of the country, we observe converts to the necessity of secret voting. At South Shields, a great meeting was held to petition Parliament for the Ballot. The Town Hall was too small to hold the meeting, and it was adjourned to the Market Place. Some Tories were present, and, on its being moved, as an amendment to the petition, that the Ballot was improper and unnecessary, only *eleven* hands were held up. At a dinner given in West Somerset, to the Member, Mr Sanford, Mr Crosse, the Chairman, said that the general demand for the Ballot must be complied with. Mr Sanford having afterwards remarked that he was in favour of the £50 clause; but that it was a mistake to give the franchise to any class of men, without the power of freely exercising it, and that power he was prepared to give, the company, with one voice, called out "The Ballot! The Ballot!" In East Cornwall, the Liberal tenantry, stimulated by their recent defeat, are everywhere forming Registration and Ballot Clubs; in Suffolk, a great meeting is to be held to petition for the Ballot; and what will have more weight with those who are led by great names, Lord John Russell has stated that, while the Reform Bill was in preparation, it was at first proposed to give the Ballot with a £20 franchise, instead of the £10 franchise without it. In Scotland and Ireland, the demand for the Ballot is equally loud.

ARISTOCRATIC SUBSCRIPTIONS.—When our nobility subscribe to any charity, it is blazoned through the newspapers as an act of extraordinary generosity, however mean and contemptible the subscription may really be. For example, the Marquis of Abercorn has subscribed £100 to the Paisley weavers, and this is held out as a great matter. How much revenue the Marquis may derive from his English and Irish estates we do not know; but we believe that he has at least £10,000 a-year from Scotland, £6000 of which are drawn from the immediate vicinity of Paisley, being the produce of certain Church lands, the gift of which, at the Reformation, convinced one of his ancestors of the errors of Popery; and the value of which lands have undoubtedly been increased enfold by the progress of manufacturing industry, and the creation of an immense population in their neighbourhood. Yet all this nobleman can afford, in order to relieve the weavers from starvation, is the one-hundredth part of his *Scotch* income; being in the same proportion as if a man of £500 a-year gave £5, an act which no one would consider any great stretch of munificence.

HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE.—It appears, by a return from the police of Liverpool, that the number of persons living in cellars in that town, is 39,310. If household suffrage were given, these persons would return the Members, while a great proportion of clerks, artisans, and tradesmen would have no vote whatever.

SCOTLAND.

THE ESTABLISHMENT.—We always believed that the people of Glasgow were much more regular attenders of the church than the inhabitants of Edinburgh; but we find that we are mistaken. It appears that, in the ten city churches, containing 11,876 sittings, only 8609 are let, and 3267 are unlet. In 1831, the total population of the city and suburbs was 202,426; and the total sittings in the various places of worship, 73,425—viz., in the Established Church, 30,928; Dissenters, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, 42,497. This is in the proportion of one sitting to $2\frac{75}{100}$ persons, or 20,291 sittings less than the number required by law; yet nearly one-third of the sittings are unlet. We see from such facts the absurdity of the clamour for additional endowments, and of building more churches. We have no doubt that many sittings in the new churches will be occupied: but this will happen chiefly by emptying those already built.

THE WHIG COMMISSIONS.—The Whig Administration has been characterised as a government of commissions, and it has certainly issued more than any other Administration in an equal time. We believe that in many cases, a commission is the best method of getting at truth; but the commissioners require to be sharply looked after; for, like other men, they are in general most unwilling to resign their power. The Scotch Law Commission and Church Commission, which were expected to terminate their labours in a few months, have now sat for several years, and issued various reports; but not a single practical measure has been derived from either; and we will venture to say, that many years will elapse before their sittings will be closed. We had a Scotch Law Commission during nearly the whole war, each Commissioner having a salary of £1000 a-year; but, except drawing up some half-dozen of Reports, which not one in ten even of the profession have ever looked into, the Commission might as well never have been appointed, and many thousands a-year might have been saved to the public. The English Commission, "concerning charities," shews strongly how such matters are practically managed. The Thirteenth Report, containing the usual quantity of about 1000 folio pages, has just been printed. The Commission consists of twenty-two persons, at the head of whom are Lord Brougham and Sir E. Sugden; it has lasted twenty years, and has cost £300,000, and the charities are abused precisely in the same way as when the Commission commenced its labours!

From a return of the expense of commissions for the last thirty years, it appears that it has gone on regularly increasing, from about £25,000 a-year, at the end of the war, to no less than £127,937, in 1836. In 1830, the sum was £65,275; in 1831, £52,600; and now, it is more than double. This is the government which boasted that ruling by patronage was at an end!

IRELAND.

Intimidation and exclusive dealing, which have been so extensively advocated and resorted to by the Tories, have, to their great annoyance, been put in force against themselves in Dublin; and with what efficiency the middle and lower classes can work these means of influencing the elections, will be seen from the following facts, which we give on Tory authority. Guinness, the well-known Dublin brewer, was exceedingly active in his support of the Tory candidates for that city; and not only do the people refuse to drink his beer, but they

watch the grocers and innkeepers so closely, that it is only during the night that they are able to smuggle Guinness's beer into their premises. The draymen have been assaulted taking the beer into the country; and they have stated that they would not again venture on such a duty, as they were sure it would cost them their lives. Even the proprietors of the canal boats have declined allowing the "tabooed" liquor to be put on board their boats; and persons are travelling about the country, warning retailers of beer not to deal with Guinness. We hope these circumstances will convince the Tories of the risk they run by the practice of exclusive dealing.

At an election dinner given at Armagh by the Orange Colonel Verner, to commemorate his return, one of the toasts proposed was, "The Battle of the Diamond"—a bloody conflict fought about forty years ago between the Catholics and Protestants, in which a great number of the former were massacred. It was this battle which led to the establishment of Orange Lodges. Colonel Verner, having been called on by the Lord Lieutenant to give some explanation of his conduct, and having returned a shuffling and evasive answer, notice has been sent him that he is to be excluded from the commission of the peace, and deprived of his office of deputy-lieutenant.

Mr Sharman Crawford has addressed a long letter to Mr O'Connell, in which he maintains that Mr O'Connell has always considered measures and principles of secondary importance, when compared with the possession of patronage, or the power to put men of liberal opinions in office; that, by his bargain with the Ministers, he has got the patronage of Ireland, and is, therefore, ready to defend their abandonment of measures he once insisted on as essential to the welfare of the country; and that his policy is short-sighted, and will prove injurious to Ireland. Mr O'Connell has subsequently published a long address to the Irish People, in which, in fulfilment of his part of the bargain, we presume, he advises the Irish to sacrifice everything, for the sake of keeping the Whigs in office. The cry now is—men, not measures.

CANADA.

The provincial parliament of Lower Canada was opened on the 18th August, with a speech from Lord Gosford. He informed the members, that he called them together at that unusual period in obedience to the royal command, in order to afford the House of Assembly an opportunity of reconsidering the course which, during the last few years, they had thought proper to pursue with regard to the financial difficulties of the province; and, by granting the supplies, to render it unnecessary to proceed on the resolutions of the Imperial Parliament. It was generally believed at Quebec, that the session would not last more than three or four days.

The spirit which actuates the local authorities, may be judged of from the circumstance, that, six days before the meeting of the House of Assembly, Mr Papineau was, in his character of a Major of the Montreal militia, called to account for certain resolutions passed at a meeting held at St Lawrence, so far back as the 15th of May, and which resolutions were extensively published in the newspapers of the day. Mr Papineau, in his answer, indignantly denies the right of the Governor to inquire into his conduct; and denies that the resolutions contained any recommendation to violate the laws. The object of this step on the part of the Governor, evidently is, to furnish him with a pretence for rejecting Mr Papineau, when he is elected Speaker of the Assembly. Matters in this province are making anything but progress towards an amicable adjustment.

The Newfoundland House of Assembly met on the 4th August, and elected Dr. Carson, a violent Radical, as its speaker.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Congress was to meet in the beginning of September, and great exertions were making by both parties to secure a majority. The Van Buren party have lost a number of the elections, and their majority, which last year was from twenty-eight to thirty, has been reduced to six or eight. No further failures had occurred, and the banks throughout the Union were preparing for a resumption of cash payments, by steadily curtailing their discounts—a measure which, of course, gave little satisfaction to mercantile men. The amount due by America to Britain is estimated to be now reduced to six millions of dollars. Considering that America took last year £12,425,605, or more than 23 per cent., of the whole exports of our produce and manufactures, this is an inconsiderable sum; and there is little doubt that less loss will be sustained by this country from her American customers, from the late crisis, than was at first anticipated.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Trade of all sorts is slowly reviving in the manufacturing districts; and the late favourable news from America must tend to relieve the late dulness. In France, and on the Continent generally, little activity prevails. The exports from the French capital have diminished one-third, and the number of bankruptcies is nearly double that of the preceding year. It is chiefly small shop-keepers, however, who have been unable to meet their engagements. Only five of the bankruptcies exceeded 8,000; and twenty-two, £4,000. Capital is attracted principally to railways and public works. In the South of France, Italy, and Sicily, commerce has been nearly put a stop to by the cholera, and by the stringent precautions the governments of these states have taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

AGRICULTURE.

In Scotland, the weather has, on the whole, been highly favourable for the operations of the harvest; and, in the low country, nearly the whole of the crop was in stook by the middle of September. The corn markets in Scotland have been rather dull throughout the month, for there is now little doubt that in this part of the kingdom the grain crops will yield a fair average return, though the quality, in many instances, will turn out inferior, from more than the usual proportion of the crop having been lodged some weeks before it was reaped. In the eastern parts of England, much rain fell in the early part of September which greatly impeded the harvest. The quality of the wheat which has already been brought to Mark Lane, shews much disparity in sample; some of it is plumper and brighter than last year's crop, much inferior in colour and weight, and, from exposure to the weather, or being too hastily carried, much will be unfit for grinding for many weeks. There is still greater difference in the quality of the barley crop, and it is estimated that the best chevalier barley for malting will realize from 8s. to 10s. a-quarter above the inferior sorts. The average prices of corn for the second week of September were—wheat, 58s. 4d.; barley, 28s. 8d.; oats, 23s. 10d.

At Falkirk Tryst, there was a small supply of sheep, which brought prices from five to ten per cent. higher than at the same Tryst last year. The best Cheviot wedders sold for £1, 10s., but the average 3s. or 4s. lower; Cheviot ewes, from 12s. to 18s.; black-faced wedders ranged from 16s. to 22s., the highest lot bringing 24s. 6d.; black-faced ewes 8s. to 14s. The demand for sheep was brisk. Cattle and horses met with a dull sale. The best West Highland stots brought £10; queys, £7; grazing cows, £6, 15s.; small, lean, Highland cattle sold as low as from 30s. to 60s.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

WHAT OUGHT THE WHIGS TO DO?

BY A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.*

We think that this question might be thus simply answered:—Let them act honestly to the People, and resolutely against the enemies of the People, in the great struggle which is now making by the People to procure beneficial self-government for themselves; by which we mean a wholesome control over every department of the State, and a thorough reformation of every abuse in every department. We, for our parts, are so persuaded of the honesty of the Queen, as well as of her liberality and intelligence, that we are convinced that no Minister, who is not thus honestly the People's Minister, could long enjoy her confidence. This we assert, in the firm belief that Victoria!—most propitious name!—is the People's Queen, in fact, as well as in mere designation; and, if we should be deceived in the truth of this supposition, wo indeed would it, alas! be to herself, as well as to the People of these realms. But we are determined to hold that we have augured rightly regarding her Majesty; and, if we have done so, we may safely say to the People that they have nothing to fear. And, then, as to Lord Melbourne, in whose honesty we are disposed to place implicit reliance, we beg to remind him that, if we have guessed rightly regarding the Queen, he has no longer to sail against the wind of royal opinion, but that it has now turned in his favour, and that he will be borne on by both it and the tide of popular opinion; so that it will be his own fault if he does not make way, notwithstanding all the Tory rocks and shoals, and adverse flows, with which his navigation may be beset. We

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

* It is settled by the testimony of Mr O'Connell, who first invented the nickname *Tory-Radical*, that there is not a single specimen of that (fabulous?) animal to be found in all Scotland. Though we are thus, on the best authority, placed above suspicion of an impossible crime, and universally declared to be among the most consistently honest and devoted of Radicals, fault is often found with our fiery zeal and unrestrained speech, which, as much as the captiousness of our uncompromising Tory-Radical brethren of the south, tends, it is alleged, to "endanger the Government." If these complaints of Ministerial adherents were put in the true form, our error would be, ever venturing to hint a fault in Whig policy, past, present, or to come. We have little respect for such time-serving censors; but there is another description of Reformers whose good opinion we covet, though we would impress upon them that there are times when valour is the better part of discretion. But, if more timid, or less strenuous, these cautious, anxious Reformers are as liberal and sincere as those who think with us. In deference to their judgment, and in proof of our good will to the Government, and anxious desire to see it maintained upon the only ground that is longer tenable, we wish to shew Ministers what those among their best friends, who are capable of looking before them, consider necessary to their stability. We have therefore deemed it advisable, on this occasion, to let a leading Whig speak for us, and tell his friends, the Ministers, what course they ought to pursue. By his position, our Whig contributor belongs to the Aristocratical section of the party. We wish we could believe that he speaks the sentiments of that section. But he certainly has expressed the wishes of that far larger divison of the Whigs which includes those merchants, tradesmen, and members of the learned professions, who are still unwilling to renounce their old party designation, although they have become "something more" than mere Whigs. This numerous body constitutes the strength of the Whig party. If they be alienated from Ministers by a course of policy at variance with the sentiments which our Whig friend has expressed, the name of Whig will henceforth comprise only a small and feeble section of the Aristocracy, from whom popular support will be entirely withdrawn. Our Liberal Whig perhaps exaggerates the People's expectations from the young Queen, as well as their confidence in Lord Melbourne's Ministry. But there is a stronger belief that the Queen will support her Ministers in all their attempts to carry good

are fully and most anxiously alive to all the difficulties which he has had, and which he will still have to deal with. We are not among those who expect that he or his colleagues can work impossibilities; but they may at least take their own line of action. Hitherto we think that they have been too sedulously attentive to the spicing and flavouring of their measures to please the Tory palate, as if they had altogether forgotten that all such trouble might have been spared, seeing that nothing that they could produce, however excellent in itself, could meet with the approval of that very detestable faction. Let Lord Melbourne, and his Liberal companions in office, bring forward good measures, and let these measures be of the full strength necessary to make them efficient, without the least regard to the consideration whether they are likely to be palatable or unpalatable to the Conservative Hanoverian band; and, depend upon it, the Duke of Wellington, and the more patriotic among the recusant Peers, will speedily begin to perceive the peril into which the peace of the country and the general safety are thrown, by their pertinacious hostility to every possible amelioration of our condition. It will be then withdrawn—the march of improvement will recommence, and it will thenceforth go on to move steadily, temperately, and irresistibly forwards.

And what ought those measures to be which the Whig Administration should bring forward? The pacification of Ireland, we conceive to be the most important of all things at the present moment. The *pacification* of Ireland, did we say? We withdraw the word; for it might be mistaken. It might be misinterpreted into the mere cajoling over of the Irish People into quiet, for our own comfort, without paying any due attention to what is for theirs. This would be the humbuggification of Ireland. No; we will use O'Connell's well-chosen phrase, and we will say that we will have justice, and nothing but justice to Ireland! and, in that single expression, we include and hold as repeated the whole host of those just and beneficial measures, some of which have been already brought partially forward, though mercilessly extinguished by the Conservative-Hanoverian opposition of the Peers. As to Great Britain, the most important thing that now claims attention, is to have the Reform Act itself repaired, after the damage it has received by numerous holes having been kicked through it by sharp Tory toes, during the tough match which we lately had with them at foot-ball. Then we want to be guarded against the effects of the coercion and intimidation used against honest voters; and the general voice of the People is for Ballot. All our notes of experience, followed by our most profound meditations on the subject, go to move us strongly in favour of Ballot. We now think that the safety as well as the peace of the country, absolutely, or in a great degree, depends upon this question being carried; and we earnestly entreat our friends of the Liberal Administration at least to leave the question to the unfettered support of all the Members of the Cabinet who are disposed to espouse its cause. Were it possible for them at once to make it a Cabinet question, we feel persuaded that they would be doing no more than supporting the wishes of the great majority of the People of these kingdoms; and if this be the case, their making common cause with this measure would be only the more identifying themselves with the People, whose ministers, we have been taking it for granted, they wish themselves to be considered. Let them, at least, offer no opposition as an Administration to those popular questions—the extension of the franchise, and the shortening of the duration of Parliaments; and let them permit the importance, and the value, and the utility or necessity of these questions to be fairly and fully tried by the opinion of the majority of the People of the country, and the judgment of their representatives.

We are not so Utopian as to conceive it possible that the Administration could carry, or can be expected to carry some of the measures we have mentioned, through the House of Peers, whilst in its present state of frenzy. Nor are we so great fools as to say, that they ought, on

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measures, than that many such attempts will be made with sincerity and vigour. Past short-comings have placed Ministers in an unhappy situation. The spirit of the Reformers has been let down; and the Ministerial majority in the Commons has dwindled to the barest superiority over the Tory forces. This Ministerial majority includes two bodies, the British Radicals, and the O'Connell party, who have each the power, by a single desertion of the Minister, to leave him in a minority. Worst of all, unless Lord Melbourne's policy is to be very different next session from what it has hitherto been, he will again be frequently left to *Tory* support for a majority against the more Liberal division of his own side of the House; a support that may be unexpectedly withdrawn, leaving him defeated in some attempt to defend a hated abuse; for all the Tories have to do, to ensure the Minister a defeat so disgraceful, is to abstain from voting on his side. Were the Ministry to demonstrate their real anxiety to pursue a thoroughly popular course, such as Mr Hume or Mr Ewart would suggest; and were they ready to submit to a temporary sacrifice of place, rather than desert their principles, their course would be clear, and a permanent victory over the Tories would, assuredly, after a brief struggle, crown their exertions. Are they, indeed, zealous Reformers?—and are they willing to contend for Reform even to the loss of place? We cannot conscientiously answer these questions in the affirmative; but, if Ministers will do *their* part we shall answer for the People.

Having welcomed a Whig contributor to a few of our pages this month, we shall probably give our readers an early opportunity of hearing our Tory friend, Mr De Quincy, in defence of the rival party.

that account, to quit those places to which they have been called by their Queen and their country. And, as we have a great regard for them, and a strong hope that they are yet to turn out great benefactors to their country, we should be sorry to see them peril their seats by bringing forward anything which should place them in a minority in the Commons. But, if they ever should do this, let them take care that it be on a question which may prove them to be the real ministers of the People, which, as we have already shewn, we believe to be the surest way of proving themselves to be the real ministers of a popular Queen. In that case, they may indeed find it necessary, for their own dignity, to retire; but they may, at the same time, be assured, that they will be as certainly returned to their places by the loud and universal demand of the People. And when they are so returned, how much more powerful will this popular Administration be! How will the measures of the People be carried, one after another, in the Lower House, by their victorious majorities! And how will the recusant Peers quail before them!

Were it not for such hopes as these, the People of the three kingdoms would not be so quiescent as they are at this moment. The Tory who supposes that their present quiescence arises from apathy or indifference, will find himself most surprisingly mistaken. The People of these kingdoms are not such fools as to spend their breath in unnecessary blustering. But let it not be imagined that the lion is asleep because he is peaceable. Let it but appear to him that all hope is gone, of the Administration of his choice being enabled to procure for him all that he desires, and he will rouse himself for battle against those who have so factiously obstructed their endeavours, and strike terror into the farthest corners of these islands, by the tremendous rombo of his roar. Better, then, will it be for the Tories to skulk like conies into the caves of the rocks, lest they be frightened to death by the thunder of his terrific voice, and by the lightnings of his eye.

The times are gone by, when even the humblest and most ignorant of the People can be made to believe that they have been created for no other purpose than that great men may lord it over them. Whilst they readily admit, as all rational men are disposed to do, that it is not in nature that the world could last one day, without producing a diversity of conditions among mankind, they are, at the same time, sufficiently aware, that every man, however humble, and especially every Briton, by which we mean every Englishman, Scotsman, and Irishman, has his claim to certain equal rights, both civil and religious; and it is therefore quite vain to hope that anything short of a full and perfect surrender of these rights to those to whom they in justice belong, can ever satisfy them. When they are fairly and fully in possession of these, and not till then, may we hope to see them submitting in quiet, in peace, and in order, to that constitutional government, every part and parcel of which they will then be prepared to defend, and to fight for to the death, as a government entirely their own, and which rules equally for the good of all classes of the community. Impressed as we are with these convictions, we say that he who expects to resist this most desirable end, by throwing obstacles in the way of its peaceable and natural accomplishment, is as insane as he who attempts to dam up and interrupt the course of a mighty, strong, yet gently-flowing river, which is only at last provoked to violence by the temporary obstruction it receives, and which then, forcing its terrific way, rushes on to overflow and desolate the country with a force and fury exactly in proportion to the magnitude of the opposing bulwarks which it has had to break down. With perfect veneration and reverence for the gallant old vessel of the constitution, the People of these kingdoms have now become wise enough to know that it has about it many rotten and worthless timbers, so that it is rapidly ceasing to be sea-worthy. They are aware that their own salvation depends upon these being removed, and replaced by others of sounder and fresher fibre. They are determined to see that this repair is thoroughly gone into, with the honest intention of making it complete. They have made up their minds that nothing but the best, hard-grown native oak shall be used. And as, in the course of their survey, many rat-holes have been discovered, they are resolved that every individual of these accursed nibbling vermin who have been consuming their provisions, and endangering the precious lives of all on board, shall be forthwith driven, like Legion, into the sea. Whilst they are about all this, they are, at the same time, disposed to avail themselves of all the knowledge that experience or improvement in the art of shipbuilding may have given them, so that they may perfect the trim of the vessel, and increase her powers of sailing, as well as fortify her for standing the shock of foreign battle. Nay, their minds are even very much set upon availing themselves of all those modern inventions, alterations, and additions, which may have been proved to be likely to increase the health, comfort, or happiness of the ship's company. Now, orderly as they are well known to be, it is very natural that, with all this in their heads, they should be quite determined to choose their own carpenters; and it is, moreover, far from wonderful, that, in a matter of importance so vital, they should be certainly resolved not to submit to the risk of being wrecked and lost among the breakers, because some of the wardroom officers happen to be so silly and self-sufficient as to say that the vessel is so sound that they are willing to peril their own lives upon their opinion of her, or that others are so selfish as to be satisfied, because they are enjoying their own ease, whilst they are regardless of that of their humbler shipmates.

In plain English, with all manner of loyalty to their Queen, Britons have now made up their minds to be constitutionally governed in their own way, and to have a fair control over those who make laws for them, to see that abuses are

reformed, and that equal justice shall be dealt to all throughout the United Kingdom. And, this being the case, we venture to predict that neither the insane perversity of the recusant Peers—the sophistry of Peel—the base violation of the Reform Act by the Tories—nor their intimidation—nor their corruption—nor their returning a majority to the House of Commons, were such a thing possible—nor their re-establishing a Conservative-Hanoverian administration—nay, nor their bringing in an army of whiskered foreign troops, with a moustached monarch at their head—can arrest that forcible, and, though interrupted, most certain onward march of reform and improvement, which we, the People of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in one kingdom united—and, for our own popular purposes, united as one man, too—are resolutely determined to see effected, and that with all due and convenient speed.

CARMEN INAUGURALE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

I.

In these dark days of fear and gloom,
Undismay'd by Joseph Hume,
Not to leave thee in the lurch,
Champion of our suffering Church,
We would raise, with pious aim,
The graven image of thy fame,
From its basis scowling down,
With a harsh and haughty frown!
Warrior! rear thine idol high,
With brimstone cheek and bullet eye,
'Midst the dying and the dead,
Pointing, with a truncheon'd hand,
While floods of English blood are shed
For thy favourite Ferdinand.
Let England mourn her myriads bleeding,
And squander'd millions not a few—
Louis, prince of savoury feeding,
Eats his sauté at St Cloud.
His ill-vamp'd throne has tumbled down;
Its Jesuit lord has slunk away;
And men have soused the lilied crown
In kennels of St Honoré.
And sculptor's art and poet's line
Must choose some nobler feat of thine!

II.

Oh! quell that trumpet's brazen sound;
Bid the rattling drum be mute;
With parsley and with myrtle crown'd,
Tinkle the lascivious lute.
Once more great Ammon's conquering son
Returns to festive Macedon!
Oh! could we wake, in days like these,
The chisel of Praxiteles,
In Parian marble we would rear,
With Attic taste, each naked limb;
While Phryne, with enticing leer,
Unclasps her graceful zone for him.
Did no inebrious Pontiff stand
Hiccupping, to ask for thee,
With ivied crozier in his hand,
A jovial benedicite;
And bid the pious champion rest
His weary head on Harriette's breast?

III.

What ghost, with gash'd and gory throat,
Arises up to welcome thee,
With hoarse applause and gurgling note?
It is thy master, Castlereagh.
Best of his deeds, last of his crimes,
By his own felon hands he bled,
In mockery of the many times
He broke poor Priscian's martyr'd head.
To thee the statesman's mantle fell;
And his rich stores of bulls, and slips,
And Irish idioms, suit thee well,
Flowing from compatriot lips.
While the fat King of stars and plumes
Was wallowing in his gilded sty,
'Midst rotten hearts, and stale perfumes,
And coroneted chastity—
Courtier, it was thine to bow—
Great Arthur he, and Doodle thou!
Behold! The outraged People meet,
For their old rights, in peace, to pray;
Thy ruffian horsemen scour the street,
And wounds and slaughter close the day.
Shall despots league in compact dark
'Gainst peace and freedom to combine,
Like feverish dogs that idly bark
Whene'er the moon begins to shine,
And thou stand by to cheer them on,
Their Paladin and champion?
With twaddling emphasis to bawl—
Was that the task allotted thee?—
To swear the weed on Gatton's wall
Was fresh and beautiful to see;
The stench from Sarum's ditch that rose
Was incense to thy dainty nose;
Each tear that oozed from Eldon's eye
Was worth a pearl of Araby?
King Arthur dies. In high disgrace,
The fallen Lord Doodle sneaks away,
And, mourning for his ravish'd place,
Mopes and pouts at Strathfieldsaye.
Say, shall we bid our sculptor trace
The sullen features of dismay?

IV.

Bright the summer sunbeam fell
On lofty London's thousand towers,
Tinting each gilded pinnacle
Like starry gem in Eden's bowers;
And cavalier and lady fair
Came forth to breathe the genial air.
Why, Godamercy, thrust and shove
With heltering, skeltering, fearful cry?
Does hovering thunder brood above
In yon serene and cloudless sky?
Have captive bears, in patriot rage,
Burst from oppressive Wombwell's cage?

Has Father Thames struck work, and bolted
  Back to his source, in sulky freak?
Has Merchant-Tailors' School revolted,
  Sickening of their gibberish Greek,
And burnt the cruel pedant's switch,
And dipt his wig in Fleta's ditch?
No! Boys and beldams, martial crew,
Are chasing, with a wild halloo,
A warrior horseman, swiftly flying
  With sturdy menial at his heels;
And, heedless of his plaintive crying,
  Pelt him with potato peels.
Filth from Covent Garden kennel,
  Eggs of old primeval date,
Odorous onions, faded fennel,
  Last week's sprats, from Billingsgate,
Hurtling, with well-balanced aim,
Daub him with unsavoury shame.
The hero of a hundred frays,
  Shrinking from the thickening sleet,
Insulted, flies, in sad amaze,
  To wizard Wetherell's foul retreat.
Hear him call, with piteous gestures,
  For water! water! anywhere,
To wash the garbage from his vestures!
  'Tis vain, alas! for water fair
Was never known to enter there,
Or cleanze the frowsy hoards that lay,
In chronic hydrophobia!
And so they wiped the warrior down
With tail of Wetherell's silken gown,
Which look'd, they said, its function o'er,
Cleaner than it did before.
Sculptor, carve your hero then
Capering in that fetid den!
Rigadooning, chassé-ing, setting,
  Round and round he danced the hay,
Out-shuffling and out-pirouetting
  Taglioni, Duvernay.

v.

It was my lot, in manhood's prime,
  When blood was high, and hope was young,
To spend a sultry summer's time
  Among the Kraals of Bungobung;
And dream away a month or two
Beside meandering Bammahoo.
Fat lizards were my daily fare,
  With Dum the King and Gum the Queen;
With adder's grease they smear'd my hair,
  And feasted me on fox's spleen.
They gave me drink from palmy bowl—
  Aside my cumbrous clothes I threw,
And danced the lofty Carmagnole,
  To tambourine and soft boohoo.
They said my skin was fair and white,
  As when the summer moonbeam play'd,
Illuming, with refulgence bright,
  The foaming Gunga's wild cascade.
A wicker hut o'ershadow'd all
The mud-built dwellings of the Kraal;
And well it might—for, in its shade,
  On lofty base, an idol stood.
King Dum's creative hand had made
  That god of sacred dhirdam wood,
And painted him with red and blue,
  And given him many a votive gift;
The pious Queen, with reverence due,
  Had robed him in her only shift;
And youths and maids, as twilight fell,
Chanting to the winding shell,
In holy dances high would spring,
  Displaying each uncover'd limb;
And Soothee, poet to the king,
  Composed a dithyrambic hymn—
"Mumbo Jumbo, fee, faw, fum,
Deftly carved by great King Dum."
They set before him blood of bulls,
  And entrails of the he baboon;
And fetishes of babies' sculls
  Hung round in many a gay festoon.
Pastilles of assafetida
  Aloft their curling incense flung;
And plates of album Graecum lay
  Around the god of Bungobung.
From Fogo's mountains to the sea
There was no god so cross as he:
The cows went dry, the pigs went lame;
  Men's hoarded cowries turn'd to trash;
He filch'd the eggs of village dame,
  And sour'd her booza calabash.
Oft would the tuneful Soothee raise,
On bended knee, his song of praise;
The King would lead the echoing notes;
  The Queen would deign to beat the drum;
While emulous courtiers strain'd their throats,
  To swell the choral fee, faw, fum.
That strain, alas! is heard no more
By Bammahoo's romantic shore!
No more, in fragrant sacrifice,
  Their garlic wreaths the votaries twine!
No stercoraceous fumes arise
  At Mumbo Jumbo's vacant shrine!
'Twas time of spring. The seed was sown—
Two tedious moons had come and flown—
But not one genial drop of rain
  Had fallen upon the withering lea;
The oxen low'd upon the plain;
  The desert wind had stripp'd the tree;
The mighty Dum had toiled in vain
  To plant the yam and till the bean;
And not a cowrie's worth of grain
  Grew in the garden of the Queen.
A deep palaver they must call—
  'Twas Obi's work, beyond a doubt;
The conscript fathers of the Kraal
  Must find the black offender out.
Premising how the thirsty sun
  Had lapt the water from their tanks,
They voted it was clearly one
  Of Mumbo Jumbo's scurvy pranks.
Degraded god! they threw thee down;
  They maul'd thee with a cudgel strong;
They dragg'd thee headlong through the town,
  And flogg'd thee with a leathern thong.
Some hinted, with sagacious smile,
Thou wert a humbug all the while;
Some hang'd thee high upon a tree;
They kick'd—they curs'd—they hooted thee.
I saw thee on thy haughty throne;
I mourn'd thee prostrate and alone;
I pick'd thee up, and brought thee o'er
  To happy England, from afar,

To find a hospitable shore,
  And be mine own familiar lar.
He has a carrion vulture's beak,
  And goggling eyes of oyster shell;
He has a firm and wooden cheek—
  A little wizen'd since he fell;
And altogether bears a look
Mighty like the mighty Duke.
This master-stroke of modern art
  Seems framed in Chantrey's happiest mood;
I'll warrant it, both head and heart,
  A season'd bit of dhirdam wood.
Grey is my hair; my coat is thin;
  My ruin'd roof admits the storm;
And I must pawn, to buy me gin,
  The Mumbo Jumbo's awful form!
The price shall be just ten pounds ten,
To you, my dear Committeemen.
So good a likeness, and so cheap!
  'Twill be the very thing for you,
In these untoward times, to keep
  Your money and your credit, too.
Then rear your hero in Guildhall,
  Betwixt the giant brothers grim;
And Southey's practised hand shall scrawl
  Some classic legend fit for him.

THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

From this time of the year until after Christmas, the tables of the fashionable booksellers are as rare a sight as the window of a pastry-cook on Twelfth-Night. What endless diversity of size and form!—what dazzling variety of rain-bow hues in the bindings!—from the simply neat and tidy "Forget-me-not," to the splendid "Picturesque Annual"—from the rich and substantial "Christian Keepsake," up to the regally gorgeous "Tableaux" of Finden! And this is but the outside, the fretted shell of the precious kernel.

Taken as a whole, the Gift-books of this year are, we think, in point of luxury and elegance of embellishment, superior to those of any former season. The onward progress and the triumph of Art are also visible in many, though not in all. Cheapness carried to excess, or rather the temptation offered by a seeming great bargain—the principle which makes an English stage-manager confine an audience for five hours on a stretch, and bring forward three or four pieces at the same sitting—must at last deteriorate the pictorial department of the Annuals, if it has not done so already. Still they are wonderful efforts of commercial enterprise; and we trust they go as far to monopolize the picture-book market of the whole civilized world, as, in another line of business, do Yorkshire broad-cloth and Sheffield cutlery. The English Annuals are becoming a new branch of exportable manufacture. Yet Paris, Berlin, and even St Petersburgh, produce very pretty and very cheap gift-books.

Long ago, in sympathy with our more learned and dignified neighbours, we wont to scorn those pretty toys of literature. We have reconsidered and repented this hasty disdain. The writing of the Annuals, taken as a whole, is certainly not flattering to the national vanity. There is not much of their literary contents, for the fourteen or more years of their existence, that may be said to have ever lived; and almost nothing that must remain imperishable in English letters. Still, independently altogether of art, these ephemeral productions have excellent uses. A book is a book; and, as such, something more than a bauble trinket, which fosters vanity and vitiates taste; or than some delicate viand, to pamper the grosser appetites. We know that thousands of Annuals now travel regularly down into the provinces, either as gifts sent *home*, or as town presents given in interchange for the turkeys, goose-pies, and hams which London levies every winter from those kindly rural neighbourhoods where a new book or picture hardly ever went before. Now, we imagine that the "Juvenile Scrap-Book" is something better than a plum-cake, of whatever circumference; and the "Forget-me-not," than a barrel of oysters, or package of Yarmouth bloaters, transmitted, *per* waggon, from London into the interior. There are few rings or broaches, given as *souvenirs*, that we would compare in value with "Finden's Tableaux;" or London caps and turbans with "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book." Yet it is precisely this kind of trinketry, and millinery, and dainty cates and bon-bons, of which these modern elegancies in art and literature are taking place as friendly gifts and tokens. In the natural march of refinement, the change was inevitable. We have a belief that it will reach much farther; and that gems—ay, diamonds themselves—those snares to the souls of ladies, in necklaces and tiaras, and to the honour of statesmen, in the stars of orders, and enrichments of gold snuff-boxes—will be left to the menial or the vulgar, along with the gold-lace of our ancestors, now worn only by the lackeys of their sons. We believe that a woman of taste and refinement will yet learn to prize, far more highly, the master-piece of Art which adorns her saloon, than the jewellery of greater price which might blaze, at a Court gala, over her encumbered person; the vulgar, troublesome badge of her order.

The Annuals of the present year, or the better portion of them, shew a new moral feature. They have caught something of the grave, earnest, and thoughtful spirit of the age—and already they begin to reflect its feelings. One of the finest of these volumes, as a work of Art and external elegance—"Heath's Picturesque Annual"—is devoted almost entirely to the noble purpose of ameliorating, or, at least, what must be preliminary, making known, the condition of the Irish nation. Of it we shall speak again. The "Christian Keepsake" makes inroads on "the Satanic empire"—on the empire of cruelty and avarice—of oppression of the stranger, the slave, the Indian, and the

Caffre. In several of these works, Mrs Howitt, as we shall afterwards see, breathes the merciful and thoughtful spirit of the benevolent sect to which she is understood to belong; while Miss Landon has ventured to assert that we have no right to condemn the cruel superstitions and customs of the heathen in their infanticides, while laden ourselves with a deeper weight of sin against the childhood and neglected youth of our own land. These are things to meet with which in what are esteemed gay and frivolous works, framed to minister to the pleasures of the rich and the luxurious, gives us deep joy. They can no more be without their effect, than they can lose their reward. And now we shall hurriedly attempt to give our more retired readers an early glimpse of the Annuals for 1838. They have generally been late of reaching our northern quarter, and a few of the latest we must, of necessity, delay to a future opportunity.

THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON are of two classes; first, continuous works of travels and scenic descriptions, which have a permanent interest, independently of the beautiful illustrative pictures; and, secondly, the genuine *Annual*—from Miss Mitford's splendid "Tableaux," to the little pictured tome, meant for nursery circles. To the first class belong "Fisher's Views in Syria and the Holy Land," with the text of Carne; Roscoe's "Wanderings in South Wales;" and Leitch Ritchie's "Picturesque Tour in Ireland." These, we certainly deem, if not the most glittering, yet the most important of these works; and for this reason we take, first in order—

ROSCOE'S WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES, INCLUDING THE SCENERY OF THE WYE, &c.

This elegant and beautifully-embellished volume appears just in time to form one of the gift-books of the present year. Forty-eight fine engravings, from views taken by Creswick, Harding, Fielding, Watson, &c., are illustrated by the text of Mr Thomas Roscoe. In his "Wanderings in North Wales," we sometimes imagined that the pen eclipsed the pencil and the graver. Of this charming volume, the artistical beauty is equal to the merit of the romantic and imaginative writer, who dallies as felicitously as ever with poesy, romance, legend, tradition, heroic tale, and homely way-side anecdote and adventure. Among the finest of the landscapes are three lovely vignettes, and the River Wye at *Bannagor Crags*, and *Chepstow Castle*, with several beautiful views of *Tintern Abbey*. There are many of the glorious old castles of the Principality. *Milford Haven*, by Creswick, or rather re-touched by Creswick, from the sketch of a younger artist, as we presume, is an exquisite picture. *The Salmon Leap on Teivy* is a sweetly and freshly-wild scene; so is *The Vale of the Towey*. *Brecon Church*, with its rustic grave-yard and magnificent yew trees, is perhaps more interesting to the ordinary spectator than any of the proud castles of the ancient nobility of this land of "marvels and minstrelsy." Another splendid plate, is *The Fall of the Purthen*; but, among so many, how is it possible to enumerate all that deserve praise? Mr Roscoe's legends leave us under like embarrassment. We should have liked to have entered with him the cabins of the peasants of Cardiganshire—to have witnessed their merry-makings, and joined in their bridals; or to have followed his course over the heights and wilds, and his wanderings by the Wye, from her cradle in the mountains even unto Chepstow. We give one specimen of his wanderings:—

In the district I am now describing, (Cardiganshire,) the dark slate rock of the mountains furnishes a good material for the walls of these hovels, and of such they are mostly built, with apertures of the smallest possible dimensions for windows, which may or may not be supplied with a pane or two of green glass; but, if they are, they are permanently fastened up, an opening window not being found in a cot of this degree, and the accumulation of dirt renders them nearly useless in admitting light. The floor, either mud or rough slate pavement, is generally the abiding place of as many pigs, ducks, or sheep-dogs, as the owners possess, all lying at ease, or walking freely in or out—pigs and children, be it understood, partaking the comfort of the hearth, and nestling in affectionate companionship among the heaps of unswept ashes that lie around the turf-fire—the smoke from which always declines going up the chimney, when there *is* one; for these things, deemed necessary with us, are here quite matters of taste, some cabins being decorated with a low wattle appendage to the gable, while others have only a hole in that quarter, which serves to let in the wind and rain, without letting out the smoke, which invariably makes its exit by the door; and, in passing through a "village" of these cottages, the vapour from opposite doors rises into an aërial archway, beneath which the uninitiated traveller coughs and grumbles along. The wattled chimneys I have mentioned, are sometimes truly ludicrous in their positions. No doubt, they were originally as erect as the rest of the building; but their general condition is such as to remind one of opera-dancers striving to preserve their equilibrium in most extraordinary deviations from the perpendicular. Sometimes fairly twisted round by the wind, they stick in the roof by one peg of the basket-work, and look very like a *pirouette*; at others, they may be seen lifted from their proper place, and seeming in the act of a *coupé*; and so happily are things managed that opposite or next-doors neighbours nod and set to each other, with all the friendship imaginable, seeming ready to *change sides* the first opportunity. Our travellers in Ireland exclaim in no measured terms on the peculiar horror of dung-hills beside the cabins; but, if they will step into a few Welsh villages, they will find the nuisance is not wholly confined to the other side of the Channel; for here the space in front of the cottage, is generally occupied by a tumbling pig-sty, (which the pig does not reside in,) a rick of peat, heaped against the dwelling, and the other fragrant accompaniment for the regalement of olfactory nerves, nearly blocking up the approach to the door; while a stagnant puddle is seldom far off, in which the ducks, pigs, and children may squatter together. Yet amid all this filth and, as we consider, misery, the female part of the cottagers are as spruce in the national costume on Sundays and holidays, and as proud of their assortment of crockery-ware, of which an unnecessary number of jugs forms an indispensable part, as if surrounded with all the more substantial comforts of life. To look at the habitations, one would marvel how a clean mob-cap or a decent coat could belong to a people so apparently lost to all notion of comfort and neatness. Their cheerfulness and content, under privations that would not be endured by an English labourer, while it surprises, almost provokes us, as seeming to place a formidable bar in the way of future improvement. Flummery, buttermilk, and coarse barley bread, form much of their food. I have often seen the labourers of respectable farmers dining out of a bowl of flummery—a sour jelly made from oat husks—(*sowens*)—with such thankful content as made the remembered fare of an English

farm-kitchen seem absolutely sumptuous by the contrast; and I have sometimes thought that a temporary residence among these cheerful, hard-faring mountaineers, might be a salutary lesson to some of the croaking consumers of beef, bacon, pudding, and ale in England.

A Welsh wedding is so similar to the merry penny-bridals of Scotland and Ireland, that the same description may suit any one of the countries. Mr Roscoe gives the translation of the form of invitation used by the *bidder* at Llanbadran some years back, which is curious as a relic of old ruralities. The *bidder* was not, we suppose, as in the other kingdoms, the happy bridegroom in person. The formula is:—

The intention of the bidder is this:—with kindness and amity, with decency and liberality, for *Enion Owain* and *Llio Elys*, he invites you to come with your good-will on the plate; bring current money; a shilling, or two, or three, or four, or five; with cheese and butter. We invite the husband and wife, and children and men-servants, from the greatest to the least. Come there early; you shall have victuals freely, and drink cheap; stools to sit on, and fish if we can catch them."

Saturday is the day of marriage; and on Friday evening the *paraphernalia* of the bride—consisting, generally, of a feather-bed, an oaken chest, her clothes, and crockery—are sent home. If the wedding were in Scotland, there would be, with a *decent bride*, in addition to these, blankets, linen, and a copper tea-kettle—and, in ordinary circumstances, a chest of drawers. Friday evening is also employed, both at the house of the bridegroom and bride, in receiving presents of all sorts from friends—consisting of butter, cheese, and, we have no doubt, wool. This, in Wales, is called *purse* and *girdle*—an Ancient British custom. The gifts are entered on a paper, and, if required, are returned, we suppose, in kind. A hundred and fifty riders—we must remember that Welsh ponies are plentiful—will attend at a wedding. Of these, we are told, ten or twenty of the best-mounted accompany the bridegroom to the house of the bride, to demand her from her protectors. They make a feint of resistance; and much Welsh poetry is employed by way of argument, one party being within the house, and the other without, abusing each other heartily, in language somewhat more sonorous than choice Italian.

The bride is finally carried off, on horseback, by her father; but is pursued and taken after a brisk chase. In how many different lands is nearly the same pantomime of attack, resistance, and capture acted? Mr Roscoe was as much surprised at finding the national harp so little cultivated, as travellers in the Highlands are at so rarely meeting a piper. "The thing don't pay, Sir." If harps and bagpipes are wanted, we must look for them in London, or, at worst, about a Highland hostel, frequented by tourists. Nancy Felix, of Gogerddan, a blind woman, was the only harper the wanderer heard in Cardiganshire. She is the *prima donna* of the Principality, it would seem; and parties from Aberystwith make excursions to her neat little cottage, to listen to her national melodies, those beautiful and simple old airs which she performs, and delights to hear praised. By playing to parties, the blind harpist gains support for herself and two sisters; and a kind proprietor gives her a pretty cottage, and neatly-kept garden.

The view from this garden, says Mr Roscoe, is one of rare beauty, commanding the Vale of Rheidol, and various ranges of cragged and woody hills, changing from vivid light to dim shadow, as the air-hung clouds glide silently across the landscape. Who can stand beside that sightless harper, and gaze on the glory of such a scene, without feeling how precious is the blessing of which she is deprived, without fervently thanking God for the enjoyment of this most inestimable boon?

It is not apparent that the wanderer ascended Plinlimmon, the Hill-King of Cambria; but he descended the far-famed Wye, even to the sea. Wye is the most celebrated of the five rivers which are said to have their rise in the mountain. We purpose to follow his steps throughout part of this wizard and enchanting track.

In its early youth, the Wye is the most important of the sister rivers, and thence its name of Gwy or Wye, signifying "the river;" and though in magnitude the stately Sabrina soon surpasses our fair favourite, in loveliness she is unrivalled; and these pages must be to her as knights of old proclaiming her peerless charms, and calling in the artist witnesses to prove the truth of their statements. Following the Wye from her source, amid turbaries and swamps, I soon found myself journeying side-by-side with a gay, sportive streamlet, playful as a child, dancing merrily down the glen, frisking about in foam and spray, if a stone or a rock chanced to offer a pretext for a splashy gambol, and wearing the russet tint of her neighbour streams. Mountains, glorious mountains! cradle the young beauty as she bounds into light; and long do they shelter her amid their fortress rocks, and bend their hoary heads over her frolicsome path, like aged grandsires, smiling fondly and calmly on the vagaries of the petted child who tumbles and gambols around their feet.

Mr Roscoe, loath to leave the wild and magnificent scenery of the early course of the Wye, resolved to take up his quarters at the only house of entertainment in the "wretched" Llangarig. "My good woman," said I"—he dramatically proceeds—"can I have a bed here to-night?" "I think iss; but it was not one she'll be likes." "Never mind—let me see it." "Iss, but you was not like hur." She was right; a hay-loft had been luxury in comparison. The traveller was fain to proceed to Rhaiadyr; but first took "a glaze" of a blazing peat fire in the kitchen; and, while making a hurried repast, was entertained with abundance of Welsh singing, fluent Welsh talk, and peals of light-hearted laughter from the merry crowd assembled; among whom, Mr Roscoe insinuates, not to scandalize the ladies, that the stout Welsh ale was doing its magical office. The Welsh cabins have been compared with those of Ireland—the comparison will not hold; nor yet of the shebeen houses with the poorest hostels of the Principality. There was here good home-baked bread, and the magical ale was, no doubt, home-brewed. The family oven was a huge iron pot, suspended over one division of the fire, with blazing turfs on the top of it. The walls and rafters were garnished with bacon, cheese, and other substantials; yet this snug haven the squeamish Englishman left, and followed the course of the lovely Wye in the moonlight to Rhaiadyr. Next day he resumed his pilgrim-

age by Old and New Radnor, discoursing eloquently and poetically upon the charming scenery through which he passed, and on every storied ruin and ancient castle. The dilapidated Aberedw arrests us, the ancient hold of "High Llewellyn." The site of the castle is described as a scene of wondrous beauty, between, and closely overlooking the junction of the rivers Wye and Edwy, and commanding a lovely and diversified prospect on all sides. Mr Roscoe tells the traditionary story of the Last Llewellyn's escape and death, after the brave and patriotic Welsh Prince was subdued by the English Edward and those of his recreant countrymen who took part with the invader. At Clifford Castle on the Wye, the wanderer dallies for a while with the memory of the Fair Rosamond Clifford, and another Clifford, Anne, Countess of Pembroke—not so frail, and almost as fair. Mr Roscoe will regret, we are certain, to learn that, in this matter-of-fact age, her celebrated letter, which he quotes with so much unction, is believed to be spurious. And now we resume the course of the Wye.

From Plinlimmon to Aberedw, the scenery through which we follow her course is wild, rocky, picturesque, and sublime; below Aberedw the Wye grows somewhat more staid in her demeanour; and the surrounding scenes become more rich and luxuriant than startling or grand—they are more English. She goes on in a calm, maidenly mood, "girt with beauty;" and, until we pass Ross, no material change appears in the cultivated, rich, happy-looking villages, whose bright fields laugh in the summer sunshine, nor fear its drought, while their noble river rolls her full tide along. Her third character commences at Goodrich; and from thence to her union with the Severn, all is richly, harmoniously grand—one series of glorious pictures outspread on either side the stream. About a mile from Clifford, the Wye quits the borders of Radnorshire, and, turning eastward, brings all her wealth of beauty to enrich the county of Hereford, one of the garden-plots of our dear England. Small lovely villages are scattered along at intervale, with fine old gabled houses, wreathed with vines and roses, from porch to roof-tree, mingled with jasmine clinging round

> "The massive mullioned windows, and the stacks
> Of quaint fantastic chimneys, that o'er-top
> The pointed roof, with ever-varying store
> Of twisted, carved, losenge-shaped device."

Hollyhocks, those grand and graceful flowers, adorn the box-edged borders of the little crammed parterre, before the windows, and, leaning over the crazy moss-grown palings in front, look abroad with a generous, frank, good-humoured glance for the by-passer, and a smile of kindly recognition to wonted guests.

Why do not more of our enterprising tourists, instead of *ascending* the Rhine, *descend* the Wye? Do they wish for castles and abbeys? And have they not Goodrich, and Chepstow, and Ragland, besides Tintern Abbey, and many, many more?—all of which, together with the wanderer, we must reluctantly leave.

SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND ILLUSTRATED.

We have now before us the Second Series. Bartlett's landscapes and scenic pictures continue as fine and characteristic as ever, of a region teeming with the noblest associations connected with the history of the human race, and with its eternal hopes and interests. The plates are generally magnificent, the work being altogether of the kind upon which a clever artist is willing to rest his fame. The engraving, in particular, is better executed than in the preceding series, and the draughtsman reveals, in many minute touches and felicitous strokes, a deeper feeling of the individuality of the sacred ground he has traversed. It would be worse than idle to attempt to describe these bright Oriental visions in words. Mr Carne has, generally in the text, described the points of view, the difficulties of the artist, and the obstacles he has overcome. His adventures (Mr Bartlett's, we conclude) in reaching Lady Hester Stanhope's dwelling, and the description of his reception there, shew that he possesses much of the ardour and enthusiasm which gives life to such tasks as that which he has undertaken.

From Mr Carne's illustrative descriptions—his Travels, in short, in Syria and the Holy Land—we shall select a few passages, which will at least help to make our readers acquainted with the prevailing character of this engaging work.

Mr Carne sets out by describing the plate:—

The women in the foreground wear on the head the favourite ornament of Lebanon—the silver horn, carved with grotesque figures and characters, and adorned with false jewellery. It is hollow, more than a foot high, placed upright on the head, secured under the chin by a silk cord; the veil is carried over it, and falls down low, in a theatric manner, on one side of the face or shoulder. In the more wealthy families, the ladies, the wives of the sheichs and princes, wear a more splendid horn, brilliant, not with false, but real jewels. On marriage ceremonies, it is often worn by the bride and her many bridemaids. It is not elegant or beautiful; and, if worn on the streets of cities, the effect would be almost ludicrous; but on the mountain sides, and barren and solitary places, it relieves the monotony of the peasant costume, and looks bold and original.

Beirout is the most desirable residence in Syria; the situation is lovely, as also is the scenery on every side; the town is dirty and disagreeable when compared with the well-built Tripoli, and its fine flowing Kadesha. Lebanon is grand from Beirout; it is also grand, but more distant, from Tripoli. The former, however, is the port of Damascus and Central Syria. It is more conveniently situated for receiving intelligence, shipping, &c., from Europe, and has more commercial activity than any other Syrian port. Many merchants reside in Beirout, besides the consuls and agents for the various European powers. To a European, it is infinitely more lively and interesting as a residence than Damascus, where, in the midst of many luxuries, and streams, and groves, he will often be induced to say—"I am alone; my companions and my people are far from me; and no man regardeth me." Beirout is the dearer place of the two; yet a resident can soon gather as many comforts and enjoyments to his home, as if he dwelt in Damascus. The sea and the splendid bay offers a more attractive, a more varied spectacle than the Barrada, the Abana, and their three brother streams; and Lebanon offers excursions and visits to monasteries, glens, and castles, that bring vividly to mind Italy and Scotland, in the heart of Syria. The town and neighbourhood are of late improved, and are rapidly improving; many new dwellings and villas have been built, some of them with much taste. The rent of a good house for a small family is £30; for a larger, a villa and garden, £40 or £50 a-year: rent is thus risen, from the many Frank residents lately settled here. Meat is 4d. the pound; wine, 4d. the bottle; superior wine of Lebanon, 9d. or 1s.; the latter is white and red; the strong white wine, slightly sweet, is the best—the vin d'oro the most delicate: it is the champagne of the East, mousseux when bottled, and inspiring. Two or three French bakers are settled here, so that the bread is good—a rare luxury in the Levant. The consuls and merchants

of different nations live on a social and friendly footing, with dinner and evening parties, and excursions and picnics in the beautiful neighbourhood. Syria, at least this portion of it, is not a remarkably cheap country; less so even than the south of France, and many parts of Italy.

The Sabbath does not here, as throughout most of the East, oblige the stranger to feel himself in a strange land; a home-feeling of calm, of consolation, comes with that morning sun. The church or chapel where he has worshipped, familiar to his earlier life, endeared to his riper years, rises in fancy before him as he walks through lanes of the pomegranate and prickly pear, and woods of the grey olive, to the Syrian chapel, surrounded by beautiful gardens. A respectable congregation attends here; the service is conducted impressively and simply.

Djouni, the residence of the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, forms one of the views, though not one of the most remarkable. Her Ladyship's freaks, and whimsies, and extravagances, bordering on insanity, begin to tire the sober-minded; yet there is something piquant about her caprices; something in her wild manifestations, at which people might laugh, were she in May Fair; but which they watch and wonder at, in a high-born dame perched on the side of Lebanon.

A more capricious choice of a home has never been made in this world of caprice and eccentricity; the land abounds with sites of beauty and richness, vales and shaded hills, screened by loftier hills, with many waters. Lebanon has a hundred sites of exquisite attraction and scenery; but this woman, ever loving the wild and the fearful, more than the soft things of this world, has fixed her eagle's nest on the top of a craggy height that is swept by every wind. The dark foliage that appears above its walls are the gardens, which are remarkably beautiful and verdant, the creation of her own hands. Nowhere in the gardens in the East is so much beauty and variety to be seen—covered alleys, pavilions, grass-plats, plantations, &c. in admirable order. It was in a pavilion in these gardens that the artist had the honour of spending some hours in conversation with her Ladyship. In the village on the right he passed the night in the open air. The precipitous character of the glen between it and Djouni, prevented his seeking the latter in the dark. The high central chain of Lebanon, spotted with snow, shuts in the view.

In winter, in the rainy season, let not the resident of Djouni be envied by the humbler dwellers in the land, or by the recluses of the convents and monasteries which cover the declivities of Lebanon. If a quiet mind and a consoling faith be the chief ingredients of happiness in this world, they mingle but slightly in her Ladyship's cup: the dreams and revelations of astrology have, for many years past, been the favourite excitement; without them, the evening of her life would now be wretched, and she would feel, like Norna of the Fitful-head, when conscious at last that her power over the elements was a delusion. Her views on the Christian revelation are as wild and unorthodox as some of her divinations. One of them is, that the Messiah is to come again, and shortly. The beautiful Arab steed, white as the driven snow, attended and served in the stables of Djouni, with a care and luxury surpassed only by that of Commodus for his horse, is reserved for his especial use, when he shall enter Jerusalem in triumph: her Ladyship is to follow in the train, on a brown mare of great beauty. During the visit of the Rev. L. W. (not Woolff) to Lebanon, the Arab chiefs, lured by the report of his great wealth and influence, came in crowds to offer their flatteries, and their arms and services, if he purposed, as it was said, to set up some new dominion. His better sense, aided by a protracted illness, declined the temptation. He passed three days at Djouni, to which he was invited, in order that his physician might attend a favourite domestic of its mistress. Thus, under the same roof, were two of the wildest enthusiasts of the age, sternly opposed to each other in sentiment and purpose; the one devoting his wealth, and time, and talent, with undying zeal and sincerity, to the conversion of the Jews, traversing every land and city, entering the palaces of kings, that he might reclaim the lost race of Israel. A thousand pounds was not too much to expend for the conversion of a single Jew, nor a thousand miles too far to traverse, to receive a Hebrew family into the fold. On all such doings, Lady Hester looked with unutterable scorn and contempt. Unaware, however, of the career of her guest, she treated him with much civility. The denouement took place towards the close of his visit—it was highly characteristic. The guest had desired to find a suitable moment to lead her thoughts more earnestly to religion—such moments were rare at Djouni; however, as the hour of departure drew near, they were conversing, and she was indulging in some wild sallies, when he assumed a serious tone. He was listened to calmly, and with what he conceived at last to be a growing emotion; then there was a pause for a few moments. Was that proud heart touched? Only with surprise and indignation; there was a derisive smile that was bitter to be borne. "I thought," she said, "that I was entertaining a gentleman under my roof; but I see that I have harboured a fanatic missionary."

In the character of her mind, there is an entire want of simplicity: she has ever the air of a dramatic being, of acting a part, whether it be to astonish the natives, or her visiters. In her interview with Lamartine, the mystifying of the astrologer is beautifully contrasted with the vanity of the poet. The following scene, with the gentleman who drew this view of Djouni, is interesting; no traveller has hitherto so lauded her personal charms.

Around its portal were groups of wild-looking Albanians and Janissaries; and a most polite major-dome conducted us to our apartment, that was half English and half Oriental. In a few moments, her Ladyship sent for us, to conduct us round her gardens. I, who had expected a crabbed imperious old woman, was most agreeably surprised by the noble, but gentle aspect, of our stranger hostess. In youth, she must have been most beautiful: her features are remarkably fine, blending dignity and sweetness in a fascinating degree. Her dress was fantastic, but impressive: her turban, of pale muslin, shadowing her high pale forehead. There is certainly a slight vein of fitful insanity in her expression; but its general, and the ordinary cast is that of one calmly persuaded of the truth of principles reposed on with deep satisfaction. She conducted us to an arbour in the gardens, quite English in appearance. I made this observation, when she replied—"Oh, dont say so, I hate everything English!" Then, nodding to my companion, who was an American—"He has a good star—very good;" then addressing herself to me—"You are of a cheerful disposition, see everything *en couleur de rose*—one of those beings who pass well through life. You will rise about the middle of your life. You are apt to be violently angry on occasion, and I could let out more." We then walked round the gardens, all of her own formation, and were surprised at their verdure and beautiful arrangement. We then retired to dinner: her Ladyship's neccessity for a meal had been previously taken. The dinner was most inspiriting; and my last lingering bitterness, for the freak of last night, was buried in an inimitable apricot tart. In the evening we were again sent for, and found her in a parlour in the garden, reclining on an ottoman, with a long embroidered pipe. Placed in a recess, her hand across her brow, she merely scrutinised our features, as if to complete or confirm her fancied knowledge of our characters. Coffee was served by a little Nubian girl. In the course of conversation, she said—That the good genius would shortly appear; that the evil one was now on earth, busily employed in *canvassing*—that she knew of his whereabouts; that, at the advent of the good genius, men would flock to his standard, leaving wives and children, and that a grand and decisive struggle would take place, to end in the establishment of the former. Our poor wild world will thus be called to order.

It is a shrewd guess that of her Ladyship, of the evil genius being engaged in *canvassing*—no doubt for the Tories of England.

Attached to a delicious engraving of the villa of Mr Barker, the British consul, situated at Sudeah, there is this charming description of a lovely scene and an English *home* in Syria :—

Mr Barker was an admirable host; receiving his guest with a frank and affectionate courtesy, that sought every novelty that could amuse, and every comfort that could gratify. Part of the first day was passed in looking over the house and gardens. The former, built by himself, is commodious; and picturesque; a gallery in front is covered with the choicest vines of Europe; a handsome music-room with an organ is detached from the house; and from a tower above, the view is truly charming. The eye rests upon the immediate environs of the house, as upon a singular spectacle; for here Mr Barker has succeeded in cultivating almost every species of European fruit, introducing fresh ones every year. The vines, apple-trees, and apricots, are in fine order: and the guest had the pleasure of tasting the finest fruit he had met with for many months, either in Europe or the Levant.

. . . . . .

The evening at the villa was in keeping with the day—the society of Mr Barker, his lady, and family. Several airs of Rossini and Mozart were given in beautiful style on the piano, the first and last time that we heard them during the journey; and when listening to the din of Turkish pipes and flageolets, or rude Arab guitars, we often thought of the melodies of that night in the Syrian villa.

The following anecdote is related of the theatrical Chateaubriand :—

Chateaubriand says that men visit the East but once; yet the Count was a week at Cairo, and could not spare an extra day to visit the Pyramids, because, as he said, *he had not time!* He begged a friend to write his name on that of Gizeh, that it might hereafter be believed that he was there. Lamartine spent a year in Syria and Palestine, and at last would fain have visited Palmyra, which would have required an extra fortnight. Will it be believed that he never saw it, and never shall see it, because he had not time?

According to the traveller's account, Lamartine—who travelled *en prince*, and spent from three to four thousands a year—received 80,000 livres for his travels:—from the same publishers, probably, who, on the authority of Mrs Trollope, were to give Chateaubriand £12,000 sterling for his autobiography.

Of the river Kishon, it is poetically said—

The river rushes forth through thickets of palm, pomegranate, and odoriferous shrubs, that beautifully skirt the beach. How often and strangely, through many ages, have the echoes of this river heard the sounds of war, of fear, and sorrow; the wail of Sisera; the cry of the mighty who fell in the battle of the Lord! The armies in the plain of Esdraelon often fought near its waters, and purpled them with their blood; the Crusaders lighted the watch-fire on its banks, and their fainting hosts drank of its stream. Even in the heats of summer it is not even partially dry, nor creeps lazily, like the Jordan, through its bed. When flowing through the great plain, where the banks are covered only with wild grass, it has a pastoral character. The spectator is tempted to deck it, in fancy, with some sweet cottage just by the waters, shaded by a few palms and scented shrubs, and a garden of the flowers of the East by its side. How dear a retreat! how indelible a resting-place! The hallowed calm of the scenery would surely enter into the soul, when the moonlight was on the ancient river, and its every rock, ruin, and lovely hill, seemed to have a voice, an appealing voice, not unto man, but unto the heavens, that once looked on them in love, and shall bid them rejoice yet again.

At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, Mr Carne was introduced to the ruins of the dwelling of Simon Peter the tanner, and to that renowned person, Ibrahim Pasha, who was then encamped without the walls of Jaffa.

The person of Ibrahim is corpulent, and his long white beard heightens the effect of his striking features. He was seated smoking, and received their respects with a frank and cheerful courtesy, sending for his dragoman, who shortly entered. Omar Effendi, the dragoman, had been educated at Cambridge, and spoke English well; and there was about him an openness very engaging. He explained their object to the Pasha, who received it with marked attention. It was evident he was playing the courteous Frank, smiling at one thing, gravely admitting another, and breaking forth very often into boisterous merriment; for it is quite a point with him to create a good impression in his favour among Europeans. From time to time, during the interview, his eye glanced anxiously towards the western horizon, upon which the sails of his expected succours, impelled by a favourable breeze, were just discerned; and he explained to us, that, as soon as they entered the port, he should march against the rebels of the mountains, and restore peace in a very brief period. The guests then took their leave, after he had made them the proposal to accompany him, if they pleased, in his march upon Jerusalem. They strolled among the Arab soldiery of the camp, and were struck with their lively, passionate gestures, their activity, and delight in the simple music of their tribes. One day, famishing with hunger, and almost naked, in the mud cabins of the Nile; the next, seized, enrolled, clothed with what to them must be splendour, and well fed; inflated with their new position and success—these poor victims of a debasing oppression are now become its readiest instruments.

Ibrahim is again taken up at Damascus.

Ibrahim is the Liberal of the East. He has, at Damascus, established a good daily market for meat and other provisions. The traveller can now partake of roast beef and mutton, and excellent sherry, at the house of the hospitable consul. He may, if he chooses, take a house and garden, which he can rent very good for twenty-five, and very superior for thirty pounds a-year, un-furnished; but it is easy, at a small expense, to provide the scanty furniture, divans, cushions, and table of an Eastern house. A single man may live here very well, exclusive of rent and servant's wages, &c. for thirty to fifty pounds a-year: meat is three pence a pound, fruit and vegetables very cheap and plentiful; a cook's wages twelve, and even eighteen pounds a year, besides his board and lodging—rather high for the East, where the cuisine is so confined and simple. Wine is less scarce in the city than formerly, though it is difficult to procure it of superior quality: the best kind is kept in the Spanish convent. Two or three European merchants have settled here, within a few years; but they found that their business could be more conveniently transacted at Beirout, and they now keep only their clerks and offices at Damascus.

Would the reader wish to know of Tyre and Carmel, and the hundred places impressed on memory by the first early Biblical associations of childhood? Let him peruse these pages, and gaze on these pictured scenes. Here is Tyre, and next Sarepta, for which we pass many places of more importance and dignity :—

The day's journey had been long, and the gate of the interpreter was scarcely more welcome to Christian in his progress, than that of Tyre was to us, as we slowly approached it over the loose sands. The sea fell with a faint sound on the beach—the streets were as noiseless as if the people had once more perished—the bazaar was closed; a few Tyrian women and an Armenian priest passed by; and one little group of tradesmen and fishermen were idly enjoying the balmy evening. Tyre has no Eastern luxuries or amusements; one bath only of the plainest kind; no story-teller, to enhance the joys of the pipe and coffee; no fountains; no caravanserai for the stranger: he must trust to the hospitality of some private family—and he will not be deceived.

The gate of Tyre, which you enter, is overgrown by a

glorious spreading vine ; it is like the gourd for which the prophet prayed when the sun beat on his head ; its vivid shroud contrasts beautifully with the long peninsula of sand, on which there is no foliage or green thing. This noble vine covers the wall and portal, as if there still was brightness within, and the island city said again —"Look at my palaces and vineyards—I am perfect in beauty."

Of Zarapha, the ancient Sarepta, it is said:—

The Christian who would fain pass a day amidst the undying scenery of the Old Testament, on the hills where the prophets dwelt, in the silent vales where they prayed and meditated, should desire to spend a Sabbath in Sarepta. The valley on which it looks down, extends some little distance between the hills. Its dwellings and its people are homely and pastoral; no ruin of roofless walls or old gateway, covered with grass and wild flowers, is shewn as the remnant of the widow's cottage; tradition has given up its identity in despair, but has preserved the identity of the village—for Sarepta, now called Zarapha, has been inhabited from the remotest times. Although called "a city of Sidon," it was most probably a place of very moderate size and demensions, the simplicity of whose manners and tastes was uncorrupted by the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon: it is sixteen miles from the former, and ten from the latter. The distant groves of Sidon, the fine summits of Lebanon, the wilder hills beyond its own wild hill, are all visible from Sarepta.

There is no chapel in the village: it is destitute of religious service throughout the year, as if the numerous monasteries of Lebanon could not spare one priest out of their hives, to dwell here, or to gather on the Sabbath its villagers, who are Syrian Christians. The brook that supplied the wants of the widow and the prophet may still be on the hill-side; for "th cold-flowing waters that come from the rock of the field," are not wanting. Each of the cottages has two, or at most three little windows, and two chambers with earthen floors, and a raised divan of earth against the wall. The stranger is welcome, and the best fare they can supply is placed before him; he wants little in such a scene, save the pipe and cup of coffee, and liberty to remain a few hours, and see the sun go down on the shore and sea, on the desert and on the gardens, on Lebanon, and on the noble Sheich mountain, whose wastes of snow are seen in front towering towards Damascus.

At Aleppo, the traveller gives an account of Woolff, the Jewish missionary, who was long stationed there, which will tend to raise that personage, once deemed equivocal, in the general esteem. Mr Woolff has been so remarkable in his escapes from earthquakes as to be said to bear against those convulsions of nature a charmed life. He has also been fortunate in finding many a luxurious home in the wilderness. Mr Carne says:—

Mr Woolff has often been fortunate in finding not merely a comfortable, but even a luxurious home, as in the excellent dwelling of the rich Jew at the Lake of Tiberas, who had journeyed in his old age hither from his native city of Aleppo, and built this dwelling, that he might spend his last days, and die, and leave his bones in Judea, and not far from Jerusalem. Perhaps he still lives beside the lake of Galilee, a very old man; but his two sons perished in the earthquake at Aleppo, wealthy and hospitable men, for they were eminent merchants in the city. In the convent of the great patriarch of the Armenians, Mr Woolff was also luxuriously lodged. He cannot say, with his countrymen of old—"From Dan to Beersheba all is barren;" for he has partaken deeply of the excitements and comforts, as well as the buffetings of life. But in the home of the Sheich at Aleppo, in the afternoon of the fatal day, the missionary felt restless, and entreated his host and family to go with him to the groves without the walls, where they might sit in the shade, for the air was intensely hot, and he would speak to them about religion. The Sheich consented; all the family left the house, and were beneath the shadow of the trees, nearly half a mile from the city, comfortably listening to their guest, when the earthquake came. They scarcely saw the convulsions of the earth, the fall of the walls and houses, all was so quickly shrouded in a dense cloud of dust, which rose over it, like the smoke that ascended from the overthrow of the "cities of the plain," early in the morning. The Sheich's house was utterly destroyed, and the whole family were saved from destruction, by the request of their guest, that they might go forth beyond the city beneath the trees. It is not surprising that Woolff considered this a special and gracious interference of Providence, on behalf of himself and the friendly family—it filled his heart with gratitude. I never imagined, whilst his companion to Sinai and other parts of Syria, that he was ever destined to accomplish the journeyings, and to face the dangers he has since done. There was not "the mark and likelihood about him," to promise such a career, though there were fervent zeal and a capability of great fatigue and endurance. Were he gifted with powers of description and style, few living men could write so interesting, so varied a volume as this gentleman. Where will he find rest to the sole of his foot? in Timbuctoo or Pekin? . . . . . Mount Sinai was his first journey when all was strange to him; when, rather than ride on the camel, he would sometimes walk for hours through the sands, keeping pace with the caravan. Since then, he has explored the greater part of Asia. After a progress through Persia, he crossed into India, visited the Mogul, and had a conversation with him about religion; was intimate with Runjeet Singh, who made him a present of rupees of the value of £800, which was very acceptable. When did any missionary, in ancient or modern times, traverse so many vast and various countries? Even Xavier must cede the palm of extent and rapidity of movement to the Rev. Mr Woolff.

Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic; or, Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1838.

Right glad are we to learn that Mr Leitch Ritchie's benevolent purpose of calling the elegancies of art and literature into the service of humanity, has been completely successful. The first volume of his "Ireland," which we had occasion to notice with admiration last season, as an embellished work, must, by introducing the tale of Irish misery into the refined domestic circles of wealthy, *comfortable* England, have accomplished much good, were it only in making that tale less repulsive than, from ignorance and selfishness, it has hitherto been considered. The present volume is the exact counterpart of its predecessor; so that we need not repeat the description of its tasteful exterior. In the new volume, M'Cline's characteristic portraits of a *Market Girl*, and a *Girl Dancing the Irish Jig*, are exquisite in their truth, beauty, and felicity. The last, in particular, is, as the Irish say, a *jewel*. The tendency of art in embellished works, is, we fear, to lead away from nature, and betray into the theatrical, the affected, and the meretricious. Here we see the finest appreciation of the *real* in female loveliness, with the greatest tact in catching and portraying that fugitive charm—"the something than beauty dearer." That we might have the pleasure of finding some blemish in the "wild Irish girl" who foots the jig, we fixed upon her tremendous feet—her "beetle-squashers." But then, in all probability, the fault lies in the buckled shoes—the same family pair, no doubt, in which her mother walks to confession, and her younger brother dances at his first patron. The original of the exquisite jig-dancer was seen at Portumna on a fair-day. "Her father," we are told, "lived farther down the Shannon; and, from his gait, features, and even name, you may observe that he belongs to that Spanish colony which spread itself over the coun-

try west of the river. She is herself Spanish allover, with a dash of indolent voluptuousness, which proclaims her ancestry." For indolent, read innocent voluptuousness. Instead of the wild and almost maddening hilarity of the true Irish jig, her attitude and air display the jocund spirit and graceful *abandon* of the fandango.—— The frontispiece, a Catholic lady at prayers in a chapel at Limerick, is less racy than those choice rustic *bits*. Creswick has also put forth his strength, and promises to become, as a Prince of the powers of the Air, only second to Turner. Of his sixteen landscapes, *Lower Lough Erne*, *Donegal Castle*, and the views of *Killarney*, are our especial favourites. But it is time we were at the book itself.

Having completed the half of his tour, Mr Ritchie left Dublin for the north, and, having reached Belfast, coasted on through Londonderry, Donegal, and Sligo counties, and entered the Upper Shannon. He does not seem to have made any inroad into the wilds of Connaught; but, keeping within the pale, he forced his way through Limerick, into Kerry and Cork, visiting every remarkable place or scene on the route—concluding, at Castle Blarney, "Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic." This volume, however even more than the first, is rather a picture of Ireland, moral and political; and, highly as we approve the writer's object, we should be afraid lest his grave and earnest purpose has, this time, allowed too little space to tradition and romance. He is the fervent advocate of that most necessary evil—Poor Laws; which he considers "the only great measure, hitherto brought forward, for even the ostensible purpose of benefiting *the mass* of the Irish people." Drogheda, Newry, and Downpatrick, did not long detain the traveller. He did not go much into the interior, it would seem, nor make any account of the pretty little towns on the road to Belfast. That prosperous and intelligent town —which, long before Edinburgh was called the Modern Athens, was denominated "The Athens of Ireland"—affords nothing of the *picturesque* or *romantic*; but it elicits something of greater value, we suspect—namely, the highest compliment, according to British ideas, that was ever passed upon any city without the shores of Great Britain:—"Belfast is reckoned the third city in Ireland; but, in a *moral* point of view, it is the first. Dublin and Cork are great cities; but they are strictly Irish cities; while Belfast, if transported, with its whole population, to England, would be reckoned a credit to the country. Its intellectual character, I consider decidedly higher than that of an English manufacturing town of the same importance; while its buildings, if they do not pretend to the exhibition of taste, are, at least to outward appearance, the abodes of ease and wealth." . . . . The suburbs, inhabited by the hewers of wood and drawers of water, have nothing of that filth and misery which are almost an unfailing characteristic of an Irish town."

The superstitious and romantic traditions of the coast of Antrim, afford Mr Ritchie material for a few pleasant pages. They are almost identical with those of the opposite coast of Scotland. Here linger fairies, and brownies, and wraiths, and warnings; and "the blink of an ill eye" is still as potent as it was in Scotland, or as it is in many a foreign land, between the mountains of Spain and of the Caucasus. We wish the traveller had read the memoirs of Dr Adam Clarke, for the illumination of this region. "The Cosmogony of the World," talked of in Paddy Mackay's kitchen, must, beyond a doubt, have been the same learned work with which Jenkinson mystified the Vicar of Wakefield, at the fair. Mr Ritchie inquired of an intelligent Antrim peasant, if he knew what O'Connell was trying to do for the country; who replied—"He is trying to relieve us of tithes—and that will be a great thing; but we want, besides, sufficient food, decent clothing, and warm lodging." The tourist would not destroy the Anglican—the *alien* Church; but, in poor and desolate places, where there are no Protestants, or next to none, he would have it reduced in means to a level with the worst districts of Scotland. He does not think that more rent could be extracted from the peasant, although the tithe were shifted to the landlord. He is not aware of how strongly Irish ingenuity in screwing can act upon Irish misery. Why would he not at once convert the tithe into a land charge, available for education and the relief of sick and destitute poor, or into an aid to a poor-rate.—At Sligo, where, a few years back, there was no bank, four were found in emulous operation. Yet few bills are protested, though they are *renewed* to a most un-English extent. We are sorry to find the praise which Mr Inglis bestowed upon Lord Palmerston and the Marquis of Lansdowne, as landlords, withheld here, as there must be cause for it.—A strange, and, we imagine, a very Irish scene, is described at Athlone, where the Galway coach was detained for two hours, because the people chose to crowd the bridge, each striving which should be first with his cart or cattle at the market-place.—In the passage boats on the Dublin Canal, the regulations touching the consumption of liquor would have done honour to the Court of Peter the Great, where the exact quantity of quass or brandy which a court lady was allowed, was minutely specified. In the *first cabin*, only a *noggin* of spirits, or a half noggin and a pint of wine to each person, is allowed after dinner or after supper, &c. &c. These regulations are truly declared to be "either a frightfully true index to the state of society, or an insult to the Irish nation, for which the perpetrators should be dragged through their own canal." We vote for the latter, although a few of the Great-Unpaid legislators should suffer. Mr Ritchie has, perhaps, been rather more discursive and desultory in his strictures, than the nature of the work justifies; but, on the whole, the error lies on the good side.

Mr Ritchie does not admire O'Connell. He contrasts his popularity with that of Lord Mulgrave, who *blarneyed* over a Tory or Orange Mayor, by talking of the pretty girls of his Worship's town, instead of politics. When the Earl of Mulgrave has fought with those blatant beasts for half the number of years of O'Connell, we shall be glad to hear of his popularity, and even that he has made enemies.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

Miss Landon's annual gift, her "Album des Salons," consisting of blended poetry and picture, Oriental splendours and European refinements, has this year obtained the distinction of being laid at the feet of the youthful British Queen, as a fitting tribute to youth, beauty, and cultivated taste. There is—indeed there can be—nothing novel in the style or character of this season's "Scrap-book." It is just as it has ever been—tasteful and elegant, well adapted to the refined female circles for whom it is intended, and wonderfully cheap. But no publishers possess bet-

ter means and appliances for affording such luxuries reasonably, than the Messrs Fisher: their *entrées de desserte* surpass many original banquets. Among the portraits are, *Lord Eldon*, the *Marquis of Lansdowne*, the *Earl of Egremont*, and "the brave *Admiral Benbow*;" also, *Mrs Hemans*, whose picture puts all romantic theories of the poetic and the intellectual in physiognomy to confusion.

The following strain of Indian chivalry illustrates a splendid oriental scene and group—*The Cavalcade of Runjeet Singh*:—

"The hunters were up in the light of the morn,
High on the clear air their banners were borne;
And the steeds that they mounted were bright to behold,
With housings that glittered in silver and gold.

"Proud at their head rode the Chief of Lahore,
A dagger that shone with the ruby, he wore;
And Inde, and Bokhara, and Iran supplied
The dogs stanch and gallant that cowered at his side.

"He wears the green robe of the Prophet's high line,
He is sprung from the chieftain of Mecca's far shrine;
His horse, on whose bridle the white pearls are sown,
Has a lineage as distant and pure as his own.

"His followers are round him, a bird on each hand—
No Norman from Norway e'er brought such a band;
So strong is each wing, so dark is each eye
That flings back the light it has drank in the sky.

"In vain from the chase of that gallant array
The wild boar will hide in the forest to-day;
In vain will the tiger spring forth from its gloom—
He springs on the sabre that beareth his doom.

"On, on through the green woods that girdle the pass!
The sun and the dew are alike on the grass;
On, on till by moonlight the gathering be
Of the hunters that rest by the banyan tree!"

A set of very sweet verses are devoted to an exquisite engraving of *A Village in the Himalaya Mountains*; and an animated strain to the *Tournament Scene at Ashby de la Zouche*, and lament that "the days of chivalry are gone." The fine lines to the memory of Mrs Hemans—among the most pathetic Miss Landon ever wrote—are connected with a portrait of the poetess. Perhaps the whole of this elegant volume contains no sweeter verse or lovelier scene, than *Miller's Dale, Derbyshire*, with its tale of a "True Love," which might have graced Arcadia, or the golden age.

"Do you remember, Love, the lake,
We used to meet beside,
The only sound upon the air
The ripples on the tide?

"Do you remember, Love, the hour,
When first the moonbeam shone,
Rising above the distant hills,
We used to meet alone?

"You knew not then my rank and state,
You only knew my love;
Whose gentle witness was the moon,
Which watched us from above.

"The valley, silvered with the light,
Was lovely as a shrine;
The truth within that young fresh heart
Felt there was truth in mine.

"You are a Countess now, sweet Love,
And dwell in stately halls;
The red gold shines upon the board,
The silk upon the walls.

"A thousand watch my Lady's eye,
The minstrels sing her name;
None were so fair, at Henry's court,
Where all the fairest came.

"For the soft moonshine's rising light,
The pearls are on your brow:
Now, were you, lovely Lady mine,
The happiest then, or now?"

"Nor lake nor castle," soft she said,
"Have any choice of mine;
I know, in life, one only lot,
So long as I am thine!"

A lovely landscape, *Rydal Water and Grasmere, from Rydal Park*, is accompanied with elegant complimentary verses to Wordsworth, but Wordsworth reverently unnamed. They are freighted with deeper thoughts and feelings than the general easy flow of Miss Landon's rhymes, of which the facility is, we own, sometimes more remarkable than the felicity—and for excellent reasons, too. Of the verses to Wordsworth, we shall glean one stanza:—

"The glory which thy spirit hath,
Is round life's common things,
And flingeth round our common path,
As from an angel's wings,
A light that is not of our sphere,
Yet lovelier for being here,
Beneath whose presence springs
A beauty never marked before,
Yet, once known, vanishing no more."

A print, exhibiting the horrors of *Infanticide in Madagascar*, has stirred the founts of womanly feeling in the bosom of the poetess. After some flowing descriptive stanzas, and others of reflection, we arrive at this deep and awful moral, not the less impressive from coming through this gay medium:—

"Such law of bloodshed to annul
Should be the Christian's toil;
May not such law be merciful,
To that upon *our* soil?

"Better the infant eyes should close
Upon the first sweet breath,
Than weary for their last repose,
A living life in death.

"Look on the children of *our* poor,
On many an English child;
Better that it had died secure
By yonder river wild.

"Flung careless on the waves of life,
From childhood's earliest time,
They struggle, one perpetual strife,
With hunger and with crime.

"Look on the crowded prison-gate—
Instructive love and care
In early life had saved the fate
That waits on many there.

"Cold, selfish, shunning care and cost,
The poor are left unknown;
I say, for every soul thus lost,
We answer with our own."

But the sweetest poem in the volume is certainly that "To the River Wear." The sylvan landscape is soft and rich; the illustrative verse pure and tender in sentiment, and in melody delicious:—

"Come back, come back, my childhood,
To the old familiar spot,
Whose wild-flowers and whose wild wood
Have never been forgot.

It is the shining river,
With the bulrush by its tide,
Where I filled my green rush quiver
With arrows at its side.

"And deemed that knightly glories
Were honoured as of old:
My head was filled with stories
My aged nurse had told.
The Douglas and the Percy
Alike were forced to yield;
I had but little mercy
Upon the battle-field.

"I am come again with summer—
It is lovely to behold:
Will it welcome the new-comer
As it seemed to do of old?
Within those dark green covers,
Whose shade is downward cast,
How many a memory hovers
Whose light is from the past!

"I see the bright trout springing
Where the wave is dark and clear,
And a myriad flies are winging,
As if to tempt him near.
With the lucid waters blending,
The willow shade yet floats,
From beneath whose quiet bending
I used to launch my boats.

"Over the sunny meadows,
I watch them as of old,
Flit soft and sudden shadows
That leave a greener gold.
And a faint south-wind is blowing
Amid the cowslip beds,
A deeper glow bestowing
To the light around their heads.

"Farewell, sweet river! ever
Wilt thou be dear to me;
I can repay thee never
One half I owe to thee.
Around thy banks are lying
Nature's diviner part;
And thou dost keep undying
My childhood at my heart."

THE CHRISTMAS LIBRARY.

Late as it has been of reaching us, or, be it early, still late for us, we cannot permit Mrs Howitt's first volume of the "Christmas Library" to stand over for a precious month. No—at the risk of doing its modest worth less than justice, we must have it forward among the gayest of the gay. The volume is about "Birds and Flowers, and other country things," and all in rhyme—the easy, flowing, mellifluous verse of Mary Howitt—sometimes rather long-drawn in its sense, but ever sweet in sound. Among the many pretty things to which we would direct the attention of the readers of this volume, whether old or young—for it is adapted to all ages—are "Little Streams," "The Oak Tree," "The Rein Deer," and "The Flax Flower." The poetry of none of our brilliant female authors shews so many indications of a kind and thoughtful woman's heart as the verse of Mary Howitt, independently altogether of her rare talents. In the Annuals of the present season, the distinctive attributes of her pure and benevolent mind are conspicuous. As a radical Christian woman, she could not answer to her conscience to indulge merely in those soul-soothing strains, "the voice of one who playeth sweetly on the instrument." Deep sympathy with the poor pervades all her moral writings. The "still small voice" of humanity ever vibrates through the finest of her verses. Witness in the present year her poem of "The Rich and Poor," in the "Forget-Me-Not;" and the following lines, which we regret are all that we can present to our readers, from her "Christmas Library." The few Stanzas which we select from "The Poor Man's Garden," are, however, worth a volume of the tinkling cymbal poetry.

"Ah, yes! the poor man's garden,
It is great joy to me,
His little precious piece of ground
Before his door to see.

"The rich man has his gardeners,
His gardeners young and old;
He never taketh spade in hand,
Nor worketh in the mould.

"It is not with the poor man so:
Wealth, servants he has none;
And all the work that's done for him,
Must by himself be done.

"All day upon some weary task
He worketh with good-will;
And back he comes at set of sun,
His garden plot to till.

. . . . .

"He knows his red sweet-william,
And the stocks that cost him dear—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,
For he bought the seed last year.

"And though unto a rich man
The cost of flowers is nought,
A sixpence to a poor man
Is toil, and care, and thought.

"And here is his potato bed,
All well-grown, strong, and green:
How could a rich man's heart leap up,
At anything so mean!

"But he, the poor man, sees his crop;
And a thankful man is he,
For he thinks all through the winter,
How rich his board will be;

"And how his merry little ones
Beside the fire will stand,
Each with a large potato
In a round and rosy hand.

"The rich man has his wall-fruits
And his delicious vines,
His fruit for every season,
His melons and his pines.

"The poor man has his gooseberries,
His currants white and red;
His apple, and his damson tree,
And a little strawberry bed.

"A happy man he thinks himself—
A man that's passing well—
To have some fruit for the children,
And some besides to sell.

. . . . . .

"And here comes the old grandmother,
When her day's work is done;
And here they bring the sickly babe,
To cheer it in the sun.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX.

This superb Annual comes forth under the literary auspices of Miss Mitford. The literature—though of slight texture, being necessarily mere golden and jewelled pegs and studs,

to suspend or connect the splendid plates withal —is choice in kind. Those *Tableaux*, twelve in number, consist, of course, of scenic groups, *personations*, we may say, of *Sicily*, *England*, (of the olden time,) *Andalusia*, *Florence*, *Venice*, *Egypt*, *India*, *Ceylon*, *America*, *Scotland*, *Georgia*, and *Castile*. Broad national character is not to be looked for in these gorgeous and aristocratic groups; but rich costume, and those outward signs which distinguish the nobles of the different countries and provinces, are seized with spirit guided by knowledge, and exhibited with fidelity. This is especially so, in the *Hawking* scene, in *England; The Bull-fight*, in *Andalusia; The Rising of the Nile*, in *Egypt;* and *The Shrine of the Virgin*, in *Sicily*. The artistical merits of works of this kind so far exceed the *handmaid* literature that waits on them, that criticism ought probably to be limited to Art. This, however, is a field upon which we do not mean to enter. The little stories, and especially Miss Mitford's contributions—*English Edith*, for instance, with her happy loves, and the piquant *Wager*—are exactly of that light and graceful description which is most suitable to such works as the present, which are made to be gazed at and admired, and not to be read. From Miss Mitford's contributions, we borrow a song, which is introduced in the tale of "The King's Ward," and is presumed to be sung under a bower window, by an unknown minstrel youth, who had secretly gained the heart of the high-born Edith, the affianced bride of the Lord Howard. The reader may easily divine who the obscure youth turns out to be, if he holds in mind Miss Mitford's cardinal principle, of never dismissing her audience with a sore heart. She places no faith in the doctrine of purging the soul by pity and terror. Her bright or grand effects are better wrought out by unexpected bursts of sunshine—by kindness, bounty, and above, all, good-luck.

"High o'er the Baron's castle tall,
Rich banners float with heavy fall;
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth, to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream runs bright and fair—
The love-star of the west shines there.
"The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er her face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Lord Howard's lovely bride may claim.
And yet, the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier pressed that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay,
When she was but the Queen of May."

An elegantly versified poem is devoted to *The Shrine of the Virgin*, by Mr Kenyon.——With this fine Anacreontic, by the same gentleman, Miss Mitford happily opens her Florentine sketch, *The Wager*.

"Lily on liquid roses floating,
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!
"Those seas are dangerous (gray-beards swear)
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is, they drown old Care—
But, what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!
"And true it is they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx—Champagne,
And we will cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!
"Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine!"

To *Egypt*, (a fine and characteristic plate,) a story turning on magic is appended by the author of "Conti," one of those with which Mr Lane and the Quarterly Reviewers have been perplexing weak brains. One or more of those Egyptian magicians ought to come forthwith to England, put animal magnetism to the rout, and make a larger fortune than Paganini. It might be a good speculation for a joint-stock company, to bring one over, and set him agoing in a handsome house, not too obtrusive, yet in a fashionable quarter of the metropolis—that is, if English soil and English little boys be propitious to the working of the sorcery. An account is given in this Magazine,* by the late Member for Hull, of one of those scenes of incantation of which he was a watchful spectator, and where the innocent medium was an English boy—we believe his son. The charm, in this instance, did not work at all. The magicians of Egypt were discomfited, as of old. This superstition, which has taken powerful hold of some exalted heads, affords, however, admirable mechanism for a tragic tale—and such we have in "D'Auberval." The story opens with the following song, in which the gayest spirit of Beranger is happily caught.

"'T was when the fight was nobly won,
That, deafened by the cannon's roar,
I leaned, a proud but wearied one,
Against a kindly cottage door.
Who brought clear water from the pool,
To wash my brow, all battle-red?
Who poured the wine so old and cool,
And pledged with me our glorious dead?
'Twas brave *Jeanette!*—
My heart had ne'er been touched till then;
But seasons change, and so will men.
"There was a broad and amber moon,
—The like we ne'er shall see again—
That, leaning from the heaven of June,
Lit our light shallop down the Seine.
Rememberest thou, my tender soul,
Who nestled 'neath this sinewy arm?
The kiss—the curl, thy lover stole?
And still he wears it for a charm.
My soft *Elise!*
My heart was never moved till then;
But seasons change, and so will men.
"That was a night—our General's *fête!*
(Ay, bless him, all French hearts and true!)
Those ripe red cheeks, I see them yet;
They meet me now, those eyes of blue!
My gallant lass, who poured the wine,
My moon-lit trembler—where were they,
As, clasping two small hands in mine,
I sighed, and swore to love alway?
O! bright *Amande!*
My heart was never caught till then;
For seasons change, and so will men."

* Tait's Magazine for April 1832.

TERRY-ALT TACTICS.—NO. III.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

(Continued from our July Number.)

CHAPTER V.

The dwelling-house of Lakeview was a modern residence, erected with the design of its presenting the appearance of a cottage as viewed from the lake. It was, however, a double building, in the form of a cross—the front only being confined to one story, in the cottage style. This front consisted of two apartments, connected by a vestibule of more than ordinary dimensions. Those apartments—one of which was a dining-room, and the other a saloon—were of an extent proportioned to a palace.

Little can be said in favour of the taste of the projector. It is, however, necessary to describe, for reasons that will hereafter appear evident, the real architecture of the building, without magnifying it into a majestic manor house of the age of Queen Elizabeth, or metamorphosing its walls into battlements and towers, in imitation of the feudal holds of the ancient nobility of the country.

In consequence of the ill-proportioned size of the two rooms, which with the vestibule composed the front of the edifice, their height even being immoderate in proportion with their extent, it was found impossible to preserve the appearance of a cottage upon so magnified a scale, and, at the same time, admit of attics. Hence, the roof was laid directly over the ceilings of those apartments, without any intervening space. To remedy this inconvenience, the body of the building was of great extent, and consisted of two stories, for which an excavation had been made, in order that the same roof might cover the entire. The lower of these stories afforded ample accommodation for domestic purposes—containing the kitchens and their appurtenances, the servants' apartments, store-rooms, Major Fortescue's private study, and the room already described as having received the adventurers through Lowe's hospitable window. Over these were the sleeping-rooms, branching off from a gallery, which was conducted round a staircase of greater width than is usual in mansions of more considerable pretension. This staircase stood opposite to a smaller one, that led from the vestibule in front into the lower hall. Thus the body of the building was much deeper than the front; and, by this arrangement, the entire edifice was covered by one common roof.

At each side of the larger staircase, and underneath the gallery that surrounded it, were the passages that led to the various apartments of the lower story. The gallery was lighted by a window of an immense size at the head of the stair-case, and by a small room at the opposite end, in the form of a half-moon, which looked upon the vestibule, and received a borrowed light from the front door.

According to this architectural plan, the roof was so extensive that a lordly mansion might have been erected for the sum expended on this intended cottage. This roof was flat, and round it ran a parapet breast high; so that in fine weather it afforded a pleasant promenade. One advantage it certainly possessed, and that no light one in a district so disturbed. From the parapet, a full command was obtained of the grounds immediately surrounding the edifice, as well as a view of the adjacent country. The building was flanked on each side by a moat—cut as a defence, when the nightly disturbances had commenced. An extensive yard, with lofty walls, closed in the rear; but the front was unprotected. To guard, however, against surprise, or the treacherous practice so common in Ireland, of firing through the windows, even at hazard, when they are closed—mattresses had been made to fit the apertures. These were placed against the shutters, and secured by wooden bars of great strength—each end of which was supported *within* the adjacent wall. It was intended that, in the event of an attack, that part of the house should be left to the protection of the mattresses and bars, while the defenders should be stationed on the roof, to have a full command of the assailants.

It was to this part of the building, therefore—namely, the roof—that Burton was conducted by his companions, to be introduced to Major Fortescue.

The father was in great delight on beholding his sons returned in safety; and no small portion of that delight was exhibited in his reception of his guest.

"We give you a warm welcome, Mr. Burton," said he, while shaking the young Englishman most cordially by the hand—"I am sorry, however, to say, not a very pleasing one, in our present occupation. But I am content that the result has been no worse; and right glad that you have not suffered by your gallantry. Look at those flames! What a scene for a painter! And yet what pencil could give a colouring to such objects!"

"Only Satan himself, turned artist, could do them justice!" muttered Gerald Fortescue.

The scene was indeed terrific. The entire haggart had by this time caught the blaze—all the out-houses were in flames—the shrieks of the horses in the burning walls were frightful—the bellowing of the black cattle in the sheds, and the baying of the dogs, who were roaming safely in the house-yard, but whom the unusual light upon the hemisphere rendered uneasy: these sounds and sights commingled, would have been sufficient to give full excitement to the senses of sight and hearing; but when the spec-

tators turned their gaze to the objects immediately about them, and then to the lake, the sky, the headlands, reflecting the vivid light, they might have fancied that nature itself was involved in one boundless conflagration.

At regular distances on the roof, stood Major Fortescue, and five of his sons, the two eldest having joined in the common duty; with them was a tall, gaunt figure, of a most determined aspect, known afterwards to Burton, as Potter the policeman. A man-servant, a steward, and several women-servants made up the party—all of whom were engaged with mops and buckets, to extinguish on the instant, the sparks and brands that were continually falling. Fin also appeared amid the group.

Major Fortescue was a man about five feet ten inches in height—his limbs displayed Herculean proportions, but his countenance was most prepossessing. Good humour and intelligence seemed combined, in all his features, with steady courage and undaunted resolution. Such a man might easily be conceived to be an object of attachment to the peaceful cottier—of terror and hostility to the lawless disturber of the peace. But it might equally be conceived, that the same man might betray credulity to those who should endeavour to impose on his singleness of character, and an overstrained severity in his persecution of all those who, offending against the laws, should fall under his magisterial power.

Thus it ever has been with imperfect man. Capabilities and weaknesses, virtues and errors, are commingled in human nature. If great upon an extended scale, the individual is contemptible in trifles; if virtuous in his general conduct, he is the slave of some particular propensity; his integrity in prudence—his integrity in virtue—his integrity in honour may approach, but can never reach, the limits of perfection.

From Major Fortescue, Burton turned his inquiring glance to a taller, but less powerful figure—Michael Potter. It has been said, that the policeman's countenance expressed determination: it was, likewise, marked with the lines of discontent. Although he performed his duty sedulously, it was quite evident that he preferred fighting to so unmanly an occupation as that of twirling a mop, and dipping it in a bucket.

"I knew it was you, Masthur Gerald, by the crack of your double barrel; and I knew that Masthur Arthur was not far from you. That gentleman too"—(the Irish are too polite to use the vulgar term *gemman*)—"that gentleman who was looking at us engaged in this woman's work, was not behind hand in his share of the fun. But you spoiled our sport here—the Terry-Alts were preparing for a regular rush against the door, when your shots made them look about them; and, though many a bowld fellow advanced where you war cracking at them, the rest cut their stick altogether. Lord! what I would have given to be with you, instead of standing idle here, and only looking on! But you did right in giving the murdering villains leg-bail. I would have been mulish—I never yet turned my back on a blasted craw-thumper, and never will, by G—! I beg pardon, Fin—I didn't know that you war by—but *na bauchlish*, my old boy; you must kick the Pope and the priest to h—, after to-night—you'll be a Protestant boy yet, every inch of you—a true Ascendancy man to the back-bone."

The English visiter was astonished at the freedom of this speech, in the presence of Major Fortescue; but Potter had the tone and manner of a privileged person—flourishing his mop with increased energy while he spoke, to add expression to his hostility to the Pope, the priests, and the Papists. Burton was still more surprised at the indifference with which the domestics seemed to listen to his impious and insulting language. The Monster of the Lake only looked uneasy. The policeman, by indirectly praising him for his fealty to the House, reminded him of his perjury to his party; and, by hinting at the possibility of his changing his religion, he no doubt conveyed to the mind of the Roman Catholic the probability of his being excommunicated by the priest, for taking part with the heretics; or the certainty of the fearful vengeance which the Terry-Alts would inflict on him, for the violation of his oath.

Such a state of society, when the civilisation of the world is at its height—such an atrocious system, whereby the best feelings of humanity, the noblest impulses of the heart, are corrupted into malignity and fiendish hate—begets reflections that should make the philanthropist shudder, while contemplating the conduct of his fellow-men!

Fin's uneasiness increased upon him, and it was evident that, if he could command language to reply to the policeman, and boldness enough to do so in the presence of Major Fortescue, a war of tongues would have ensued, which might have led, then, or at some future time, to the fatal discomfiture of the Ascendancy man. This, however, was prevented by an interruption of a nature to divert the unhappy Fin's attention to a more distant object of solicitude. An exclamation of surprise burst suddenly from the women, who clapped their hands with strong emotion, as they looked across the lake, in the direction of Wineport—the town-land on which Fin's miserable hut was situated. All eyes were instantly turned to that quarter—and Fin's among the number—to behold a blaze upon the hill-top. A glance from him was sufficient—instinct told the rest: it was his own cot in flames—his own wife in danger, the partner of his solitude, the sharer with him in cold, and nakedness, and hunger—she without whom he should stand as a blasted trunk on a barren heath, amid the desolation of winter!

In look, in act, the miserable man displayed the intensity of his distraction. He rushed madly to the front parapet, let himself drop, by holding the coping for a moment, and, in the next instant, disappeared among the copsewood.

In a lapse of time unproportionably brief for

the space the wretched boatman had to traverse, the Curlew was seen skimming like a sea-bird over the lake.

Burton felt shocked at the implacable and hellish vengeance which inflicted so terrible a punishment on the man whose affection for the objects of his daily companionship, during a long series of years, was too strong to let him look on tamely and behold their blood shed upon the sands where, after their joint sport on his native lake, he had landed with them a hundred and a hundred times, to share the hospitality of their hearth.

The dreadful destruction of property, and the awful picture that it presented, with which the young Englishman's thoughts had hitherto been engrossed, became an object of secondary interest to him, when he turned from it to rivet an anxious gaze on what appeared but as a torch on the hill side, in comparison with the scene of proximate danger and devastation. Nor was he the only one so affected. Self-interest, for a while, seemed deadened—self-preservation disregarded by all who gazed as he did, and seemed to feel as he did.

The scene, however, became more diversified. Boats were descried in another direction, closing fast upon the shore.

"They are filled with soldiers from Shannon Bridge!" exclaimed one of the spectators—and such turned out to be the case. The flames had been seen by the town's-people. Major Fortescue's friends conjectured rightly that they arose from his premises; and boats were immediately afloat, to convey assistance. It will be remembered, from what has been stated in the early part of this narrative, that Lakeview was so situated on the side of a bay, that the distance by the high road from Shannon Bridge was double that by water—add to which, carriages and horses to transport men from one place to another, are not always in immediate readiness in a country town; but in Shannon Bridge, boats, and strong arms to pull them, are to be had at a moment's notice.

The party of soldiers consisted of about thirty men, belonging to a rifle brigade quartered in the town. They were commanded by a subaltern officer, who was accompanied by Mr Francis Sankey, eldest son of the chief magistrate of the town, and presumptive heir to the title and estates of Dunshannon—being, still farther to aggrandize his consequence, a magistrate for the county.

Arrangements were immediately adopted to render the services of the military available. A dozen men, with their sergeant, under the direction of one of Mr Fortescue's sons, were dispatched to scour the grounds within musket range of the house. A smaller party, with a corporal, whom Mick Potter volunteered to accompany, were sent to the shore of Wineport, in a boat, to render aid, if possible, to the unhappy Fin, and convey him and his wife to Lakeview, with whatever might be rescued from the flames. Of this expedition Gerald Fortescue took the guidance, much to the satisfaction of Mick Potter, who had previously resigned all hope of having, as he said, "another bout with the murdering Papists."

It was by this time past midnight. The fire had continued for nearly two hours, but still seemed unabated. So generally had it extended over the thatched buildings and the stacks of hay and corn—for the Terry-Alts had set fire to the haggart in many places at the same time—that it was considered impossible to arrest the devastation. In fact, the conflagration had become one torrent of flame, rising in billows, and threatening to cover all that stood within its range.

The yells of the horses, resembling the shrieks of human beings in bodily anguish, had died away, or were becoming fainter. To reach their stalls would have been impossible, and equally so to lead them from the flames. The bellowing of the imprisoned oxen had subsided into moans scarcely perceptible to the ear, amid the crash of falling beams, and the deep roaring of the destroying element. A few, however, of the latter, had broken loose, as they were housed in open stalls. These added to the horror and peril of the scene, by dashing rapidly about the farm-yard, and tossing the burning splinters with their horns, while every bound seemed to shake from their sides a thick coat of scorching embers. Among them, with tail erect, and flinging his legs at every object that he encountered, was seen a chestnut horse, Major Fortescue's favourite hunter—an animal so well known through all the country side for possessing a vicious nature, that no rider would dare to mount him, except his owner. General assent had long since assigned him the name of "Devil." On no other occasion did he so fitly seem to merit his cognomen.

At length the flames seized on the wooden-gate of the farm-yard—a frame-work of immense weight—which, from its position between high pillars not immediately connected with the offices, had hitherto escaped. A few minutes were sufficient to bring down its timbers with a crash; and, thereupon, the chestnut "Devil" rushed madly from the farm-yard through the opening, though enveloped with the flames, which he seemed to clear at a single bound. He was followed by four huge oxen, which dashed wildly across the country, lashing their smoking sides, and tossing their half-burned horns. The young trees were crushed by them like stubble, and their speed was such that they seemed to vanish in an instant. At sunrise, the hunter was found on a neighbouring island in the lake, in a state of complete exhaustion; the oxen were discovered sunk and expiring in a bog.

CHAPTER VI.

The inmates of the dwelling-house had ventured from their defences on the arrival of the military, and they soon became interested in the duties appointed severally to each. Burton for a moment was left alone; and, as he stood gazing on the burning premises at the moment when

the affrighted animals broke away, threatening instant death to any who should cross them in their maddened course, a faint scream was heard behind him. Turning in the direction from which the voice proceeded, he beheld several females collected at the windows of the sleeping rooms. As the young man looked up, they seemed to shun observation by withdrawing into the interior of the chambers. Major Fortescue at the instant approached his guest, and, making a few observations pertinent to the occurrences of the night, invited him to re-enter the house, for the purpose of taking some refreshment.

The invitation was most acceptable to Henry Burton. His spirits, indeed, had been supported by their very excitement throughout the fatigues of the night; but his bodily strength was become weak from exhaustion. He gladly, therefore, followed the footsteps of his host, who led the way to the supper room.

On entering the apartment, Burton was introduced by his host to Mr Francis Sankey, already mentioned, and Mr Hardy of the Rifles—both of whom were standing near the supper table, doing execution on home produce and foreign importations.

The former was a young man of middle stature—in appearance half squire, half man of fashion—neither refined enough for the one, nor coarse enough for the other. In his manners there was an ill-assorted blending of the rusticity of provincial life, and the politeness of metropolitan society. The former quality seemed natural, the latter borrowed. Good humour and superciliousness occupied a divided empire on his brow; exhibiting alternately the character of a young man accustomed to circles of aristocratic distinction, in which he had acquired notions of exclusive self-importance, and that of a good fellow who could tell his story, crack his joke, and toast his mistress, without analysing minutely the character of his company. He seemed under thirty; in person he was well formed, and his countenance was handsome.

Mr Hardy was nearly of the same age, but very different in manners and appearance. An Englishman by birth, and a gentleman by education, his tone was mild without effeminacy, his opinions moderate without weakness. He neither attempted to enforce his arguments by the violence which betrays ignorance, nor did he yield to those of others in opposition to his own conviction. It might be well imagined of such a man, that he would prove an agreeable companion in the social circle—a cool, determined soldier on the field of battle. He was taller than his fellow visiter; and, if his countenance was less distinguished with handsome features than that of Mr Sankey, its expression was more aristocratic, and infinitely more prepossessing.

"Be seated, I beg of you," said Major Fortescue, addressing these young men, and placing himself at the table, after motioning Burton to a chair.

"Not I, for one, I thank you, Francis," said Mr Sankey to the host—be it remembered they were cousins—"my legs have been cramped in that cursed boat, and I wish to stretch them. I was longing for my uncle Chateaufort's best barge, lying in ordinary. We should have been with you in good time to have a slap at the Papist rascals. Here's hell and damnation to them all, root and branch, with the Pope and Father Doyle to keep them company!"

"What a blazing business you have had to-night, Francis!" continued the Viscount in embryo, with a forced manner, seeing that his toast was unhonoured by the English visiters. "But don't let it vex you, my fine fellow—the county, you know, must pay the piper."

"I think less, Frank, at this moment," replied his cousin, "of the county than I do of poor Fin's misfortune. I have lost considerable property, it is true, and have suffered much through anxiety for the safety of my family; but Fin had little in this world, and that little is destroyed."

"Why, Francis, you know that the man's hut was a miserable shed—you can give him a better one."

"And what if the ruffians have exercised their cruelty on the helpless woman?—it is indeed unlikely that her weakly frame should survive such tortures as the Terry-Alts inflict."

"What, I beg of you, is the nature of these tortures?"

The question was addressed by the English officer to Major Fortescue; but Mr Sankey undertook to answer.

"One of their most barbarous inventions," said he, "was practised at the time when the country was infested by the Carders. In the dead of night, they surprised the poor devils who had offended them, and, dragging them from their beds, placed a comb, used in carding flax, between their shoulders, forcing its teeth into their flesh, and then they dragged it down with violence, and up again in a contrary direction, until the sufferer, after being well curried, consented to take the oath, or was thought to be sufficiently punished for his offence, whatever it might be, against their laws. With the Terry-Alts, the system of lawless legislation is the same—the name only being changed. In their tortures, they are probably less ingenious, but not less deadly in their vengeance."

"What do they consider to be offences against their laws?"

"Whatever they are pleased to look upon as such; but especially the taking of land from which another has been ejected, or the bidding a higher price than another who has already been in treaty for it; the suspicion of favouring the interests of a Protestant employer; or of giving information to the magistrates of intended breaches of the peace; or of betraying individuals concerned in such outrages as have already been perpetrated. Latterly, indeed, the payment of tithes constitutes the highest act of treason against *the cause*."

"How," asked Burton, "do the tortures inflicted by the Terry-Alts exceed the carding process in cruelty?"

"Inasmuch as the victim is often put to death, and his cabin burned to the ground, leaving his orphan family without a refuge. At times, the murder is accompanied with atrocities that make a man's blood run cold to think of them. He is *spitted* on a stake, like a roasting pig—or placed on a red-hot gridiron, like an eel—or held before a fire, like a Welch-rabbit—and afterwards beaten to death with bludgeons. Such is the entertainment they intended for our honourable friend here. Eh! Francis! what a roasting they would have given you all to-night, if they had forced an entrance!"

"I believe, Frank, they would have shewn us but little mercy. They should have purchased their amusement, however, as dearly as desperate men could sell it."

"What can they expect by such proceedings?" again asked Mr Hardy, apologising, at the same time, for dwelling so long upon a subject with which, as an Englishman lately arrived in the country, he was unacquainted.

"Make no apology about the matter, my dear fellow," replied young Sankey—Sankey the younger would be more in accordance with recent custom among politicians as well as poets—"make no apology; I assure you that we talk of nothing else throughout the country. Even our sweethearts may be jealous of the Terry-Alts. If those fellows do nothing else for us, they give us food for conversation.—You ask what they can expect?"

Hardy nodded assent.

"They *profess* to be seeking a reduction of the rents, and an abolition of the *tithes*. But—curse their Popish blood!—it's the destruction of Church property that they seek; for the blasted priests are at the bottom of it all—working secretly for the restitution of the Cromwellian lands, and the restoration of Popery as the established religion, and the spilling of every drop of Protestant blood throughout the island. But they are out in their calculation—are they not, Francis?—for we have good weapons to use, and strong arms to wield them; and I trust in Heaven that the day *will* come, and that we may live to see it, when not a Papist shall be found out of hell or Connaught!"

"You appear to have no great love for them at least," observed one of the young Englishmen.

"No—nor they for me, by G—! and still less for our friend here, Major Fortescue. What a loving squeeze they would give us, Francis, if they could clutch us between their paws—*you*, for the good turns that you have done them; and *me*, for the *honour of the family*. But we'll have some sport with them yet, please God, before *that* day comes!—hunt a few of them—transport a few of them—shoot a few of them—hang a few of them. By Heavens! it would be a luxury for me to wade knee-deep in their idolatrous blood, the rebelly, craw-thumping crew!—Eh, Francis! my boy! You're quite thoughtful. Come, I'll rouse you. Fill bumpers, gentlemen; and this time, at least, do honour to the toast."

"Here's to the glorious, pi——"

"Oh, Potter! is that you? Well, my man, you're in the nick of time. Francis, with your leave, I'll fill Michael a glass of brandy. He's a true blue—a lad after my own kidney."

"Here's to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Popery, idolatry, slavery, and —wooden shoes. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!"

"Well, Potter," said Major Fortescue, "what have you done with Mr Gerald? Have you heard anything of Fin?"

"Mr Gerald, sir, is gone to inquire after the mistress. We have not been able to discover Fin nor his wife. But his cabin is in ruins."

"Could you make out no trace of him?"

"None in life, sir. We beat along the shore, and up the hill-side, all over Wineport, but could trace neither him nor Biddy."

"Well, Potter, there's no help for it; we may learn something in the morning. Go and get refreshment for the men."

The policeman withdrew with an air of pride, having toasted the "glorious memory" in the presence of the heir-presumptive to the lordship of Dunshannon.

"Come, Francis," said the latter, "let's take another look at the bonfire; and then, as we cannot amuse ourselves with a few shots at the Terry-Alts, I will throw my carcass on a sofa until morning."

This suggestion was adopted. Once more the burning premises were inspected; but nothing could be done to prevent the entire destruction of the offices. Providentially the wind still continued to blow from the house. Sentinels were then stationed at various points, parties arranged to relieve each other on the roof, the soldiers not on duty accommodated within the dwelling-house as well as circumstances could admit; and then, when others were making ready for their bivouac, Burton was conducted by Arthur Fortescue to the chamber prepared for him since morning. Gerald followed for a few minutes, to relate his fruitless search after Peter Fin; and then both the brothers wished their visiter a good night.

On the following morning, during breakfast, it was proposed that a party should be formed to row across the lake to Wineport, and make further inquiries respecting Fin. In about half-an-hour, therefore, three of the brothers, with young Burton, were seated in a skiff, gliding rapidly towards Wineport. Arrived at the harbour where they had embarked the preceding night with Peter Fin, in his Curlew, they left their skiff in the little basin and proceeded to ascend the hill. There they found the ruins of the hut. Little remained, save the low and blackened walls. The night-wind had dispersed the ashes, and the burned timbers had been removed by the hands of petty plunder. The young men next proceeded to Anna, and visited Mrs Murlough in her shebeen house. She declared herself unable to give ny information on the subject of their inquiry and therefore, the

party left her without partaking of her *potheen*. She bade "*God bless them!*" as they left her threshold, and muttered, "*The Divil's cure to yez!*" as she turned back into her dwelling.

The other villagers received the young gentlemen with the warmest testimonies of good will. The most violent libeller of human nature, the most gloomy misanthrope, might have been deceived by the professions of attachment, the anxiety to proffer service, the words, the looks, the acts displayed in favour of the visiters by the occupants of the cottages they entered. Still, however, they had no intelligence respecting Fin—none as to the number or the persons of the party by which his hut had been set on fire. Their buttermilk—called in England *pig's milk*—was at the service of the young "quality," though many had not even this *luxury* to offer in proof of their hospitality. Their oaten bread—*where there was any*—they offered liberally, though none could do so plentifully. If the wretched hovel was not supplied with even a scanty provision of oatmeal, they, nevertheless, shewed that "the pot was bylin," and that "the pratees would soon be riddy, iv it ud plaze their Honnurs to wait a bit." In fact, their hospitality was as boundless in will as it was confined in means; but their reserve upon all subjects connected with Fin's disappearance, or the system of the Terry-Alts, was impenetrable. The natural openness of their manners would lead to the supposition that they had nothing to communicate—while the course of events, and the well-known condition of the country, proved the contrary.

The men at work in the fields shewed the same open-hearted good-will, the same imperturbable feeling, as the women in the cabins; and not a few of them went so far as to express their *satisfaction* at the ill success of the Terry-Alts in their attack upon the house at Lakeview, and their regret at the destruction of so much valuable property by the incendiaries.

It may be readily conjectured from these facts, that the research made by the young men proved unsuccessful; and that, when they reached the boat which was to convey them back to Lakeview, they were—to use the language of those whom they had interrogated—*just as wise as ever*.

"You see, Burton," said Gerald Fortescue, as he tugged at his oar—"you see the character of the people in this part of the country. There is not a man among those with whom we have been conversing, who would not walk forty miles a-day to serve us; and yet they look on quietly during the destruction of our farm-yard, and the danger that menaced our lives, without using the slightest means to aid us; and now, when they cannot but have received some intelligence upon the subjects which concern either our interest or our feelings, they are as silent as the grave."

"Because," replied the young Englishman, "they know full well, from Peter Fin's example' that the grave would be their recompense if they revealed a particle of what they have either seen or heard. For my own part, I cannot think otherwise, than that too much is expected from these people under the circumstances in which they are placed. It is quite evident, from the want and wretchedness by which they are encompassed—apparent in the famine presiding at their hearths, the nakedness of themselves, their wives and infant children—that they owe but little to the proprietors of the soil—the gentry of the country. It is by the tyranny of the latter, their unconciliating despotism towards the peasantry, and too often, I fear, their unmerciful treatment of them and their helpless families, that the spirit of disaffection is aroused in the souls of those who suffer; and it would be unreasonable to suppose that the serf who endures the least should not sympathize with him who groans beneath the heaviest burden of oppression; or, that, when the latter, whose native cruelty has changed from the humanity of a man to the ferocity of a wild beast, determines to avenge his wrongs, crouching in secret, like the tiger preparing for his spring, the other should hasten to give timely notice of his assault, or, after it has been made, discover into what lair the savage has retired."

"Your language is rather strong, Burton, when applied to the gentry, of whom my father is, perhaps, the most active in this county," observed Gerald Fortescue, with a tone of dissatisfaction.

"My dear Gerald," replied his class-fellow—"you must be well aware that I speak generally, as a man may be permitted to do when politics are made the subject of conversation. My observations are not directed against the conduct of individuals; they are intended to place system in opposition to system—that of disaffection in the one scale, that of domination in the other. I would contrast poverty with wealth, servitude with tyranny, inability to pay to the uttermost mite the rent of the landlord and the tithe of the parson, with the merciless enactments of both—distraint, ejectment, starvation, death! What is the consequence of such a condition of society? That some evil spirits, who have no just grounds of complaint, take advantage of the discontent so natural in the many who writhe under the gripe of the landed proprietor and the sacerdotal churchman, protected in their capacity by the erring policy of church and state—such are the fashionable terms of the day—and that, to counteract or crush the designs of those promoters of discontent, the truly loyal, like your father, are obliged to exercise their magisterial duties to an extent increased tenfold by the supineness of the very men by whose imprudence and inhumanity the flames of sedition have been kindled, that now are spreading with such desolating effect over the land!"

"Well, Burton, I cannot argue this subject with you, because I will candidly confess that I have been accustomed from my childhood to hear doctrines widely different from yours—doctrines which teach that landed property

should be rendered available to the last penny; Protestant Ascendancy maintained, by enforcing the full dues of the Church; and that the hereditary rights of the landlord, and the sacred claims of the clergy, can be held inviolable in this country, by no other means than crushing to the very dust the men who blindly profess the idolatrous worship of Popery."

"You are repeating now, my dear Gerald, the language of others—words that have entered in at your ears, as you confess, ever since you have been able to comprehend their meaning. Let me hope, however, that they have not taken root within your mind; and that, when you make mention of the *idolatrous* worship of Popery, you only cite the scurrilous epithet which bigotry and intolerance have applied to the religion of fellow-beings who adore, in common with ourselves, the *only one true God*."

Such was the tenor of the discourse maintained by Gerald Fortescue and his guest, as their skiff cut the waters of Lough Ree on their return to the shore of Lakeview.

. . . . .

Several days passed away without any intelligence of Peter Fin. Tranquillity was re-established in the family of Lakeview. Mr Hardy had reconducted his detachment of riflemen to Shannon Bridge, leaving a corporal's guard behind, for whose accommodation the gate-house was converted into a temporary barrack.

With the returning security, the young men proposed to Henry Burton an excursion up the lake.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOATING EXCURSION.

"Mount, Burton," said Arthur Fortescue, pointing to the dog-cart, grey mare, and Danny Kiernan; "by driving to the promontory of Whinagan, we shall save time. The boat has been sent round this hour—we will return by water, to avoid the "minions of the moon."

Burton was thinking of Emily Fortescue—the Terry-Alts, under the Shakspearean title given them by his friend, were subjects of indifference to him at the moment.

"Give us our kish of turf, Cox," said Frank Fortescue, pointing to the hamper of provisions. "Up with it—heave it on board. There's something in that, Danny, to make your other eye sparkle."

"Is it the potheen, or the Parliamint, Masthur Frank. Your Honnur knows there's one iv them I'm sworn aginst"—

"Which of them, Danny, my man?"

"Ask my blind eye that, Masthur Edmund—fur iv I but winked an answur wids the other, be the piper that played afore Moses, I might go whistle jigs to a milestone for the rest iv my life!"

"How so, Danny?"

"Becase the sorrow resave the eye ud be left in the lud iv Dan Kiernan, to blink his hathrid iv the Parliamint."

"Danny, you're a rebel this morning—but don't break our necks by putting us into the ditch, and we'll not blow out your brains, lest we should rob the gallows."

"You're always *jokin* me, Masthur Gerald; an' id's yoursilf ud go fur in a day to save Dan Kiernan from dancing the Divil's hornpipe, for the sport iv the Mullingar heifers."

"That I would, Danny, and so would Mr Burton toe, who sits there so glum by your side; for, though he knows Cupid's a dangler, he wouldn't like to see the blind God dangling in that fashion, if he could lend a helping hand to cut you down."

"Lord save us, Masthur Girald! but you've chose a mighty quare soobjict iv discoorse this blissed mornin!"

"Did they give you your morning, Danny?"

"They did, your Honnur—an' my breakfast to boot."

He of the one eye, be it remembered, was not one of the house servants, but resided in a cottage on the domain.

"You have recovered your appetite, then," said Arthur. "Do you know, Burton, Kiernan lost his appetite from fright, though his own four bones were safe from the Terry-Alts."

"Id was natheral innuv fur me, Masthur Arthur; I was thinkin all day long iv the thratement they give poor Fin."

"Now, seriously, Danny, do you know anything of Fin?"

"Why, thin, Masthur Girald, is id yoursilf that axes the question? But, 'pon my soul and conshince, I know no more iv him nur the child unborn."

"It's very strange!"

"An' id's you may say that too, Masthur Girald; but sthranger things have come to pass in the parish of Kilkinny Wist, since the boys began their night doins."

"Did you ever see Captain Terry-Alt?" asked Frank.

Kiernan gave an expressive shake of the shoulders, such as was peculiar to him when excited.

"How could I, Masthur Frank, an' me wid but one eye in my head?"

"Oh, I suppose," continued Frank, "you see with that eye only when you choose. But did you ever hear what the people think of him?"

"Why, thin, they say, sure inuv, that he's a broth of a boy, an' a rattlin, roarin chap, that cares bud little fur Insurriction Acts, an' the Lord, my masthur's uncle—God be good unto his Honnur, an' the masthur himself at the big house!—an' long life to him!"

"What more do they say of him, Dan?"

"Why, sure, thin, they say fur sartin he'll be King iv Ireland one iv these days, wid Dan O'Connell fur his prime ministhur, an' Father Doyle as great a man as the Pope; and *thin!* owl Ireland 'ill be free as afore the Cromwillians enslaved hurr! Whew! Beauty! id's yoursilf that stips out like onny lady!"

Kiernan attempted thus to conceal the triumph of his tone, by his laudatory address to the grey mare.

"Dan, I *do* fear you'll die by the rope."

"Musha, thin, Masthur Frank, isn't id a dith iv glory when a sowl dies fur the good iv his country?"

"Well, Danny, I don't envy you your martyrdom; but look before you leap—it's an ugly jump that a man takes in front of Mullingar jail."

"Sure an' that's thrue; bud thin"——

Kiernan paused a moment, as if to consider—then added—

—"The saints resave his sowl into glory!"

"Who told you that, my man?"

"Be my faix, I have Father Myke's words to the fore. Bud, *na bauchlish!*" added he, shaking his shoulders, "I'm not a fool afthur all; fur id's myself 'ill rist quiet an' contint, nur boder my brains wid sich unlooky consarns *until the time comes.*"

"What time is that, Dan?".

"Why, thin, Masthur Edmund, is it yur father's own son that axes *that* question? Why, the time foretold by Pasthorini, to be sure! What other could I mane?"

"Ay, when Ireland is to be paved with penny loaves."

"No, be my sowl, yur honnur; bud when all the hiritics, savin yur Honnur's prisince! are to be swipt away, root and branch, stock and stim, from the soil of owl Erin! Whew, grey one!—go it, yurr sowl! that's a darlint!"

"Alas!" thought Burton, "what an unhappy country is this! Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, rebellion—opposed to prejudice, intolerance, despotism, persecution!"

Such a confession of politics on the part of Dan Kiernan, as that which awakened reflections of this nature in the mind of the young Englishman, may be considered out of character with a man in Danny's situation; but, in support of the verisimilitude of the sketch, it may be stated, by anticipation, that Burton, at a subsequent period, often conversed with the workmen employed on the domain where the principal scenes of this narrative are laid—joking with them on their spirit of disaffection.

"Joking!" the English reader may exclaim.

Ay, joking—for, had he assumed a serious tone, there was not a half-starved wretch among them all, who would not have shut himself up in the dignity of reserve, like a Cabinet Minister, when questioned unseasonably on the subject of his political purposes. The poorest peasant toiling in the bogs of Ireland has as proud a sense of the *privilege of his order*, as the haughtiest noble among the aristocracy of England.

"Privilege!"

Ay, the privilege of human nature!—the pure and inviolable prerogative of *man!*

The labouring peasantry of Ireland make no secret of their complaints—why should they?—but they are careful to give them a general character, so that their employers should not be distinguished by any particular remark. Such men are generally cottiers—considering themselves most fortunate if they can obtain *annual* employment at *sixpence* per day. On this miserable pittance, an able-bodied man has to support himself, his wife, and a numerous family. Attached to his lowly cabin, is a small plot of ground, for the growth of potatoes; the rent of which, as well as of his cabin, is deducted by his employer from the aforesaid wages, so hardly earned by the sweat of his famished brow. Those of the peasantry who venture on small "takes of land," have to contend against the well-known grievances of Ireland—exorbitant rents, severe imposts, and tithes demanded by a Church from the rites of which they receive no spiritual consolation, and their corporeal privations; while their own clergy are obliged to look to them for support.

How, then, is it possible that people so oppressed should refrain from expressing their complaints—though conveyed sometimes in a *joke*, but more frequently in secret murmurs—that those murmurs should occasionally swell into groans, and those groans give place to deep and deadly *curses*?

This, however, is but digression.

When the party arrived at the point of the promontory, the boat was found in readiness to receive them. They embarked immediately, placing the hamper of provisions in the bottom of the boat, to serve as ballast. The four brothers took their seats on the benches, assigning to their visiter the stern—then, each of them taking an oar, they pulled away to the Connaught shore, at a steady rate.

"We shall first take you, Burton," said Arthur Fortescue, "to view the Castle of St John's, at *Inch-a-bo-fin*, and then we'll visit the islands that lie higher up the Shannon."

"Are the ruins in preservation?"

"No: little now remains except the outer-walls, which are of immense extent, with round towers at moderate distances from each other. Of these towers enough remains to give us some idea of the strength of the ancient castle, and the power of the Knights of St John, by whom it was held. If Fin were with us, he would relate to you the traditions of the place, in the technical language of the lake. Some of them are of an interesting description, and we have often been amused by them, even though repeated as 'tales twice told.'"

"Can you not recall one of them to memory," said the eldest of the brothers, "so as to give our friend Burton some notion of the people who formerly inhabited these parts?"

"I will try, though I shall stand in need of Fin's legendary diction:—

"You have heard us call the point of land we have just left Whinnyan," continued Arthur Fortescue, addressing his discourse to his English friend—"that, however, is a corruption of the original name, which was *Whinnin*; or, more properly"———. Here the historian of the lake imitated the neighing of a horse.

"What!" said Burton, laughing, "were these shores formerly peopled by Yahoos, that left behind them traces of their language, in the names which they gave to their promontories?"

"We are wild and uncivilized enough in these parts; nevertheless, we cannot discover in our genealogical tree any branch of the race of the Yahoos. Listen, however, to my tale, and be enlightened."*

CHAPTER VIII.

After a long pull, relieved by Arthur Fortescue's legend, the Connaught shore was reached at *Inch-a-bo-fin*. The party then landed, and proceeded to their inspection of the ancient castle. The *island*, as it was called by its Irish appellation, was a promontory united by a narrow isthmus with the mainland. In that part of the promontory which became narrow towards the isthmus, ran a range of battlements, crowned with towers, placed within an arrow's flight of one another. These battlements extended for a quarter of a mile from shore to shore, so that they were flanked by the waters of the lake; in front of them, lay an extensive *plateau*, consisting of three-fourths of the island, inclining gently towards the Shannon.

The space included within the range of the battlements shewed only traces of the ancient keep; the isthmus connecting the entire with the mainland seemed little more than a causeway; and, from its defensible nature, must have added greatly to the strength and the convenience of this stronghold. Thus, the position of the castle was remarkable for beauty and security—gently elevated above the continental land, and looking down upon the waters of the lake, which were delightfully diversified with islands; and, while its imposing ramparts must have commanded fully that portion of the promontory which lay as a plain, in the direction of the Shannon, it had been protected against any attack from the land-side, by the difficulty of approach across the *isthmus*.

Power in dilapidation, was the image that presented itself to Burton's mind, as he gazed on this relic of the ancient chivalry of Ireland; and, silencing his English prejudices, which partook of incredulity respecting the historic records of the country, he allowed his thoughts to be borne back insensibly to the tilts and tournaments which had been exhibited in former times upon that plain—the gay revelries which had resounded, with dance, and feast, and minstrelsy, within the circuit of those battlements—the warrior-deeds achieved, when mimic warfare gave place to the hostile struggle for supremacy—the cruel suffering of the captive groaning in the damp dungeons of his victor.

How noble, he reflected, had been the grandeur—how magnificent the splendour—how dignified the aspect—how controlling the power of all within these imposing and impregnable ramparts! Time, that great destroyer, has sunk their beauty and their knighthood in the dark nothingness of perishable mortality! The love and the valour so rife amid their hearths, have long since become extinct! Oblivion has thrown an impenetrable shade over their chambers and their halls; while uncertain tradition and mouldering ruins, the only mementos of the castle of the Knights of St. John, record that such things have been, and afford a faint attestation of the princely character of the feudal system that prevailed in Ireland in the olden time.

The young Englishman could have lingered for hours on those battlements, passing from tower to tower, descending into the deepest of their accessible recesses, and mounting to the highest attainable point upon their ramparts. But his companions summoned him from the contemplation of past power, by urging the necessity of a return to the boat, as the morning was advancing, and they had yet a long way to row, ere the furthest point of the excursion could be reached.

The next point at which the party touched, was the Island of *Inch-a-boon*, barren and uninhabited, but containing an exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture, in the ruins of a chapel, similar to the one described in the domain of Lakeview. The most remarkable feature in this relic of early Christianity, was a flag-stone of huge dimensions, in the middle of the chapel, which, Burton was informed, the peasantry of the adjacent shores regarded with much religious veneration. The belief was, that the ground underneath was hollow—but no person had ever been known to possess sufficient strength, or, more probably, so much disregard of holy relics, as to raise the stone for the purpose of ascertaining what lay beneath. The windows of this chapel displayed the same beautiful sculpture as has been described in the account of the chapel at Lakeview. The walls, however, were in better preservation. But, beyond what has been mentioned, there was nothing else that could be thought worthy of observation. The companions, therefore, left these ruins, after a short delay, and continued their course still higher up the lake.

In the space of another hour, the Fox Islands were approached, lying mid-way between *Inch-a-boon*, the last resting place, and the Black Islands, intended to be the ultimate point of the excursion.

A landing was made upon the largest of them, for the purpose of refreshing the inner man, as the hour of luncheon was arrived.

"This island," said Gerald Fortescue, "is not worth the trouble of examining it; for it consists only of brushwood, and contains no relics. An old couple used to dwell here in a hut, the walls of which, with some portion of the roof, are still standing; but the occupants, the Darby and Joan of the Shannon Water, died last winter. On our fishing excursions with poor Fin, we used to visit the old couple; and here we sometimes dined, getting them to boil our potatoes; now we must be content with bread to our cold turkey. Come, eat, boys, eat; and then a long pull for the Black Islands!"

"Give me that drum-stick," said Frank Fortescue, as the party were seating themselves on large stones about the hamper. "I'll be off to take a look at the ruins of the old hut, and see if the weather has blown away the roof yet."

* Here follows the legend.

"There, Frank, play with that, my boy—but be back soon, for we'll be afloat in *no time*."

"Stay, Frank, I'll go with you," said his brother Edmund.

"Be back in five minutes," repeated Gerald, "or we'll leave you here till our return."

"Ay, ay, we'll just take a look at the old place, and be with you in a jiffy."

"That's always their way," said the second brother. "It's impossible to keep those two fellows from wandering, when they belong to any party. The same object, though seen by them a hundred times, has the charm of novelty if they have not visited it for a few weeks."

"Hillo! hillo! hillo!" was shouted by the brothers who had left.

The others started to their feet in alarm, thinking that the wanderers were in danger; and, seizing their fire-arms—without which, be it remembered, they never ventured to any distance from home—they were hastening towards the quarter from which the voices came, when Frank Fortescue came running to them at his utmost speed, exclaiming—

"Fin! Fin! Fin!"

"What do you mean?" was demanded in a breath.

"O boys! Fin has just rushed from the old ruins, and is down to the shore at the other side!

"Where's Edmund?"

"After him, I believe."

"Hillo! hillo! hillo!" shouted Edmund at a distance.

All hastened in the direction, and when, forcing their way through the copsewood, they reached the shore, Edmund Fortescue was seen standing at the edge of a rude harbour, with panting breast and glaring eyes; while, at the distance of about twenty yards, was Peter Fin in his Curlew, pulling rapidly from land, and laughing with the expression of maniac triumph.

Attention was speedily recalled to Edmund, who suddenly became faint, and would have fallen, had he not been immediately supported.

"Why, Edmund, my boy, what's the matter?"

"O Gerald! as I live, Fin has got with him the dead body of his wife! I never beheld a more horrid sight! See there, how it lies between his knees! And listen to that laugh!"

"There he goes, by Jove! for the Black Islands!"

"What shall we do, Gerald?"

"Why, after him, to be sure, Arthur. Our *four* oars may be a match for his *two*. You see he don't pull as stoutly as he used, for, look! we even still see his grin of madness!"

"Quick! to boat! to boat, boys!"

In a few minutes the young men had retraced their steps, repacked their hamper, and pushed vigorously from the shore. The maniac, however, had got the start of them, and was considerably a-head when the brothers had doubled the island, so as to bring their boat in a direct line with the Curlew.

"Pull, boys, pull!" cried Arthur Fortescue; "we must save the poor fellow, or he'll perish of hunger among the islands!"

The day was advancing from the hour of noon; and, as the month of September was drawing on to a close, it was advisable that the party should return to Lakeview before the evening, especially as the late movements of the Terry-Alts called for additional precaution. Hence a double motive urged them to overtake Fin speedily; and, although their visit to the Black Islands seemed incompatible with the safe custody of the maniac, should he be overtaken in the chase, it was of the utmost importance that the latter object should be attained before he passed those islands, to push higher up the stream.

It was feared, at first, that he would make for either the Connaught or the Leinster shore, and there landing, baffle all pursuit by striking inwards. But he seemed to avoid each continent by keeping in the very centre of the lake, contrary to the usual practice of bearing away to either side, in order that the strong current might be avoided. He was about half-a-mile a-head when the pursuit began, a distance that appears inconsiderable on water; but the brothers seemed conscious of the tough task they had in hand, for they rowed with the most watchful precision, that not a chance should be lost by any irregularity in their movements.

"Look well to the Curlew, Burton," said the eldest brother to his fellow collegian, seated in the stern of the boat. "Tell us when you think we are gaining on her."

It was in vain, however, that the Englishman gazed intently to announce the wished intelligence; for Peter Fin continued to preserve his distance.

"Do we gain on him?" was the constant question.

"No."

"Does he gain on us?"

"Not apparently."

"He must be very weak, poor fellow, from privation, else he would outstrip us, or any four of the sturdiest watermen on the lake."

"Does he row steadily?"

"I never saw anything more regular than the strokes of his oars."

"Does he incline to either side?"

"He keeps as direct a line as the eye can trace."

"He's a practical geometrician, Burton, without having visited Trinity College for his science."

"I wonder, Gerald, you can jest at such a time. The poor fellow little knows that he is running from his friends. He mistakes us, no doubt, for Terry-Alts."

"Well, Arthur, I'll be mute. Steady, Edmund!—time your stroke. Are we gaining on him, Burton?"

"Not an inch."

"Nor he on us?"

"Yes, he keeps a more direct line, and seems to have gained a little."

"Talk less, Gerald—we are not pulling well together."

"There's something wrong with him," cried Burton, after a considerable pause—"he has stopped a moment."

The eldest brother turned his head to look.

"Pull, boys! pull *like mad!*" said he. "Fin has broke an oar-pin. We'll catch him yet."

"He seems to have replaced it," observed Burton, "for now he pulls as evenly as before."

"Who ever caught Fin upon the water," said Edmund Fortescue, "without a supply of oar-pins in his boat?"

"Pull, boys, pull, notwithstanding."

Another long pause intervened.

"It was two o'clock, Burton, when we left the Fox Islands—what hour now?" asked the eldest brother.

"Ten minutes to three."

"The Black Islands ought to be in view."

"I see islands a-head," answered Burton.

"And Fin?"

"He relaxes—we are gaining on him."

"Steady, boys—time your stroke," chanted Gerald Fortescue from the prow, giving a peculiar intonation to the vowel sounds.

"I fear we shall have a change in the weather," he added; "these drops of rain are heavy."

"I don't much like the look of the clouds," said Frank.

"Nor I the appearance of the water," added Arthur.

"Such are the signs that a woman hangs out, when her brow looks black before she begins her tanthrums."

"How can such thoughts cross your mind, Gerald, in a time like this?"

"What more like the face of a vixen, Arthur, than the water before us? See how it swells and looks gloomy! Do we make way on him, Burton?"

"Well and steadily; he loses time with the bundle between his knees."

"What *can* be the nature of his thoughts?" said Arthur.

"Do you see that flash of lightning?" observed another.

"Have we eyes?"

"Listen to that peal!"

"By Jove! boys, here it comes in a torrent!"

"A pretty party of pleasure this!"

"We are still gaining on the Curlew," said Burton.

"Fin must be half-starved, or we could never tell that tale."

"I thought he looked so," said the English student, "the first time I saw him."

"Oh, that was only the nature of the beast."

"Well, Gerald, you are really inhuman, to speak of the poor fellow in that strain. I could weep for him at this moment!"

"Pull, Arthur, my boy, and you'll do him more service."

"What a blast comes sweeping across the lake! And there again the lightning! Listen for the peal!"

"There it rolls, telling us, with a hollow, to go home in time, before the storm comes on in *real earnest*."

"I lose sight of the Curlew continually, the swell is so great."

"We shall have more of that, Burton, for our comfort."

"What o'clock now?"

"Half-past three."

"The Black Islands are a-head?"

"We are in a straight line with the first of them, and Fin midway between us—

"'Row! brothers, row! the wind blows hard!'"

"That peal will silence your singing, Gerald."

"I can hardly hold out much longer," said Edmund.

"Courage, my boy; we'll soon overtake the poor devil—shall we not, Burton?"

"We are gaining on him rapidly."

"Gracious Heavens!" said Arthur Fortescue, "do you hear that demoniac laugh?"

"He looks the Evil Spirit of the Storm," was the remark made by Burton, as he gazed on the poor maniac, whose tattered garments were streaming to the wind, his long hair blown about his uncovered head, and the expression of his countenance announcing the most ferocious malevolence.

By this time, the storm had increased to a height that was become alarming: the clouds, which had been congregating over the lake, poured down their contents in a dense and heavy deluge; the thunder rolled above, with intervals scarcely perceptible between the peals; and the gloom which had succeeded to the brightness of an autumnal day, was illumined by the flashes, which were as constant as they were vivid.

Little could the English student have believed, had not experience convinced him of the fact, that a storm upon the Shannon could disturb its waters from their very bottom, and raise commotions similar to those which are witnessed on the sea. Soon, however, he had the perilous proof, that such scenes can occur upon the waters of which he seemed likely to become the sport. The swell had risen into billows, and if, half an hour previously, he occasionally lost sight of the Curlew, he now caught but a momentary glimpse of her. The situation of their own boat was becoming every instant more perilous, but still the hardy brothers held on.

The eldest of them again reiterated—"Do we gain upon him, Burton? We seem within a hundred yards of him."

"We may *seem* so," said Arthur Fortescue: "but twice one makes two, Burton. Such is the arithmetic of the lake."

"As you please—nevertheless we *are* closing on him fast."

"Keep her head right against the stream, boys, or we shall be *swamped!*" cried the eldest brother.

"She'll hardly live, Gerald, if the swell rise much higher."

"Would you have us turn back, Arthur, like cravens, and leave Fin to his fate? He'll perish with cold and hunger."

"No, Gerald," replied the brother, giving vigour to the tug of his oar—"you'll not find me hang out the white feather at such a moment."

"I'm far from wishing you, my lad, to resign the struggle," observed Burton. "But you must be cautious when you come alongside of the Curlew. Fin seems evilly disposed. There now he ceases rowing, to menace us with his gestures. Do you hear that yell?"

The horrible accents of the lunatic, rising shrilly in defiance, or deep and deadly in menace, mingled with the roar of the waters, the bellowing of the winds, and the peals of the thunder that rattled along the heavens. As the pursuing boat was closing on the Curlew, the latter was seen topping the wave, like a sea bird with expanded wings, at the moment when a thunder cloud burst over her, and the forked lightning shot fearfully in transverse lines athwart her benches.

The maniac howled and laughed, and then uttered discordant sounds, that surpassed the fiercest expression of human malignity when aroused by human suffering. More than one heart among the pursuers beat quick with apprehension at the approaching collision with such a demon in the shape of man.

"Fin, Fin, my poor fellow!" shouted Gerald Fortescue, across the interval that now divided the two skiffs from one another, "don't you know your own garçoon, Gerald Fortescue?—and Arthur, too—and Frank, Fin—and Edmund. Stop, stop! and come back with us; and we'll just take a look at our lines, Peter, and then go home to the big house, *ma boughal!*"

"Ya! ya!" was the unintelligible answer.

It was thought encouraging, however; and the brothers, seeing that Fin rested on his oars, pulled more briskly to the Curlew. As they shot alongside, Arthur Fortescue grappled her with a boat-hook, and in that manner the two boats held together for an instant. That instant was an awful one. In it were mingled danger, magnificence, and horror. Time must be given to the relation of what was but the occurrence of a breath—a hurried vision of terror and sublimity!

The little barks breast together the swelling surge—the winds howl dismally around—a ball of fire shoots rapidly from the sky, whizzing into the boiling waters, a few feet from the stern of the Curlew. The maniac rises wildly from his bench—with his left arm he enfolds the half-burned corpse—in his right hand he wields his boat-hook. Arthur Fortescue seems the mark of his hostility. To give the greater force to the blow, he throws back his right foot against the side of his skiff, as if he were fixing a firm posture upon land. The Curlew dips *that* side into the lake; and, ere the fatal blow is sped, the maniac and the corpse disappear amid the waters!

The hissing of the fire-ball—the yell of the sinking maniac—the exclamations of horror that burst from the lips of all, close the *death-scene* of PETER FIN, THE MONSTER OF THE LAKE!

THE THREE SLEEPERS.

SAW ye the rose in its beauty born,
With leaves as bright as the orient morn?—
How it opened its breast to the west-wind's play,
Then shut it again at the close of day,
To dream perchance of bliss?

Then passed a spirit upon the breeze,
Sweet as the gale that ripples the seas—
Ye may read by the blush on the rose's face
That it lies in that spirit's close embrace:—
Know ye that spirit's name?

It is not of earth—it comes from heaven;
And to it by mortals no name is given;
Yet it hath a brother of this world sprung,
For ever fair and for ever young—
And his name, I trow, is Hope.

But by there came another sprite,
And it lapped them both in its arms one night;
Upon them it fell like a gentle shade,
Flitting across a moonlight glade—
That spirit's name is Death.

And the rose, I deem, was a spirit itself—
A light-heart, gladsome, and joy-wing'd elf;
Than the others more bright, and far more fair:—
Can thy fancy's eye not distinguish there
The image of fairy Love?

In the lonely glen, where no sound is heard,
Save the shrill, sweet lay of the singing bird,
And wild flowers scent the air with their breath,
These sleepers three—Love, Hope, and Death—
Recline in each other's arms.

A SAYING OF CONFUCIUS (PARAPHRASED.)

A THREEFOLD aspect has the course of time:
The Future loiteringly wends its way;
Swift as the winged arrow from the bow,
The Present glances by; leaving *The Past*
Motionless, irrecoverably lost.
Impatient eagerness will naught avail
To wing its heavy flight on its approach;
Irresolution, to its sore dismay,
Will find it come and go, heedless alike
Of fears or of procrastinating doubts,
Careering on in dread rapidity;
Whilst sad Remorse may seek the mightiest spell
In vain, to aid it in recovering
One moment of immoveable past time.
Wouldst thou, then, wisely choose the path of life
That terminates in happiness and peace,
Serenely wait and ponder well the *Future*;
The *Present* pass in virtuous innocence—
Thus thou wilt make of it a valued friend,
And no sad thoughts will cause the *Past* to bear
The semblance of a mortal enemy.

M. R. H.

PROGRESS OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION—NO. II.

HEREDITARY PENSIONS—SUPERANNUATIONS AND RETIRING ALLOWANCES—SINECURES.

The demise of the crown is an untoward event for the Tories. Under William IV., they had evidently begun to indulge hopes of a speedy return to power; intoxicated by riotous convivialities, in their mind's eye they once more swam in the sea of corruption. But the recent appointments in the royal household, and the complete identification of the new reign with the present Ministry, have brought a change "o'er the spirit of their dream." Victoria's name is a tower of strength, and they have it not. In the late general election, they lacked their rallying cry; for their boast being exclusive loyalty and chivalry, they durst not, in their traitorous breath, call upon the electors of the empire to oppose their young Queen and her chosen counsellors. After all, their disappointment in the "loaves and fishes" may have been their salvation. Had their delirious thirst for the government of the country been gratified, they cannot imagine their high crimes and misdemeanours would have ceased to be remembered, or that they have redeemed former iniquities by repentance. They are at present out of court; but, should they rashly put in an appearance, that long indictment of injuries held in store by the people will be preferred against them. Their misdeeds are not forgiven nor forgotten. Ireland has a heavy bill against them—so has Scotland and England. The PUBLIC DEBT is their monument. Threescore years and ten of war and waste, intolerance and misrule, were surely enough to elucidate their principles. The insolence of Canning, the dungeoning of Sidmouth, the cold-bloodedness of Castlereagh, the Orange bigotry of Peel, are bitter reminiscences. They have already had their death-struggle. By gagging bills, by bank-restriction bills, by habeas corpus suspension acts, by plot-mongering, and all the other devices of might without right, they fought it out to the last ditch; and yet, like the Stuarts, they sigh for their Worcester, and our hope is, that the result may be the same, and that it may be to the Reformers what that glorious battle was to the Parliamentarians—a "crowning mercy."

In a former article (No. 36) on the "Progress of Political Corruption," we set forth some of the early doings of this fallen faction—of this scotched but not yet killed snake of politics. But it will be long ere we can trace up all the consequences of Tory misgovernment. By the abolition of the municipal oligarchies and nomination boroughs, some of the decayed parts, fostered under the dry-rot system of the Tories, were cut away—still there will always be danger of the ancient malady creeping over us, if a single plank of the old timber be suffered to remain in the building. Hereditary pensions, legal sinecures, compensations, dead-weight, and retiring allowances, are a few of the evils which infest the constitution. Before, however, specifically noticing these, let us advert to an important fact, that demands, without delay, the searching investigation of a Reformed Parliament.

Mr Hume long and successfully laboured in the vineyard of fiscal retrenchment. He was preceded by Sir Henry Parnell, who plied the oar till he was chilled into indifference, or frowned down by his then "Majesty's Opposition," headed by George Tierney. Both gentlemen, however, did all that could be done under the circumstances; and both the Member for Dundee and the Member for Kilkenny deserve the gratitude of their countrymen. They fearlessly and indefatigably scrutinized the accounts laid before Parliament, and shewed where savings might be effected. But there are accounts which do not come before Parliament, that are not published in the annual finance accounts of the kingdom, and which, of course, could not obtain the direct notice of these patriotic economists. It is to this neglected department that we particularly wish to call attention. Of a gross revenue of £54,000,000, about one-seventh part disappears before it reaches the exchequer—chiefly absorbed in drawbacks, charges of collection, deductions for sinecures and pensions, compensations, allowances, superannuations, and other "siftings."

The exact facts are these, and we copy them from the work of Mr Wells on "The Revenue and Expenditure of the United Kingdom." According to the annual finance accounts, in the year ending 5th January 1833, the gross sum of £54,161,517 : 8 : $3\frac{3}{4}$ was levied upon the industry of the people; but only the net sum of £46,988,755 : 10 : $6\frac{3}{4}$ was applicable to the public expenditure—the enormous intermediate sum of £7,172,761 : 17 : 9 being abstracted without the control or the authority either of the Government or of the House of Commons. Surely a hiatus like this ought to be explored. An abatement of seven millions out of fifty-four millions, is upwards of twelve per cent. £100 is paid, and only £88 accounted for to this tax-paying community.*

Some of the charges on the revenue before it reaches the public treasury are, we know, unobjectionable, and do not admit of abatement. Such, probably, are the stipends of most of the subordinate revenue officers, and the per-centage on the collection of the assessed taxes, which, since the repeal of the house-duty, affords but a meagre remuneration for trouble of collection. But there are others that demand rigid scrutiny—superannuations and retiring allowances, and that singular fungus on the revenue, the hereditary pensions. Are we never to have done with these patent rights? Is posterity for ever

* From a Parliamentary paper just published, respecting the collection of taxes for the year ending January 5, 1837, it appears that the total amount of deductions by several departments from the gross receipts, and not paid into the Exchequer, was £6,155,417 : 7 : 3.

and ever to suffer from the folly and extravagance of princes? Is royal profligacy and abuse the only species of entail that is to be held perpetually sacred, and not to be cut off? Where would have been the wealth and prosperity of the country, had the patent grants of Elizabeth and James been respected—had the monopolies in commerce, in manufactures, and even in the necessaries of life not been swept away by the indignant fiat of Parliament? Surely the Commons of Queen Victoria are not more fettered by prerogative rights than those of the Tudors and Stuarts.

This is a grave subject. The question of a resumption of royal grants is one for which there are many precedents; it is a question of vast extent, embracing the alienation of the Church lands and Crown lands; it sweeps over the domains of Woburn, Bowood, and Sherwood, and stretches to the Orkneys, to Dungeness, and even the wilds of Munster and Connaught. But we have no wish to follow it to its utmost verge. We respect that maxim of peace, consecrated by the laws of England, that possession for a determinate period gives a legal right. Were we to act on a contrary principle—were we to rip up old titles—society would be plunged into unutterable confusion; for there is hardly a house in the metropolis, or an acre in the country, that, in some stage of its transmission, has not legibly stamped upon it the characteristics of plunder, rather than of property honestly acquired.

However, mere chattel interests, like the pensions of the Fitzroys, Cowpers, Schombergs, and Athlones, cannot claim the inviolability of a real estate, as we shall quickly see by advertence to their origin and character.

Charles II. had twelve natural children, most of whom were elevated to the peerage, or, by marriage, dovetailed into noble families. The Dukes of Grafton, St Albans, and Richmond, are three out of four of his ducal descendants, whom he quartered on the public taxes. The amorous monarch, though neglectful of the commonweal, always manifested a very provident watchfulness over those who had pandered to his pleasures. According to Burnet, his last words on his deathbed, to his brother James, were—"*Do not let poor Nelly* (Gwyn) *starve!*" And Parliament having granted to him a portion of the revenue of the customs, excise, and post-office, he was well enabled to provide for the offspring of his debauchery. It was, however, a wrongful appropriation. These parliamentary grants to the Crown were given in exchange for certain feudal services, to be held on the same conditions as the other crown revenues, and applied to the maintenance of the dignity of the kingly office, not squandered in the support of the King's illegitimate issue.

The whole question of the abolition of the Court of Wards is one of those aristocratic jobs to which we know no parallel, unless it be the process now going on for the extinction of the poor assessment. The estates of the nobility were charged with services due to the crown—and what course did they adopt to get rid of them? Why, they bargained with the King to give him something else in lieu of them. But mind this something else—the purchase money—was not to come out of their own pockets: no—it came out of the pockets of the people; they charged it on the revenue of the customs and excise; they made, as Mr Lingard observes, "the poor pay for the relief of the rich." Precisely the same course is being adopted under the Poor-Law Amendment Act. The landed aristocracy are, by a side wind, seeking to disburden their estates of the claims of the indigent under the 43d Elizabeth, not by giving them an equivalent, at their own cost, in education or anything else, but by throwing the maintenance of the indigent on the indigent themselves. They are, by the ignoble scheme of pauper Bastiles, trying to reduce the poor of England to the state of the poor of Ireland, where, as Mr O'Connell, describes it, "the poor keep the poor."

All history imperatively inculcates one great political lesson—the indispensability of self-government. It is the only guarantee against oligarchical injustice and spoliation. The historical fact just cited is a convincing illustration. The lords and commoners who bargained with Charles II. to commute the feudal services charged on their estates, bargained for themselves only; while the copy-holders, who were not less harassed by services due to lords of manors than tenants under grand seigniory, were left in the lurch, and so continue to this day, solely because their interests were not represented in either House of Parliament. In the same way are the non-represented poor being thrust to the wall by our modern legislature, representing only capitalists and landlords. By the operation of the corn-laws on the one hand, and the conspiracy to reduce the rate of wages to the Irish level on the other, the condition of the labouring man can only be likened to that of the countryman in London between two sharpers, having both pockets turned out at once!

The singular contract in which the hereditary pensions originated will now be understood. They are part of the purchase money paid by the industrious orders to exonerate the estates of the nobility from feudal claims. The Dukes of Grafton have been the most successful participators in the revenue so accruing. Besides his pension out of the excise, the present Duke also receives a large income from the post-office and from a law sinecure. The net income of his Grace, as returned by himself, is as follows:—

Hereditary pension out of the excise, .	£7,200
Hereditary pension out of the post-office, .	4,700
Sealer of the King's Bench and Common Pleas,	2,685

His Grace claims to be hereditary warden of the extensive forests of Salcey and Whittlewood, with three residences and other perquisites, including an annual salary of £236. The prisage and butlerage of wines were also vested by letters patent in the same family. Augustus Henry, late Duke of Grafton, who died in 1811, sold

this patent to government for an annuity of £6,870, to be charged on the consolidated fund, with an option that the whole or one-third of the annuity might be funded in the name of trustees. Whether the funding took place, or whether the present Duke receives this annuity of £6,870 in addition to his other sinecures, out of the consolidated fund, does not appear in the financial accounts. But it is apparent that the receivings of the Grafton family out of the taxes must have been enormous, and this not in virtue of any public services, but in virtue of the first ducal ancestor of his Grace being the second son of Barbara Villiers, one of the mistresses of a profligate monarch.

The Duke of Marlborough has a pension of £5000 a-year out of the postage duties. It is a striking proof how inadequate hereditary rewards are to insure hereditary desert. John, the first Duke, might have deserved a pension, but can it be said his descendant does?

But the most mysterious charge on the post-office revenue is a pension of £4000 to the "heir of the Duke of Schomberg." The peerage of this name is extinct, but not so the annuity. Frederick Schomberg, who transmitted it, was the son of John Meinhart Schomberg, by a daughter of Lord Dudley, and a distinguished officer in the Dutch wars. He accompanied William III. to England, who elevated him to the peerage, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. Charles, a younger son, succeeded to the honours, under the limitations of the patent of creation. He died, unmarried, of a wound received at the battle of Marsaglia in 1693; and, to make a long story short, the title, for want of male-heirs, became extinct in 1719, and the pension descended by a female branch to the present recipient. Who this might be was a long time involved in obscurity, baffling the researches of Mr Wells and other political antiquarians; but the fortunate personage appears to be a *Mr* Schomberg, living somewhere in the west of England. This fact we collect from a speech made by a gentleman of that name, at a Bath Conservative meeting, in defence of our "invaluable institutions in Church and State." Whether, however, the heir be Mr Schomberg, or, as some have surmised, in the family of the Marquis of Lothian, or of the Duke of Leeds, or of John Leigh, Esq., who married the sister of Lord Byron the poet, we recommend to their notice the subjoined inscription. It was written by Dean Swift, and may be seen in St Patrick's, Dublin—a tribute of respect to the Duke, and a monument, in the spirit of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, to the *gratitude* of his descendants:—

"Underneath lies the body of Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, slain at the battle of the Boyne in 1690. The dean and the chapter of this church again and again besought '*the heirs*' of the Duke to cause some monument to be here erected to his memory; but when, after many entreaties, by letters and friends, they found they could not obtain their request, they themselves placed this stone, only that the indignant reader may know where the ashes of Schomberg are deposited. Thus did the fame only of his virtue obtain more for him from *strangers* than could natural affection from the nearest of blood of his own family."

Surely a Reformed Parliament ought to look into the *merits* of these old grants. If the heirs of the first Duke of Schomberg were ungrateful enough to refuse the paltry pittance of funeral honours to their noble father, can they have any claim on the gratitude of the nation? The obscurity of their origin, not less than the pretensions of existing claimants, renders investigation desirable. Perhaps the claims of some would be found not even legally tenable. Earl Cowper, who is just dead, had a pension of £2000 out of the excise revenue. He held it as an inheritance, acquired by the marriage of his grandfather with the heiress of General Overkerken, created Lord Grantham. It formed part of the family settlements of the noble Earl, who succeeded to it at his brother's death, as he did to his estates, and may dispose of it at his pleasure. But at what period the pension originated, or for what services it was granted, it is impossible to ascertain; and the family itself is said to have no document to prove the original patent.

The customs, as well as the excise and post-office revenues, are loaded with sinecures and pensions, the origin of which is as obscure as the services for which they were conceded. Many of them may be doubtless dated from the squanderings of the hereditary revenues by Charles II. on his illegitimate issue. Of this sort, was the grant of the duties on coal to the Richmond family. In the 29th of his reign, Charles II. granted to the ancestor of the present Duke of Richmond, 1s. per chaldron upon all coals shipped in the river Tyne, to be consumed in England. Hence originated the popular error in the metropolis, (not yet exploded,) that coals cannot be dug in the neighbourhood of London, lest it should interfere with these duties. But the fact is, no such coal duties are now levied. In the year 1800, the government purchased of the then Duke of Richmond, his interest in this grant, for an annuity of £19,000 per annum, and, since then, all the coal duties have been repealed. The Act of Parliament (39 and 40, Geo. III., c. 43) confirming this agreement with his Grace, also authorized the treasury to fund the annuity after the year 1808, but it is silent upon what terms. Whether the annuity is now paid, or whether his Grace is a national creditor for the amount funded under the act in lieu thereof, is uncertain.

There are, however, many grants, pensions, and charges, on the customs' duties, which are indubitably continued. A few specimens of clerical, noble, and honourable sinecurists, will suffice:—

Earl of Abergavenny, compensation allowance for the loss of the sinecure inspectorship of prosecutions, ... £1,545

Reverend George Burrard, ditto, for the loss of office of patent searcher, . 1,100

Earl of Leitrim, port *searcher* and *packer*, Dublin, . . .	1,359
Thomas Orde Lees, searcher, packer, and guager, ...	504
———————, ditto, clerk of a road post-office, ...	816
Lord H. Seymour, compensation annuity for loss of office as *craner and wharfinger*, port of Dublin, . .	1,251
Hon. H. B. Beresford, late *joint-storekeeper* of the customs, . .	2,157
Hon. J. C. Beresford, ditto, of the customs, ...	2,157

The Duchess Dowager of Manchester, who recently died at a very advanced age, was *collector outwards*, for the port of London; and received, till her death, a compensation allowance for the loss of her office, of £2,928 per annum. Whether this has descended to the present Duke of Manchester, the late Governor of Jamaica, or his son, Lord Mandeville, or has closed, we have no documents to inform us. It originated, like many others, in a grant of the Stuarts to one of the two branches of the Montagu family; but the patent is supposed to have been either lost or destroyed.

SUPERANNUATIONS AND RETIRING ALLOWANCES, form an enormous drawback on the net produce of the revenue, and are often mere jobs, contrived by ministers to supersede old, but still able servants, in order to make room for others without experience, and who have no other recommendation than the favour of their patrons. The customs and excise are the most rife in this kind of huxtering; and, what is most curious, the highest paid officers, and those who, as a matter of course, have had least laborious duty to incapacitate them, the soonest become superannuated, or have excuses made for their retirement. The following are the commissioners of customs, now living, who have been placed on the retired list, from the year 1810 to the present time:—

	Salary.	Allowance.
J. Buller . .	1,400	1,100
G. Wilson, . .	1,400	1,050
E. Earl, . . .	1,500	1,500
A. A. Hutchinson, .	1,200	1,000
A. G. Stapleton, .	1,400	900
Henry Veitch, . .	1,000	750
A. Osborn, . . .	1,000	950
Thomas Bruce, .	1,000	670
H. Hamilton, . .	923	750
W. Le Poer French, .	1,000	800

Mr Stapleton was *thirty-one* years of age when he retired from his public labours, after a protracted service of *eight years!* Some of his brother commissioners did not fall off so prematurely, and served twenty, thirty, and even fifty years. But what must have been the habits of men, who, after enjoying, during these long terms, salaries of £1,000 or £1,500 a-year, have, at the end of their service, no provision for their maintenance, nothing on which they may live without being a burden on the community. Were a labourer or mechanic to be guilty of similar improvidence, he would, under the new regimen, have only the alternative of starvation, or worse than convict fare, in a dungeon, separated from his wife and children.

In the Excise, we find eleven retired commissioners—four for England, one for Scotland, and six for Ireland, with equal salaries and allowances. But, as we have no wish to mention more names than are requisite to elucidate the system and verify our statements, we pass on to the DEAD-WEIGHT. Those who are desirous of intervention in the affairs of the Peninsula, of Poland, or of Turkey, or who continue to indulge in any conceits of a bygone diplomacy relative to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, ought always to have this encumbrance placed before their eyes. Along with the borough-mongers' debt, it is part of the numerous evils growing out of the wars of the aristocracy—consisting of retired full-pay, half-pay, civil superannuations, and allowances to the army and navy—and equals in amount the revenue of many powerful states. Upon the reduction of our immense naval and military establishments at the peace, the annual expenditure in dead-weight was upwards of five millions; and up to 1830, owing to the vicious practice which was tolerated of allowing the sale of commissions to younger lives, scarcely any perceptible progress had been made in its reduction. The number of officers on full-pay was 6,173; on half-pay, 6,009. In the navy, there were 5,528 officers; of this number, 200 were admirals, of whom only ten were in actual service; 803 captains, of whom only seventy-nine were employed; 836 commanders, of whom only seventy were employed; and 3689 lieutenants, of whom only 669 were employed. While, however, we had upwards of 16,000 officers in both branches of the service totally unemployed, new commissions were constantly being given away—chiefly, as it would seem, as a provision for the cadets of noble families, left destitute by our barbarous primogeniture laws. Hence the undiminished perpetuity of the Dead-Weight. As to the bargain with the Bank of England on this subject, it had not the slightest tendency to diminish the total charge to the nation; it only lessened its immediate pressure, by dividing its payment into a longer term of annual instalments.

In their economical reductions, the Reform Ministries have followed too closely the steps of their predecessors in office. The wont of the Tories was always to consider the Army and Navy, the Public Offices and the Church, as so much private property, the patrimonial inheritance of the aristocracy, which ought never to be surrendered, or, if given up, ought to be replaced by an equivalent compensation. Under this system, abuses were not destroyed but transmuted—an overgrown salary into a superannuation or retiring allowance, and a sinecure into a pension. The maxim acted upon was, (and the Whigs have not departed from it,) that whoever has once had the fingering of the public money shall for ever after be maintained out of the public purse. It is the principle of the poor-laws—let a man obtain a settlement, and he thenceforward

claims support from the parish; and let a place-man get into government employment, and he immediately and for ever sets up the pauper's claim of being fed and clothed at the charge of the community. Some pensions have been granted on the most objectionable practice of the poor-law administration—namely, the *out-door allowance* system. We have before us a Parliamentary return of persons who receive compensation allowances for the loss of their offices until "otherwise provided for;" that is, while out of work, they shall receive something less than full wages. According to this rule, we are now maintaining a mass of Tory ex-placemen. Mr Goulburn receives £2,000 a-year, Mr Croker £,1500, Mr Planta £1,000, Mr Courtenay £1,000, with several others. The condition on which all these pensions are received is, that, when they hold offices —that is, get into full employment—their pauper allowances shall cease. But why did not the Poor-Law-Amendment Bill abolish state allowances as well as parish allowances to the able-bodied but unemployed poor? Is it not as reasonable that William Goulburn, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, with £5,000 a-year, or John Wilson Croker, the twenty-one years' Secretary of the Admiralty, with £3000 per annum, should have made provision for the vicissitudes of life out of their earnings, as the labourer, John Styles, or the operative, Thomas Jenkins? Oh! it is rank oligarchical injustice, which nothing but widening the basis of popular representation can avert or destroy!

In the reduction of the great Legal Sinecures, the Whigs went on the Tory maxim of buying up the fee-simple at its full annual value. But we must protest against its justice; we can never admit of "vested rights" in public abuses; we can never admit that the holders of life or reversionary interests in Church or State are entitled to their full yearly value, like the holders of a freehold estate. Sinecures, whether lay or spiritual, are no longer sacred in public estimation; they are depreciated in value; they are, in fact, exposed to entire confiscation by the progress of public opinion, and, instead of Government continuing to buy them up at their nominal worth, they ought to be extinguished by a compromise or dividend. In this way ought the judicial sinecures of Lord Ellenborough and the Duke of Grafton to be got rid of. But the reforms in the Court of Chancery established a mischievous precedent. The enormous sinecures of £11,000 a-year, held by the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, transmitted by a profligate statesmen, and inherited by no desert, were purchased for an equivalent annuity payable out of bankrupt estates. The purse-bearer to the Lord Chancellor, and other officers in the court, were compensated on a similar principle. Lord Brougham received, as an equivalent for the loss of a portion of his sinecure patronage, an addition of £1000 to the retiring pension of his predecessor.

The practice of pensioning ex-Chancellors is of recent introduction—an excrescence of the "Pitt-and-plunder system," and ought to hav disappeared in the first session of a Reform Parliament. With a salary of £14,000 a-year, there can be little need of a retiring allowance of £5000. Instead of the Lord Chancellor being a chattel, movable with every new Ministry, there appears no good reason why the tenure of his office might not be assimilated to that of the other judges, and the country saved from the burthen incurred with every change of administration. The evils under the existing system are apparent enough, from the following Parliamentary Return:—

Returns to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 14th May 1835; for

An account of the names of the several ex-Lord Chancellors of England and Ireland, who now receive, or are entitled to receive pensions, as having been Lord Chancellors; stating the date of appointment, or several appointments, as Chancellors; the time each actually held office; the dates of resignation or loss of office; the dates from which they respectively received, or are entitled to receive their pensions; the amount of such yearly pensions, and from what fund paid; stating also the acts of Parliament under which they respectively receive their pensions.

ENGLAND.

Earl of Eldon, appointed 14th April 1801, and 1st April 1807. Held office from 14th April 1801, to 7th Feb. 1806; and from the 1st of April 1807, to 30th April 1827; being 24 years and 329 days. Pension of £4000, commenced 7th February 1806, and again on the 30th April 1827, which is paid out of the Consolidated Fund, per 39 G. 3, c. 110.

Lord Lyndhurst, appointed 30th April 1827, and 21st Nov. 1834. Held office from 30th April 1827, to 22d Nov. 1830; and again from 21st November 1834, to 23d April 1835; being 4 years. Entitled to £4000 pension, per 39 G. 3, c. 110, and to £1000 per 2 and 3 W. 4, c. 111, payable out of the Consolidated Fund.

Lord Brougham and Vaux, appointed 22d Nov. 1830, and held office till 21st Nov. 1834; being 4 years. Pension £4000, per 39 G. 3, c. 110, and £1000 per 2 and 3 W. 4, c. 111.

ASH. BULLER.

Office of the Comptroller-General.

IRELAND.

Thomas Lord Manners, appointed 1st May 1807, and held office till 1st Nov. 1827; being 20½ years. Pension £3692 : 6 : 4, per 40 G. 3, c. 69, payable out of the Consolidated Fund.

Sir Edward B. Sugden, appointed 6th Jan. 1835, and held office till 30th April 1835; being one quarter and twenty-four days. Pension of £3692 : 6 : 4, paid out of the Consolidated Fund, per 40 G. 3, c. 69.

The pension granted to Lord Plunket is suspended, in consequence of his now holding the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

JOHN SMITH.

Vice Treasurer's Office, Dublin Castle, 18th May 1835.

F. BARING.

Whitehall, Treasury Chambers, 21st May 1835.

Here we see Sir Edward B. Sugden, after a service of one quarter and twenty-six days, shelved for life at £3692 : 6 : 4 a-year. His retirement was neither political nor judicial; neither did it originate in age or infirmity, but in some Court prudery relative to Lady Sugden, on the part of the wife of the Earl of Haddington, then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the Earl of Eldon—still preying upon us, at the rate of £4000 per an-

num, though a very Crœsus in wealth, the gatherings of the Court of Chancery, over whose abuses, for nearly a quarter of a century, his Lordship cowered, like a miser over his hoard, neither reforming them himself, nor suffering anybody else. But the Scotts are insatiable. Lord Stowell died the other day, leaving a personalty of £230,000, and real estates of the annual value of £18,000: nice pickings these out of Doctors' Commons and the Admiralty Court, during the Tory war for religion and social order! The interest of this vast property, real and personal, Lord Stowell left (subject to legacies, annuities, and debts) to his only child, Lady Sidmouth, during her lifetime. On the accession of this great income to his wife, Viscount Sidmouth might well exclaim, with Macbeth, *Hold, enough!* and resign his pension of £3000 a-year. But Lord John Eldon still holds on, notwithstanding that all the real estates of his brother, on the death of Lady Sidmouth, descend to his own heir, Lord Encombe.

We wait the issue of these things, and of the other corruptions we have set forth in this and a former article, in patience, knowing that, in the words of the Earl of Durham's motto—

Le jour viendrai!

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERIES MADE IN EGYPT, BETWEEN THE YEARS 1820 AND 1836, BY T. B. CAVIGLIA.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

The following, being translations of letters which have been sent to me for publication, by Mr. Caviglia, you will probably think worthy of an early insertion in your Magazine. The facts alleged in these letters rest for proof entirely upon the authority and veracity of the writer; and you will, therefore, probably deem it due to justice, and to the characters of Colonel Vyse and Colonel Campbell, to proffer the use of your pages to those gentlemen, for an explanation of the part they have taken in the interesting transactions referred to. For your justification, and the satisfaction of your readers, however, I can state, in corroboration of the principal incidents alluded to, that, having myself visited Egypt in the course of a tour in the East, during portions of the last and present year, and having paid several visits to the Pyramids, I there made the acquaintance of Mr Caviglia, who was, at the time, engaged in superintending the labours of a party of workmen, who were paid by Colonel Campbell, Colonel Vyse, Mr Sloane, and himself, jointly, as described in the following letters. I spent the month of January in Cairo and the neighbourhood, and frequently met and conversed with Mr Caviglia, upon the subject of his views and projects; but I found that, both towards myself and others, who took an interest in his scientific labours, he maintained a prudent reserve respecting the discoveries he expected to make, and the operations by which he hoped to effect them. I mention this to shew that, if he imparted his secrets to Colonel Vyse, it must have been in a spirit of confidence, springing from the intimate alliance they had entered into. How far that confidence has been abused must be determined by other testimony than mine, as I have no means of judging of the circumstances of the case, excepting such as are given in Mr Caviglia's own letters below.

One word as to the names with which the chamber discovered by Caviglia, is to be christened; for it seems that rival godfathers are disputing over the subject. It appears that, whilst the discoverer of the chamber in question would give it the title of *O'Connell*, Colonel Vyse, with an *esprit-de-corps*, not a little natural, assigns to it the name of *Wellington*. Neither name is, in my opinion, well chosen. For the Liberator of Ireland, a fame more imperishable than even the Pyramids themselves has already been secured, at the hands of the historian: whilst the hero of Waterloo, if he be not remembered in the bridges, streets, and *boots*, which are named after him, will for ever be preserved in our memory, by those annual instalments which, in the form of taxation, are levied in payment for his *glory*. In my opinion, the apartment should be named after its discoverer, Caviglia, as both the most proper and most euphonious title. Colonel Campbell, whose name has been given to one of these discoveries, has no right to identify himself in any way with the triumph of antiquarian science; not having, since his residence in Egypt, as British Consul, until the present questionable instance, lent the slightest assistance to the cause of such researches. I would recommend to his notice and imitation, the very opposite conduct of his worthy predecessor, Mr Salt, who, whilst he patronised the exertions of such enterprising individuals as Belzoni and others, left them in the undisputed possession of all the honour which justly accrued from their meritorious labours. I venture, then, to give to the lately-discovered apartment the name of the *Caviglia Chamber*; in justice to the fame of an amiable and enthusiastic devotee at the shrine of antiquarian learning—in justice to one who has sacrificed country, home, friends, and fortune, for the indulgence of the refined though eccentric taste, for exploring the hidden mysteries of the Pyramids and tombs of Egypt. R. C.

Manchester, 20th Aug. 1837.

Captain Caviglia—already known by the discoveries which he made in 1817 in the interio

of the great Pyramid; by the discovery of the temple situated betwixt the fore-feet of the Andro-Sphinx; as well as by other labours crowned with similar success—begs to submit to the notice of the scientific world the results of his subsequent exertions in the same great field of antiquarian learning.

In 1820, upon revisiting the great Pyramid, he was induced to try an experiment, by pushing into the two small apertures which are on the north and south sides of the "King's Chamber," a great number of palm branches, tied together, to the length of about 120 feet; and which led him to the opinion that there were other apartments in the interior of this monument. But, having failed in the attempt to enlarge these small openings, owing to the want of proper implements for working the granite with which the chamber is lined, he determined to pierce another passage in the calcareous stone of which the body of the Pyramid is formed, beginning at the right-hand side of the entrance to the chamber, in the hope of striking upon the above small passage, in the calcareous mass to the north.

Having excavated to the distance of about 15 feet, the above-named small aperture, the course of which tended at an angle of about 27½ to the westward, was encountered; and afterwards the labours of the workmen were diligently continued in the same direction.

But, with a view to come upon the track of the other hole which opens into the south side of the King's Chamber, Captain Caviglia caused another passage to be opened in the calcareous stone to the south of the "Davison Chamber;" and, having penetrated about 20 feet, without finding the object of his search, he gave orders to the workmen to continue their labours in another direction.

After much labour, in 1817, Caviglia exposed to view the north and east sides of the Andro-Sphinx, which, together with the base, he discovered to be so delicately coated with a reddish-coloured composition, that it left him in doubt whether the covering had originally been of plaster or paint. In 1820, he moreover discovered the west side of this monument, which he now found to be placed upon a pedestal, likewise plastered or painted, and surrounded by a ditch cut in the rock, intended probably for the circulation of water, which was supplied from a canal in the neighbourhood, as indicated by a bridge in the embankment, to the south-east of the trees in the valley.

Whilst engaged in superintending the above works, Captain Caviglia discovered, in a valley five miles to the north-west of the great Pyramid, several houses and tombs, together with a large cistern, the whole cut from the solid rock, and presenting no traces of hieroglyphics; which latter circumstance has given rise to the opinion that this valley was peopled by an ancient race, of whose name and history we are totally ignorant. In the same valley, Caviglia having observed the traces of a road, which conducted him to the summit of a small hill, he there laid open to view the base of a Pyramid of about 300 feet square, surrounded by small pyramids of granite, which had nearly crumbled to dust beneath the hand of time. There is little doubt that these monuments had a much earlier origin than the Pyramids of Gizeh, the granite that covers the smallest of which is still in a tolerable state of preservation. Having suspended his labours in the neighbourhood of the great Pyramids, he went, in 1821, to the vicinity of Memphis, where his labours were that year rewarded by the discovery of the colossal statue of the great Sesostris, the magnitude and beauty of which are known throughout the scientific world.

In 1836, Captain Caviglia resumed his labours at the great Pyramids, with the hope of finding some additional chambers. He discovered, in the second of these monuments, at the point where the passages of the two entries unite, to conduct to the chamber discovered by Belzoni in the centre, a third passage, which, in the circumstance of its communicating with the other entries of Belzoni, by means of a small well, presents a feature of interest to the scientific student of the principles of Egyptian architecture. After considering as to the best mode of prosecuting further investigations in the interior of the above Pyramid, it was determined to open its exterior entry, situated at the base; when it was found, at the distance of 43 feet from this entrance, that the rocky foundation had been plastered or painted red, in the same manner as the Andro-Sphinx; and a similar circumstance was observed with reference to a step, situated at eleven feet nearer the sought-for entrance. As this red plaster or paint is of the same kind as that which is found upon the stones which have crumbled from the faces of the Pyramids, there is reason to conclude that the whole of the exterior surface of those monuments, as well as the principal part of their foundations, was painted or plastered red. Another incident tends to confirm this supposition. Having picked up, at the eastern base of the great Pyramid, a stone covered with a coat of red paint, which he accidentally shewed to an English traveller, Mr H. B. Agnew, that gentleman produced a stone of the same kind, covered also with a red paint or plaster, which he had found on the *west* side of the same monument. From that time there was no longer reason to doubt that the two great Pyramids, as well as the Andro-Sphinx, had been originally covered with a surface of plaster, in colour very much resembling the red granite with which the third Pyramid only was cased.

The unsuccessful attempts which have been made by a variety of persons to open the smallest of the three great Pyramids, induced Caviglia to make an experiment, by piercing another passage at a certain height on the north side, in the hope of being able to penetrate more easily the interior, than by searching for an entrance at the base.

As the works before referred to, in the interior of the great Pyramid, proceeded necessarily very slowly, it was determined, without interrupting them, to commence an opening above that of the entrance to Davison's Chamber; and it is hoped that, in a short time, it will be found practicable to penetrate above the ceiling of that chamber.

Besides the above labours, Caviglia has discovered, at a distance of 300 feet to the west-north-west of the Andro-Sphinx, a large tomb, surrounded with a ditch sixty-eight feet long, and six wide, and already excavated to the depth of about fifty feet, cut out of the solid rock, and altogether of a style of construction so peculiar as to warrant the hope that it may lead to still more interesting results.

Captain Caviglia has found it necessary to suspend his labours; but he hopes soon to be able to resume them, and to continue his operations without further interruption. And he will deem it his duty to announce his further progress to the scientific world, of which he has the honour to regard himself as the devoted and obliged servant.

(Signed) T. B. CAVIGLIA.

Alexandria, 2d April 1837.

Letter from T. B. CAVIGLIA, *addressed to* COLONEL CAMPBELL, *Consul-General and Agent of his Britannic Majesty in Egypt and its dependencies.*

SIR,—In the brief account which I have published to the scientific world of my discoveries in the Pyramids of Gizeh and their environs, I stated—

1. "That I had commenced an opening above that of the entrance to Davison's Chamber, and that I hoped soon to be able to penetrate above the ceiling of that chamber.

2. "That I had discovered, at a distance of 300 feet to the west-north-west of the Andro-Sphinx, a large tomb, surrounded with a ditch, sixty-eight feet long, and six wide, and already excavated to the depth of about fifty feet, cut out of the solid rock, and of a construction so peculiar as to lead to the hope of still more important results."

At the moment when these hopes have been realized, and these results obtained by Colonel Vyse, it becomes my duty to make known to the public *why* I have been compelled to suspend my labours; and *how* I have been superseded as director by that gentleman: justice requires that we should render unto every one according to his works.

When, in the month of November last, in conjunction with Colonel Vyse and Mr Charles Sloane, your vice-consul at Alexandria, you made me an offer that, if I would again take upon myself to direct the works at the Pyramids of Gizeh and the neighbourhood, you would furnish me with the funds and the *firman* necessary to the undertaking; and that, as a recompense for my services, I should receive a fourth part of such antiquities as I might discover—I accepted the proposal, begging you, at the same time, to be good enough to offer to the disposal of the British Museum my share of our future discoveries. It was thus that I disposed of the antiquities which I found in the year 1817.

In fulfilment of the above arrangement, having received £40 from each of my three associates, and being provided with a *firman* from the Pasha *in my own name*, I forthwith commenced my labours. A short time afterwards, you paid me a visit, accompanied by Colonel Vyse, when you were so fully satisfied with an inspection of the works, that you gave orders to your vice-consul at Cairo to furnish me with additional funds for the further prosecution of the undertaking. Soon afterwards, however, Colonel Vyse came and took up his residence at the Pyramids with me. Regarding him in the relation of a partner, I felt no hesitation in confiding to him my views and ideas as to the direction of our works; and I explained to him, in all the security of the most perfect confidence, the minutest details of my plans. Of course, I did not allow the unworthy suspicion to enter my mind, that he would profit by my frankness, in a manner so unbecoming his rank as to supplant me in my capacity of director of the works.

On the 10th February last, I was superintending the labour of 150 work-people at different points, when Colonel Vyse, without assigning any other reason than his own humour, proposed to employ, at his expense, and *on his own account*, 300 additional labourers. It became my duty to sustain the rights of the partnership; and I explained to him that one individual had not the right to embark in such an undertaking, on his own account, without the previous consent of all the members of the association; and, besides, that, being the holder of the government firman in my own name, and having been the first to discover the unexplored passage in which we were still prosecuting our labours, I could not consent that he should take upon himself to act thus despotically, to the injury of the rights of the partnership, and to the detriment of my own individual reputation. Having, in consequence of that which had passed between Colonel Vyse and myself, paid you a visit in Cairo, to apprise you of the proceedings of that gentleman, I was a good deal hurt at finding a character of indecision in your observations upon the subject; but the letter you did me the honour to transmit me two days afterwards, a copy of which is given below, cleared up my doubts as to your intentions; and I now perceive, that it was determined, by Colonel Vyse and yourself, to dispense with my services, and to profit, in concert, by the results of my previous studies and researches in these monuments, which I had so freely imparted to you. Nevertheless, I obeyed your orders, and returned to you the *firman* which had been granted to me by the Egyptian government. But let it not be imagined that, in doing so, I acted from ignorance of my own rights or duties: I was influenced entirely by a prudent sense of

the deference and respect which are due to *power*, especially in a foreign land.

But, further, when Colonel Vyse affected to solicit your permission to continue the works in the large *tomb which I had discovered*, I stated, in reply to the letter which you did me the favour to send me on the subject, that not only were the parties interested at liberty to proceed with the works in that tomb, but also to pursue further discoveries in all those other monuments which I had brought to light in the years 1817, 1820, 1821, 1836, and 1837; thus preferring the progress of scientific discovery to my own private resentment. This correspondence, however, which took place after my return to Alexandria, offers no palliation for the injustice previously exercised towards me.

Subsequently, in a conversation with you at Cairo, I requested your consent to be allowed to form another association, for the purpose of continuing my labours, but which you formally refused; intimating, as a reason, that, not having, like Colonel Vyse, the command of great pecuniary resources, I was not in a condition, like him, to prosecute such expensive undertakings: thus, then, because Colonel Vyse is a richer man than myself, he has been allowed to commit an act of injustice, to despoil me, probably, of the fruits of a life of study and labour, and to trample under foot those courtesies of society which are reciprocally due from one individual to another. I addressed a similar request to you in writing, to which you replied, verbally, through your vice-consul at Alexandria, that the *firman*, though made out in my name, was specially intended for *you* and *Colonel Vyse;* which leaves no room to doubt the deplorable fact of a special understanding having been entered into to my prejudice.

I am then forced to conclude, that, to favour Colonel Vyse, a great abuse of authority has been committed against myself; and I am bound to add, that a just sense of what is due to my character, will compel me to submit to the tribunals of public opinion the above statement of facts; and to demand, at the hands of the scientific world, an award of the fame due for the discoveries which have just been made, and which were only seized upon by others at the very moment when, after years of labour and study, I was about to realize them. In the capacity of proprietor of these discoveries, seeing that the author has alone the right to name his own works, I have, moreover, to announce to you that I have given to the chamber in the great pyramid, situated above that of Davison, the name of the *O'Connell Chamber*, which will serve as a memorial of the toils he has endured for the cause of the people—as, in fact, this monument itself does of the sufferings of the oppressed people whose hands erected it.—I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) T. B. Caviglia.

Alexandria, 21st April 1837.

N.B.—Since forwarding the above letter to Colonel Campbell, I have learned that Colonel Vyse has given the names of *Wellington* and *Campbell* to the two discoveries above referred to, and I understand that he is following up successfully other works, according to the plan traced out in my account, published in the *Journal of Malta* of the 22d March.

(COPY.)

Cairo, 12th Feb. 1837.

My Dear Mr Caviglia,—As I find that the affair of the Pyramids gives me nothing but trouble and annoyance, I have determined, though with much regret, to withdraw altogether from the undertaking.

It therefore becomes necessary that you should consider our labours as finished, and you will be pleased to send me the *firman*, and the translation; as it at present belongs by right to Colonel Vyse, with whom the *sheiks* of the villages will henceforth concert their operations. You will also be pleased to pay the government *cavass* and dismiss him.

It now only remains for me to assure you how sensible I feel of the zeal you have manifested in our undertaking; and that it is with the utmost regret, that I find myself compelled by circumstances to decline your co-operation, as well as the pleasure which I had promised myself, from the prosecution of the works at the Pyramids.

I beg you to believe that I remain, &c.,

(Signed) Pat. Campbell.

CANADA.—STANDING ARMIES.

The accounts from Lower Canada inform us that the "atrocious resolutions" have been received with the utmost indignation. Public meetings had been called in many different places, to take the state of affairs into consideration. It was anticipated that, at these meetings, resolutions would be passed against the consumption of all articles imported from Britain; for petitioning the Congress of the United States for a free trade between the States and the Colony, (in default of obtaining which, smuggling on their extensive frontier with the States was to be encouraged;) and for the assembly of a convention of delegates during the summer. Supplies are entirely out of the question. No member, in the present temper of the colony, dares to vote them. The first act of the tragedy has, no doubt, now been consummated; and both parties, laying aside farther discussion, are preparing to arm. Considering that a meeting of delegates is also to be held in Upper Canada, to counteract Head's Legislative Assembly, appointed by fictitious voters, created by himself; that religious animosity has, in that province, been superadded to civil discord, by the contemptuous manner in which the Presbyterians have been talked of by

the Solicitor-General and other colonial functionaries, who have, in undisguised terms, asserted the supremacy of Episcopacy in the colony, and the exclusive right of the clergy of that persuasion to the clergy reserves; that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are remonstrating against their own grievances; and that the West Indian colonies are in a mood far from satisfactory—the gentlemen in Downing Street, are likely to have work enough on hand for some years to come.

We, from the first, were convinced that the tyrannical resolutions of the British Parliament—unless the Canadians are totally destitute of the courage and spirit which have always distinguished their neighbours in the United States—would lead to our speedily being engaged in a war, of which, whatever may be the issue in a military point of view, and however beneficial it may be to the aristocracy, by enabling them to batten on the plunder of the public, one consequence is certain—the involving of the people of Britain in additional debt and taxation. The War of Independence with the United States of America, which commenced in 1775 and ended in 1783, cost one hundred and thirty-five millions, and completely tarnished the glories of the British army; the last war, which commenced by the declaration of war by America, on June 18, 1812, and terminated by the disastrous repulse of the British at New Orleans, on January 8, 1815—thirty months of feeble warfare, in as far as the British were concerned—cost seventy millions; whence we may judge how much we are likely to suffer in our approaching attempt to keep up bad government in the Canadas, supported as they will be, openly or secretly, by the other North American colonies, the West Indies, and the United States.

An increase of our army will be required to carry on the war for a single campaign; for the experience of our two wars with the United States, has taught us that the assumed superiority of a standing army over freemen having their rights and liberties to defend, is a mere chimera. Indeed, all history teaches that bands of mercenary soldiers, having nothing to fight for but their pay, animated by no feeling but the love of plunder, and consisting, in all countries, of the most stupid, worthless, and profligate, are totally unable to overcome the honest, high-principled, and industrious part of the population, when once roused to resistance by the oppression and exactions of tyrants, whether foreign or domestic.

In the American War of Independence, so little was known in Britain of the courage of freemen, or of the character of the people of the United States, that they were believed to be so cowardly and timid that 1000 men would be sufficient to put down the insurrection in the New England States. The battle of Bunker's Hill, by which, in some regiments, the youngest ensign in the morning found himself the oldest captain at night; the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, with 4000 British troops, 3000 Germans, thirty-five pieces of cannon, 7000 stand of arms, clothing for 7000 men, tents, and military chest; and of Lord Cornwallis with a like force at Yorktown—soon taught our army that, although they had not regular troops to deal with, they had men as brave as themselves, and who had a much greater stake to fight for than a shilling a-day. The battles, indeed, which have been fought with the Americans in both the wars in which we have been opposed to them, have been the most severely contested, and, in proportion to the number of men in the field, attended with the greatest loss, of any in which our troops have ever been engaged. During the first war, many of our regiments were all but annihilated. For example, of the entire regiment, the Fifth Foot, only two men, Captain Webster and a private, returned to Europe.

The glorious manner in which the French repelled the combined armies of all Europe, as long as they had the prospect of obtaining free institutions, need not be pointed out. Although unequal to the British on the sea, many bright instances of self-devotion and heroism in the cause of liberty on the part of their sailors occurred. Take, for example, the conduct of the Vengeur, as mentioned in Mr Carlyle's work on the French Revolution. He is speaking of Howe's victory:—"What sound is this we hear on 1st June 1794: sounds as of war—thunder borne from the ocean, too; of tone most piercing? War-thunder from off the Brest waters; Villaret Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there, and are belching fire. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle smoke; six French ships taken, the battle lost; what ship soever can still sail making off! But how is it then with that Vengeur ship? she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire takes her fore and aft, from victorious enemies; the Vengeur is sinking. Strong are we tyrants of the sea; yet also are we weak. Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolour that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft; the whole crew crowd to the upper deck; and, with universal, soul-maddening yell, *Vive la Republique!*—Sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; ocean yawns abyssmal; down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la Republique* along with her—unconquerable, into eternity! *Let foreign despots think of that. There is an unconquerability in man when he stands on the rights of man; let despots and slaves, and all people know this, and only them that stand on the wrongs of man tremble to know it.*"

There never was a truer remark than that with which Mr Carlyle concludes. It is the cause of liberty which inspirits and emboldens man, and renders him unconquerable; despotism sinks his energies, renders him pusillanimous and apathetical. The republicans of France repelled the arms of the combined tyrants; and, in repelling the aggression, became the conquerors

of Europe. They made peace in the capitals of their enemies—in Vienna, in Berlin, in Rome. But all spirit left the body of the people when they became the subjects of an Emperor; and the armies of the Allies marched in 1814, and again in 1815, to Paris, there to dictate the terms of peace—opposed by the Imperial troops, no doubt, but unmolested by the people of France. Their spirit and courage, however, were not extinct. They were merely dormant, because they had no worthy object for their exertion. As soon as the hopes of a republic were again excited, the people were again roused; the best disciplined troops were, during three glorious days, constantly defeated; and the old Bourbons driven ignominiously from their throne.

The victories gained by the Highlanders over veteran troops, in 1745, and ultimately conquered at Culloden, only by an indiscriminate massacre of friends and foes—the Duke of Cumberland having caused the second line of the British to fire at the distance of a few yards on the Highlanders, when completely intermingled with the first line, not one man of whom was left standing, by the impetuosity of the Highland charge; the destruction of 40,000 of Bonaparte's best troops in the Tyrol; the victories of the blacks over the French and Spaniards in St. Domingo; their destruction of one of the finest and most powerful armies that ever left the coasts of France, in 1803—22,000 men out of 30,000 having been cut to pieces by the blacks in a single year; the ancient and modern sieges of Saragossa—all shew what native valour, fighting in a cause in which the feelings are aroused and the heart is interested, can effect, against disciplined troops, and the most fearful odds in point of arms, preparation, and skill. In ancient times, and during the middle ages, many examples of the same kind occur; and in particular we may point out almost the whole series of battles during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which the Swiss were engaged against the French, Burgundians, and Austrians, for the purpose of vindicating their independence. The decisive battle of Morat, gained by 18,000 Swiss peasantry, over the Duke of Burgundy with 60,000 men, exhibits a greater loss on the part of the vanquished, compared to that of the conquerors, than, perhaps, any battle on record, except that of New Orleans. In the battle of Morat, the loss of the Burgundians was 18,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry—there having been 12,000 men drowned in the lake; while the Swiss patriots lost, by Ebel's account, 400 killed, and 600 wounded, and by the Neuchattel Chronicle, 130 killed, and 201 wounded.*

These proofs of the superiority of freemen to the mercenary bands of cut-throats, called standing armies—whose profession, instead of being considered honourable, ought to be regarded with loathing and detestation, for, even where their services are useful, they must be viewed in the same light as the common executioner—are amply borne out by the events of the last American war, as every one must know who has read any account of it; for even all the powers of Tory lying have been unable to conceal the whole truth, or to hide the fact, that, on the whole, the Americans defeated the heroes of the Peninsula and Trafalgar most shamefully, both on land and sea. The war was carried on by the British in the most disgraceful manner—by the plunder of defenceless towns and villages on the coast, and the massacre and violation of their inhabitants. The atrocities committed at Frenchtown and Hampton, and the firing on the American sailors at Dartmoor prison in Devonshire, many of whom were men, not taken in war, but imprisoned at its outbreak, because, being in the British service, they refused to become traitors and fight against their countrymen, will not soon be forgotten in America. The treaty of peace between Britain and the United States, was signed at Ghent, on the 24th December 1814; yet, on the 6th April 1815, Captain Thomas George Shortland, the keeper of the prison, on the pretence that the sailors had made an attempt to force the guard, ordered them to be fired on, when five men were killed on the spot, two more died next day, and thirty-one were wounded more or less severely. One of the stipulations of the treaty was, that "the prisoners of war taken on either side should be restored, as soon as practicable, after the ratification of the treaty," and, in face of this stipulation, these men were massacred. In numerous houses in America, the names of these unfortunate men are pasted on the walls; and in the American Almanacks is recorded the anniversary of the Massacre of Dartmoor.

But to come to the defeats sustained by our armies. An attack upon Baltimore was made on the 12th September 1814, by Admiral Cochrane, with a fleet of forty sail, sixteen frigates and bombketches, and a land force of 8000 soldiers and marines, under the command of General Ross. The country people having, however, flocked into the town, some from a distance of 150 miles, the assailants were defeated with great slaughter, and General Ross killed. At Sandusky, Major Croghan, an American of twenty-one years of age, with 160 Kentucky volunteers, and one six-pounder—his only defence being a ditch hastily thrown up—defeated General Proctor, at the head of 500 regulars, 700 Indians, many pieces of cannon, and several gun-boats, driving the British and Indians into the woods. But the defence of New Orleans, by Andrew Jackson, is, probably, the most decisive proof on record of the inferiority of mercenaries, however well disciplined, and however much service they may have seen in the field, to freemen. The assailants, on that occasion, were the *elite* of the British—the veterans of the wars of the French Revolution; their antagonists were Backwoods-

* Four years after the battle, the Swiss collected the bones of the slain into an immense pile, and built a chapel over it, with this energetic inscription:—"Carolus Burgundiæ Dux ab Helvetiis cæsus, hoc sui monumentum reliquit. A. MCCCCLXXVI." The French, provoked at this taunt, destroyed the chapel and dispersed the bones, in 1798.

men, merchants, their clerks and servants, who had never been opposed to an enemy. The only defence of the city consisted of a parapet made of bales of cotton, barrels of sugar, flour, and other merchandise, and a ditch hastily thrown up. The British were provided with numerous gun-boats, cannon, congreve rockets, and bomb-shells. The Americans had little to aid them but their stout hearts and trusty rifles. The number of the British soldiers was little inferior to that of the armed Americans. The result of the engagement was, that, although the British troops behaved with the utmost gallantry, returning, with the most undaunted step, repeatedly to the charge, they were driven back with the loss of 2000 men, nearly one-half of whom were left dead on the field of battle, while General Jackson's loss was "*seven killed and six wounded.*" There is one atrocity connected with the attack on New Orleans that cannot be passed over. It has again and again been repeated in the American accounts of this affair, that the watchword of the day of the British army, was "'Booty and Beauty;' that this information was obtained from prisoners, and confirmed by the books of two of the orderly sergeants taken in battle, which contained recorded proof of the fact." Now, this is a matter which can very easily be disproved, if not true; for the watch-word—that is, the parole and countersign—are given out every day by every officer commanding a corps; the sergeants then write the words down in their orderly-books; so that the production of the orderly-books of any of the corps which were employed at the attack on New Orleans, would prove what the watchword really was. But, although it has been repeatedly contradicted that it was "Booty and Beauty," *the orderly-books have never yet been publicly produced.*

The laurels of our navy suffered no less severely than those of our army in that contest. At the outbreak of the war, nobody in Britain doubted that the British navy, then consisting of a thousand ships of war, would send "the half-a-dozen fir frigates, with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast-heads," as Canning contemptuously styled the American navy, in the course of the summer, into the English ports. Great was the astonishment and dismay, when the accounts of the capture of the Guerriere by he American frigate Constitution, reached Europe. This was the first fair trial with the "bits of bunting." Within thirty minutes after the vessels came alongside of each other, the Guerriere surrendered—the Americans having, in that short space of time, shot away her mizen, main, and fore-mast, and every spar, except the bowsprit; shot and drowned thirty-nine men, and wounded sixty-two; with a loss, on their part, of only seven killed and seven wounded. The next "fir" frigate which tried its strength with the British navy, was the United States, of forty-four guns, and 478 men, commanded by Captain Decatur. On the 25th October 1812, he fell in with the Macedonian frigate of 38 guns and 300 men—a new frigate, only four months from the dock; and in half an hour she was taken, with the loss of 104 men killed and wounded, and of her mizen-mast, fore, and maintop-masts, main-yard, and so much damaged in the hull, that the Americans had much difficulty in towing their prize into port. Another proceeding on the part of one of the "bits of striped bunting," was the knocking to pieces of the British frigate Java, by the Constitution, on the coast of Brazil. The English Captain, Lambert, with sixty of his crew, were killed, and 170 wounded; and the ship was so completely destroyed, that the Americans, after setting the crew on shore, set fire to her.

Another gallant action of the Constitution, was the capture of two ships of war, one mounting 34, the other 26 guns, off Madeira. The Americans lost three killed and twelve wounded. The British thirty-five killed, forty-two wounded, and 313 taken prisoners. The Constitution brought both her prizes from Madeira to Boston, across the whole Atlantic, without molestation from any of the British cruisers which covered the seas.

While such disasters were experienced at sea, it fared no better with the British on the North American lakes. On 10th September 1813, the American Commodore Percy, with two twenty gun ships and a few small vessels, carrying in all fifty-four guns, captured the whole of Commodore Barclay's squadron, on Lake Erie, consisting of five vessels carrying sixty-three guns, and a more numerous crew than the American vessels. But perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of what can be effected by determined courage and coolness, over overwhelming number and strength, was shewn by the commander, Samuel C. Reid, and crew of the brig, General Armstrong, an American privateer carrying only one gun, which was attacked by the boats of the British brig Carnation, in the harbour of Fayal. The Americans repulsed four different attacks, and took several of the boats of their assailants. The commander and crew did not abandon the vessel until they received a message from the commander of the British vessel, that he would destroy the town rather than lose the privateer—and not until several houses had been destroyed by cannon shot from the Carnation, and many of the inhabitants wounded. The loss on the part of the Americans, was two killed, and seven wounded; of the British, 120 killed, and 130 wounded.

These defeats, so unexpected by the people of Britain, and so humiliating to the navy, rendered it absolutely necessary to endeavour to gain at least one victory. The Shannon, therefore, being selected from the whole British navy, and manned with a crew of picked men, challenged the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, then lying at Boston. The American commander was killed at the outset of the engagement, and the Chesapeake was taken, with a loss of 145 killed and wounded; the British however, losing no fewer than ninety-four—a singular contrast, in

as far as regards the loss of men, compared with the loss of the American ships when victorious. But, such as the victory was, it created nearly as much exultation and joy in Britain, as the victories of Camperdown, Trafalgar, or the Nile; and Broke, the captain of the Shannon, had the formal thanks of the Board of Admiralty tendered to him, and was created a baronet by the King, *for taking one ship equal in strength to his own*. Alas for the shades of Howe and Nelson!

The summary of the whole of this thirty months' war, so inglorious and disastrous to the British navy, for it was the first time their conquerors had seen an enemy, was as follows:—The number of British ships and vessels of war in commission was 534, of which seventy-two were of the line, and manned by 75,000 sailors. The Americans had thirty ships and vessels of war, not one of them of the line; and 8000 seamen. The British took from the Americans seventeen vessels of war, with 304 guns, and 2555 men; the Americans took from the British twenty-nine vessels of war, with 506 guns, and 3721 men. This is pretty good work for half a dozen fir frigates, with bits of striped bunting at their topmasts, in two years and a half, and manned by merchant sailors.

We think, therefore, that, if force is resorted to against the Canadians, it is an exceedingly doubtful matter, whether, with their rivers, lakes, and impenetrable forests, the assistance they are likely to receive from numerous quarters, and with that courage and resolution which the feeling of being the victims of oppression and injustice gives—their conquest is likely to be either speedy, easy, or obtained without the sacrifice of much blood and treasure. The Whigs and Tories, who agree so well when any measures for the coercion of the people are in progress, should consider what effect is likely to be produced on the masses of Great Britain and Ireland, by the spectacle of a struggle carried on by their brethren and relations in North America, against the despotism of the aristocracy, the supporters and abettors of the pension list, the corn-laws, and the numerous other abuses with which all but the highest classes in every part of the British dominions, abroad and at home, are oppressed.

But the details we have given are more important in another point of view. The chief *avowed* pretence set up for maintaining our enormous army and navy in time of peace, is the pretended necessity of being at all times ready to defend the country from foreign invasion. Of our total revenue of forty-five millions, two-thirds are expended in paying the interest of the debt; that debt, and the loss of hundreds of millions besides, drawn from the people by a grinding taxation, being the bitter fruits we have to shew of the unjust wars in which we have almost constantly—since our form of government became an Oligarchy in 1688—been engaged. Of the fifteen millions remaining, five millions and a-half are expended on the army, a million and a-half upon the Ordnance, and four millions and a-half on the navy; in all, ELEVEN MILLIONS AND A-HALF: so that, out of the enormous revenue of this kingdom, raised by a taxation which requires every man to work at least one-third of the day for government, only two millions and a-half are laid out upon the civil government, of which the King alone receives half a million, the rest of the Royal Family another half, and the great proportion of the remainder is wasted on the holders of those gewgaw offices, the natural and constant appendages, or more properly essentials, of monarchical government, in all ages and in every part of the globe. Protection against robbers, thieves, injury from mobs, pestilential diseases, justice from our courts of law, roads, harbours, light-houses, the government *does not afford us* out of its ample resources: all these, and numerous other things which are essential, not merely to the enjoyment of human life, but essential to the very existence of man in a state of civilization, are paid for by additional local taxation, in the form of rogue-money, jail assessments, road-money, bridge-money, cholera-tax, mob-money, police-assessments, fees to officers of courts of justice, harbour-dues, light-house dues, and the infinite contrivances by which the masses are swindled out of their money for the benefit of the Oligarchy. The Tories say truly that Britain is the wonder of the world.

Now, from the facts we have given, and the numerous other instances that will occur to any one in the slightest degree acquainted with the history of this or other countries, we think it is established, that standing armies are *never* required for the defence of any country against foreign invasion. We do not dispute that small armies have succeeded in conquering and keeping possession of populous nations; but such cases are to be found only where the nations were under a bad and despotic system of government, and where, whatever might be its external form—whether an empire, a monarchy, or a republic—the great body of the people were oppressed and trodden under foot by the few. Wherever this is the case, the people have nothing to fight for; and any feeling of disgrace or apprehension of injury from a conquest by foreigners, is overborne by the hope that a change of masters will bring better things, and by the gratification of the feeling of revenge in seeing those who have so long acted the part of oppressors, oppressed in their turn.

But, whatever may be thought of these speculations, it is high time that the people of this country should consider whether they are to continue for ever to pay eight millions a-year for the support, in idleness and in a time of peace, of an army of 100,000 men, kept for no other purpose than to maintain the corruptions of the State, to enforce the exactions of the tax-gatherer, and to preserve the unjust privileges of the Aristocracy.

To return to Canada: it is now plain that Lord John Russell's coercive resolutions were not only a crime, but, what governments regard

as still worse, a blunder. The Melbourne Ministry must retrace its steps, otherwise the Canadas are lost to this country. It is true, that it is scarcely possible that Britain could long retain these colonies; nor is it desirable that she should, for they are a source of loss, instead of gain. But it is very desirable that the mother country and the colonies should part good friends, instead of bitter enemies; and that the people of Britain should be saved the shame of being shewn to have a government capable of repeating the tyrannical and foolish conduct which, sixty years ago, was followed by results so disgraceful to the British name.

NATIONAL *VERSUS* STATE EDUCATION.*

The public mind has of late received a strong bias towards what is termed *National Education;* although State Education might be considered the more accurate name for that projected system which is to redeem the People from all their sufferings and miseries—develope their natural powers and capacities to the utmost—raise them in the moral and intellectual scale—fit them for the adequate discharge of their duties as citizens—and, finally, ensure them the greatest possible amount of individual and social happiness. In brief, the contemplated system of education is to qualify the People for every public and private duty, save, it would seem, superintending the education of their children. That duty was formerly discharged, where recognised at all, by the priesthood, or the Church. Their influence has perished; and for obvious reasons it is now held expedient, by some persons, that it be transferred to the State.

There was a time, and that not long since, when many excellent persons doubted the propriety of giving the mass of the People any education; and the last thing that will be admitted by such individuals, is the capacity and right of the People to administer this most important branch of their own affairs. From the zeal of some of the modern apostles of *State*, alias *National Education*—an education, namely, which the Government shall not only originate and set in motion, but continue to direct and control, and, in fact, substantially administer according to its own good will and pleasure—it might be concluded, that every evil in the moral and physical condition of the inhabitants of these islands, is attributable to the State not having interfered earlier to compel their education, and to the consequent imperfect modes of tuition, or the total want of all education. Yet it is, at the same time, not very consistently affirmed, that no education at all would often be better than that which the people contrive to pick up for themselves; as it is only calculated to cramp or distort the intellect, and fill the young mind with conceit and sectarian prejudice. Sanguine speculators probably expect more from the Schoolmaster, than the Schoolmaster has the power to bestow, even with all the admirable appliances and means which they would lay to his hand; and some of them look for much more from the interference of the State, than we consider it desirable or wholesome for the People to receive. In every condition of society, barbarous or half-civilized, (for a fully civilized society will educate itself,) popular education, whether secular or religious, has ever been kept as much as possible in the hands of power. The chief trained his followers or vassals to arms; while the war-songs, maxims, and traditions of his bards and wise men, created and regulated public opinion—thus moulding the general mind to his purposes. Until the Reformation, the Catholic clergy were the sole medium of the scanty measure of education given either to priests or laymen. Their authority or influence naturally devolved to the Reformed English clergy, who have, as a body, taken a still less fatherly charge of public education.

There might originally have been fitness in the power assumed by the clergy in Scotland, or entrusted to them by the laws, in the co-existing state of society; but, in its natural progress, science and knowledge, widely diffused, have outgrown the control of those venerable guardians and directors, whose wisdom and attainments the age has long ago overtaken, if not outstripped. A higher knowledge, together with the spread of that bitter but useful offspring of Establishment, *Dissent*, has, in every intelligent community, virtually put an end to the power of the State Church over elementary education. No one now dreams of the principle of Lord Brougham's Education Bill of 1820; but must the power which the Church of the State cannot be allowed to monopolize, for this reason, or for any good reason whatever, be therefore made over to the State in its separate capacity? This now seems the prevailing notion among the more prominent and influential educators. The tutors are to be changed from the spiritual to the lay; but the condition of the People's pupilage is to have no end. A nation never comes of age; it is incapable of reaching the years of discretion; it is never equal to the management of its own affairs.

To *National Education*—education for all—universal, ample, liberal—enlightened and generous in spirit, and endowed with the means of effective and *permanent* operation—we profess ourselves to be as ardently devoted as any of those advocates of *State Education*, who, probably with the best intentions in the world, but with precipitate and one-sided views, would, as it

* Education Reform. By Thomas Wyse, Esq., M. P.—National Education. By Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx.—Report on The State of Public Education in Prussia. By M. Victor Cousin.—Present State and Prospects of National Education. By Frederick Hill.—Popular Education; or, the Normal School Manual. By Henry Dunn, Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, &c. &c. &c.

appears to us, rashly throw education out of the Church frying-pan into the State fire.

It is, at all events, proper to examine whether the system recommended by Mr Wyse, and the many respectable gentlemen, Liberals and Tories, who have constituted themselves into a "Central Society for Education," be worthy of the support of men calmly looking before and after, and of the acceptance of the nation; or whether the purposed State machinery—though the end may not be foreseen by the inventors—may not work so as to fetter the free course of social action, and arrest the natural progress of improvement, already immensely accelerated in this country: in short, whether the proposed system of education might not prove as fallacious, and as inadequate to the end contemplated as another Reform. That admitted failure should teach caution and vigilance in considering a measure of equal if not of greater importance. The Government, animated by a sincere desire to put an end, *or nearly so*, to boroughmongering, and amend the national representation, devised a plan which, with its adjuncts, hastens to convert the whole agricultural districts of the empire into one vast warren of vassal-voters, depending on Whig and Tory chiefs.

We are not aware that the bulk of the people have yet paid much attention to Mr Wyse's, or to the Central Society's projected plan of State Education; but we are quite satisfied that they cannot have deliberately examined its objects and probable consequences; although from some quarters the popular outcry for education appears to second views whose soundness it is our purpose to investigate in this article. Like the Israelites of old, who demanded a king to go out before them, *in* the manner of the surrounding idolatrous nations, and who were cursed in the granted prayer, Englishmen, we are told, demand for their country a system nearly similar in character and tendency to that adopted by Prussia, a military despotic State, and by France; and one armed with powers not inferior, though they may be a little more delicately veiled, and might, at the outset, be more cautiously put forth. Some of the modern educators contend openly for the Prussian system, without hinting a fault in any part of an organization which they consider so admirable; and we own that we cannot perceive how, in legislating for England and the English People, it would be possible to approximate more closely to that system than Mr Wyse has done in his recommendations and reasonings. He recognises, to the utmost extent, that new creation, a *Minister of Public Instruction*, appointed of course by the Crown; a *Central Board*, similarly appointed; State-pay, State-trained teachers, to be appointed to the schools by the State, or by its creature, the Board; a State-framed course of study and methods of instruction; and, finally, State-made class-books, or those bearing the imprimatur of the State. The People are certainly to have some counterbalancing influence, and the honour of contributing the funds, both, directly, by a rate imposed, and through the State, from the national revenue or public property; but it will be easily seen who is to hold the lion's share of power. Before we are done, however, we shall describe the precise extent of power which Mr Wyse and some of his coadjutors would allow to the People themselves in working out the grand scheme of education. They are not unaware of the immense power to be intrusted to the Government by their semi-Prussian plan; but the corrective of this, as in all other cases of overweening power, is that beautiful abstraction, ministerial responsibility—responsibility to Parliament! There may come a time when the People may safely confide in this security against the abuses of power. We had hoped for it ere now; but it has not yet arrived—if it has not receded much farther off within the last two years.

The first paper in the Report of the Central Society is written by Mr Duppa, the Honorary Secretary, and editor of the volume. It gives an account of the objects of this new confederation of educators, many of whom are also legislators, and, as we believe, entirely in the dark as to most of the objects of the body with which they have connected their names. Nothing, however, can be more praiseworthy in purpose, or excellent in adaptation, than the general scope of these objects. To them we may again return, in connexion with really *National Education;* at present, we restrict our attention to the proposed administrative department, which it is a bounden duty to place fairly before the public.

In the preliminary paper, Mr Duppa, after denouncing the present unrestrained system of education in England, where it is set forth as an evil, that "each school acts independently of every other, and uncontrolled by any external power," states the objects of the Society, in these terms:—

> For improvements to be generally and simultaneously adopted, so that the whole of the next generation should have the full advantage of them, they must be enforced, and this by the State. There are, no doubt, evils attending this, as, *for instance, the great powers which would be given to Government:* but, if the Government be responsible, can its power be too great? It is the execution of the will of the nation; should it not be efficient? Again, if all the schools were to be upon one plan, and under one general direction, it may be urged, and with reason, that there would be a stagnation of all improvement, as no individual could then try those experiments which his own observation and practice would suggest. This is a serious difficulty; but it appears to be obviated by the arrangements which have been adopted in Prussia.

Mr Duppa then describes the Prussian system of *tolerance*, but not fully, and therefore not fairly:—

> "Not only," (as will be seen in the Report) says Mrs Austin,* "is every parent at full liberty to educate his children either in his own house, or at a private school, or at the schools provided by the State, but these latter schools are not even bound to any particular books or modes of tuition, in order, as the law expresses it, to impose no shackles on the constant onward course of improvement. The choice of books is left to the masters and the local committees appointed by Government for the immediate superintendence of schools, and consisting

* Mrs Austin's Translation of Cousin's Report.

chiefly of fathers of families resident in the parish which supports the school. The conferences of schoolmasters, (who must all have obtained certificates of capacity,) which, though voluntary, are encouraged by the Government, are also for the express purpose of comparing their views and their experience, and thus carrying forward the improvement of the schools."

There is, we admit, gracious indulgence in the Prussian Government allowing Jews to have schools of their own, and rich parents to educate their children at home; but it should have been added that every private school is placed under surveillance; and so many obstacles are presented by the examinations, certificates, and licenses, in passing the ordeal of the State functionaries, that it seems to us impossible for any private individual to establish a school. No one could, whose opinions are in the least obnoxious to the Government. Even pastors and public teachers must pass through the same ordeal before they are permitted to give private instruction; and when Mr Duppa cites the above passage, in which the free choice of books is graciously permitted, he omits the saving clause or condition, attached to the permission, which is completely destructive of its spirit:—

The superintendence of private establishments has relation to the discipline and to the progress of instruction in general. The particular plan of tuition, the choice of books, of methods, and the rules of the school, shall be left to the masters and mistresses; but, even in these, the spontaneous suggestions of an enlightened superintendence may be of service. Should anything, however, be discovered, calculated to lead youth astray, or to endanger their morality or piety—should it be found that bad masters or bad books are employed, the inspectors shall remonstrate; and if these remonstrances do not avail to remove the evil, their duty then is to demand an investigation by the provincial consistories, and, after such investigation, these shall have power, upon sufficient reasons, to withdraw the license and shut up the school. The establishment of a school of any other degree than that specified in the license is strictly forbidden. Those who have obtained a license to establish certain schools, and wish to establish others, must pass through a new examination, and must apply for that purpose to the provincial consistories. The directors and directresses of private establishments in large towns, may receive as many pupils as choose to come to them, so long as this is of no disadvantage to their school.—*Cousin's Report.*

Such is the scope given to competition by the system we are called on to admire; and it does not stop here. The private teachers are bound to send notice of their change of residence—bound to give "exact information of their terms," though kindly permitted to fix or remit them at discretion. "They shall," above all, "give no religious instruction without the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities; and whenever they send away assistants, or engage new ones, they shall inform their superintendent." Even such old ladies and gentlemen as, in the neighbourhood of all our schools, receive, as boarders, boys and girls attending schools, must be examined and licensed. Dames'-schools are under strict inspection, and teachers, giving private lessons by the hour, must first obtain a certificate. We venture to predict that the State Schools, the National Schools of Prussia, will not be troubled with rivalship or dangerous competition; nor the public either injured or benefited by any innovation of the established system.

The advocates for a system of education approaching as closely to that adopted in Prussia, and latterly in France, as manufacturing interests and national spirit will permit, all set out by assuming that the People are utterly incapable of managing any extensive system themselves; and that, without a general common organization, and a central power lodged in the State, and ramifying in every direction, National Education is an impossible good. We take leave to think that these writers, almost without exception, suppose a lower state of the general mind, a much inferior condition of intelligence, practical sense, and even actual acquirement, than there is reason to admit. Hence, however, the unanimous conclusion, that, though the people may perform every other function, legislate and administer in all local affairs; choose members of Parliament, and of their respective municipal governments; act in the hundred new affairs arising from modern civilization, which require largely developed faculties, of varied kind—in their benefit clubs, Mechanics' Institutions, Reform Associations, Popular Lectures, Subscription Libraries, Voluntary Churches—in their concerts, and Soirees, and co-operative efforts after social good—they not only are, but must for ever remain, unworthy of administering, by direct agency, a well-matured plan of national elementary education. This seems the more singular from being urged at a period when the increase of knowledge among the lower classes, is confessed to have outstripped that of any other class of the community, not excepting the well-instructed portion of the middle class. The bar, the pulpit, the medical school, certainly do not surpass, if they even equal those of fifty years ago. The aristocracy, as a body, have merely changed one form of frivolity for another; the People alone, and those who, impelled by them, must move onward, have advanced, and that by long and rapid strides. Among those carried forward, is the Schoolmaster. Let his way be further prepared—levelled, smoothed, made pleasant, and even flowery. We are the warm friends of education, and our sole object is, how education may be best promoted.

An urgent argument for educating the People by a State medium, is that they may learn to use their self-acquired knowledge and newly-acquired political power beneficially for themselves and for their betters. This is, at least, a tacit admission that the knowledge and the power are their own achievement, and obtained independently of State interference. But if, unaided, and while politically crushed and impoverished by excessive taxation and unwise restrictions upon their industry, the People, assisted by voluntary benevolence, have done so much for themselves, is this the crisis for their rulers to step in and assume the sole direction of their further course of action in educating their children? Let it be borne in mind, that, instead of condemn-

ing, we earnestly contend for Education Reform—for a system not only good but really *National*, because comprehending the whole; but we shall no more give it that honourable name, until, having been approved by the majority of the nation, it shall be, as far as possible, administered by the People—the householders—in their towns and parishes, than we shall call a parliament national, of which the crown should nominate the members.

It seems not a little remarkable that, both in Prussia and France, power over education is sought to be withdrawn from the Church, only to be transferred to the State. In Prussia, the Minister of Public Instruction is also the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and of Medical Science; the one function, in fact, comprehends the others. In Cousin's "Report," and especially in his recommendations and suggestions to the Minister of Public Instruction in his own country, considerable jealousy of the clergy is betrayed. He did not see his way in getting wholly rid of their interference; but their power, annihilated in Prussia, is severely crippled by the French system. He accuses them of indifference to education—which is unjust; they are bigoted, but not indifferent—and, what is worse, they are generally *Carlists*. It was alike dangerous to the Government to exasperate or to give them power. He advises—"We must have the clergy; we must neglect nothing to bring them into the path towards which everything urges them to turn—both their obvious interest, and their sacred calling, and the ancient services which their order rendered to the cause of civilization in Europe."

Cousin farther urges the *policy* as well as honesty of making Christianity the basis of popular instruction, and hopes the clergy may be won. Much was already gained; and—

> The higher clergy are yours by your power of nomination, and by their temporal interests. By degrees they will come into your views. Meantime, let us watch them; but treat them with respect, and with regard for their interests and their office. Let us throw open our schools to them, for we have nothing to conceal; let us call upon them to co-operate in the holy work we are undertaking. If, after all we can do, they refuse their assistance, we shall have vindicated our prudence and fulfilled our duty. The rest is in the hand of Providence, veiled amid the impenetrable destinies of European society.

While these things are passing abroad, it is yet more remarkable that some of the persons at home who are the most desirous to dissolve the unholy union of CHURCH and STATE, are making every effort to see consummated the equally ill-omened union of STATE and SCHOOL. When will the People be deemed capable of walking in safety without the leading-strings of Government?

A struggle has long been going on between the State-Church and the Liberal party, for which should get education into their hands, and thus engross the formation of public opinion. It came to a kind of drawn battle between the Bell and Lancaster systems, between the British and Foreign, and the National schools, which is again renewed in another form, and subsidiary to the grand question of State Education. Mr Simpson of Edinburgh, a sturdy advocate of the projected State system in its most unqualified form, stated, in evidence before the Education Committee of the House of Commons, that the Established clergy of Scotland are at present drawing both infant and normal schools entirely into their own hands. In Glasgow alone, the six infant schools established are, every one, by his statement, directed by the Established clergy; and those directors who were Dissenters, have withdrawn. The Normal School of Glasgow, the first, if not the only seminary of this useful kind established in Scotland, was projected, and is managed by violent Churchmen, lay and clerical. It will, in all probability, send out some well-qualified elementary teachers, and, most certainly, many flaming anti-Catholic propagandists of Endowments and Toryism. Yet Mr Wyse, who is not so well acquainted, either with the laws regarding education in Scotland, or its actual state, sees, in the General Assembly of the Scotch Church, an instrument ready prepared for administering national education in Scotland! He must be quite unaware of the existence of another weighty aggregation of pastors — the *United Associate Synod*, or convocation of the great body of Scottish Dissenters, who might and ought to claim equal powers, should ever the question be stirred.

There is solace in the belief that sectarian jealousy, and, above all, the ambition of the dominant sects in England and Scotland, will delay the settlement of this momentous question, until the People shall have time to consider another danger, which is at present lost sight of in the dust raised by noisy clerical combatants. The Church of England will tolerate no system which is not made subservient to imbuing the young mind with Church-of-Englandism, doctrinal and political; the Kirk of Scotland, none which does not confess it the Church *par excellence*, in virtue of its tenets, and which does not own its right to endowments; while the State steps in, after the boasted example of Prussia and France, and claims for itself the office of educating its subjects, according to its own notions of what is best fitted for training good citizens, too well instructed to be misled by political intriguers, or to follow demagogues and visionaries. Yes! one strong argument employed to shew that the People require to be guided to knowledge by the State direction-post, is the aptness of the multitude to be misled.

Mr Wyse pleads the cause of the People against those who accuse them of following demagogues, and throwing themselves into the arms of the first intriguer who flatters or excites them; but he rests his argument or apology upon a humiliating foundation. He says, we wrong them, when, having withheld education, we blame the effects of their ignorance. By depriving them of education, we disqualify them for managing for themselves—we render them

childish, by treating them as children.—But is this mode of treatment to be remedied by taking their education out of their own hands? Besides, we cannot at once allow that the multitude are so very easily misled as is alleged. It occurs to us that the People are peculiarly keen and sagacious in discovering who are their real friends, and in penetrating the true motives of those who pretend to be their friends. The No-Popery mobs of Lord George Gordon, and the Church-and-King mobs of Birmingham and other places, forty and fifty years ago, were sufficiently besotted; but, since that period, where have we seen any extraordinary excitement among the People, which did not proceed from a reasonable cause, however violent or unwise the manifestations of their displeasure might sometimes be? Even the mobs of Wilkes were animated by the rude instincts of liberty struggling with power. The principal "intriguers" and demagogues of our own day, the idols of the People, have been, we think, Sir Francis Burdett—only, however, while he was able to deceive them; Lord Brougham—who surely deserved all their admiration and confidence; Cobbett, Major Cartwright, O'Connell, Mr Hume, and, at the lowest pitch, Orator Hunt, who certainly for a time led the more turbulent divison of "the fierce democracy." Among their other favourites, were Lord Folkstone, Earl Grey—and Lord Cochrane, when their generous sympathies were enlisted in his favour by what seemed persecution. Looking back on recent history, it strikes us that the People choose their favourites (and even their newspapers) and bestow their approbation, always from purer, and generally from more intelligent motives than those which enchain the worshippers of Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, the Bishop of Exeter, or even the Duke of Wellington. They love those who seek their good, or who seem to seek it; and they are rarely deceived. We deny that they are even fickle. They never desert those who have not first deserted them; and now they begin to rely more and more upon themselves alone. The earnest cry of the People, since their minds were stirred by the American and French Revolutions, has incessantly been—"Oh, who will shew us good!" and they have, like drowning men, sometimes caught at straws; but, upon the whole, who can deny that, in almost every instance, their confidence was well-placed, while their impulses were ever in the right direction. Burdett is, perhaps, the most flagrant instance of their liability to be mistaken; but that hollow, vainglorious, and weakly-principled individual, now the idol of the "better orders," deceived himself before he was able to deceive the People. They might have seen this, and have cast him off sooner; but there was virtue in their lingering regrets. We contend, then, that the facility with which the multitude are said to lend themselves to intriguers and demagogues, is no proof of their wanting either the sagacity or knowledge necessary to manage their own affairs; and, above all, under the requisite enactments and sanctions of law, but without State interference and domination—the education of their children.

Mr Wyse, in descanting on popular ignorance, gives a highly-exaggerated picture of what the popular election of a schoolmaster would be, in proof that the Government ought to appoint all teachers, after having trained them in the normal schools—the People, however, having a veto, or the power of rejection, it is not said how often. He is a Liberal, if not a Radical, and does he not see that, if the People are really in the degraded mental and moral condition he describes, the argument would be fatal against any farther extension of the suffrage? Yet he passes many eulogiums upon the intelligence and high moral condition of the masses both of England and Ireland, contrasting the bloodless triumphs of the Catholic Association, the attainment of Emancipation, and the Reform Bill, with the sanguinary Revolution of France, and truly declaring that our deliverance, our revolution, might have been achieved a century or two earlier, but not thus peacefully. Strange arguments these, however, in demonstration of the People requiring State tutelage. In England and Scotland, popular municipal government has placed the choice and appointment of clergymen, professors, and the teachers of grammar schools, in the hands of Town Councils elected by the people. Ireland demands, and must obtain, the same rights of local self-government; and this is the epoch at which elementary education must revert to the State, and a centralized system! The protection, encouragement, and enlightened influence of Government, is not enough; it must monopolize all power, because the People are not worthy of becoming its depository, from incapacity, which is to have no limit.

The antiquated, and, as we had fancied, exploded fallacy of the analogy of a government to the paternal relation, is brought forward in all its beauty, in the argument for the State assuming, for their good, for the advantage of the family, the management of its humbler children.

It is painful to speak in terms of severity of Mr Wyse's administrative scheme, but yet a paramount duty. He has, by useful service, obtained a high name among the active friends of popular education; and with his ideas of what a *good* education for the people ought to be, and his improved methods of communicating instruction, adopted from the best sources, we in general cordially agree. Many persons, however, we imagine, speak eulogistically of Mr Wyse's lucubrations on education, who probably know little about them. They display a mass of valuable knowledge, not very well digested—views not thoroughly matured, nor at all in harmony among themselves. We regret that it is chiefly to the peccant part of his bulky and comprehensive volume we must first direct attention; the good can be delayed uninjured, and the bad must not longer be left unexposed. Some of our readers will feel surprised and startled by the doctrines which have proceeded

from a philosophical Reformer—a Whig-Radical legislator, and Liberal educator. They will perhaps doubt our assertions, as we at first doubted our own eyes, in reading opinions which the most thorough-going Conservative would cheerfully avouch. We must, therefore, muster a few proofs. Mr Wyse sets out with three propositions:—1st, That education shall be *good;* 2d, *Universal;* and 3d, Provided with means for its efficiency and *permanent support.* With none of these propositions will any liberal man disagree, and on every one of them many of his subsidiary views and hints are either harmless or positively excellent. He does not, however, go so far as some of our philanthropists, who refuse to recognise, even in early childhood, or during the period of elementary education, any social grades in the schools for all; but, on the contrary, defines a point, and that not elevated, at which the intellectual education of the lower classes should stop.

In a more enlarged spirit he contends that education should be in harmony with the advance of society, and with the new order of things. He foresees all the obstacles in the way of progress, arising from secular interests, the struggle for power, and above all, sectarian jealousy in the Church and out of it. He is, however, for making a beginning and not delaying a measure of this importance for the settlement of either Church question or Poor-Law question. Education preceding poor-laws might, he imagines, tend to obviate their necessity. One of his postponed questions will, however, bear strongly on the permanent means for supporting an efficient and permanent system. Having ascertained what is required, the next question becomes, how is the plan to be carried into effect, and whether the education is to be provided by "the individual, the public, or the State"—by the People, the State, or both.

He concludes that it should be by *both*—the People paying for all; first, through the Government, by means of the public revenue, or national property of some sort; and, secondly, by a supplementary or local rate, to be levied; the State, meanwhile, holding, as we intimated, the lion's share of power, or indeed the whole power from beginning to end. Mr Wyse conceives it right in general that everything should be left by Government to individual interest and capacity—his only exception being education. He declaims eloquently upon the injurious tendency of Government protection of particular manufactures, or interference with trades and occupations, save only the schoolmaster's.

"Why should *education alone* be made an object of government protection and management?" That is the question which we find answered by arguments the strongest possible for protection and endowment to some form of religion, declared by the State to be the best and holiest; which the King at his coronation swears to maintain, while his Ministers repeat almost daily the adjuration. Yet Mr Wyse is the decided enemy of State religion. He places the matter fairly.—In the American States, all of which study to provide funds for the aid or support of education, and especially in New York, where, partly in rivalry, we presume, of the native and vigorous growths of New England, education was endeavoured to be forced by the efforts of the Government, he owns that—

> Education did not advance faster, or was of a better character, than when left exclusively to its own efforts. In Sweden, the provinces where education is altogether in the hands of the people, and unaffected by any ministerial interference, bear a rather creditable comparison to those in which a contrary system prevails. In the Netherlands, the philosophical colleges, avowed Government establishments, did not succeed. Something of a similar remark has been made on the Primary and Secondary Schools in France. But we need not travel for illustrations beyond Ireland. Her Government education, up to a late period, has been a series of failures. All this renders at first sight dubious the policy of taking such institutions out of the hands of individuals, to vest them, either partially or exclusively, in the hands of the Government.

This is candidly stated, and seems a hopeless beginning; yet it is all gallantly surmounted by the advocate of State Education being pushed into a necessary despotism:—

> It is the duty of the legislator to see that the habits formed be good habits; that they be formed with certainty, and with as much rapidity as may be consistent with that certainty. It is his duty, if the people be reluctant or sluggish, to induce *or compel* the people to these habits, in the same manner that he requires from them other duties and sacrifices, equally necessary for the good of all. No mercy is shewn in the hour of pestilential epidemic to the ease, pretensions, or scruples of the individual; all obstacles are swept away, and wisely swept away, before the paramount interests of the community. The uneducated may complain that they are compelled to education: the criminal might, with as good reason, complain that he is compelled to reform. The instructed and moral should not be exposed to the contagion either of ignorance or vice. If sacrifices are to be made, they should be made by those who ought to make them: there is no reason why the sound and deserving should be surrendered to the caprices of the worthless and corrupt. The very object of all government is nothing but this; and its goodness or badness is chiefly to be measured by the greater or less certainty in effecting it. Courts of justice, the public force, prison discipline, are some of the means which it employs for this purpose; education and religious instruction, others: when well conducted, they are the most powerful of all. Indeed, the real power of any depends principally upon education.

This is very plain speaking, and as good Toryism, as we take it, as need be propagated by a Liberal. Certainly the Government is called upon to institute courts of justice, prisons, and so forth, where they are required; but this does not sanction the imposition of Star Chambers, Inquisitions, and Bastiles, nor yet superfluous and much less injurious institutions of any kind. Again, the original, the beloved fallacy is brought forward, of governments being not merely paternal in tendency—kind, watchful, provident—but standing exactly in the relation of parents. Harsh, negligent, and tyrannical fathers have they been in the general experience of five thousand years!

> Government has the experience and authority of a parent, and is called on to begin. The theory which says, "I will make no roads until there first shall be markets," says—only in other words—"I will make no

roads at all." Wherever roads have been made, markets have followed. The wholesome circulation has flowed, the moment the ligament has been taken off; industry has found a vent, capital a convenient investment. Had Government waited until the People had called for roads, until they had felt their necessity, or were provided with the means of making them, years might have elapsed before the road would even have been thought of.

This may be; nor is it to Government making the road that we object, but to stationing police and toll-men upon it; formed, as it is, after all, out of the fruits of the children's heritage. A pestilential epidemic is a false analogy: that attacks suddenly, and finds the public unprepared; then the authorities must step in; the common safety demands it, and the common voice approves; there is scarcely a minority. But what affinity has such a case to a permanent social want, like that of education? But we want the road, the well-formed, spacious highway. Let it be Macadamized, if possible—shaded with trees—cooled with canals—made as attractive as possible; though we do not choose to be ordered to walk on it in a particular pace or amble, or else betake ourselves to some paltry by-path, after paying for the formation of this national highway.

Mr Wyse, with superfluous eloquence, proves "that men do not always know their own wants," applying this to the indifference shewn by the People to education. They, at least, feel the want more strongly than at any former period. The very unthinking cry for a Minister of Public Instruction, with the regular staff of a central all-controlling Board, like those of France and Prussia, is one proof of the anxiety of some of the People for an extended system of education; and a far better is found in the actual increase of schools, which, since 1820, have, in England, been doubled. State Education is chiefly demanded by the middle class, who have been read and lectured into its necessity; but the artisans, the intelligent mechanics of the towns, demand that National Education shall be put upon a better footing—under the sanction of law, but administered, as far as possible, by those most interested—namely, the People themselves. A State scheme must be peculiarly acceptable to those individuals who are alarmed to see the multitude escaping from the empire of power into that of reason.

Mr Wyse, assuming the disinclination the People feel to be instructed, contends that the State should school them until they are imbued with the taste for knowledge; and that, though averse at first, appetite will come with eating. But is there no danger that the most excellent viands, if they are forced upon them, may disgust the consumers?

There can, however, be no conceivable motive, why every effort should not be made to "insinuate the want," and "develope the desire" for education, which individual or associated exertion is equal to. Let this be done by the Central Society's writings and inquiries, as well as by Mr Roebuck's speeches, and Lord Brougham's plans. Too many energetic minds cannot be engaged in the great work, until the acknowledged want is supplied to abundance. The mode, not the end, requires caution. With the best intentions possible, a set of well-meaning men may sow the seeds of centuries of mischief, and lay the foundation of a new system, only inferior, in bad consequences, to the deliberate institution of a new State Church, more in harmony with the spirit of the age than the present, but soon to grow into a like abuse. Are we never to be warned? But the other day, in that well-considered, and best of all possible measures, the Reform Bill, Lord Grey, afraid of the People having more power than they knew how to direct, suffered elements to mingle, to counteract popular influence, which have already let in corruption like a flood.

We desire to be perfectly fair to Mr Wyse. After urging reasons for the Government taking the *initiative*, and moving in education, upon its own responsibility, he continues:—

These observations, it is true, are more especially applicable to countries where a general and strong effort is required. Yet their adoption is not to be confined to such cases only: they have been tried under the most contrasted periods and circumstances. We shall see Russia and the New England States, at opposite sides of the political scale, acting, in this instance, on the same principle, and with the same success. If, in Ireland, the interference of Government has failed, it must be attributed much more to the nature of the government than to the good or evil of government interference in itself.

Now, we question this; and, at all events, we have not yet seen the paternal government of Russia following this course, while the New England States, with rather an overweening desire to legislate where legislation can only be pernicious, have still to act. The example of America appears to us singularly unfortunate for Mr Wyse. In organizing new States, care is taken to secure permanent funds for the support of education; but, that done, their administration rests with the majority, and, like everything else connected with education, is free as air. Direct interference with elementary schools has indeed been attempted, on the instigation of that virulent prejudice fostered against the coloured population; but this, and every relative absurdity, is the anomaly in American institutions—the blot of American society—and not the natural consequence of democratic government. Mr Wyse concludes, on these insufficient grounds, that "the argument preponderates in favour of State management." Yet he would not leave education "*exclusively to the* Government any more *than exclusively to the People;*" and he steps aside, after his frequent manner, to deliver a discourse against *monopolies*, while about to establish one of the most dangerous character. But, admitting as a *sine qua non*—that Government shall interfere—it is to be "beneficially;" and, to interfere "beneficially, it should have, in the *first instance*, the co-operation of the People." This is a prudent precaution; for, without exciting the People, or the more unthinking among them, to cry out for a *Minister of Instruction*, and a Central Board of Commissioners, "responsible to Parliament," there might be some difficulty in accomplishing the object,

"in the first instance;" while, in the second place, if the People keep back the pupils, there can be no schools. Had Mr Wyse said that the People, like the emancipated Negroes, must serve an apprenticeship of seven years, or undergo a probation of twice seven, before entering on the task of educating their children systematically, though we might not have perceived the necessity, we should not have been disposed to cavil. But the People lending their aid to set the machinery in smooth motion, which is to be worked in future by their rulers, where they should be sole directors, we like not; though our author improves as he expands. He foresees that, if they dislike the article offered, they won't take it; for none among us, yet, openly go the length of the compulsory system of the Prussian Government, or purpose drilling and dragooning the People into elementary knowledge and religious instruction. He says:—

Government should not be allowed to monopolize, but it should be invited to interfere. All portions of the State should co-operate; but the guiding, controlling, and governing portion should do more—*it should guide, control, and govern education.* Of what nature and extent this should be, still remains to be determined.

. . . . . .

When I say the People, I mean the People. I do not mean a portion, much less a very small portion, of the People; much less that portion which is comparatively independent of education, and which can always, wherever competition is allowed, with or without Government, obtain it. I mean the whole, if possible, but, at all events, the clear majority; above all, that portion which, from greater ignorance and fewer means, is in most need of education. It is quite essential to the success of any system of National Education, that this portion, at least, of the nation *should co-operate.* But how win their co-operation? Is a Government, which should enlighten and *teach*, to yield to the prejudices and follies of a people, who *are to be taught?* Were the private master so to act, he might, no doubt, be sufficiently acceptable to the idle scholar; but, in return, what would the scholar gain from such a master?

Mr Wyse then points out how the paternal Government is to coax and wheedle the obstinate, ignorant, and refractory multitude, all for their good, and to treat them equitably at last, making no favourites nor sectarian distinctions. Not to defeat its own objects, the Government interference (the law by which it acts once established) must be patient and gradual; and, when we look back upon what the *gradual* advance of corrupt influence has accomplished in England since the Revolution, in the rotten-borough system, the debt, taxation, standing armies, the barrack system, and, even in three years, in the working of the Reform Bill—we may well tremble at that to which a *patient* and *gradual* putting forth of an excessive though latent power over education may lead. This is not the purpose of Mr Wyse; but, nevertheless, a sure effect of the strong measure he proposes. The best-educated, he says, will be the most submissive—and we own it; for what are called the best-educated, were never yet the resisting—never the sacrificing class. The words of the author will better serve our purpose than any argument we can raise without them. Addressed to Englishmen they will refute themselves; the practicability of the People acting on system, fenced by enactments which the system may require, is never once adverted to. They can do nothing; Government is the soul and centre of the entire scheme:—

All improvements in the science of mind—in the art of teaching, must pass under its eye—must be within its reach. It can grasp not only the discoveries within its own realm, but, from the wise communion between the more enlightened nations of Europe, the discoveries and improvements of other countries. The People, though theoretically collective, in their practical operations, act individually; they embrace little beyond the village aspect, the transient convenience, of a subject. Without extensive experience, it is impossible they can generalize; and, without generalizing, there can scarcely be any true philosophy in their arrangements. The "best possible" of the village philosopher, is often the "worst possible" of the national. But Government, never individual, always universal, pervading everything, and watching over all, must, by its very nature, possess that moral and mental ubiquity, absolutely essential to the fair construction and permanent maintenance of any system which affects to provide for the mind of an entire nation. This it is which renders it so far better suited than the People for all functions of a directive character.

It would simplify this very much if the phrase were *a despotic* government. "All improvements in the science of mind, in the art of teaching," may lie under the eye of Government, as they lie also under that of the intelligent part of the nation and the press, who hitherto have made much better use of their eyes. But schoolmasters, and books, not only for the school but for the parish library, must be chosen by this all-seeing, all-knowing, paternal Government.

The operation and utility of this power are very easily illustrated. They are peculiarly striking in the two branches upon which Popular Education especially depends—the choice of *Books* and the *choice of Teachers.* The first of these instruments, their number, quality, and management, cannot be too carefully attended to. The advantage which the moderns possess over the ancients does not lie so much in the superiority of modern knowledge, as in its far more general diffusion. The want of books has kept one country centuries behind another—one district in the same country, ignorant of the other. Books are the life-blood flowing to the members from the heart of society. How are they to be obtained? how are they to be selected, employed, preserved?

The answer may be anticipated—By the State. The stateman who was willing to give the framing of the laws to whosoever chose, if he had the making of the songs, claimed power far inferior to what is here required for the Minister of Public Instruction, if he shall give us books. We do not imagine that any Government would deliberately sit down to corrupt the morals of the nation through its popular reading; but we may all have a guess of the bias to be given and the doctrines to be favoured. But, again—

The teacher must, in every particular, be *fitted* for his situation. His character and capacity must be unquestionable. But who is to judge of this? who is the *best qualified* to judge of it? The people, in general, are sufficiently competent to judge of *character*; not so of *capacity.* . . . From whence, then, is to come, in the first instance, the supply? and, in the next, the selection? Assuredly, not from the blind, but the enlightened. They only who understand what education really is, can educate the candidates for these important functions; they only can wisely choose between them, when the public exigencies require a choice. *Not, then, in the hands of* THE PEOPLE *should lie either the training or selection of public teachers. It is a task to which Government*

alone is competent—which, for the sake of the People itself, the Government should boldly and largely assume.

If the men of towns, villages, and parishes, who vote at elections, choose their own spiritual guides, act as jurymen, and exercise many civil functions requiring knowledge, judgment, and discrimination, were to have the liberty of electing their children's schoolmaster, look to the awful consequences:—

The political partisan, the religious fanatic, the monied intriguer, will usually be the victor; the modest and virtuous scholar, of course, the vanquished: the school-room will be converted into an arena for rival ambitions; and education itself, which ought to be the moderator of all the riotous passions, and the institutor of all the political and domestic virtues, degraded into the weapon of party, the teacher of every species of private and public animosity. To rescue education from such abuse, to rescue the People from the People's passion and folly, is to render a good and great service both to the People and to education. It is to interpose between their true and false, their temporary and permanent, interest. To effect this, we require an *external, compressing,* and *repressing* power, an intelligence fully adequate to comprehend the universal interest, a solicitude to provide impartially for it, and an energy and activity to carry such provision into execution. Is this to be found in the People, in sections of the people—in the People ignorant—in the People excited? Where are we to look for it, but in the Government?

This requires no commentary.

In his view of "Education in the United Kingdom," published in the Report of the Central Society, Mr Wyse reiterates these doctrines, especially in reference to the state of education in England, where—

There is not, as in all Continental countries, a Minister and Council of Instruction; nor, as in Scotland, a General Assembly;* nor, as in Ireland, a Board of Education. It forms the one great exception to the entire civilized world. The result is not of such a nature as to make us much in love with the cause. It could easily be shewn that the voluntary system of public instruction, with no central power to guide, aid, or control, has not only not worked well, but worked nearly as ill as any system well could. Every sort of antic has been played; all sorts of empiricism been permitted; immense waste of time, money, and labour—often, too, of the most admirable zeal and the best intentions—with the most miserable, if not injurious, results. It is not so much funds which are required as knowledge. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds distributed between rival societies, will not perform the miracle. If the State is to touch our public schools at all, she must do it through a proper department. No more grants—or a minister and council through which they are to come. . . .

Difficulties there may be, but none which good sense and strong will may not beat down. There is no possible reason why Government, in the case of England, should not act as in the case of Ireland. Is a Home Secretary here, of shorter arm and poorer courage than a Chief Secretary there? A "Letter of Instructions" may fairly anticipate an "Act of Parliament." What we want is the organization. We will take it even as an experiment, and for the legislative sanction consent to wait.

Unwonted energy, even in a Home Secretary for Ireland, is not the most desirable necessity in the world; but we question much how such vigour would be taken in England. It is to be noticed that Mr Wyse uniformly slights, and, as we think, greatly underrates existing modes of teaching, and the qualifications of existing teachers, who, as a body, are universally admitted to have improved most rapidly in all parts of the empire. Education, no doubt, labours under many drawbacks. It is defective in all departments, especially the higher, and requires reform in all; yet even the meanest of the dames'-schools of our villages, is a discipline of humanity, and entitled to respect; and education is nowhere in quite so abject a state as it is here represented. The Report of the Education Committee of 1834, will not bear out such sweeping condemnation, though, like every other honest inquiry, it proves the necessity of improvement.

Let us then have reform—a truly *National,* not a *State* system of education; *good, universal, and maintained by efficient and permanent means.*

There is much, we acknowledge, that is highly worthy of imitation in the details of the Prussian system, both as regards the elementary and normal schools. The latter is, indeed, the most important improvement which we can borrow from Prussia, or rather from Fellenberg, though probably the system now followed in America might be found as well adapted for this country. We see utility in regular inspection, and many advantages in those conferences of teachers encouraged by the Prussian Government. It strikes us that such humble meetings for the interchange of opinion, and for hints of improvements in all departments, may be found of as much practical utility as those of societies consisting of gentlemen, many of them educators upon instinct, and who, with small or no experience, undertake to instruct professors in their own vocation.

At the close of his Report, Mr Wyse informs us that Lord Brougham has brought in a bill for a *Minister and Council of Public Instruction.* Of course, Lord Brougham's Bill, whatever its provisions might have been, fell with the last Parliament. Lord Brougham, who made a capital mistake on a former occasion, from not looking closely to the ripeness of the public mind, is not likely to commit a second blunder. By his incredible exertions, his pervading intelligence, and his energy and influence, Lord Brougham has done more for popular education, and the instruction of the People, than any man now alive in this country. Still his Bill may be unsatisfactory; and, if it shall sanction those views of Mr Wyse which we have given in his own language, we need not prophesy its fate. If of the nature which Mr Wyse would lead us to suppose, it will also prove that Lord Brougham has obtained an entirely new light since 1834, when he gave the following evidence before the Education Committee. His Lordship, like ourselves, expects, we regret to say, no sudden renovation, no miraculous effects from elementary education alone. His opinion of the benefits of education is high, but not overweening. But, to come to the point,

* Mr Wyse, who is certainly not sectarian, surely forgets that in Scotland there is a numerous body of Dissenters, forming more than a half of the church-going population, who disclaim the authority of the GENERAL ASSEMBLY, and who, if the power he signifies were proposed to be lodged with the Assembly, would oppose the injustice, and claim a full share for the *United Associate Synod,* their particular convocation; or, as is much more likely, prefer to exercise it themselves, with their fellow-citizens, in their towns and parishes.

when Lord Brougham was asked his opinion of the compulsory and restrictive parts of the Prussian system, he said what, in substance, has fallen from him more than once in his place in Parliament, and therefore need not be repeated; and, farther, in objection, "There is one [objection] which would make me pause before I consented to it—[a Government system.] Suppose the funds were easily to be had, and no diminution to be apprehended from the interference of Government, I do not well perceive how such a system can be established, without placing in the hands of the Government—that is, of the Minister of the day—the means of dictating opinions and principles to the People. It may signify very little what sentiments are inculcated on all the Prussian children by their military chiefs; but it would be somewhat new in this country to have the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, *of the absolute perfection of all existing institutions, of the wickedness and impiety of every attempt at improving them, systematically taught to every child, from six years old to fourteen. And, if a system of instruction, in the hands of Government, were established, what security can the country have against its falling into the hands of men who might deem it their duty to propagate such opinions?*"

Such were Lord Brougham's opinions only three years ago, and while he was Lord Chancellor, which makes them not the less honourable to him. If he has since been illuminated, the country, we apprehend, will be much less pleased with his new light than his old darkness.

Whatever bill is concocted upon this most momentous subject, affecting the character and interests of the country in all its future generations, ought not only to be deliberately discussed, but its principles and specific provisions should be previously made accessible to the whole People. Education is emphatically a national affair; but it is a personal one also; and not less important to the People than a reform in the representation, which universally gives the franchise.

There was one part of Lord Brougham's recommendations to the Committee which we should have rejoiced to see carried out long ago, and to which there can be no possible objection—the establishment of four normal schools—one in London, the others at York, Lancaster, and Exeter. Something has been done even in this way, but not nearly enough. In Prussia, the teachers attend the normal schools for three years. But the Germans are a slow-paced people—slow but *sure*. In France, the course is for two years only; though, from the evidence of Professor Pillans, we learn that some of the head-teachers in these seminaries regret that it is not continued for a third year. In this country, teachers attend for instruction at the Borough-Road School only for three months; and, we presume, in the Glasgow Normal School, few attend for a much longer period. In Mr Wood's Sessional School in Edinburgh, young teachers may attend, on the open days, to witness the results of the system; but that gentleman does not pretend to teach teachers, though his seminary would be an admirable field for this purpose. The young men attending the British seminaries are, however, more advanced, both in years and education, than the youths of France and Germany, who enter the normal schools at from sixteen to eighteen years of age. But the number of teachers attending the few British normal seminaries is small indeed compared with the demand already created for well-trained schoolmasters. By Lord Brougham's estimate, the four seminaries he recommended for England would, at an expense of not more than £10,000, turn out 250 accomplished schoolmasters every year. "If it cost twice as much," Lord Brougham remarked, "I am clearly of opinion that it is the best manner of bestowing the money. Private aid would soon be added to the Government supply, by individuals sending masters for instruction when the excellence of the system became known." Though not exactly in point, we must add another of Lord Brougham's replies, as the subject will form an important element in any complete measure for placing National Education upon a permanent foundation. He was asked if he thought the funds existing in England for the purposes of promoting education sufficient to meet the demands for improved or extended schooling. He replied, that, from the returns of 1818, referring to the investigation into abuses in public charities, which he was the instrument of obtaining, "he was led to believe that half a million a-year was much below the truth; but changing the application of the funds was a matter of extreme difficulty."

Yet to a Reformed Parliament why should it be so—at least, while no one pretends to deny the truth of what follows? How, for example, ought a charity expressly left to spread inoculation be administered after vaccination had been generally adopted? The matter admits of no dubiety; and still less the case as put by Lord Brougham—"I am aware," he said, "that much of the money is very uselessly applied at present; and in many places there are grammar schools which, from the character of the population, are without any scholars; and yet, in the same places, there exists the greatest want of elementary instruction: nevertheless, as the founders chose to appoint that particular kind of charity, it becomes a very delicate matter to interfere with their destination of property, which, had they been so minded, they might have wholly diverted from charitable purposes." This goes near to being scrupulous over much. The scandalous abuses in charities brought to light by Lord Brougham, not alone vindicate interference, but strongly demand it. Are the founders of those charities to have their intentions fulfilled in the letter, and completely thwarted in the spirit?* But his Lord-

* After a tough battle between the Tories and the clergy, and those Reformers, in the town council, whom the Burgh Reform Bill introduced *ex officio* into the governorship of Heriot's Hospital, in Edinburgh, the Liberal party, without having recourse to Parliament, have succeeded in obtaining a part of the superfluous funds of this rich foundation, for the elementary education of the poor of

ship at least went a moderate length; and the many vociferous admirers of *vested rights* may even fancy his suggestion a most iniquitous stretch of the powers of Parliament. "If, however," he said, "the funds, in any given place, are sufficiently ample to support an institution of the kind prescribed—a grammar school for example—and to leave an unapplied surplus, I can see no reason why the legislature should not enable, nay, oblige the trustees to use this residue in something as near akin to the design of the founder, as a good ordinary school plainly is. I framed a Bill, and introduced it into the House of Commons in 1820, with the view of applying such funds usefully; and I trust that the subject will again come under the consideration of Parliament." It must, and in a stronger and more decided form. To this source the country is entitled to look for a great part of the funds necessary for universal education.

Our space being already exhausted, the "State and Prospects of Education" must be reserved for another paper, and the works referred to, to a future opportunity. The volume of the author with the foreign-looking name of Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx, though he is, we are informed, an English gentleman, is a fine emanation of the spirit of humanity—the speculation of a philosopher, of highly refined mind and warm philanthropy, whose theories command reverence from hard, practical men, even while they may reasonably doubt about how they are to be put in action. Educators should read his book, if not to follow his methods, yet to soften their hearts and enlarge their charity. With the desire of drawing attention to a work containing so much sound and original thought, we would fain have gathered a few passages. The Law of Primogeniture, we find considered the great demoralizer of English society; and then follow in order those institutions intimately allied with it, which patronise and reward particular opinions, such as the Church, of which it is said—

The Church Establishment in its ideal, is the middle point between the rich and poor, the educated and the uneducated. Its purpose was to create a class of men who, while they enjoyed all the intellectual advantages of education, should hold kindly communication with, and sympathise in the troubles and sufferings of, the poor, and make them known to their richer brethren: and who, because to skill in the language and history of Scripture, and a thorough knowledge of the human mind and its laws, they joined a practical acquaintance with the notions and moral condition of the People, should endeavour as well to destroy in them all groveling and slavish superstition, as to enlarge and purify their morality, and to raise their creed and assimilate its doctrines to those of the one pure and true religion. Now, the Church of England—has it realized this ideal?* Has not its wealth, unfortunately, made its duties worth the attention, and is not its patronage in the hands of, the highest classes? Have they not shared with it their power, and that power has it not sought to sanctify? And have not its secularities induced in its ministers, with a practical indifference to the opinions they profess, a great intolerance of all other opinions? Has it not over carefully cultivated the good will of the aristocracy, of which its clergy are literally the ministers, and ever shewn itself exceeding indifferent to the rights—to the rights—I do not say to the wants, of the people. Has it, in the cause of education, which, as the representative of the learned classes, it should direct, done aught for the people of England?—has it, for education, generally done so much as the disciples of Loyola?

We wish we could give the view taken here of the true nature of the Christian virtue of *humility*, and the duty of submission *to the powers that be*. Of Christianity, it is said—

For fourteen centuries, Christianity has been the religion of Europe; for four centuries, it has been essentially the religion of our People: its books are in their hands, its precepts have been their earliest lessons, and to its God they have lisped their infant prayers:—and where do we now stand? Have we travelled on towards the land of promise, where each man shall sit under his own fig-tree, and deal out to his children the words of peace, and truth, and universal love? Or are we still the slaves of days and ordinances, and still toiling under the encumbrance of vain ceremonies? Do we not, as in the first days, even now hear the sound of heresies and heretic? And do we not, even though we should be more obedient to a church, still follow our spiritual guides, who dispute about modes of faith, and separate themselves and us from our neighbours, and *all* for the love of God?

Our author's view of the true interpretation of the doctrine of submission to the powers that be, is rather long for us. Let this admirable fragment suffice:—

But obedience, I shall be told, is a Christian precept. Yes—Christ, at his appearance, was doubtless anxious to shew himself as a moral, and not a political Saviour. He sought not to better governments, but to better mankind: that object attained, all Utopian institutions would, he knew well, follow as matter of course.

His first converts were, besides—though poor and despised, and few in numbers, and scattered—men with hearts elevated with hope, and strong by faith in their all-conquering Messiah. For their very existence's sake, therefore, they required a morality which should restrain their enthusiasm within the still circle of every-day life.

Now, Christ and his apostles felt that any rash attempt of the Christians to touch the political institutions of the Roman empire, would be futile, and but bring on them certain destruction; hence, exhortations frequent and earnest, to withdraw themselves from all worldly affairs, and to avoid even the judgment-seats of the heathen; and thus the gradual formation of *their* spiritual, within an *earthly* kingdom.

But the apostles were either too conscious of their own integrity to suspect their successors, or conceived not that their *then contemned* religion would one day be regarded by mighty kings as the prop of their power, and by a lazy priesthood as the source of its wealth. They saw not their scheme accomplished in a political church. They could not foretell that the precepts which once served to cherish the weak and scarce-breathing life of the first Christian community, would, in the course of ages, be insisted on to protect the abuses and strengthen the secular power of its clergy.

Obedience, then, to the powers that be, save where prudence commands or sanctions it, is a bad precept. Obey the laws; but that power, executive or legislative, which is exercised unjustly, or which, from its greatness, may be injurious, you should put out your strength to destroy. That is your duty. And, therefore, upon injury received from the Government of his country, or upon knowledge of any abuse, a man must be loud in his plaints, a bawler in the public ear. He must be indifferent to the hue and cry that is raised against him; he must be content to have his motives vilified, and his name

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the city. We believe some of these out-door Heriot schools are already in operation. Similar spirit might be attended with the same results in other localities.

* "The Church of England," says Cecil, "is not fitted, in its present state, for a general church. Its secularity must be purged away."—*Remains*, p. 393.

hung up to scorn; for he will have to stand up, not against the hate and venom of those alone to whom the wrongs of others are interests, but as a mark for the slander of their friends and flattered supporters—that crowd of little spirits, who have been ever foremost in the yell against all who, too much taken up with the great end before them, have neglected first to ensure their most sweet voices, and by some trifling incense to propitiate their power: and who, though each is, in himself, nothing, yet because they croak together and everlastingly, like the Lilliputians united, too often master the man mountain. Heedless of these, however, though aware of what he is to expect, the honest man will prosecute his cause—not his cause, but that of mankind. For the government that injures one man, may injure another; it holds a power which must be checked, limited—and that is the peculiar office and duty of good men.

Mr Dunn's "Normal School Manual," is an excellent and thoroughly practical work, which we should rejoice to see in the hands of all schoolmasters, though their grade should be higher than the class for which it is intended. It is the well-digested production of a man evidently devoted to his profession, and thoroughly acquainted with its best principles and practice. We had received a favourable impression of Mr Dunn's intelligence, from his evidence before the Education Committee, and this work more than bears it out. We hope that his book, if it cannot redeem the friends of popular education from the insidious charge of indifference to religion, or of infidelity, to which their own indiscretion has, in some few instances, given occasion, will at least help to shut malicious mouths.

"The Report of the Central Society," like all similar publications, contains papers, good, bad, and indifferent; the last two nearly of the same nature as those which appeared from the amateur writers in the deceased *Journal of Education*. There are many valuable remarks and hints in the editor's (Mr Duppa's) article, containing the objectionable matter cited above; and an exceedingly interesting paper, by the same gentleman, on "Industrial Schools for the Peasantry." A paper, describing the social condition of the working-classes, the materials of which were collected in a secular attempt to excavate, not the heathens, but the Helots, in a division of Mary-le-bonne parish, gives an appalling picture of their condition. Yet it is a curious one. As the substance of this paper has, we think, appeared in the newspapers, it is superfluous to advert to it more particularly. We take but one sentence, which applies still more strongly to Ireland than England, and expresses a grievance which must be removed before any system of education can be completely effective:—"It is a remark in every school, and particularly in the Sunday schools, that the parents attribute their children's non-attendance to want of clothing and shoes." Food, clothes, shelter, and fuel, if their moderate supply does not precede, must, at all events, accompany any effective scheme of National Education.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG

At Schwalbach, the fair author of "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany" was seized with the romantic fancy of Zapphina and Caterina, the pretty maidens of her lodging-house, being regularly serenaded by "a dark mysterious figure, relieved against the moonshine," who stole under the window, and who, after, in a deep and sonorous voice, singing his simple couplet, stole away. Night after night this mystery was repeated, without drawing forth any sign from the maidens—poor Zapphina and Caterina slept soundly after their hard day's work. The cavalier turned out to be the town watchman chanting his night-song. The primitive usage, and the simple and beautiful strain, charmed the lady. The plain truth was finer than her imagined romance, and she has favoured her readers with a translation of the lay. To every passing hour, from *eight* in the evening until *four* in the morning, a stanza is dedicated. We shall gather one or two of those quaint moralities:—

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not.
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot—
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts shew God's holy will—
Oh, may we prove obedient still!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

. . . . . .

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *twelve*, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of time the boundary—
Man! think upon eternity.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *one*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Nought can without his will befal.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! &c.

. . . . . .

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *four*, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care,
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—
Up—up—awake! nor slumber on;
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who by his power and might
Has watched and kept us through this night!

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE BOUDOIR.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

One of the most sagacious writers of modern times, whose witty sarcasms, were they not embodied in slight farces, for the purpose of insuring immediate success, and an income of £5000 a-year, would

"Live in the verse that immortally saves,"

(such verse as that of Molière or Boileau,) has recently put forth a spirited comedy, under the title of "*La Camaraderie*," illustrating the paltry spirit of fraternization, by which the literary and professional quacks of Paris puff each other into reputation or notoriety. In this clever play, Monsieur Scribe has ably portrayed the working of the caw-me-caw-thee system, in the career of a fashionable physician, a popular poet, and an eminent journalist—empty mountebanks, who are raised to distinction by the arts and efforts of their coterie.

Circumscript, like most Frenchmen, in experience as a traveller and linguist, Monsieur Scribe imagines this view of confederateship to be exclusively the besetting sin of the French. But is it not rather that of the century? What country, what city, what town, what village, but has its *camaraderie*? Nay, what country more than England, what city more than London? Humbug, trickery, and puffery prevail as much in politics and literature, as for Warren's blacking or Rowland's kalydor; forming a fatal source of declension in the arts, and engendering volleys of glittering bubbles, to dazzle and mislead the taste of the public.

Were Molière resuscitated on English ground, what numbers of Hotels de Rambouillets, what hosts of *Précieuses Ridicules*, could we not point out as subjects for his easel! Were Scribe cognizant of our city and its ways, what tribes of confederate charlatans could we sketch in outline, to be filled up by his caustic pen with the *Camaraderie* of literary and political London! There is, at the present moment, no book so stupid, no public act so contemptible—nay, scarcely a dereliction from moral decency so flagrant—but we find it palliated in public opinion by the manœuvres and plausibility of some ascendant *camaraderie!* On this head, the Tories are "ridiklus strong." The attraction of cohesion, engendered by long presidency over the loaves and fishes of the state, still resides in the heart of the Carlton Club; while some dozen or so of minor confederacies, minor systems, revolve round that potent centre of gravity. Politics are, however, so widely submitted to the influence of public opinion, that it is next to impossible for a merely political *camaraderie* to acquire that blighting and withering ascendancy which enables it to dispense the decrees of literary or professional infallibility,

"And deal damnation round the land."

That *camaraderies* and coteries have aforetime exercised this dangerous influence, cannot be denied. Is it not written, in the satires of Pope, that Addison was the central point of a literary nucleus, and,

"Like Cato, gave his little senate laws?"

Is it not recorded, that Johnson's set were able, in their day, to annihilate any unlicensed aspirant to literary fame? We know that Chatterton was as much the victim of a *camaraderie* in *his* time as Keats in ours. But the confraternities of that epoch were chiefly intent upon depressing spurious or presumptuous talent; not upon elevating presumption and ignorance into public notice. It would have been as much as their fame was worth to puff into reputation, in some eminent Review, the flat novel of a countess, of which they boldly and laughingly announced themselves in society unable to get through a volume. They would not have dared assert, of some feeble, starveling, half-damned play, that it was worthy to figure beside the works of Shakspeare. The public would have detected the imposition; the public would have arraigned the fraud; the public would have despised the impostors. But the public of to-day, is too busy to look into such matters. The public of to-day, is on a railroad committee, or experimentalising with human life in balloons and parachutes—crossing the Atlantic in a steam-boat, or yachting on the Red Sea. The public of 1837, is pushing on and keeping moving; and, whereas, in the stirring and barbarous ages of universal warriorship, the man of arms, compelled to keep himself in readiness to vault into his saddle, yielded his conscience to the care of his priests, to the perpetuation of bigotry and superstition, in these times literary credulity has succeeded to religious; the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* have been erected into infallibility, and, for the first fifth of the present century, the whole scholarhood of England consented to kiss the toe of William Gifford.

This fond, this almost childlike confidence, on the part of the utilitarian public, ought, however, to beget good faith in return. We know that "*Leur crédulité fait toute notre science;*" and should not pretend to dispense the oracles of the gods, while we mystify them with empty epigrams, purporting the display of our own wit, or the enshrinement of some false idol in a niche of the temple.

There are some abuses so limited in their power of mischief, as to be scarcely worth the shewing up. But it appears to us, that the *camaraderie* of certain London coteries is as frightfully pestiferous as that of the noxious plants, of which every single leaf possesses the power of germination. There is a mania for the formation of these minor tribunals, as there was for the formation of joint-stock companies, previous to the panic—and no wonder. The success of one or two of them, has been too eminent not to encourage the growth of other assurance companies—self-endowed with the power of

creating Homers and Horaces, Shakspeares, Miltons, and Raphaels—nay, even of decreeing canonization to saints and martyrs—sainted by themselves, and martyrized by their enemies. And this demands repression. Some may argue that the multiplication of the mischief brings its own remedy—that *camaraderie* B will repair the injuries perpetrated by *camaraderie* A. We know, for instance, that Wordsworth and the Lake poets were written down thirty years ago, by a confraternity, whose matter-of-fact policy dreaded that too lofty a chord should be struck in the hearing of the hereditary bondsmen, whom they chose should be hurdy-gurdied into supineness by the humdrum harmony of God Save the King, or the Hundreth Psalm. By another confraternity, the same spiritualized company has since been raised to distinction. Cockneyland has now a *camaraderie* of its own. Talfourd and Proctor are in the ascendant—and, behold! Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Elia have had their three temples built for them, on the sacred mountain. Nevertheless, we had been better pleased had they sunned themselves, as living men, in the dawn of their immortality. But for the influence of a *camaraderie*, Hazlitt would not have been consigned, unhonoured, to the weedy loneliness of St Ann's burying ground; and Lamb might have realized, by the sale of his works, wherewithal to crowd his shelves with tall copies, and his board with loving friends.

The art of confederacy-making, by the way, is beginning to be as well understood in London as the organization of a mining company. Scarcely a cad about the Blue Boar, Holborn, or the Elephant and Castle, or any other place of public resort, but could make out a list of the lords and gentlemen whose names form the most eligible guarantee for a joint-stock company, whose capital is its prospectus; whether as trustees, bankers, cashiers, or presenters of petitions to Parliament—such as saints in lawn, Episcopal or Archiepiscopal, magnates of the Red Book, or magnates of the banker's book; magnum bonums of Lombard Street, or plums of Belgrave Square. Nor is there a scribe of Grub Street, but can point out with similar discernment the most desirable ingredients for a *camaraderie*.

"Take a first-rate professed cook," saith the rubric; or, following Count Hamilton's advice, let us begin with the beginning, and, remounting to the origin of things, "take" the well-jointured and comely widow, who is to "take" the professed cook. For this purpose, nothing like a widow. Your insignificant public man, who has given no pledges, is often preferred to be the head of a political party; a widow, an irresponsible widow, is the safest patron for a confederation. Aught of the male gender may be called to account, or even aught to the male gender conjugally appertaining. But a fair widow unfurls a perpetual flag of truce. A widow is unattackable; or rather attackable only on such tender grounds as render her an invaluable ally.

Let us suppose, then, our confederative Aspasia, of three thousand per annum or thereabouts, settled in a centrical situation at the west end, with house and household suitable to her estate. Her first object is to secure the press. If a woman of rank, she "sits upon a rock, and bobs for whale;" if a *parvenue*, she contents herself with hampering minnows in a landing net. (Bait for minnows—tea, lemonade, and macaroons; bait for whales—three courses and a dessert.) By the press, we mean, of course, the press so called—the press-periodical; and, for some years, it appeared problematical, whether authors formed the best decoys for critics, or critics for authors. Experience has decided in favour of the latter. It has been observed that scarcely a writer of note declines an introduction to some jointure-house, frequented by the Gog and Magog of Parnassus—the editors of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*; and that not a peon of the Scribleri, but moves spontaneously towards a coterie, including those lesser men-mountains—the editors of the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*. Even the monthly manglers of reputation, who hold an equi-distant place, between the dignity of the Quarterlies and the fussy activity of the Weeklies, have their importance for duodecimo poets, and tabby-annualists; and form an excellent cement for the corner-stones and key-stones of a *camaraderie*.

The daily dictators—the leading journalists—meanwhile, contrive, like the Quarterlies, to "*mess* with the *blues*;" while the Monthlies, new, old, and middle-aged, are restricted to tea and toast, or indulged, between the 25th and 30th of the month, with sherry and a sandwich.

The periodical press, however, mighty as are its screws, and great its vices, does not suffice for the organization of a *camaraderie*. Its columns, fierce as they are, will not support the fabric. There must be the world of art, as well as the world of letters, with professional froth thrown in, to leaven the mass. There must be the Chancellor expectant; there must be the shreds and patches of Downing Street, to scatter vague surmises of floating patronage and profit; a minister must now and then look in; a royal Highness, once a-year, to impart a coating of superfine varnish. The wit must have cause to conjecture that the good things he utters may procure him good things in return; the political economist to fancy that his theories, by some acoustic circumbendibus, will be made to breathe their whispers into the ear of Government.

On the wall of the glittering saloon, accordingly, smiles one or more portraits of the fascinating hostess, as an attestation of the talents of the painters and sketchers of her *camaraderie*; and, on a scagliola pedestal, her bust, or statuette, or a model of her hand, or foot, or ear, by some still inglorious Chantrey of the set. The album, lustrous with Morocco by Lewis, and studs and hinges by Emanuel, lies on the table; and all the acts of her Ladyship, and all the conquests she has made, are they not written in that book of the chronicles of the wits and poets about town?

If some eminent actor should form part and parcel of her *camaraderie*, beside the album lies an odd volume, splendidly bound, of Shakspeare or Massinger, ready to be inflicted upon her guests on Sunday evenings, or at moments when temporary business is slack. If a remarkable musical composer should be scored among her *affichés*, on the desk of the showy piano lies a presentation copy of a concerto, dedicated, "by permission," or "with respect," by his thorough-basship, to the Right Honourable the, &c., &c., &c. But, if a striking musical performer frequent the house, the music book is laid aside, lest his jealous susceptibility should be too much excited to admit of his entertaining the company with his own improvvisations.

Such are the raw elements of the *camaraderie*: to wit—lady president; artists; men of letters; "the three black Graces—law, physic, and divinity;" the press—annuals, quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, dailies, and nightlies! The first process is to dovetail all these wedges into a mass, so that union may become force; and a few dinner parties suffice to organize the administration and precedence of the authorities and officers, per confederacy established. Certain chairs of state and corners of sofas are allotted to the ministerial greatnesses, past, present, or to come; and certain places above the salt, assigned to individuals supposed to have the ear of the ministerial greatnesses. "System into system runs." Every fixed star of the coterie has its revolving planets among the critics; and these, in their turn, are surrounded by satellite scribleri.

There issues forth from the coral lips of the foundress the decree—

> "*Null n'aura de l'esprit,*
> *Hors nous et nos amis.*"

The moment a work is announced by any member of the *camaraderie*, its associated press sends forth the puff preliminary. The moment a sketch is chalked by any of its artists, a picture is announced to be in progress, which is to throw savage Rosa and learned Poussin into the shade. The moment its composer hums a bar or two of the cavatina of a projected opera, Rossini, Mozart, and Beethoven are declared to be floating rapidly down the stream of Lethe. The moment its learned leech is called upon to provide emulsion for the catarrhs of royalty, or the Treasury bench, Boerhaave is denounced as a dunce, and Sir Henry Halford provided by the press with a courtly successor. No lack of chief justices or solicitors-general, so long as a limb of the law frequents the *camaraderie*, to bestow feeless counsel upon my lady, and win golden opinions from all sorts of her pet newspaper writers. No lack of deans and archdeacons, so long as the clerical fry, or black bait of the *Quarterly*, bestow the tediousness of their small philosophy upon the glittering boudoir of the pinchbeck Aspasia. Let not persons who survey the world through the loop-holes of retreat, imagine that the common sense of mankind is too strong to be influenced by a conspiracy such as this. In the stir and bustle of cities, people have no leisure to examine curiously the pretensions of every rising sect. Extreme impudence, or extreme cunning, will, for a time, elevate the impostor into the prophet; and, when once the brazen trumpets of puffery have been set a-going, how easy for their clamour to overpower "*la raison avec son petit filet de voix!*" Should a more discerning wight discover the *camaraderie* to be a gang of thieves, (of reputation)—the lady presidentess, a simpering superficial ninny—her doctors, dunces—her critics, hirelings—her whole confederation "*avvelenatori*" of the public ear, and presume to hint his discovery, the press-gang opens upon him with knives and stillettos, like the choleric populace of Rome, and he is here now, and gone in a moment.

The London world, we find, is busying itself with schemes for the reformation of the publishing system; to obtain the patronage of Government in aid of those valuable expensive publications which the caution or duncehood of modern booksellers has condemned to eternal manuscriptum. Let these reformers previously examine the state of contemporary criticism. Let them ascertain what periodical works are submitted to the control of such and such a coterie. Let them inquire, what editors are immaculate—what editors amenable to the bribes of turtle and venison, opera boxes, silver inkstands, and gilt *fauteuils*—which editors are borrowers—which beggars—which the bond-slaves of a *camaraderie*. Since political, literary, and professional reputations are to be created by such contemptible trickeries, let us, at least, set the highest value on those who set the highest value on themselves. We were present the other day, when one of the priesthood sold his critical opinion *for a pin*; and, though of turquoise, and tendered by the hand of a fashionable poet, we discarded him at once from our respect. We would, on no account, be criticised by such a man. We submit to the dictum of no one who takes less than a set of library chairs, or a fifty-pound note; or, who dines less than half a dozen times a season with the *comaraderie* of the ——. But we were about to blab! It will not do. Rather suffer shipwreck among the monsters who scourged poor Mrs Fraser, of Mansion House notoriety, and devoured her husband, than expose ourselves to the javelins of the thirteen editors, thirty-seven *scribleri*, five academicians, four ex-ministers, seventeen *employés*, one *attaché*, and forty-four decayed gentlemen of wit and fashion about town, who constitute her venerable Ladyship's far-famed CONFEDERATION OF THE BOUDOIR.

THE FRENCH ELECTORAL SYSTEM, AND APPROACHING ELECTIONS; AND THE WORKINGS OF THE FRENCH ELECTORAL LAWS.

"The franchise seems by far too limited in France; otherwise, Louis Philip would not have been permitted to ride rough-shod over the liberties of the French people. When we point to France for an exemplification of the good working of the ballot, we do so in the same way as we refer to its good working in the case of a corporation, a club, or any other institution."—*Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser, of September 1st.*

Paris, 11th September 1837.

My Dear Tait,—Yes! the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser* is right! The franchise is by far too limited in France—and I am about to establish this fact by figures and documents. I am indebted to the successors of Armand Carrel, the late noble, patriotic, wise, and unrivalled conductor of the *National*, for some of the facts and calculations; but I have arranged them for the British public, and have added other documents and other figures, other facts and other calculations, which I have procured from other equally undeniable sources of information. It does not follow that you are to imitate our electoral system in everything, because I advise you to adopt it as a model for some things—viz., Short Parliaments and the Ballot. He is the wise man who separates the wheat from the chaff, not to add to the wheat other chaff, or to the chaff other wheat, but to put all the chaff together, and all the wheat by itself.

In my last letter, I told you that we were about having a dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. At that time, the fact was not generally known. Since then, the intention of the Government has been made public, and we are all bustle and anxiety (a quiet bustle, and a deliberate anxiety) about the coming elections. The Legitimists, "who are all things to all men, that by all means they may gain some," have published their programme, or letter of advice to the Royalist electors, deputies, and candidates in the departments. Of course, it is, as usual, jesuitical and double-faced. It affects a great love for public liberties, and an ardent desire for reform. Those who oppressed France from 1815 to 1830, are the most clamorous for freedom in 1837. The programme of the Legitimists contains, however, a vast many good points: and, although the patriotic party in France will, as it ever has, stand aloof from the *murderers* of *Ney*, the *expellers of Manuel*, and the *persecutors of Lafayette*, yet they also would find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks—and would extract good from everything.

The French Legitimists will require, then, before they promise their votes to the candidates for the posts of deputies at the approaching elections, that those candidates shall pledge themselves, individually and privately, as well as publicly and by writing—

1. Not to accept any salaried office during the time they shall remain deputies.

2. To labour to obtain the reform of the present electoral law, and vote in favour of all measures for its amelioration.

3. To demand the abolition of political oaths.

4. To refuse to vote any increase of revenue, or dowry, or fortune to any member of the royal family—as also to refuse to vote any sums to the city of Paris, for fêtes and rejoicings given by the city, and which it alone, out of its municpal funds, should pay.

5. To demand that the right of discussion, and the benefits of trial by jury, as established by the charter, be enlarged and secured.

6. To vote in favour of the reduction of secret service money, and of bringing back the budget to the rate of expenses before the Revolution of 1830. (For be it known to all men, that our budget in France is much higher now, than it was during the Restoration or the Empire.—O. P. Q.)

7. To maintain the rights of France over Algiers, and to require the prosecution of all ministers and agents whose acts shall tend to encourage the abandonment of that colony. (A most stupid condition indeed. Algiers is a vast abyss for French fortunes, lives, and colonists.—O. P. Q.)

8. To demand the conversion and reduction of the debt of 5 per cent. to a rate of interest in harmony with the general interest payable on capital, and the present state of public credit.

9. To require the reduction of the army to a peace establishment.

10. To insist on the destruction of that system of administrative centralization, which is the ruin of France; and the restitution to the communes and the departments of the right they once possessed, of discussing their affairs, and of voting freely their local contributions.

This is the programme of the Legitimists. I have called it jesuitical, because those who *know* the Legitimists as I know them, are aware that, when they require that no deputy shall accept salaried office, it is because they are quite sure that no office will be offered to them; and that, when they require that the candidates shall pledge themselves to obtain the reform of the present electoral law, it is because they hope to succeed in re-establishing the influence of the priests over the uneducated at the elections; and that, when they require the abolition of political oaths, it is not because they would consent to that abolition if Henry V. were on the throne—for then they would be the first to require that the oath of allegiance should be maintained, as they were the first to enforce it during the Restoration;

and that, when they require that no increase shall be made in the revenue of the present royal family, it is not because they are fond of cheap governments, or would curtail the expenditure of their own princes, but only because Louis Philip has taken the throne, and got possession of the crown of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon; and that, when they require that the city of Paris shall support its own expenses, on occasion of all public fêtes and rejoicings, it is not because they have always disapproved of a large expenditure of the public money, to celebrate royal nuptials and royal births—for they were, during the Restoration, most lavish in their application of the public taxes to such purposes—but only because they hate the Orleans dynasty; and that, when they require the enjoyment of the right of discussion, and the benefits of the trial by jury, it is not that they love liberty, or approve of that form of trial—since, during the Restoration, they passed laws to restrain the press, and to limit the powers of the jury—but only now they hope to gain as a party by the measures they formerly opposed; and that, when they require the reduction of the secret service-money and the budget, it is not because they are in favour of a scrupulous and well-ordered expenditure of the public money, but only that they desire to restrain the expenditure of a dynasty which stands in the way of their own; and that, when they require the preservation of Algiers, it is only because Charles X. and the Count Bourmont were its conquerors, and not because they believe it can ever be made a profitable or valuable colony; and that, when they require the conversion and reduction of the debt of 5 per cent., it is only because they hope that such conversion would make Louis Philip's government unpopular with the small rentiers, who have hitherto been his supporters; and that, when they require the reduction of the standing army, it is only because they think that a small army would be favourable to foreign invasion in favour of Henry V., and to internal discord and *emeutes*, to be got up by the distribution of Carlist-money; and, finally, that, when they require the overthrow of the centralization-system of administration, it is only because they hope, by its overthrow, to increase the influence of the priests and the rich landed proprietors in the departments. Thus, though the programme be a good one, its proposers are jesuits—dishonest men—whose object is to attack the present system, not for the purpose of establishing one which is preferable, but, on the contrary, one which would be still worse, since, in addition to all its other bad characteristics, it would have the impress, the stamp of legitimacy and hereditary right, not national or popular choice.

As the period of the elections draws nigh, the attention of the *electors* is drawn to the claims of the candidates—to the principles of the Government—to the conduct of the Cabinet—to the votes of the deputies during the last Parliament—to the measures it passed—and to the present situation of the country. But the attention of *France* is drawn to the *electoral law*, to the present exclusive and excluding electoral system, and to the fact, so well referred to by the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser* in the motto I have prefixed to this letter—viz., "The franchise seems by far too limited in France; otherwise, Louis Philip would not have been permitted to ride rough-shod over the liberties of the French people."

Before, then, I refer to the acts of the last Parliament—to its votes, its spirit, and its dissolution—I propose to shew you how very limited the franchise really is in France, and how little the representative system is in force in this country.

My test is NUMBERS. I do not hesitate to proclaim it. The test of the Legitimists, Royalists, Carlists, Tories, Conservatives, and Whigs; of the Charterists of Portugal, Christinos of Spain, and Leopoldists of Belgium, is PROPERTY—my test is NUMBERS. And my test is numbers for the following reasons:—1*st*, Because, though I can conceive a country (like some portions of Piedmont with which I am acquainted) where the bulk of the people are so ignorant, so priest-ridden, and so besotted that it would be dangerous to trust them with electoral rights, since every one of them would vote for the candidates of the priests, even though those candidates were the Devil and his satellites; in France this is *not* the case, and the people are tolerably prepared for the enjoyment of electoral privileges. 2*d*, Because, whilst property does *not* include numbers, numbers do include property. 3*d*, Because property or wealth, does *not* imply preparedness for the exercise of electoral rights, since there are thousands of rich dunces in France; whereas numbers must comprise preparedness, as well as unpreparedness; and it is better that ignorant electors should sometimes vote wrong, than that competent, wise, and patriotic citizens should be excluded from the right of voting altogether. And, 4*th*, Because even though out of the numbers there may be many who may vote, though not competent to do so, all will have the opportunity of voting who are; and, as all are taxed to the support of the state, all will have the means of expressing their desires as to the manner to be adopted for governing the state they are so compelled to maintain. Whilst, then, the test of property, or even of knowledge and talent, is at best an exclusive test, that of numbers is universal in its character, and anti-exclusive in its operation. No one is injured by the test of numbers. Millions are injured by the test or qualification of wealth, or even of knowledge. I would *not* exclude a citizen from the enjoyment of electoral rights because he could not write, any more than I would because he was not so fortunate as to be one of the wealthiest men in his rural commune.

Adopting, then, in opposition to the present electoral system in France, the qualification of NUMBERS or, in plain terms, the universal suffrage of male citizens of twenty-one years of age, not

dependent on the parish or burgh for subsistence, and, of course, excluding all persons of weak intellect, and all state pensioners, (unless electoral rights should be specially conferred on them by the state, with their pensions, as a signal reward for their services,) I place before you the following view of the nature, workings, and results of the present electoral laws in France. When you have read and examined the following facts and figures, you will see how right the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser* was when it said—*"The franchise seems by far too limited in France; otherwise, Louis Philip would not have been permitted to ride rough-shod over the liberties of the French people."*

The charter of 1830 proclaims that the French are equal before the law—*i. e.*, in the eye of the law—*i.e.*, according to the letter and spirit of the law—*i.e.*, that all French citizens have equal rights, and equal opportunities of enjoying and enforcing them. What an insult, what a mockery is this, when compared with the following facts, facts which admit of no controversy, no discussion being raised upon them! The electoral law which now governs France, be it remembered, was passed in 1831, and, therefore, after the late Revolution and the creation of the last charter.

France is divided into 86 departments. In these 86 departments, there is a population of 32,500,000 souls. These 86 departments are divided into 459 electoral arrondissements or large districts. Each district has one deputy to represent it. There are thus 459 deputies, who form the total number of which the Chamber is composed. If, then, the electoral arrondissements were divided according to the population—which ought to be the case, that there might be an equality of rights, or of their enjoyment—each deputy would represent 70,806 inhabitants. Now, in the first place, this is *not* the case, as we shall see presently; but, even were it so, even were each deputy the representative of from 70 to 71,000 citizens, still France would have a less large and liberal representation than any other constitutional state. In France, in 1791, according to the constituent law, a deputy represented only 20,000 souls; in England, now, a member of the House of Commons represents (dividing the total population by the number of members) 90,000 souls; in Spain 50,000;—but in France, in 1837, a deputy represents a population of 70,806 inhabitants. This is the first capital vice of our present most deplorable electoral system.

The 459 electoral arrondissements are so stupidly, wickedly, and absurdly arranged, that 63 of these arrondissements contain 100,000 souls in each, whilst 63 others contain less than 42,000 each. Yet the 63 arrondissements of 100,000 inhabitants are each only represented by one deputy, just the same as those containing not near half the number. The wants, interests, wishes, feelings, of the 100,000 electors are all consigned to the care of one individual, who is expected to be as well acquainted with all, as he who is the representative of 42,000.

In the following table you will see, my dear Tait, that, in some electoral arrondissements of the 12 departments I have selected as examples, the inequality is as great as 6, 5, 4½, 4, 3½, and 3, when a comparison is made between the populations of some arrondissements, and the populations of others. Thus, in the

	Inhabitants.		Inhabitants.
Department of Aisne, there is an arrondissement, with a population of	111,692	and others	23,137
Lot and Garonne, -	104,068	-	23,137
Maine, -	104,947	-	33,590
Mayenne, -	129,096	-	33,068
Moselle, -	122,639	-	31,140
Oise, -	101,300	-	30,085
Var, -	200,238	-	33,810
Orne, -	128,948	-	27,855
Garonne, -	139,969	-	34,602
Morbihan, -	103,907	-	24,531
Pas de Calais, -	131,576	-	30,204

Yet the arrondissment in Var, with its 200,238 inhabitants, is represented by only *one* deputy, just the same as the other arrondissment in the same department, with only 33,810 inhabitants.

Another striking illustration of the *inequality*, instead of the *equality* of the French before the law, is even more strongly supplied, by a comparison of the electoral populations of one department with another. Thus, for example, the population of a certain electoral arrondissment in the department of La Sarthe, called Le Maus, is only 17,415; whilst the population of a certain electoral arrondissment in the department Du Nord, called Lille, is 200,238, or *eleven* times more numerous—so that, if the population of Le Maus ought to be represented by *one deputy*, (and I am far from disputing it,) the inhabitants of Lille ought to be represented by eleven deputies, and not by *one*, as it is at present.

But now let us turn to a comparison of the numbers of electors with that of inhabitants, in this country.

The population of France is composed of 32,500,000 inhabitants; and yet there are but 172,968 electors, whose names are inscribed to elect 459 deputies. Now, divide these 172,968 electors by 459, and each electoral arrondissment should possess 375 electors. But is this the case? Very far from it. There are 70 arrondissments, where there are *not* 200 registered electors in each; and there are 72 having more than 500 each, not reckoning those of the department of the Seine, in which there are still a greater number.

The population of 32,500,000 souls being represented by 172,968 registered electors, each registered elector represents 188 inhabitants and 2-5ths over. Yet it is a fact that there are electoral arrondissments of more than 100,000 souls, which have only 150 registered electors!—whilst other arrondissments, of only from 30 to 40,000 souls, have from 800 to 1000 registered electors. This is the working of the "*property* qualification," instead of the national test of numbers So that, in some departments, *one* elector represents from 34 to 72 French citizens, when

he votes for a deputy, whilst, in other departments, one elector so represents from 600 to 800 Frenchmen. How monstrous, yet how true is this, the following table will shew :—

Departments.	Population having a right to be Electors.	Registered Electors.	Number of French represented by one Elector.
Vosges,	107,804	151	713
Seine Inferieure,	34,744	1014	34
Cotes du Nord,	98,604	148	666
Rhone,	54,818	1057	51
Finistere,	111.627	173	645
Loiret,	62.042	878	70
Bas Rhin,	95,777	150	638
Herault,	52,615	727	72
Morbihan	92,502	150	619

So you see, for example, in the Cotes du Nord, there are 98,604 males of 21 years of age, having the right to be electors, and yet only 148 electors are registered—each of whom thus represents, when he votes for a deputy, 666 French citizens; whilst, in the department of the Seine Inferieure, where there are only 34,744 persons capable of being electors, 1,014 are inscribed—so that each elector, when he votes for a deputy, only represents34 French citizens.

This is a specimen of the results of the electoral system founded in France, exclusively on property, or the payment of a certain amount of taxes. Such results are iniquitous and absurd. They are iniquitous, because, though all French citizens have equally to contribute towards the expenses and defence of the country, they are unequal the moment the question is to assist in defending the moral and material interests of France. And these results are absurd, because the electoral rights and eligibility are exclusively founded not on the merits of a citizen, but on the weight of metal he possesses, and that most frequently when his wealth has been acquired by means far from useful to his fellow inhabitants.

Now, let us look at what becomes of the registered electors, and of their votes, which are, in point of numbers, as we have seen already, as one to 188 inhabitants and 2-5ths.

The number of electors is 172,968. Of these, at the last elections, 129,390 voted—and 43,578 did not vote.

Of the 129,390 who voted, there were 79,368 who elected the 459 deputies, constituting the Chamber; and 50,022, who were the minority, had no deputies to represent them at all.

The 79,368 votes, obtained by the 459 deputies of the present Chamber, were divided as follows:—

38,769	votes given to	217 Juste-milieu deputies
21,144	votes given to	128 Tiers-parti deputies
3,536	votes given to	21 Legitimist deputies
15,919	votes given to	93 Opposition deputies
Electors 79,368		459 deputies.

Thus, the laws—the iniquitous laws—suspending the charter and all its most valuable provisions, were voted, in a nation of 32,500,000 souls, by about 300 deputies, representing never more than 59,913 electors.

But if to the number of registered $\frac{1}{2}$ elector who refused to vote at all, as they looked on and still regard the present electoral system as a farce, and who amounted to 43,578, be added, the number of electors who voted in the minority, and are not represented by any deputy at all, and who amounted to 50,022, we have a total of 93,600 registered electors, who have refused to vote for the 459 deputies, returned by the nominal majority of 79,368 electors, who elected the 459 deputies. Thus, in fact, whilst the 459 deputies represent 79,368 electors, there are 93,600 who are *not* represented by them—so that the 459 deputies, after all, only represent a minority of the registered electors.

This is rendered still more clear, by remarking that as, in 1834, there were 172,968 registered electors in France, the half of that number and one over, would be 86,485. If, then, the 459 deputies had been elected by 86,485 electors, they would have been so returned by a majority of the electoral body—viz. a majority of one; and 86,483 would have formed the minority. But the 459 deputies, were returned by only 79,368; so that they were returned by a minority—for 7,117 votes were wanted, even to bring up the number of those who returned them to half of the electors and one over. So that 79,368 electors, not the half of the registered electors by 7,117, returned 459 deputies, in the names of 32,500,000 French citizens.

And let it also be remembered, my dear Tait, that, out of the 459 deputies returned by these 79,368 electors, 202 are salaried and revocable public functionaries; and that their annual salaries amount to 2,543,100 francs!! or, on an average, 12,590 francs, or £500 sterling each functionary.

Now, turn with me to another table. Here is, first, Table A, which is one of twenty arrondissments each electing one deputy. Look at the populations of these places. They amount to 2,732,491. If twenty deputies represent (as they do) such an amount of population, these 459 deputies ought to represent, at this rate, a country containing 68,859,000 souls, instead of 32,500,000. Then turn, second, to Table B, which is one of twenty arrondissments each, also electing one deputy. Look at their populations. They only amount to 530,244 souls, instead of, as in Table A, to 2,732,491. If twenty deputies represent, as they do, such a small amount of population, then 459 deputies, at this rate, ought only to represent a country with 12,068,711 inhabitants instead of 32,500,000. Yes, this is the disproportion—the monstrous, absurd, unjust, iniquitous disproportion. *Twenty* deputies represent, in twenty arrondissments, according to Table A, 2,732,491 inhabitants; whilst the same number in Table B represent only 530,244; and yet we are gravely told every day that the French are *equal* before and in the eyes of the law! And now for the tables. I pray you study them; for I know you love *facts*, and such facts as these will, indeed, confirm the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser* in its just and philosophical opinions.

TABLE A.

Electoral Arrondissments, each one electing a Deputy.	Department.	Population.
1. Lille, (arrondissment)	Nord,	200,238
2. Strasbourg, do.	Lower Rhine,	152,160
3. Villefranche,	Rhone,	142,959
4. Colmar, (arrondissment)	Upper Rhine	144,425
5. Morlaix,	Finistere,	131,580
6. Saint Gaudens,	Garonne,	139,969
7. Rouen, (arrondissment)	Seine Inferieure,	137,910
8. Bordeaux, do.	Gironde	137,081
9. Grenoble, do.	Isere,	132,635
10. Bethune, do.	Pas-de-Calais,	131,849
11. Arras, do.	do.	131,575
12. Scholestad,	Lower Rhine,	131,295
13. Le Puy,	Upper Loire,	129,722
14. Mayenne, (arrondissment)	Mayenne,	129,096
15. Domfront,	Orne,	128,918
16. Avene, do.	Nord,	127,353
17. Lyons, (arrondissment)	Rhone,	126,911
18. Amiens,	Somme,	126,369
19. Bastia,	Corsica,	125,925
20. Angouleme,	Charente,	125,391
		2,732,491

P.S. The word arrondissment, in brackets, is put to distinguish it from *the mere* city or town.

So, if twenty deputies represent . .	2,732,491
459 deputies ought to represent .	62,859,000
Instead of	32,500,000

TABLE B.

Electoral Arrondissments, each one electing a Deputy.	Department.	Population.
1. St Quentin, .	Aisne, . .	23,137
2. La Rochelle, .	Charente Inferieure,	27,712
3. Bourges, (the town,)	Cher, . .	19,730
4. Agen, (do.,) .	Lot-et-Garonne,	23,583
5. Mayenne, (country arrondissment,)	Mayenne, .	33,068
6. Vannes, (the town,)	Morbihan, .	27,274
7. Lorient, (do.,) .	do., .	24,531
8. Metz, (do.,) .	Moselle, .	31,140
9. Beauvais, (do.,) .	Oise, . .	30,085
10. Alençon, (do.,) .	Orne, . .	27,855
11. St Omer, (do.,) .	Pas de Calais, .	30,204
12. Strasbourg, (do.,)	Lower Rhine, .	23,923
13. Idem,	do., .	28,937
14. Colmar, (town,)	Upper Rhine, .	30,308
15. Chalons, (do.,) .	Saone and Loire,	26,533
16. Le Mans, (do.,)	Sarthe, . .	17,415
17. Rouen, (do.,) .	Seine Inferieure, .	31,136
18. Idem, . .	do., .	21,806
19. Abbeville, (do.,)	Somme, .	24,413
20. Montauban, (do.,)	Tarn and Garonne,	27,454
		530,244

So, if 20 Deputies represent only .	530,244
459 Deputies ought only to represent	12,068,711
Instead of . . .	32,500,000

This, then, is an *exposé* of the constitution of the present Chamber, the one about to be dissolved. Well may the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser* say, "The franchise seems by far too limited in France; otherwise, Louis Philip would not have been permitted to ride rough-shod over the liberties of the French people."

But the question of the dissolution is decided! The Chamber of 1834 is to be sent about its business. This is no loss. Never was any legislative assembly more corrupt, more vacillating, more stupid. Since its election, it has voted in favour of all sorts of systems, supported all sorts of Ministers—croaked with the Legitimists, roared with agony with the Doctrinaires, and veered about to all points of the compass with the Tiers-parti. Since its election, it has voted *for* and *against* the American claims, for and against the Doctrinaires, for and against the *principle* of an amnesty, for and against the conversion of the five per cents. into a lower interest-stock, for and against the preservation of Algiers as a French colony, for and against M. Guizot, for and against M. Theirs, for and against the salt tax, for and against the tobacco monopoly, for and against a revision of the customs laws of France, for and against "dotations" and *appanages* to the crown and civil list; and for laws proposed by Count Molé, when he was in office with M. Guizot, as essential to save the state! and then against them, as unconstitutional and wicked, when M. Molé separated himself from the high priest of the Doctrinaires and became a Liberal! The Chamber which is about to be dissolved, voted the famous, or rather infamous, laws of September—those laws which prohibit the discussions of the press; which render illegal the assembling even of three individuals together to talk about political affairs; which prevent the publication of prints or pictures of any sort, without the previous written consent of the Minister of the Interior; and which, in one word, take from France nearly all the liberties which she purchased with her best blood at the Revolution of 1830.

Such a Chamber as this, could not be expected to last any longer. Count Mole perceives, in the daily acquittals of the press by juries, in the discussions which are held in the general councils of the departments, in the elections of new deputies which have taken place as old ones have died or resigned, in the language of the press, in the spirit of the national guards, in the emeutes at Bourdeaux against the Duke Decazes, and in the popularity of moderate men and moderate measures, that the nation is weary of reactions, sick of being schooled and drilled like a child or a cadet, and that it requires "oblivion for the past, and progress and security for the future."

But France will not yet gain what she demands. She will obtain it all by degrees, but slowly, and by piecemeal, like the British Reformers.

Count Molé is opposed to the extension of the electoral suffrage. This is not surprising. Count Molé is essentially an aristocrat. As descendant of one of the oldest families of France, he has, as a matter of course, most anti-reforming opinions. He cannot love change. He cannot sympathize with the mass. He can just reach as far as the middling classes. He just perceives the great fact that those classes are taking possession of the state vessel, and that the mass of the people will have now to contend against the domination of the most cruel and fierce of all aristocracies—viz., that of *wealth*—as they formerly had to do against the aristocracy of rank. Count Molé, instead of throwing the rank and the old families of the nation into the scale of the people, against the aristocracy of riches, is

proposing an alliance between the nobility, the manufacturers, the bankers, and the wholesale tradesmen; and this union, he hopes, will prevent the triumph of democracy in France. This is the system of the Count Molé. He hopes, by dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, to have a firm and compact majority in favour of their system in a new house. He does not fear the Legitimists—he knows that they will never make a revolution. He does not fear the Doctrinaires—he knows that they will never do more than make a court cabal, or get up lectures and discussions at colleges and public institutions, or in the columns of the *Debats*, *Paix*, and *Journal de Paris*. His object, then, is to defeat the Opposition—to defeat *wholly*, if he can, the most resolute—such as Garnier Pages, Lafitte, Salverte, Arago, George Lafayette, and Audry de Puyraveau; and to defeat *partially*, such men as Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, and Charles Dupin, unless they will consent to rally round the standard of the ministry, and accept office and honours.

Count Molé has required the King to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies this year instead of next, because he is well aware that, in the present Chamber, his majority is most uncertain. Elected in the midst of emeutes and troubles, the present Chamber has always the sentiment that it has something to repress. It never seems to be happy forty-eight hours together, unless there be something to conquer, some plot exposed, and some state trial ordered; and the idea of repose, gradual reform, and progressive improvement has never entered into the heads of the majority of its members. The majority believe, with M. Guizot, "that very soon there is to be an emeute, an insurrection, and perhaps a revolution;" and so the majority are always standing at *avans*, ready to "present"—"fire!"

Count Molé's system is much more benevolent, and also much more philosophical. He thinks that he can subdue his opponents by kindness, and win their favour by acts of mercy and confidence. This is noble and wise, but it is only half a system, and the other half he is afraid to avow, even if he believes it, which I think very doubtful. Count Molé could get on admirably with his system, if he would come forward with the whole instead of half—if he would propose the repeal of the September laws—leave the freedom of the press, of political meetings and associations, and of the circulation of cheap journals by *colporteurs* or hawkers, and the publication of prints and pictures, wholly untouched, as before those September laws were made—and would rely on the good sense and right feeling of the French nation. If Count Molé did this, he would be deservedly the most popular minister France has known since the period of the Restoration. But Count Molé will *not* propose these measures. His *half* system is, to retain those laws, enforce them with mildness—encourage men to desert the ranks of his political opponents, by offering them places and honours, and gain some by flattery, and others by promises. His *half* system is *not* to require stronger laws than those in force; *nor* to prosecute the press for slight offences; *nor* to harass the Republican party, if it will but remain quiet; and *not* to encourage a counter-revolution, but to be satisfied with things as they are, provided the Chamber will vote the budget. But Count Molé begins at the wrong end. He does not attack the disease, but merely its consequences. He does not try to cure the cause of the malady, but only to allay the irritability of the patient by kindness, softness, and gentleness.

The Chamber of Deputies which is to be elected in October or November will be returned at a moment when all minds are bent on peace and reconciliation. This is certainly favourable to the repeal of the laws of September. On the other hand, it will be elected at a moment when, according to all appearances, the cause of liberty in Spain will be in danger. This would be favourable to an intervention in the affairs of the Peninsula. The present Chamber of Deputies has always been afraid of approaching this question; the next Chamber may probably come to a speedy decision. Nothing could be more really injurious to the cause of liberty in Spain, than a French intervention; but, on the other hand, France will never bear with calmness the success of Don Carlos. Thus, the new Chamber will be divided between peace and disarming at home, and an armed intervention in Spanish affairs. Count Molé has hitherto opposed all intervention. In this, he has acted wisely and well. But he begins to fear lest Don Carlos should triumph. This is natural on the part of a man who has only half a system. If Count Molé had a whole system, he would say—"What matters it if Don Carlos shall, for the moment, succeed? If the Spaniards *will* liberty, that liberty they *will* have. If the Spaniards are unprepared for liberty, no foreign intervention can secure it to them. If Don Carlos shall succeed for the hour, his fall will be more certain, if the Spaniards are fully resolved on having free institutions. All France has to do in the question, is to prevent any foreign intervention *against* liberty." This would be the language of Count Molé, if he had a *whole* system of non-intervention, quite complete; but he has not. He has only *half* a system at home, as to union, peace, and concession—for he wishes to keep in force the laws of September, and yet operate a fusion of parties; and he has only half a system abroad—for he wishes not to intervene in the affairs of Spain, and yet he hopes that the next Chamber will support an intervention, should Don Carlos make much progress, and be near succeeding. This may be the policy of a kind-hearted and honest, but not of a great or a wise man.

The new Chamber of Deputies will be composed, like those which have preceded it, of Juste-milieu, Tiers-parti, Legitimists, and Opposition. There will be still 200 salaried functionaries, removable from office, at the pleasure of the crown. Perhaps a good many of the 43,579 voters who did not vote at all at the last general election, may

now attend and vote. This is more than probable—it is next to certain. Perhaps the Legitimists will gain a few more members, in consequence of the support which they, in return, will give to the Doctrinaires and Juste-milieu. Instead of *twenty-one* deputies of the Royalist party, it is not improbable that they will have thirty. Instead of 128 deputies of the Tiers-parti, it is very likely that the number will be augmented to 150. The Doctrinaires may form a distinct body, with Guizot and Jaubert at their head. They may muster seventy. The Opposition, comprising the Constitutional and Republican fractions, may amount to 100. This will be the outside. The remaining 109 will be Juste-milieu. This new division of the Chamber will be favourable to Count Molé, and to his *moderate* system. It will be opposed to the Doctrinaires, and will render their return to office next to impossible. The functionaries—paid, salaried, dependent functionaries—will belong to the Tiers-parti, the Doctrinaires, and the Juste-milieu—none to the Legitimists, and none to the Opposition.

And thus the wheel goes round! New ministers arise—new systems are developed; but the old laws of exclusion, corruption, and monopoly, are always in force. *Thirty-three millions* of citizens are represented by at most 175,000 electors. Of these 175,000 electors, not more than 140,000 will vote. Of the 140,000 who vote, not more than 20,000 will give their voices for independent and patriotic candidates. And out of 459 deputies, not more than 100 will solely be influenced in their votes and conduct by a love of country, and a desire to promote the extension of civil and religious liberty.

"So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away, to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold—
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

"For we are the same things that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run."

But will this be eternal? No, no! the day will come, when true knowledge, true philosophy, true patriotism, and true charity shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the channels of the mighty deep! Labour on, then, my dear Tait, in the cause of the people, and be assured that your labour will not be in vain.—Yours very faithfully,

O. P. Q.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Southey's Poetical Works.

THE literary world will learn, with interest corresponding to the high name of the author, that Southey's poems are to appear, in form of the neat, cheap modern reprints. This series commences with his first published and first written epic poem, "Joan of Arc," originally printed at Bristol, forty years ago. To how many, will turning over its pages, in this unpretending and easily accessible form, give back the better part of their youth! In an exceedingly interesting preface, Mr Southey gives a sketch of the early nurture of his genius. It is not surprising to find that the author of "Joan," "Madoc," and "Roderick the Goth," was an early student of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and "Orlando Furioso," of Hoole's translation. He says, "It was for the sake of their stories, that I perused and re-perused these poems, with ever new delight; and, by bringing them thus within my reach in boyhood, the translation rendered me a service which, when I look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly." An accident, and the notes of Hoole, introduced him to Spenser, whom he took for his master; and he entered a yet higher school:—"I drank betimes of Chaucer's well. The taste which had been acquired in that school was confirmed by 'Percy's Reliques,' and Warton's 'History of English Poetry;' and, a little later, by Homer, and the Bible." It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards." He notices other sources of improvement, and models of early imitation; and then adverts affectionately to what many would consider the crowning blessing of a literary life—his early and long intercourse with Coleridge and Wordsworth. But the greatest of all his advantages he accounts having spent more than half his life in retirement—conversing with books rather than men; constantly and unweariedly engaged in literary pursuits; communing with his own heart; and following, what he himself deemed, upon mature consideration, the best course of action, independently of all external influences. In this complete edition, we are glad to learn that we are to have all the sins of youth—the "Wat Tyler," we presume, and the Radical dialogues—preserved. Mr Southey pleads necessity, as mutilated editions would be sure to contain the obnoxious pieces. We should neither wonder, nor at all blame, if a little secret hankering were cherished unconsciously for those early waifs and strays. The work is exceedingly neat, in every respect; and ornamented with a good portrait of the author, admirably engraved by Finden. We heartily wish it success, and commend it to young collectors.

Simpson's Plea for Religion and the Sacred Writings.

A cheap edition, in one thick volume, of this once popular work, has just appeared. A new memoir, containing many fresh and interesting particulars of the useful life of the excellent person referred to, is prefixed to the volume. It is written by Sir John Bickerton Williams, though the edition is edited by the author's son. Mr Simpson had a supernatural call to the ministry, or something which excited imagination fancied such; yet, when at Cambridge, pursuing his theological studies, the future defender of the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures was found to have no Bible! He had been supernaturally called to preach the Gospel, but not yet to study its doctrines and precepts. A better time came, and Mr Simpson's biographer, in delineating it, skilfully quotes the eloquent panegyric of the young believer upon the neglected sacred volume. He was the fellow-student and friend of the late Rowland Hill, of Cowper's Unwin, and of Robert Robinson. He became curate of Macclesfield, and drew the wrath of his bishop (Markham) upon himself for his cordial and Christian support of the Methodists, who laboured in his neighbourhood. When Dr Markham angrily observed, that the Methodists—who were then to the Church nearly what the Papists are now—owed all their success in Macclesfield to him, he meekly replied—"My Lord, I cannot take this honour to myself."

He was suspended, and commenced itinerant preacher; but the curacy being in the gift of the Mayor, a gentleman who afterwards filled that office, and was not afraid of the Methodists overthrowing the Church, offered the situation to Mr Simpson, who accepted of it. Dr Porteous was now his bishop; and rejected all the complaints made against the curate, whose only fault was regard for the Methodists. A chapel was afterwards built for him by the zeal of a friend, and Dr Porteous licensed it. Several very characteristic letters from Rowland Hill to his

persecuted friend find a place in the memoir. He says—"Ecclesiastics roar, as Luther says, like bears struck on the snout; yet this they know is all they can do. Your share of humility I long for exceedingly; yet a little courage to face the Devil may not be amiss. The Lord knows how difficult it is to keep measures with the wretched much-to-be-pitied Church governors of this day."

Letters of a Representative. Second Series.

Those who have read our account of the first series of Colonel Thompson's Epistles to his constituents during the Session of 1836, may have a perfect idea of the nature of the new publication. In spirit, manner, and object, the letters are identical:—as independent, as searching, as humorous, and rich in that peculiar illustrative power which gains strength from its homely familiarity. We give a few extracts, recommended by pithy common sense, radical principle, and sound logic.

ON UNION AMONG RADICAL MEMBERS.

Most of the Radical members are sent to Parliament by constituencies who have a high, and, in some cases, an overweening opinion, of what is to be expected from the exertions of their particular representative. Hence these members are much more in the situation of chiefs of clans, than of the leaders of a regular army, bound together by well-digested discipline and habitual co-operation. But there is one kind of tactic always in their power; which is, to help one another. Lord Nelson said to his captains, "If any of you is ever at a loss about the order of battle, he will never be far wrong if he is alongside of an enemy's ship." So a Radical member will never be far wrong, if he is found aiding a brother in an attack upon the common enemy; and this without too nice a regard to the precision of the said brother's movement, or to whether it be exactly what would have been chosen by the assistant, if he had the shaping of it, but with a view to general effects, and losing no opportunity of making an impression on the adversary. In short, to go along with everybody where it is possible, and hang back from nobody but where, from some special reason, it is unavoidable, appears to be the tactic for *us*. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant," is a good rule for individuals, parties to such a compact. For my own part, I feel ambition enough to gain what promotion I may in that line, to make me engage to be at every man's beck, for all and every purpose to which he may think me capable of co-operating, saving only points of conscience, which, of course, are always excepted.

BISHOPS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, AND CLERGYMEN NOT ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord John Russell's support of the Bishops amounted only to the school-boy's argument, who said that, if he learned A, he should be made to learn B, and so on to the end of the alphabet. The unreasonableness of Bishops sitting in the House of Lords, was held out as the advanced post of two or three other unreasonablenesses behind, which, if the first fell, were all likely to fall in succession. Something was also rested on the necessity there would be for admitting clergymen into the House of Commons, if the Bishops did not sit in the other House. And why should they not, to the extent to which they could find constituents to send them? The exclusion of the clergy from the House of Commons, like their cellbacy, is only a cunningly-devised invention for cutting them off from having the same interests and feelings as their fellow-citizens, and giving them an interest apart. Blackstone says (I. ii. 175) that members of parliament must not be "of the clergy, for they sit in convocation;" the reason of their exclusion, therefore, has long been done away. And for any use there is to the interests of the Church, in the Bishops being where they are, why do not the Unitarians demand that Mr Fox be shorn and sent to the House of Lords, or the Methodists, Jabez Bunting? Either they do not do it because it would be of no use to them; or because they are suffering under an oppression, from not having what they have an equal right to.

USES OF PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES.

I begin to understand the tactics of Committees of the House of Commons. The object is always to cut off inquiry into the good or evil of the principle concerned, which is all the public care about; and to get up an inquiry into some minor point instead. The object of the present Committee is to inquire whether Mr Higgins, the master of the poor-house, has properly mixed the oatmeal-porridge which Mr Wiggins, the Commissioner, directed him to make. And on this Committee, such as it is, there are not above three names that can, by any construction, be considered as on the people's side. The Committee, therefore, ought to be called "A Committee for making a favourable report on the Cookery of the Poor-law Commissioners." This is the way things go on, in a government where what is miscalled the popular branch, is, in fact, a cunningly-devised engine for keeping out, by all sorts of strainers and disqualifications, the feeblest infusion of the real feelings and wishes of the people.

OBSTACLES TO THE TRUTH BEING HEARD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; AND ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE.

Mr Hume was received with groans and hideous laughs when he attempted to open the case of that part of the community who have not three hundred pounds a-year in land;* and when he proceeded to connect the question with the New Poor-Law, the sounds that issued from the landed benches had a touch of the New Zealander. *I, there is a horrible sound on earth, it is the laugh of two or three hundred aristocrats, all sworn to a contrary interest, when an honest man presents himself before them, to plead the cause of the industrious and the poor.* And now I turn to the people of England—to that portion of them who do not believe that to swear to a pecuniary interest is the way to constitute a judge—to the portion who are born to work and to suffer, and not to receive rents and to spend—a portion with whom I believe I possess some influence, from whom I enjoy some confidence, whom I have at all events endeavoured faithfully to serve, whose cause I have pleaded till the hair that was dark has turned grey, whose cause I could and would plead now, if we had a tribunal where physical force and sworn interest were not opposed to our having a hearing. Their advocate in the person of Mr Hume has been received with an indignity scarcely short of anything but blows. Their messengers have been sent back like the messengers of David; and the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I go willingly on a message to that camp again, till blessed are the feet of him who come with proposals of peace. Why will you drive your friends and representatives on the bitter and degrading office of presenting themselves before howling savages—of rolling in the dust, and performing the *Kotoo* to their Bantam Majesties, in hopes of obtaining a little morsel of the justice which their coronation oath has taught them it is their interest to refuse? What can you expect from it, but to be trampled upon in the persons of your ambassadors? Take my advice; I have served against the Wahabees of the Persian Gulf, and know the handling of the kind. Present yourselves no more before the 600 sworn landowners and poor-rate-owners of the House of Commons. Never go near them till they send you a flag of truce. They are your natural and unchangeable enemies, and no mistake; lest there should have been any doubt about it, they have declared their interest on oath. They will grind you to the last, as all men grind what it is their interest to grind. The farthings squeezed from a-thousand-and-eight paupers by the New Poor-Law, glitter in the shape of a guinea or a guinea's worth on the head-dress of the landowner's opera-girl. Your fathers and mothers must die in poor bastilles, where you yourselves must follow. If, in the meantime, ye multiply, it must be for exportation, like the Carolina negroes. And how should it be otherwise? Is not your Government limited to the hands of men who take an oath that all that is your loss is their gain, and who solemnly exclude from participation in making laws for you, every man who is of your own class and feeling, as completely as the negro slave is excluded in America? It is the intent of tyranny avowed and sworn to; you cannot be amazed at what is the natural result of the precautions taken. And by natural resources it must be met, or else lie down for ever. Change your whole plan of campaign. Begin to look into your own affairs, and to help one another to do it. Hope nothing from Parliament. The House of Commons, instead of being the machine you dreamed of, is only a cushion to blunt the impulses of popular necessities.

Wilson's Border Tales. Vol. III.

The new volume of northern stories and tales, we consider a decided improvement upon the former volume, and only inferior to the first, which was, we believe, nearly the unaided production of the ingenious and lamented projector of the series, JOHN MACKAY WILSON. His portrait adorns the present volume of a work which successfully ministers to the innocent entertainment of tens of thousands in Scotland, and which cannot be with-

* The question was Mr Clay's motion for an alteration in the Corn-Laws.

out very considerable effect in softening the manners and ameliorating the feelings of the important class to which it is principally addressed, while it extends their knowledge of the complicated workings of daily life. Many of these tales, besides copious invention, shew constructive skill, maturity of judgment, and no mean sagacity. Without forfeiting their nationality of character, could it not be possible to enable mere English readers to enter within the pale of these northern story-tellers?

A Disquisition on Government. By George Ramsay, B.M.

This is an essay meant to prove that the tripartite British constitution, if not the perfection of human wisdom, is the best the world ever saw; which may be considered the more extraordinary, as its greatest blessings have arisen from fortuitous causes. But it is not clear that the author does not hold our glorious mixed constitution—of a hereditary King, a hereditary privileged aristocracy, and the "rascal Commons"—as the *ultimatum* of good government. The basis of his argument is, that in no other country in which indigence and misery have increased so fast, and existed to so great an extent, has it been found possible to preserve equal good order. Admitting the growing misery, and the causes assigned for it, we consider the quiet as a dubious and suspicious ground of consolation. Towards the close of his ingenious disquisition, the author wishes to establish that a purely democratic form of government never can be practicable in an old and rich country; and he proceeds:—

In modern times, the example of Great Britain is a host in itself. But, notwithstanding all the praises which have been lavished on our happy constitution, its peculiar, its distinctive claims to admiration are, I conceive, not always quite understood. Other States possibly might be shewn, in which a popular control as effectual has been exercised over the public counsels without anarchy or confusion, and perhaps even for as long a period; but where shall we look for an instance of a country such as England now is, which has been able to unite liberty with order? To obtain the blessings of free government without turbulence, in a district like Switzerland, where almost every man is a proprietor of the soil, where no large towns exist, and no body of poor is to be found, or even in a great region such as the United States, for similar reasons, is, comparatively speaking, a very easy task. But when a land comes to be covered with vast manufacturing towns, enclosing within a small compass a population not only exceedingly numerous, but likewise indigent; liable, also, from many accidents, to be deprived in a moment even of their hard-earned subsistence; then the excellence of a government is indeed put to the test. Now, I affirm that the world never before saw a case of the co-existence of any system of freedom with such a condition of things as this. All political philosophers, prior to experience, would have been justified in denying its possibility. Virtue, and the absence of extreme poverty in the mass of the people, have been always considered as indispensable to any scheme of popular influence. The British constitution has shewn to the world, for the first time, a wonderful degree of liberty in a state of society where the most powerful elements of disorder are found. This, then, is the grand, the peculiar merit of the frame of government under which we live.

But what shall we say of the excellence of that form of government under which this vast, indigent, and turbulent population—this extent of popular ignorance—this monstrous inequality in fortunes—this liability to commercial convulsion, and its attendant dangers—have arisen? The merit of the British constitution would seem to be that it is not paternal and protective, but moderately coercive. Never was a mixed, a happily-balanced constitution productive of such disastrous consequences, if we are to place faith in our author's alarming intimations. And, to a certain extent, they cannot be denied. But what, then, becomes of the perfection of that *mixed* government "to which a King and aristocracy are more essential than ever?"—for this reason, that, if the people are not kept down by the laws which the other branches enact, "nothing but a military despotism could save us from pillage and anarchy; for what else could preserve us for a moment, in times of distress, from the hundreds of thousands of cotton-spinners of Manchester and its neighbourhood?"

We leave Mr Ramsay in this dilemma. If our mixed constitution be the best possible in our present circumstances, it cannot always have been thus perfect, since it has tolerated, if not fostered the growth of so monstrous and threatening a state of society as that which he describes; and, if democracy be now impracticable in England, he proves that it is the abuses attending aristocracy which have made all change and any farther extension of popular rights, though it were improvement, pregnant with danger.

Chapters on Early English Literature. By J. H. Hippisley, Esq. M.A.

This gentleman, enamoured of Chaucer and the early poets, has devoted a volume to the purpose of introducing his favourites to popular readers. We fear that his lucubrations are too voluminous for ordinary readers; but they point the way, to students of poetry and early literature. We have ourselves read his volume with pleasure. It brought pleasingly to our recollection the learning and research of Warton, the elegance and eloquence of Campbell, Chaucer's choice and racy text, and the many charms of the Elizabethian poets. How could such a volume fail to delight an English reader?

The Nature and Treatment of the Diseases of the Heart; with some new views of the Physiology of the Circulation. By Dr. Wardrop, Surgeon to George IV. Part I. 8vo, sewed.

Let not our readers be alarmed. We are not going to become medical, nor yet surgical; but, as those who are both, occasionally look into our pages, we wish to place this essay under their notice. They will find in it original views expressed with precision and brevity.

My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct,

Is a collection of maxims, rules, directions, observations on morals, manners, dress, and behaviour, by Mr John Henry Skelton; generally sensible, sometimes piquant, and always curiously arranged; as *Whist* and *Hypocrisy; Conscience* and *Ladies' Dress; Chess* and the *Church*. A considerable portion of the volume, and that not the worst part of it, consists of select sentences from eminent writers, containing lessons of wisdom and morality. It is, we presume, selected from Mr Skelton's common-place book.

Calvin's Institutes of Religion.

A very cheap edition of this body of divinity has been published by Cornish, London.

From Glasgow we have a fourpenny edition of Dr Channing's ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE. As preventives of intemperance, Channing, among other innocent pleasures, recommends music and dancing; while he denounces the theatre, as at present organized, "as an accumulation of immoral influences, which has nourished intemperance and all vice"—"where exhibitions of dancing are given, fit only for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng unconcealed, to tempt and destroy."

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

M. Buquet, French Master in the Edinburgh Academy, has just published a GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, by a method detailed in the preface. The book contains exercises upon the sounds of vowels and consonants, a series of easy lessons, and a bird's-eye view of French polite literature.

A Hebrew and English Spelling-Book,

With an abridgment of the Hebrew Grammar, has been published by J. L. Lyon, which claims the merit of enabling young persons and solitary students to acquire a knowledge of the language of the Hebrew Scriptures, with more ease and facility than any of the grammars already published.

Madame A. Cossella, a native of Florence, has published a volume of familiar conversations in Italian and French, for the use of young ladies, which is likely to be found a useful work in conducting this department of their education.

Reid's Introductory Atlas of Modern Geography. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

This Atlas, which is marvellously cheap, considering its execution, is intended for the use of parish and elementary schools, or as a sort of first book, to be put into the hands of young people, before they know how to take care of more expensive ones, we presume, or where such cannot be afforded. The coloured maps are clear, neat, and accurate; there is an elaborate and copious index, which might fitly accompany a far dearer work. We rarely give any opinion upon school-books, but we can safely say this one is trust-worthy.

Mrs Bakewell's Hints to Mothers, on the Physical and Moral Training of Children.

We have here the second edition of a sensible and judicious treatise, for the use of youthful and inexperienced mothers of the middle rank. But any mother may profit by its hints and directions, who wishes to train her children to the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound frame.

Letters to Brother John, on Life, Health, and Diseases. By Edward Johnson, Surgeon.

The author of these letters, we should imagine, enjoys rude health. His leading rules are—*eat little*, or, at least, guard against too much eating, as "you cannot take too little;" but eat whatever you like—a sound stomach may, we are told, digest polished steel of the finest temper. *Drink little*; but never, save when thirsty, touch even water. Every strong liquid is poison. Thirdly, take prodigious exercise—"severe exercise." The "petty affair of a three miles' walk" is regarded as contemptible. "I mean what I say," quoth our surgeon: "bodily exertion, to the extent of quickened breathing and sensible perspiration, kept up for three or four hours out of the twenty-four. Say four or five miles before breakfast, four or five before dinner, four or five early in the evening; or, to save the evening for other purposes, a healthy man may walk ten or a dozen miles before breakfast with advantage to himself, which will, in a week or two, perfectly astonish him. Most men, even the operatives and shopkeepers, may do this, if they will take the trouble to rise early enough; and, fortunately, the exercise taken before breakfast is worth all that can be taken afterwards." The cause of so much bad health, discontent, and want of happiness, is attributed to our high degree of civilization, which is neither consistent with *moral* nor physical health. Of course, we presume, that "the noble savage" should retreat again into his woods. The natural state of man, according to our author, is not to live by the labour of his brains, but by the sweat of his brow. As he advances in knowledge, he retrogrades in strength—a proof that a highly intellectual state of society, like that in which we live, was never designed for man. The besetting sin of the present generation is *reading* and *thinking*. The author of this book is, however, a shrewd man. He is only afflicted with the besetting vice of one part of the profession—the desire of astounding, of electrifying, of saying strong things to create a sensation. This answers very well in a sick chamber, but not so well in a book.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The New Excitement; an Annual for 1836.

For some cause which we do not exactly understand, the editor of this work, which, for years back, we have noticed with approbation, is obliged, according to the rigid letter of the law, in consequence of neglecting a piece of legal form, to give up his old title and assume a new one. But the work is, to all intents and purposes, the same in character and object. The present volume is, indeed, more carefully selected, and possesses more novelty, variety, and power of *excitement*, than any former one which we recollect. It will be a welcome, as it is a useful gift, to many a juvenile circle. Its value is solid and enduring.

Rich Enough

Is a sensible little story, for old as well as young, which we imagine an American reprint.

Tales from the German of J. H. Jung-Stilling.

Those who are acquainted with the autobiography of Stilling—a work unrivalled for homely simplicity, gentle piety, and goodness of heart—may have an idea of these stories. The Tales are, in fact, paraphrases of incidents occurring in his life and experiences.

The Two Brothers.

This story is illustrative of the effects of good and bad moral training. The elder brother narrates their early history. He is bred by his father—a genuine English Squire, an Oxonian, and a Tory; passionate and prejudiced; hospitable, courageous, and devoted to field-sports. The youth's education is finished at a public school, whence he is expelled; after which he enters the army; experiences all the horrors of war; shoots a brother-officer dead in a senseless duel; and returns from the Peninsula, wounded and shattered in constitution, in less than three years. The younger brother—the good boy—was educated by an uncle, a religious man of enlightened morals—a lover of peace—who trains up his nephew, Charles, "in the way he should go." The good boy accordingly becomes a clergyman; marries a beautiful and high-born lady, and sees his table surrounded by rosy cherubs; while the hero, George, lingers a solitary, maimed, sickly bachelor, seeing his old school-fellows, in business, or in peaceful professions, prospering around him. He at last takes to his uncle's dying bequest—the Bible; and there finds consolation and hope, after the failure of all his dreams of glory and ambition. The object of the little volume is unexceptionable.

Lectures on Entomology.

We cannot be far wrong in classing these Lectures among Juvenile Works. They abound in entertaining facts.

The Little Conchologist

Is an affair of the same kind; very pretty in exterior; perhaps more scientific than the juveniles will find convenient; but still a nice sea-side book for masters and misses.

Peter Parley

Has put forth another of his delightful miscellanies; and young folks have no story-teller so attractive, because, thoroughly understanding their tastes, he hits them exactly, and makes knowledge as entertaining as a fairy tale, and as merry as a Christmas pantomime.

Conversations on the Human Frame and the Five Senses,

Is yet another work for the juveniles, who may now find as much variety in their libraries as in the plum-cakes and buns especially prepared for them. The author has some doubts if the subject of anatomy and physiology be quite suitable to the young. We have none. The Mamma herself cannot be the worse for having a general knowledge of the animal economy; but she may find fifty better subjects in which her familiar conversation may instruct her children. Our objection does not lie so much against the conversations on the senses, as those on the human frame. Skulls and skeletons, lungs and stomachs, are not the illustrative engravings we would choose for children's amusement; and, if Mamma would only let the young folks alone for a few years, they may soon overtake all her anatomical instructions both more suitably and profitably.

Chemistry of Nature. By Hugo Reid, Lecturer in the High School of Glasgow, &c.

This is, so to speak, a *primer* or *first book* of chemistry, comprehending, we should imagine, the substance of Mr Reid's lectures to the chemical class he was engaged to instruct. The work is comprehensive, clearly arranged, and not overloaded with explanation.

The Sketcher's Manual; or, The Whole Art of Picture Making, &c. &c. By Frank Howard, Author of "The Spirit of Shakspeare."

A book of this kind will never make a painter, and far less a Raphael or a Claude, any more than a rhyming dictionary will make a Milton; still this Manual may afford a few useful hints in the rudiments of art, in the

beggarly elements, to amateur and self-taught sketchers, who aspire to drawing from nature. The volume is illustrated by a number of engravings, which, though rude enough, elucidate the writer's instructions.

THE FINE ARTS.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By S. T. Coleridge. Illustrated by Twenty-five Poetic and Dramatic Scenes; designed and etched by David Scott, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting. Edinburgh: Alexander Hill.

In many, or rather in all respects, this is a very remarkable book. The work illustrated is remarkable, the Illustrations themselves are not less so, while the enterprise of the publisher, and the style in which his part has been executed, are, in their own way, quite equal to either of them. The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" has long stood alone at the head of its own class—a class distinguished quite as much for originality and simplicity of design, as for the occasional extravagance of the medium through which the utmost richness and purity of sentiment is frequently conveyed. The whole poem is, in truth, a *fable* intended to teach the commonest and best of *morals*—love for all sorts of created existence; and differs from the more simple Æsopian tale which used to delight our boyhood, in little else than in being conceived with greater grandeur, and more elaborately wrought out. We do not sympathize with those who exclaim against it as unnatural and shocking, and who imagine they have made an end of the matter so soon as they have uttered those two words. In the common fable, no one is shocked at being taught a good lesson by a speaking elephant or monkey, provided the sentiments it expresses are not inconsonant with its supposed situation: whenever that is the case, the necessary postulate of speech is readily granted. To such a poem as the one in question, we ought to render the same justice, and judge of it, not by the strictly possible or probable in general nature, but by the rules of that peculiar nature according to which it is framed. It is when viewed in this way, that we come to consider the "Ancient Mariner" as a poem of distinguished merit; and the same view must be taken in regard to Mr Scott's Illustrations before they can properly be placed in the very high position which, we are of opinion, they are entitled to occupy. As *illustrations*—a fact which necessarily precludes (in a certain sense) originality—we regard them in every way worthy of the work they illustrate. One great charm of the poem is the mystery which hangs over everything appertaining to the Mariner. He is not only a mariner, but an ancient mariner; he traverses all lands, yet we cannot guess what country he is of; he has "strange power of speech," yet in what tongue he speaketh we divine not; he sails from a certain harbour, upon a certain voyage, yet no one knows whence he came or whither he went; while of the goodly vessel herself, all we know is, that—"there was a ship." While we feel all this to be awful and fascinating, we in like measure know it to be dim and visionary; and, such being the case, we wondered—on the announcement of the present work—how a poem the main attraction of which is of such a character could be adequately illustrated by any pictorial effort; knowing how hard it usually is to shew forth things invisible by "things that do appear." So soon, however, as we saw Scott's first design—that which represents the wedding guest stopped by the Mariner—we felt our apprehensions to be unfounded, and that there might be much more in the heaven and earth, through which a truly imaginative artist is privileged to stray, than was dreamed of in our mundane philosophy. That undefinable charm which the indefinite produces, exists in the Illustrations as much as in the thing illustrated. The costume, so far as our reading goes, belongs to no period: Sir Walter himself could hardly have told us much about the architecture of the houses; and we have in vain consulted every known naval history regarding that of the ship. While such is the case, however, we do not think that, in the details, there is anything violent, or extravagant, or even bizarre; for, while each part corresponds harmoniously with another, the effect of the whole is grand, solemn, and impressive.

We regret the unavoidably narrow limits to which we must confine the present notice, as, without going into details, it is impossible to convey any adequate notion either of the merits or the defects of these designs. This much, however, may be said in a compendious way. They are, including the vignette, twenty-five in number, and, in regard to intrinsic merit, or rather perhaps in regard to success, may be classified thus: there is only one which we regard as positively bad, (*The Mariner Blesses the Creatures of the Calm*;) four or five we conceive to be dubious; whilst we look upon the remainder as successful, each according to its own degree.

This may perhaps shew the truth of the remark with which we started—that Mr Scott's designs are of a remarkable character: we may add, that they are possessed of very extraordinary merits.* At the same time, while such is our own opinion, we are not at all surprised that that of others should be so very different. Neither the poem nor the designs appeal to the feelings of universal humanity, without doing which, no work can receive, nor, in a certain sense, deserve, universal acceptation. Nor, while they fail in this respect, are they altogether devoid of a certain air of extravagance, which, replete though it be with great power and originality, will render them less acceptable to a class of minds not wholly unendowed with some sympathy with the grand and beautiful. To such, particularly, who admire merely the beautiful, or the grand which rises out of the beautiful, the Illustrations may prove to be somewhat distasteful; as, with a few exceptions, the prevailing quality is a Titanic vastness about the figures, which, while it contributes much to the mysterious and solemn feeling which a few only can thoroughly appreciate, derogates in some measure from the beauty which all can enjoy. In this way it happens that the class of minds to which an entirely successful appeal can be made is greatly limited; whilst, on ordinary principles, it is plain that, when such a work as the present fails to obtain a full and free entrance, it will most likely be subjected to a decided repulse. Mr Scott, therefore, must prepare himself to share, (we trust not largely,) in the disappointment which Coleridge himself so deeply drank of, and to find consolation for the neglect of many, and the reprobation of not a few, in the thorough and sincere admiration of such as are capable of enjoying that most imaginative department of art in which he is so great a master.

* We have heard, from what we regard as good authority, that these designs were at one time submitted to Coleridge, who approved of them, as a successful embodiment of his own most extraordinary conception.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

WE are now within a few weeks of the opening of Parliament; but no authentic statement of the policy to be pursued by Ministers has been given. All the indications tend to shew that effectual measures of Reform are to be laid aside; and that the Whigs will endeavour to retain office, by assuming a Conservative policy. It is now generally admitted, that the expectations formed at the passing of the Reform Act, have no prospect of being realized; and the People, being disappointed and mortified, have relapsed into a state of apathy and indifference in regard to political subjects. The Tories are everywhere slowly increasing their influence by the creation of votes, and other means; and it is probable that, before another dissolution takes place, they will have secured nearly the whole county representation of England and Scotland

The smaller boroughs are rapidly falling under the influence of the neighbouring proprietors; while the large towns, where the old constituencies still remain, are in the hands of the corrupt and venal freemen. The demand for the reform of the Reform Act is quickly extending; and it is now seen that there can be no proper representation of the People till the whole system be remodelled. It is ridiculous, for example, that cities like Edinburgh or Glasgow should have no more Representatives in Parliament than a paltry town like Berwick-upon-Tweed. Taking the number of Representatives as at present, and the total population of Great Britain and Ireland at twenty-six millions, each 40,000 individuals ought to return one Member; thus giving Glasgow six Members instead of two, and Berwick-upon-Tweed the fifth part of a Member. All the impediments thrown in the way of electors by the present qualifications and mode of registration, ought also to be removed. The registration of electors should not be left to their own act, or to that of the partisans of contending parties, but effected by officers appointed by the Government; a task which could be as easily effected as rating for taxes, or taking up the lists of jurymen. The exercise of the elective franchise should not be regarded as a privilege, but as a duty from which no one should be allowed to escape simply by omitting to register his name.

But the time has not come when any such representation of the People can be obtained. The aristocracy, Whig and Tory, have made common cause to resist any efficient reform; and the whole landed gentry have joined them, fearing that their rents would be affected by the Abolition of the Corn-Laws, and of the restriction against the importation of foreign food. The heads of the Whig party have already obtained all that they ever expected or wished for from the Reform Act—the possession of power and place; and, if allowed to retain these, they will again, as they did during last century, govern the country upon any principles which will secure them Parliamentary majorities. This is, indeed, all but avowed by the Whig press, and by their supporters in their after-dinner orations. We are told that no measures can be carried, to which the Church and the Tories are opposed; as if the Church and Tories were not opposed to the Reform Act itself, and yet it was carried in spite of their utmost efforts. The People will certainly not bestir themselves to enable the Whigs to carry such measures as they have brought into Parliament; but were the Ministry to introduce bills for extending the Franchise, the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, we doubt not that both the Church and the Tories would, ere long, be glad to pass them.

There have been a number of Whig political dinners during the month, at which the do-nothing policy has been strenuously recommended. At a dinner given by the Whigs of North Devonshire to Lord Ebrington, his Lordship defended the Ministry, and stated that their defeat in the county elections arose from the misrepresentations of the Tories. This circumstance made the course of Government more difficult than it was before, and rendered it more than ever necessary for the friends of Reform to be firm and united, to be cautious and prudent, and, above all, to be patient, in order to enable Ministers to contend with their difficulties. In one respect, at least, there was a great difference between this and the former reign; for the tone and disposition of the Court is now strictly in unison with the feelings of the Queen's responsible advisers. Mr Chichester, Member for Barnstaple, said that the business of the country had been suspended for some time past, and he saw no immediate prospect of a better state of things; for, if the House of Commons carried its measures and sent them to the Upper House, the Lords—having witnessed the result of the late elections in the counties, and seeing that there are but two counties in England which have not furnished at least one voice in favour of the Tories—will probably be emboldened to persist in the course they pursued last year; and suppose that, by any means, the Ministry of Lord Melbourne should go out and the Tories come in what would be the result? Bloodshed, and perhaps a revolution in Ireland. To prevent such a catastrophe, as he thought it probable that there would be another election ere long, he besought them to give attention to the registrations.

At a dinner given at Doncaster to commemorate the re-election of Lord Morpeth and Sir George Strickland for the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lord Fitzwilliam intimated that a change was in progress among the country gentlemen, and that, by resistance to organic Reforms, Ministers would regain many who had deserted them. Certain theories and schemes had been suggested in and out of Parliament, greater changes than had been contemplated by the Reform Bill, and he looked forward to the firmness of the Government to dispel these chimeras. He firmly believed this Parliament would be of long duration, and that the alarm raised by these theories would, under a Whig Government, be dispelled; and, when that was the case, they might depend upon it that the course which the House of Lords would pursue would be very different from that which they had hitherto pursued. He looked forward, therefore, with considerable confidence to the future Session, in which the present Parliament would manage the affairs of the country.

THE BALLOT.—A dinner has been given by the Liberals of East Somersetshire to their representative, Colonel Gore Langton. At this meeting there was a vehement and unanimous demand for the Ballot; and when Colonel Langton declared his increased conviction of the necessity of secret voting, the whole company rose and cheered for several minutes. Mr Ayshford Sanford, the Member for West Somersetshire, said, that, if the People wished the Reform Bill to be fairly carried into effect—if they did not desire to see an excitement bordering on revolution—if they desired to protect their liberties and independence—they must have the Reform Bill protected by the Ballot. The Ballot seems equally popular at Deal. At a dinner given there, Sir Thomas Troubridge, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, said it was a deep source of regret to him that he could not enjoy his seat, without reflecting that some unfortunate tradesman was suffering persecution for having voted for him. It was quite time that that system of tyranny and oppression were removed, and, if the Ballot would remove it, he would vote for it. So many were oppressed at last election that it was time it became a government question. He regretted it was not in his power to bring forward such a measure; but the Tories had shewn themselves in such glaring colours lately, that he firmly believed that the Legislature would be forced to do something to check it. Sir James Carnac said, the Reform Bill was an utter mockery, unless the franchise were exercised independently. If it were right that a man should have thirty or forty votes, according to the number of his acres, he would say, let him have his votes, and that would be much better than driving thirty or forty others to vote against their consciences.

FROM THE STEAM-PRESS OF PETER BROWN, PRINTER, ST JAMES' SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1837.

THE MINISTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

HAD any one, upon the day when the young Queen returned the insignia of office to Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, ventured to prophesy that, within a few months, these fortunate Ministers would meet the first Parliament of the new reign with a majority so narrow that it is still debated whether it consists of five, twenty-five, or a devil's dozen—even Tory credulity, though flattered, would have laughed at the prediction. Already have the Whigs demonstrated, not only their own weakness as a party, but, in two reigns, the insignificance of the personal influence of the Crown, when opposed to the Oligarchs on the one hand, or to the People upon the other. There always has been a noisy scuffle, above-board, between the leaders of the old factions; but the strength of the conflict now lies under. The People have not been successful of late—if not absolutely repulsed, it is with difficulty they maintain their ground; but their spirit is unsubdued, and their enemies, as they measure the popular strength, become less confident and more cautious; and endeavour to effect, by sapping and mining, what they dare not attempt by open assault. Does the timid, benumbing policy of the Whig Ministers favour a system of tactics, where the Tories, possessing the sinews of war, require nothing but time?—Time, concert, and "the Fabian policy," against Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals united!

Let us look to the prospects of a session of Parliament, remarkable from the anomalous condition and relations of the three parties. It opens gloomily for the Whigs, and but with one faint gleam of hope for the country, in the probability that Ballot may, by the neutrality of Ministers—we expect no more than neutrality—be carried in the House of Commons. Lord Ebrington, whose office it is to man the life-boat as often as the Whigs are in extremity, says, No; while Mr O'Connell, to the audience of Stockport, avers that, if Ministers do not yield the Ballot, they cannot stand, and ought not to stand. Which among these discordant supporters are we to believe? Whether those who affirm the People's wishes, or those Conservative Whigs who are too honest to lend themselves to the pious frauds necessary to catch a transient gale of popularity. Lord Durham also gives good hopes of the Ministry; but his Lordship's words, since it became subject of debate what they really meant, have lost much of their value. Too much importance, by the way, has been at all times attached to the opinions of Lord Durham. John Bull, though now a Radical, dearly loves a Lord at his heart; and a Liberal lord is such a phœnix that he cannot do less, honest man, than repay equivocal speeches and frothy oratory, signifying nothing, with his confidence and esteem. We would advise true Reformers to lie by quiet, and leave Lord Durham's actions to explain his creed. If he prefer doing nothing, inactivity will be equally significant. There is a class of aristocratic Reformers, not bad men either, who, however it may fare with their principles, will, we may be pretty sure, always be found true to their pique. Enough of Lord Durham.

Several illustrious new converts have been made to the Ballot; still we fear what ought to have been an open Cabinet question long ago, will, even at the last hour, either be refused or conceded as Ministerial necessity dictates. Ballot may be less obnoxious than tainting the order of the first Earl Grey with any extensive plebeian amalgam. The newest-gilded of the Peerage, like a new-made city-banker's lady, are ever the most tenacious of the exclusive nature of the dignity; so, if driven to extremity, Ballot will probably be the strength upon which the Whigs will fall back, before they venture the large creation of Peers necessary to honest purposes. For Ballot, the Reformers at large have long been ripe. Tories and mere Whigs dread it, not without cause; yet, in spite of Lord John Russell's declaration, we hope Ministers are prepared, if better may not be, to be gently coerced into approbation or tolerance of a measure which their underlings and agents, who have closely watched the secret springs of elections, and especially of the last,

sorrowfully declare absolutely necessary to their existence as a Government—or Whiggery's last shift. We welcome the blessing, from whatever motive it may be yielded; and the more warmly, that we expect no other substantial benefit to the institutions of the country from the first Session of a Parliament which may never see another, and which cannot survive a third.

The pageants and pantomimes of the opening reign have passed over without anything approaching the loyal enthusiasm of bygone days, but amidst universal harmony and good-humour; and now John Bull, whose patience and kindness are inexhaustible, having proudly and fondly caressed his pretty royal maiden, sets her gently aside, that he may give undivided attention to what her political sponsors are to promise in her name, or have prompted her to say on matters that come much nearer his business and bosom than the gay sights got up for his entertainment, or the winning ways of courts and courtiers.

To the new Parliament, elected amidst the first fervours of loyalty, and to the tune of "The Queen and Reform!" her Majesty delivered the speech set down for her, we doubt not, with good emphasis and discretion; but, if she is capable of attaching any meaning to it whatever, her Majesty must transcend her subjects as much in penetration as in station. We had thought it impossible to infuse more of the "no-meaning which puzzles more than wit," into a royal speech, than we have been accustomed to see; but Lord Melbourne has done that marvel. It is no more worth while to cavil about this speech, than about any other of the mummeries attending the opening of Parliament; but we would humbly suggest that, to save the Crown humiliation—for the convenience of Ministers, annually subjected to the mortification of concocting this piece of hocus-pocus, and to spare the thinking part of the nation a yearly fit of disgust—the practice of a royal speech should be abolished. Year after year, men of sense become more sickened in contrasting the message of the President of the United States, with that tissue of inane verbiage in which the unfortunate Premier is compelled to write himself down—Ass. "Speeches from the Throne," quoth the Ministerial organ, *The Morning Chronicle*, "have for many years ceased to possess much interest; *but the speech of Queen Victoria* to her first Parliament is looked forward to *with eager curiosity*." The intelligent curiosity of her Majesty's subjects is fully gratified. The absence, in this precious document, of every quality required, if not satisfactory, is perfectly significant.

The country now guesses—what was no great secret before—that, save, perchance, an advance of the Ballot question, it has nothing to hope for, which it will or ought to value at a pin's fee. "Justice to Ireland," we shall be told—and for real justice to Ireland, the people of Great Britain would still suffer patiently, and sacrifice much. How many sessions have been wasted in this delusive hope, "Justice to Ireland," ending in the worthless Church Reform Bill being abandoned—which we advised eighteen months since—and in compromising the Municipal Bill with the Tories, if it be not also abandoned or delayed! A few excellent men in office is all the justice which Ireland has yet obtained, and all its security for justice. Mr O'Connell has indeed, we suppose as a hoax, thrown out a plan of Church Reform, specious in character, and placing the clergy in a queer dilemma between immediate pecuniary advantage, and fidelity to their Church; which ostensibly gives much and takes nothing away from the alien Church, and gives nothing to the Irish People—while it saddles the inhabitants of Great Britain with a great part of the support of the enormity in all future time, and quietly leaves the whole tithe in the pockets of the Irish landlords. This new scheme, which must be a hoax, will never, we imagine, come to be canvassed, or we should witness the phenomena of High-Church Tories and Orangemen and the new Member for Kilkenny acting together and in opposition. We would be willing to see justice to the whole United Kingdoms postponed, for the sake of substantial and permanent justice to Ireland. But we are heartily tired of the dallying discussion of crude inefficient measures, rashly adopted by the Government, vehemently supported by certain Irish Members, only while the Ministry supports them, and at last weakly abandoned, amidst the ridicule of the Tories, who triumph as much in the imbecility of their opponents as in their own insidiously gathering strength. Justice to Britain, is justice to Ireland. The great and pressing interests of the two countries are identical. In the present session, we hope to see the name of Irish objects sunk in that of National objects; and the broad basis of all improvements begun to be laid in Extension of the Suffrage and Ballot. These powerful and indispensable instruments once in operation, or even one of them, we might talk with effect of justice to Ireland—and justice to all. The Melbourne Government has, no doubt, done much to allay those disturbances in Ireland, which the Grey Government, if it did not excite, aggravated to a fearful extent; but were the Tories back in office at this moment—and back they will be—upon what measures, taken by the Whigs to secure the permanent tranquillity of Ireland, could we depend? What great measures can be taken until farther reforms in the electoral system, and in the constitution of the House of Commons, shall remove the insuperable impediments that now exist? The bawlers for such justice as mutilated measures, even if they could be carried, might give, ought to be held among the worst enemies of the justice demanded for the whole People of the United Kingdom; and as the cloak of the Whigs, in playing their game of "*Delay expedient*," until they can sit down at their ease for life, securely niched in Conservative Whiggery. That they will attain this state of elysian repose, those cannot believe who know the character and the strength of the Tory faction, and the energy of the Reformers; but

the merit of the effort is equally great. "The tergiversation of politicians has grown into a proverb." We borrow this self-evident proposition from an excruciating article in the last *Quarterly Review*, attributed to the pen of Mr Croker; and we add the corollary—"But it has so grown during the period in which the Whigs have had opportunities of abandoning, in office, their professions when in opposition." It is equally true, though the writer has forgotten this—that the Tories only escape the same category from being "honest, bold-faced villains," who never affected, until of late, any profession of regard for the rights of the People, and did not go the gracious length of the Whig aristocracy, or of Earl Grey, who acknowledged that "The People were entitled to good government"—at the discretion of their rulers!

In the meantime, Mr Croker's friends have taken up their defensive position, which is precisely that which we indicated upon the first of May last, and before the sudden illness and demise of the King rescued the Whigs from extremity. We were administering consolation under their anticipated downfal, which the People of Great Britain, however it may fare with the Irish, are still prepared to receive with the most edifying resignation, unless they amend their ways. We were saying, as many a time and oft—for to what "damnable iteration" has Whig obstinacy condemned the press!—that, as a middle party, they only formed a convenient bulwark, behind which the Tories might skulk, to recruit and concentrate their forces. We predicted that, even with the Court in their favour, the Tories, upon rational calculation, would prefer to lie snugly entrenched in the Torres Vedras of the Opposition benches. This line of tactics is now openly avowed and recommended by their oracles. They bide their time. They will not, in a second instance, snatch until they can hold. A great accession of strength renders them more cautious and moderate. The Whig understrappers need not be alarmed just yet. The Tories would not take office. "The pear is not ripe." Ireland must be made easier to them; and Canada is a troublesome affair, better left to Whig mismanagement. The Whigs must be allowed to make themselves yet more odious and despicable in the eyes of Reformers; and the Tories have a well-grounded hope that in this they will succeed. They will kindly support them in all such endeavours. The Tories do not much mind the Court being against them. Courts may be gained: and the King's name, once "a tower of strength," is now regarded but as a feather in a courtier's bonnet. For political purposes, a couple of landed spinsters who, under the panic of No-Popery, have the means of creating pig-stye votes and influencing elections, have more personal power than the most amiable sovereign that ever sat on the British throne. The Tories do not mind the Court; but the House of Commons is not yet corrupted enough to work smoothly in their hands. It will at the next election; unless for the chance—for it is no more—of the country being roused by the hope of something more than seeing the Whigs in office. There is more than an equal chance that Ministers may try their fate on the strength of a Tory government administered by Whigs. The royal speech points to this, if it possess meaning of any kind It requires no prophet to foretell the result of this policy. It would be the crowning mercy of the Tory party.

But while the Tories proclaim the safe and sagacious course which the gathering at Apsley House has adopted—the Duke's old tactics with Bonaparte—while the Whigs meet in the cabinet and resolve to be as Conservative as possible, and the Irish Members convocate to concert their plan of operations in aid of the Whigs, what are the Radical representatives about? Is their tacit compact with the Ministry to be tacitly renewed? Are they once more to be dragged on, giving a sulky, reluctant support to equivocal or bad measures, lest "the Ministry be endangered?" Something was hinted, towards the close of last session, about the compact being either dissolved or rendered efficient. A friendship, where all the good offices come from the one side, without gaining even barren thanks, cannot last long. What have the Whigs done for the Radical Members or for the People, that the Radicals should damage themselves for the Whigs? Why do we not see the Radical representatives, English, Irish, and Scottish, holding solemn meetings, like the leaders of the other parties, to concert what they ought to do for the sake of their principles? Are their principles not as dear to them as the other men's places, as office in England, or patronage in Ireland? At the opening of this dark session, the Radicals, as a party in Parliament, seem less united than in any former session—than even in those past years, when every individual, manning his solitary martello tower, as often pointed his single gun at gulls and gannets, and things "very like a whale," as he levelled it at the common enemy. Why do not our Radical leaders, we say it again, assemble, like the Tories, Whigs, and O'Connellites; issue their manifesto to the nation, and tell their constituents either that their compact with Ministers is dissolved, or why and upon what reasonable expectation it is longer maintained? It might, in better times, become a questionable practice this of the national representatives meeting in sections, out of doors, to deliberate upon the line of policy they are to pursue in the House, and letting the country and their party know by an *aside*, what they are to do, and in what they require to be supported by public opinion; but its uses are apparent in the present crisis. It is practised by the veterans; and is surely as necessary to new or ill-disciplined troops. O'Connell, Mr Shiel, and their allies, proclaim what they are to propose; and Ireland, as one man, responds to their voice. If the Radical Members wish either to gain trust in themselves, or to inspire confidence in others, they also will attempt united effort, and declare what they as a party demand for the People, and the terms upon which their support is to be

continued to Ministers, if continued at all. They have diminished in numbers and influence, from their thankless, ill-understood adherence to the Government. The *London and Westminster Review* acknowledges and laments that the Radical party wants *leaders*. But, when every one will be a captain and commander, there is a yet more deplorable want—*followers*. If, to other grand principles, they would add this —"Whosoever would be first among you, let him be your servant;" and sacrifice all petty jealousies, rivalships, and holdings off, on the altar of their country, they might still redeem past blunders. This disunion, and action impaired by separation of interests, is among the worst of blunders, and it happens that some of the ablest of the Radical Members are chargeable with this fault. The nation may have the benefit of their services as representatives, but not of their co-operative efforts with those who should be their allies. Fused into one compact body, animated by a generous and energetic spirit, the Radical Members, with as many Liberal Whigs as, in the event of Tory ascendency, would inevitably join them, might, in opposition, shew a far more formidable front to the enemy than they can do, while in the equivocal position they have occupied for the last four sessions; from some superstitious dread of awful consequences, neither supporting, nor yet opposing the Government to any purpose, save keeping the Whigs in. Tories and Whigs alike dread to familiarize the People to the spectacle of frequent changes of administration. They wish to keep alive the vague idea, that utter ruin impends, if the affairs of the country are administered by any other party, or set of men, than those we have been accustomed to see in office.

Surely the Radical party do not participate in these fears, nor are scared by the bugbears set up to terrify the People at Tory ascendency. That might be bad enough, but not so very much worse than Conservative Whiggery, fairly consolidated, must become, as to cause much apprehension. In the Session of 1836, when factiously thwarted in their Irish measures, Lord Melbourne's Ministry ought to have resigned, if it wished to occupy the station of an independent, unshackled Government. Before the death of the King, in the middle of the late Session, when they held office by the sufferance of the Tories, strong only in the weakness of their enemies and in Radical support, the downfal of the Whigs would have been no great evil. But the King's death found them in office; and, hoping against hope, the Reformers were willing to believe that an adverse Court afforded the true explanation of their backwardness, and that a "Reform Queen" might complete the work of renovation which "The Reform King" so soon renounced. Throughout the late elections, the Whig interest, in opposition to the Tories, was once more upheld by the persecuted voters with all the energy possible in their condition; and with personal and family sacrifices which the men who shall deny them the protection of the Ballot, ought to blush at having received. The Whigs were at first stunned by the result of the election; but their second thought seems to have been, "The country is becoming more Conservative. We must shape our course accordingly, and become more Conservative too." They fancy that, when opposed to Tories, they have a prescriptive right to the support of Reformers in every event. They have the young Queen in their hands; the Duke of Wellington is waxing ancient; O'Connell cannot last for ever; Sir Robert Peel is in declining health, and incapable of the tear and wear of Premiership; Lord Lyndhurst is violent, and to the Irish nation hateful; and between ultra and moderate Tories, the union, though wisely maintained, is not cordial. Moderate Tories and Churchmen respect the crown, admire the Queen and court, prize peace and security above all things, and begin to fear the Orange King Ernest. It is for this large and respectable class whom they hope gradually to detach from the enemy's standard, that for months past their organs have been baited. Gaining this middle body, and by a prudent exercise of their patronage, they could afford to discard those troublesome allies who will not become mercenaries. If it be gained, farewell to the Ballot, Church-rate Abolition, and every popular measure demanded by England and Scotland!

Save to avow Conservatism, the Members of the Cabinet have been as mute as fishes since the accession of Queen Victoria. Lord Durham's Bowlby Ukase was quite in harmony with this new policy; though the disobedience of the men of Durham, who dared, in the face of his signal, return a Tory, by stirring his Lordship's spleen, has made him since a degree more Liberal. The Ministerial journals, eager to divine the wishes of their masters, and in their servile zeal sometimes outstepping them, pour abuse upon all the leading Reformers who dare to be independent as Tory-Radicals, while only those among them advocate the Ballot, who have sufficient sagacity to perceive that, though in peril with it, their patrons cannot longer be supported without it. We shall see whether the Whigs and the great aristocratic families who influence them, will be so magnanimous in their Conservatism as rather let the Tories take their beloved places, than commit that two-edged weapon into the hands of the electors, against which those statesmen only will ultimately be found invulnerable, who prefer the interests and happiness of all to the usurped privileges and insulting immunities of a caste. If our surmises of their future policy shall be found to wrong the Whig Administration, how happy shall we be to confess our error!

THE NEW NOVELS.*

NO. I.—ETHEL CHURCHILL.

The autumn of 1837 has been fertile in romance. Almost all the more popular fictionists have made liberal contributions to the stock of public entertainment; and, in some instances, these additions are memorable, and likely long to outlast the season. Mrs Trollope has written what we consider as decidedly her best novel, disagreeable and repulsive as is the subject of that best. Bulwer has taken higher and more tenable ground than that of either classic antiquity or heroic romance, amidst the stern realities of modern "England and the English;" and Miss Landon, in her "Ethel Churchill," has developed new and unexpected powers. Her new novel, and the "Ernest Maltravers" of Bulwer, will be found to possess an interest to some readers altogether independent of the common attractions of the superior order of fictions, in the evidence which they afford of the gradual change and intellectual progress of their respective authors. "Maltravers" was foreshadowed in "Pelham" and "Devereux," and more especially in "England and the English;" but "Francesca Carrara" affords only a faint type of some aspects of "Ethel Churchill," which, in the higher qualities that distinguish fictitious writing, far surpasses its romantic predecessor. Lady and gentleman alike, in their last works, display greater maturity of understanding, an enlarged and more subtle comprehension of character, and a firmer grasp, in dealing both with the hard realities of life, and the play of the interests and passions which stir up its mysterious depths, or alternate in light and shadow on its varied surface:—and the ripening fruits of knowledge and experience still glow amidst the luxuriant blooms, or sparkle in the fresh dews of fancy and poetry. Description, sentiment, flights of imagination, and those nameless, brilliant, and evanescent graces, which were the charm of Miss Landon's greener works, adorn or relieve the more powerful pictures before us, though in subservience to more potent agencies. For the first time—although she has not wholly dismissed the gay or the passionate beings that flutter between the imaginative and the real—the authoress of "Ethel Churchill" has presented us with some of the genuine creatures of stern reality, whom, though never met before, we at once recognise as partakers of our human nature, in all its beauty and strength, weakness and error. These new personages are neither the ideal creations of pure invention, nor yet those characters of historical romance, which, in ordinary hands, are true only in the few outward and visible signs, and shew nothing individual or distinctive. Miss Landon has, we think, been most true and successful where she was not tied down to walk by the card. The coquette, Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly, of whom she could know little or nothing from books, is moulded into a truer representation of character than the Lady Mary Wortley, of whom she has read a great deal; and the young poet, Walter Maynard, who is the pure offspring of her reflection and observation, is more of "a true man" than Pope, whose image she had seen reflected in twenty volumes of memoirs and letters, and was condemned to take at second-hand, and render as tamely as he is given. Writers of original power succeed best when dealing with more yielding substances than history presents to them; unless they triumph, by boldly setting its dicta at defiance, and draw the historical personages brought forward after their own truer conception. Thus, we consider the historical scenes and characters of "Ethel Churchill," the tamest and least successful, though such may not be the general impression; nor are we sure that the author who, for our entertainment, resuscitates the great or the celebrated dead, whose images are stamped in our memory, and about whom we have made up our minds, does not place a stumblingblock in his own path—unless he possessed the plastic energy, the potent mastery of Shakspeare or Scott, to exorcise the ancient idol, before he fill the vacant fancy with something felt at once as more beautiful and more true. But these, if failures at all, are those of laudable ambition. The work has other and greater faults. The pain it inflicts is not always compensated by the instruction it conveys. It is at the same time most real in passion and feeling, and often improbable in motive and incident; and, on the whole, is more to be regarded as an earnest of what its author must achieve, and a sign of a commanding advancement, than the realization of a perfect romance.

The story is of the age of George II.; and we are casually presented with a passing glimpse of the brightest beauties of his court, and the first wits of that closing day of one epoch of England's literary splendour. The story is opened in a rather striking way, by a dialogue between Lady Henrietta Marchmont—a youthful, ambitious beauty, of powerful mind and an ardent nature, just united to a man with whom she has no sympathy—and her uncle and guardian, Sir Jasper Meredith, one of those benevolent misanthropes, not rare in romance, though seldom met with in the world, who amuses his melancholy by dabbling in alchemy, and enjoys a respectable reputation among the villagers, as a wizard or magician. Sir Jasper had been the accepted lover of his cousin, the beautiful mother of Henrietta. He returned from foreign travels, to witness the marriage procession of his elder brother and his faithless mistress. He fled; and, after long years, returned, to find his brother dead, and the widow dying, to grant forgiveness, and receive the infant Henrietta as his adopted child—his all.

If his niece, with unbounded affection for him,

* Ethel Churchill; by Miss Landon.—Ernest Maltravers; by Edward L. Bulwer.—The Vicar of Wrexhill; by Mrs Trollope.—Concealment, &c. &c.

does not discover much prudence or principle, it must be owned that she had received a very indifferent education. She was now on the eve of embarking on a brilliant career, and impatiently receiving the affectionate misanthrope's parting warnings, as he predicted that the time would come when she would admit that, gloomy as were her unhappy uncle's views of life, the reality was yet more dark. The confident beauty returned—"Young, high-born, married to one of England's richest and proudest peers, handsome, clever—is it not so? At morn I shall go hence; and what short of triumph and pleasure can I anticipate in the metropolis?" The only check to her anticipations of the delights and triumphs of a new and magnificent world, was regret at leaving the home of her childhood, and seeing her uncle, whose chilled heart lived but in her, left desolate and alone. The ambitious and aspiring character of Henrietta, is cleverly developed at this interview, by the manner in which she receives the brilliant gems of her race, now presented to her by Sir Jasper, and by her conflicting feelings, on meeting Walter Maynard, a young poet, and the protegé of her uncle, whom, proud and ambitious as she was, she secretly loved. And by love she might have been saved; but Walter was devoted to her gentle and lovely friend, Ethel Churchill, who, in turn, loved and was beloved by another hero, Norbourne Courtenaye. Henrietta, on parting with her uncle for the night, proceeded in the soft twilight to the neighbouring cottage of Ethel's grandmother, a worthy old lady, half-mad with Jacobitism, and loyal love for the Pretender.

A little wicket opened into a half-wilderness, half-shrubbery, whose narrow pathway was chequered by the soft light that found its way through the densely-grown plantation. As she turned to secure the latchet, the voice of music came upon her ear. "Ah!" said she, and a conscious blush lit up her cheek—"Walter Maynard is then with them;" (the sound of her own half whisper seemed to startle herself, and she passed on with a haughty smile, but hesitating step; ("and Norbourne Courtenaye, doubtless;" but this name was spoken without embarrassment and aloud.

Another instant, and the music ended; the leafy screen was divided, and she was the centre of the little company, every one of whom rejoiced to welcome her. She seated herself by Ethel; and, declaring that her walk had left her no breath as yet to talk, urged them to resume the harmony that she had interrupted. All were too young and too intimate for the embarrassment of ceremony, and again music broke on the stillness of the night.

It was an old English air, to which the vocalists had set the words of a sonnet, written by Walter Maynard. The words of the song were sad: but what is the young poet's melancholy, but prophecy?

The song is very beautiful—so is the picture of the flower-garden at twilight, quaint and sweet; but the living things there are better:—

The party was of five: Ethel, and her half-companion, half-attendant, Lavinia Fenton, our Countess, and two young gallants. Three of these were singing; but the attitude and bearing of the entire group, careless as it was, told of their individual peculiarities more effectively, perhaps, than would have been betrayed in more constrained hours.

Norbourne Courtenaye was a stripling of some three or four and twenty, whose fair complexion made him look even younger. He had that air which so marks our aristocracy—that air which, if not embodied in the word "high-bred," is beyond the reach of words. He had those fine and prominently-cut features which grow handsomer with years; but, at the present time, they conveyed only one expression. The heart was in the eyes; and these, fixed on Ethel Churchill, were blind to all but the beloved face which alone they cared to see. To Norbourne the whole world had one division—the place where she was, from that where she was not.

Ethel returned not his gaze; but she was not, on that account, insensible of it. Natural as it may seem to look straight forward, her eyes tried every direction save that in which they might fall on those of Courtenaye. Her part in the trio was nearly nominal, and yet no bird singing in the sunshine, seemed ever to sing more from the fulness of a joyous heart. Her voice, when you caught it, was, indeed, "the very echo of happy thoughts;" and smile after smile parted her small and childish mouth. Her beauty was of that kind which is our ideal of a cherub's—rounded, innocent, and happy.

. . . . . .

Lavinia, her companion, was likewise handsome; or, perhaps, rather what is called a fine-looking girl; and had, in her figure and demeanour, as well as in the arrangement of her simple toilet, that which bespoke the coquette of nature's own making; and nature does as much in that way as society. Neglectful of her fine voice, she was obviously attending more to her companions than to her own singing; and it was manifest that she was not unwilling to attract Walter Maynard's heed, for she would omit from time to time her own, and listen to his part; and when she suffered her rich notes to swell to their extent, it was in Maynard's eyes that she sought to read approval!

But, what attention he allowed to escape from the music, was given all to Ethel Churchill. If his eye but turned towards her, the heart's utter prostration was in the gaze!

And she—the young and brilliant Countess, who sat at queen-like distance from the throng—must watch those glances with a galling pang of envy; not the less bitter, too, because unacknowledged even to herself!

Walter Maynard was standing with his arms folded, and his slight figure leaning against the trunk of an old ash. He was neither so handsome, nor had so fine a figure, as Norbourne Courtenaye; and lost something of his height by a stoop, the result either of a naturally delicate chest, or of sedentary pursuits; but none, knowing how to read the human face, could have passed by his without having their attention riveted. It had a touch of Henrietta's own rich and changeful hues, but it was more feverish. The eyes were large and black, and had the moonlight's melancholy, with that tearful lustre which is the certain sign of keen susceptibility. After-years will drive the tears, which gathered trembling on the eye-lash, back upon the heart; but the tears will be more bitter, because unshed!

The mouth was almost feminine in its sweetness, and yet the smile was sad. Tender it was, but not cheerful, and lacked the energy that sat enthroned upon the magnificent brow. Young as he was, his hair was thin upon his temples, where the large veins shone transparent and blue; and the whole countenance was one which would have won attention in a crowd—which could not be identified with a common person. He was of those whose sensitive organization and inborn talent constitute that genius which holds ordinary maxims at defiance. No education can confer—no circumstances check it; and even to account for it, we need, with the ancients, to believe in inspiration.

This youth had been much with her uncle.

Henrietta had been used to listen by the hour to his eloquent enthusiasm, so alive with poetry and with passion. Proud and ambitious, she yet loved him—the poor and the dependent; for there was in his highly-toned imagination that which responded to her own. She was too clever herself not to appreciate a kindred cleverness; and the seclusion of her life lent a reality to his dreams of the future—to his aspirings after that fame which every volume in the crowded collection proclaimed to be so glorious. They read together; and she felt that his

was indeed the master mind: Her vanity was gratified by his intellect. It was a worthy homage.

These softer feelings were awakened by that interest which belongs to the melancholy and romance inseparable from the poetic temperament.

In the outset of their intimacy, admiration seemed a mere question of taste; and jealousy first taught her that she loved. She saw that he loved Ethel Churchill, utterly, worshippingly: that the withered flower which Ethel flung from her was to him a treasure. She then remembered that her own early bearing towards him had been haughty and indifferent; that she had sneered at the young collegian's shyness; and now thought, with "the late remorse of love," how unlike to this had been Ethel's gentle kindness. But all these things belonged to bygone days. She wrapped herself up in a brilliant future. Still there were moments when she felt that its hopes were icicles.

And now the principal personages are before the reader; and their protracted conversation developes their contrasted characters, while each, in sport, expresses *the dearest wish* of the heart. Henrietta frankly declared her strongest desire to be for universal admiration. Walter's turn came, and he

Paused for a moment, looking at Ethel; it was but a glance, and a deeper melancholy came over his face.

"I would wish," said he, "for fame—glorious and enduring fame."

"And I," cried Lavinia, eagerly, "would wish to be a lady—have an embroidered damask gown, and ride in a coach-and-six."

"I would wish," whispered Ethel, "to be loved."

"And," added Norbourne, in a whisper almost as low, "I would wish to love."

"I think," exclaimed Lady Marchmont, "that Lavinia's wish is the most rational of all.—Well, girl, success to your coach-and-six!"

Already was the proud Henrietta acting a part; already she knew that, in the lottery of life, she had drawn worse than a blank, gilded though it was, and of her own choice; and her pride fortified her heart to abide the destiny she had chosen. Yet to-night, and when seeing Walter Maynard for the last time, she felt, within her secret heart, the unspeakable happiness of loving and being beloved.

The truth within her whispered, that she had been happier, even in the lonely lot which she that very evening had ridiculed, with Walter Maynard, than in a palace, and not his. For the first time, she regretted her marriage. Lord Marchmont had been the cause of her drawing comparisons. Her superior mind at once detected the narrowness of his; and her warm heart shrank from his cold one. She saw that he did not love her—that he never even thought whether she loved him.

It is needless to tax Miss Landon's heroine with being a very unreasonable woman in her discontent, since she had obtained all that her ambition bargained for. Less is made of her secret attachment in the course of the story, than we had anticipated; for Henrietta never again, until the *denouement*, crosses the path of Walter Maynard. Their connexion affords but one very striking and important incident.

Miss Landon has even fondly lavished her powers upon the character of Walter, the enthusiast, the poet, the devoted silent lover of Ethel, the struggling literary adventurer, pouring forth upon the public the richest gifts of genius, and failing to obtain the poor reward of daily bread. "Fatal gift! what has it ever done for its votaries!" "Fame is bought by happiness." In a churchyard, on this lovely moonlight night, Walter Maynard, also bound for London, gazes on Ethel's distant chamber window, sighs his mute farewell, and breathes his passionate aspirations after love and poetic fame. "The spirit within me asserts its divine right. I know how different I am from those who surround me. Can the gifts of which I am conscious be given to me in vain? It were a mockery of the mind's supremacy, did I not believe in my own future. . . . . Would to Heaven those days were not past, when the Troubadour took his sword and lute! . . . . . There are still human hearts to be stirred by the haunted line and the gifted word. . . . . Farewell, sweetest Ethel! we perhaps shall meet no more, but you will hear of me; and the remembered beauty of that face will be my angel of inspiration—the one sweet muse lighting up my lonely heart."

The scene is now changed to London: Henrietta is there, a brilliant new-risen star, in the hemisphere of fashion and literature, and Walter is also there, trying his fortune among the publishers; while Lavinia Fenton, having absconded from her gentle mistress, has procured a low stage engagement, in mean, poor parts; and Norbourne Courtenaye, the plighted lover of Ethel, has, on the passionate solicitation of his mother, and to conceal a circumstance injurious to her reputation, married his cousin Constance, a rich heiress, but a beautifully feminine character, who had been, from childhood, secretly devoted to him. Ethel is, of course, deserted, she knows not why, and love-lorn, miserable. The meek and subdued Constance discovers, too late, that she has never been beloved, and pines and sorrows, until she finally dies, a martyr to generosity and disinterested affection—thus removing the obstruction to Ethel's happier attachment. But all this is not the work of a day, and is only the by-play; for Henrietta and Walter are the persons round whom the interest grows, and with whom it terminates. Henrietta's letters to her solitary uncle, unfold the gaieties of London fashionable life at the commencement of the reign of George II. Her epistles might have been indited last year, by merely changing the name of Madame Legarde for that of the milliner now most in vogue, and Chloe for M. Ude, or Carême. Then we have Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Gay, and Lady Mary, on the carpet—the first, true to the life. While the young Marchioness is shining, and enchanting the world of fashion, Walter is vegetating upon a small sum furnished by Sir Jasper, and trying the effects of an introductory letter to Lintot the bookseller. He is robbed of his pittance by a smooth-faced civil pickpocket, whom he had set right in some point of politics. His small dingy chamber, where he was ashamed to bring even the image of Ethel, overlooked a crowded London churchyard; and he hoped, in his despair, that he might at least never be buried in a city. His cheerless life, in this "misty, mootie clime," is contrasted with his late

dreamy existence in the greenwood, or by the woodland brook, when he had been enjoying the most delicious hour of a poet's life—that first consciousness of power which indicates the possession of genius. In a piece of fine poetical prose, the authoress apostrophizes the single lonely taper burning all night in the chamber of sickness; but, in another scene—

Again, that lonely taper, how often is it the companion and sign of studies for which the day is too short—studies that steal the gloss from the sunny hair, and the light from the over-taxed eye!

Walter Maynard is bending over a little table, while the rapid pen is slow in putting down the thoughts that crowd upon him. His cheek is flushed with eagerness, and the red lip is curved with triumph. It does not suit the scene around; but from that the mind of the young poet is far, far away. There was that desolate air about the chamber which is peculiar to an ill-furnished London room: cities need luxuries, were it only to conceal the actual. In the country, an open window lets in at once the fair face of heaven: the sunshine has its own cheerfulness; the green bough flings on the floor its pleasant shade; and the spirit sees, at a glance, the field and the hedge where the hawthorn is in bloom. Not so in a town: there smoke enters at the casement; and we look out upon the darkened wall, and the narrow street, where the very atmosphere is dull and coarse. Its gloomy influence is on all.

The room where Walter was seated writing was one that any, who had looked inside for a moment, must have known could only have belonged to a town. The floor was blackened, as were the unpapered walls. The curtains, thin and scanty, had long merged their original red into a dusky brown.

. . . . . .

The air which the young student breathed was bitter with the vapour that had gradually gathered around him. His hands, small and delicate as a woman's, had long since assumed that dead white which marks extreme cold. Still he wrote on. He was too much engrossed in his own charmed employ not to be insensible for a time to all external influences: he might suffer afterwards, but now his mind was his kingdom. Ever and anon the cheek wore a deeper crimson, and the dark eyes filled with sudden fire, as he felt the idea clothe itself in words tangible to the many, as its bodiless presence had previously been to himself. Solitary, chilled, and weary, yet the young poet hung over his page, on which was life, energy, and beauty; and under such, or similar circumstances, have been written those pages to which the world owes so much. A history of how and where works of imagination have been produced, would be more extraordinary than even the works themselves. Walter Maynard is but a type of his class.

With more skill in authorship, perhaps—for who will sympathize with poverty?—but with less truth of delineation, Mr Bulwer has placed his man of genius, Ernest Maltravers, far above the pecuniary difficulties with which it is the common ate of the highest genius long to strive, before it can emerge, if it be not doomed to sink in the protracted struggle. It might, he owns, have led to more striking incidents, and have furnished an interest more intense, if he had cast Maltravers, the man of genius, amidst those fierce but ennobling struggles with poverty and want to which genius is so often condemned—but wealth and lassitude have their temptations as well as penury and toil. True, and the struggles and temptations of wealth and lassitude command a readier sympathy from the immense majority of readers; and Mr Bulwer well knows the nature of his audience, and is perhaps quite right, in a work of entertainment, not to throw away any element of success. Age, poverty, and ugliness are ventured upon by no one save your De Foes and Fieldings, and those vulgar fictionists who somehow contrive to make the *real* more interesting than the *ideal*. Sir Walter Scott understood the secrets of his art better than to hazard a hero in squalid poverty, or a heroine that was not a resplendent beauty, and, moreover, in her tenderest teens. Mrs Gore, who loads her heroines with all manner of afflictions that have no taint of the abject, always contrives to have them, "all their sorrows past," happily married at twenty-eight or twenty-nine at the latest. Our sympathies expire with the joys and sorrows of heroines of thirty. To return—the wearing drudgery of the life of Walter is well contrasted with the luxury and frivolity of the Marchioness of Marchmont, who began to wonder whether Paradise and London were not "synonimous terms." A morning water-party, with Lady Mary Wortley, the Duke of Wharton, and Lord Hervey, affords scope for historical painting. It is delicate limning, but, after all, only copying. Miss Landon's original designs are better. Yet the talk is sprightly, and has a strong air of *vraisemblance;* particularly the bitter and malicious wit of Lady Mary. Miss Landon has not only ventured upon Pope's villa, of which the still life was easily managed, but upon the imagined scene in which the insolence and open contempt of Lady Mary, the aristocratic *bel esprit*, led to the rupture between her and the alleged amorous bard. We happen to be among the sceptics as to the reality of Pope's passion for Lady Mary Wortley. They were not long acquainted before she went to Turkey, and their intercourse was scarcely renewed after her return. Some fumes of vanity might have, at one time, ascended into the brain of the little poet, and disturbed its usual clearness; but love never came there. The flippant and heartless reply of the "female wit," to his sentimental and somewhat pragmatical account of Gay's lovers, struck dead by lightning, at Lord Harcourt's, was of itself enough to dispel any illusion, had such ever existed. The dry, high-flown, yet strained gallantry of his epistles acquit his heart. We once heard a lady, a warm admirer of Burns, say, when the authenticity of his celebrated "Letters to Clarinda" was debated in company—"Well, they may be genuine; but don't call them *Burns' love letters*. Had Burns been in love with me, he never would have written me stuff like that." The implied self-compliment might excite a smile; but the truth of it was not to be disputed. Had Pope been in love with Lady Mary, he never would have written letters like those we read. The utmost vigour of the sentiment in his chicken-breast was something that

"Played round the head, but never touched the heart."

What a morally small creature—what a deformed, pitiful dwarf in mind—did wounded self-love, and ever-rankling impotent spite, exhibit the poet—the man of fine genius! He was,

by only a few degrees, less Satanic in the intensity of his self-love than Byron, who, blessed with an influx of the most precious gifts of nature and fortune, felt his vain heart wither within his bosom, until he could have cursed his gods and the mother who gave him birth, because the extreme beauty of his person was marred by one blemish. This is travelling out of the record—though we own that our sympathies with the miseries of Byron, and the desperate inflictions on Pope's vanity, made by the insolent and reckless Wortley, have always been imperfect. Of course, we believe that Pope, though brimming over with venom all the rest of his life, never either expressed or imagined anything like the indignant and touching, heart-struck sorrow with which Miss Landon has endowed his feelings. Her Swift is better, and nearer truth. To him, with equal intellect, there had been given a far more manly nature. He is seen at a dinner at Lady Oxford's.

With all the appliances of cheerfulness, with all the means of wit, the chief portion of the "table-talk" turned upon individual and general grievances. Each person was the most injured individual under the sun. Swift was, however, the one that most excited my sympathy. There is a stern melancholy in his dark features, inherent and engrossing, which rivets the attention. The brow is black and overhanging, and the eyes gloomy while in a state of repose; but, when they kindle, it is like living fire, with a sort of strange animal fierceness in them. His laugh is suppressed and bitter; and I shall not easily forget the sarcasm of his smile as he told us of the Prince of Orange's harangue to the mob at Portsmouth: "We are come," said he, "for your good—for all your goods." "A universal principle," added Swift, "of all governments; but, like most other truths, only told by mistake." His manner is abrupt, and yet I could fancy it very kind sometimes; and he is more eloquent than I ever before heard in general society. Nothing could be more gloomy than the picture he drew of his residence in Ireland. It is that worst of solitudes, an intellectual one: above all things, the mind requires interchange.

Yet, whatever of heart remained in his bosom lingered there; and Swift's was no narrow nor cold heart, although feverish ambition parched and shrivelled its more genial feelings, and at last turned its milk to gall. The pictures of this brilliant society, sent down by Henrietta, to enliven the solitude of her uncle, are as true and amusing as Miss Landon's reading enables her to make them; but it is not here, as we have said, that her strength lies. So pass we Lady Hervey, and Martha Blount, and Mrs Howard, not yet Countess of Suffolk, for Lavinia Fenton, the first Polly, and second Duchess of Bolton. The Lady Mary, in her correspondence with her daughter, Lady Bute, somewhere says of the neglected first Duchess—and how much does it reveal of her own shrewd, worldly, ambitious, and sordid mind!—"My poor friend, the Duchess of Bolton, was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, and a saint-like governess—crammed with virtue and good qualities. . . . . Polly, bred in an ale-house, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and found the way to be esteemed. So useful is early experience." But Polly possessed higher qualities than pot-house and stage experience, or, at least, Miss Landon has so divined. Her vivacity and boldness, and that reckless audacity of manner, carried to effrontery, which enabled her to carry her objects, would disgust the reader, were her selfish impudence not redeemed and beautified by frankness of character, extreme goodness of heart, and hopeless affection for Walter Maynard. Bold and saucy with the gallants of rank and consequence, who pressed their admiration upon her, with him she is a gentle, subdued, thoughtful, and most devoted woman. Lavinia first appears to us in London, on the night that Norbourne Courtenay accompanied his friend, Walter, to the theatre, to witness the fate of his first play. Walter had shrunk from Norbourne's society with the sensitiveness of pride and poverty; but Courtenaye would not be repelled. The scene altogether is a striking and trying one; and it is forcibly and truly drawn. What strength of temptation does fame offer that can induce men to brave such an ordeal?

Walter Maynard's fortunes wholly depended on the success of his play. Lintot refused to bring out his poems till the fate of the tragedy was decided; and he well knew that, if it failed, the cautious bookseller would decline the publication altogether. A few shillings were all he possessed in the world; and yet there he stood, the light word on his lip, and seemingly far less anxious than his friend. The subject of his play was the fate of Agis, the young and heroic King of Sparta: it gave the ideal of patriotism, relieved by the tenderness of sorrow and the fidelity of love. It is curious to note how much an author throws himself into his creations: there are his passions, his feelings, and his thoughts. He only models his hero by imagining what himself would do in a similar situation. Agis was Walter Maynard; brave, high-minded, devoted, and full of the noblest plans for his country and his kind; and yet with a certain vein of irresolution growing out of theories too fine for reducing into practice.

The play was completely successful. The author was overpowered by the congratulations of his friends.

"I congratulate you," was what Courtenaye, as he shook hands with the successful author, tried to say: but he felt that his words were inaudible. At first he could only look his joy; but he was singularly struck with Walter's appearance. The flush of forced spirits had sunk in the presence of his great emotion, and his face was as the face of death.

A dark presentiment sprang up in Norbourne's mind, and a sad pity mingled with his rejoicing. He seemed fascinated by the large lustrous eyes, whose light was not of this world—so unearthly, so wild, was at that moment the expression of Walter's countenance. "He is dying!" sounded like a voice in Norbourne's ear: he tried to shake off what he termed a vain and foolish fear, but it clung to him like an omen.

And he died:—but not yet. A jovial supper was to crown the success of the play. While they waited for the hero, Booth, changing his dress, the young actress appears.

It is to be remembered that Lavinia had been the attendant of Ethel Churchill before the unexplained desertion and marriage of Courtenaye had nearly broken that gentle maiden's heart. Now, impelled by resistless feelings, he

Glanced around—no one was attending; and, in a hurried and agitated tone, he whispered—"For God's sake, do tell me something of Ethel—Miss Churchill, I mean?"

The girl looked at him earnestly and gravely, even reproachfully; but there was something in the true emotion of his manner that apparently touched her.

"Mr Courtenaye," answered she, in a voice even more guarded than his own, "I can tell you nothing that will, that ought to give you any satisfaction. It is a miserable vanity which delights in the affection it only sought to betray. I know how you sought to win that of my young mistress. Heaven is my witness, that I would not have left her could my stay have been either benefit or comfort. But Ethel Churchill's is no temper to soothe itself with words." . . . .

The loud ringing of the prompter's bell made her spring suddenly away.

But the love-lorn Ethel, and the angelic Constance—the secretly-adored mistress, and the unloved but deeply-pitied wife of Courtenaye—with all their hidden woes and heroic sacrifices, must be passed, to keep in sight a rarer growth of romance—a suffering man of letters. Walter was now lodged in the Temple. Miss Landon magnanimously confesses

A great disdain for the west end of the town. It belongs to the small, the petty, and the present. From Hyde Park Corner to Charing Cross, all is utterly uninteresting: then history begins. We have the feudal state in the gloomy and Gothic grandeur of Northumberland House; we pass along the Strand, where Jack Cade pursued his brief triumph—the prototype of every popular insurrection unbased on any great principle—sudden, cruel, and useless. We have the last fine speech of Lord Scales in our ears—

"Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?"

and the green solitude of the Temple garden is the very place to muse upon his words. We leave the crowded street behind: we linger for a moment beside the little fountain, the sweetest that

"Ever sang the sunny hours away,
Or murmured to the moonlit hours of love."

It is, I believe, our only fountain, and all the associations of a fountain are poetical. . . . . .

The whole history of England—and it is a glorious one—is called up at a glance. Westminster Abbey—the altar of the warrior, and the grave of the poet—sheds its own sanctity on the atmosphere; and yet to look beneath the still shadow of those stately trees, in the spiritual presence of the departed, life is as troubled and as anxious as elsewhere; the cares of to-day predominate, let the scenes around be what they may.

"I cannot help," said Walter Maynard, as he gazed, listlessly, from one of the upper windows, "reading my fate in one of those little boats now rocking on the tide, only fastened by a rope, scarcely visible to the passer by. So am I tossed on the ebbing tide of life—now in sunshine, now in shade—seemingly free, yet, in reality, fettered by the strong, though slight chain of circumstance. For a small sum, any passenger may enter that boat and direct its course; and here again is similitude. I am at the beck of others. I may scarcely think my own thoughts—they must run in whatever channel public taste may choose; and that puts me in mind how I promised Curl his pamphlet this very night. How weary I am of exhausting the resources of language in dressing up the vague commonplaces of party, or giving plausibility to sophisms I feel to be untrue! But it must be done;" and, muttering to himself,

"For inspirations round his head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,".

he drew his table towards him, and began to write.

The scene of his labours, and his own appearance, were much changed since his first lodging in London. Still, there was an air of careless discomfort in his room; nothing was in its place; books, foils, papers, and clothes, were scattered together, and a female mask lay beside his inkstand. He was fashionably dressed; but looked, as was really the case, as if he had not been in bed the previous night. His face was worn, and one red flush burnt on each cheek; though even that could scarcely animate the sunk and heavy eye. After a few minutes passed, first in writing, then in erasing what he had written, "It is of no use," said he, flinging down the pen, "I am not worth a single phrase; alas! I want motive—the mere necessity of exertion is not enough. Would that I could dream as I once dreamed! that I could still think fame the glorious reality I once held a whole life's labour would cheaply purchase! But what does it matter, whether there be a name or no on the tombstone that weighs down our cold ashes? Ah! I promised Marston his verses to-morrow. I sell my opinions—I may as well do the same with my sentiments." And again he drew the paper towards him.

At first, he wrote mechanically, and flung aside one sheet of paper, and then another; it was no longer the eager and impassioned writer, who, in his early composition, forgot want, cold, and misery; no, the real had eaten, like rust, into his soul. Last night's excess had left him weary and feverish; yet, of all shapes that temptation can assume, surely that of social success is the most fascinating.

This is almost too painful; and the picture is deepened, and becomes blacker, shade on shade, until we turn from it, for relief—turn from the exhausting studies, the debasing means of gaining bread—to the visit of Curl, the bookseller, and the light cast upon the production of party pamphlets, while Walpole reigned.

The outwardly brilliant career of the secretly miserable and ever-repining Lady Marchmont, occupies much of the second volume. Lady Mary is also still in play; and Walpole, his villa at Chelsea, his coarse habits, his low and his luxurious tastes, his sensualism, testiness, and shrewdness, are cleverly depicted. The reflections upon the character of Walpole and his age, lead us to the pleasing discovery that Miss Landon also is a sort of Radical, and a convert to the greatest-happiness principle, though probably unconscious that she is the disciple of Bentham or Godwin.

The union of philanthropy and of political science belongs to our own age: every hour the conviction is gaining ground, that happiness should be the object of legislation; and that power is given for responsibility, not for enjoyment. Power is a debt to the People: but as yet we walk with the leading-strings of prejudice, strong to confine the steps, which they never should attempt to guide. Let the child and the nation alike feel their own way; the very stumbles will teach not only caution, but their own strength to recover from them. There is a long path yet before us; but the goal, though distant, is glorious. The time may come when that intelligence which is the sunshine of the moral world, will, like the sunshine of the physical world, kindle for all. There will be no tax on the window-lights of the mind. Ignorance, far more than idleness, is the mother of all the vices; and how recent has been the admission, that knowledge should be the portion of all? The destinies of the future lie in judicious education; an education that must be universal, to be beneficial. The state of the poor in our country is frightful; and ask any one in the habit of coming in contact with the lower classes, to what is this distress mainly attributable? The answer will always be the same—the improvidence of the poor. But, in what has this improvidence originated?

In another place, Miss Landon makes a truthful comparison between the rich and poor. Let none of the former class lay the flattering unction to their souls, that the good and ill of physical life are equally balanced between the different orders of society.

It seems to me the veriest fallacy to say that the lots in life are weighed out in equal balances: the difference is very great—to the examiner, sad; and to the sufferer, bitter! Before we talk of equality of pain, which is, in

nine cases out of ten, only a selfish and indolent excuse for neglect, let us contrast a high and a low position together. On one side is protection, instruction, and pleasure; on the other is neglect, ignorance, and hardship. Here, wants are invented to become luxuries; there, "hunger swallows all in one low want." Among the rich, body and mind are cultivated with equal watchfulness; among the poor, the body is left to disease and to decrepitude, and the mind to void and destruction. I grant that I speak of the two extremes; but it is the worst ill of social existence that there should be such extremes.

The child of the rich man sleeps in the silken cradle, his little cries are hushed by the nurse, whose only duty is to watch the progress of that tiny frame. The least illness, and the physician bestows on the infant heir the knowledge of a life; for every single patient benefits by all his predecessors. The child becomes a boy: Eton or Westminster, Oxford or Cambridge, have garnered for his sake the wisdom of centuries: he is launched into public life, and there are friends and connexions on either hand, as stepping-stones in his way. He arrives at old age: the arm-chair is ready, and the old port has been long in the cellars of his country-house, to share its strength with its master. He dies: his very coffin is comfortable; the very vault of his ancestors is sheltered; a funeral sermon is preached in his honour; and escutcheon and marble tablet do their best to preserve his memory.

Take the reverse of the picture. The infancy of the poor child is one of cries, too often of blows: natural affection has given way before the iron pressure of want. The old proverb, that, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," is true in a far more general sense than the one in which it is generally applied. They have the floor for a bed; the scant and mouldering remnant of food for dinner; the cold hearth where the wind blows in the snow;—these physical sufferings react on the moral world, they deaden and embitter the sweetest of our feelings. The parent half loves, half loathes, the child that takes the bread from his own mouth; and the child looks on that as tyranny which is only misery. It learns to fear before it learns to love.

Suppose such a childhood past: it has escaped disease; no chance chill has distorted the youthful limbs; they have, at least, health to begin life. The poor man has nothing more than his strength. God's best gifts lie dormant within him: the chances are that he cannot read even the holy page, that, at least, holds out the hope of a less miserable world. He has not that mental cultivation which alone teaches us what are our resources, and how to husband or to exert them. He knows only how to labour, and that not in the most serviceable manner to himself. He does not, even when he can, which is rare enough, lay by for the future, because he has never been accustomed to reflect. Life has for him no future. Perhaps he takes to drinking; and it is easy, with half-a-dozen different kinds of French wines on the table, the claret purple beside the golden sherry, to say a thousand true and excellent things on the crime of excess. If the gentleman refrains, it is from a moral restraint the poor man has never been taught to exercise; and what does the poor man drink to avoid?—cold, hunger, perhaps bodily pain—always bodily weariness.

Old age comes on, feeble, and often premature; when his place of refuge is a straw pallet, where, if his family keep him, it is an act of Roman virtue, the very devotion of duty and affection; for even the old man's morsel must be taken from their own. But the workhouse is the ordinary resting-place before the grave; and there human selfishness takes its most revolting aspect; there life has not left one illusion, one affection: all is harsh, cold, revolting, and unnatural. The difference that began in the cradle continues to the tomb. The bare coffin, a few boards hastily nailed together, is flung into the earth; the service is hurried over, the ground trodden down, and the next day the children are playing upon the new grave, whose tenant is already forgotten. So much for the equality of human existence.

But the *fêts* of to-day belonged to a different order of things. Luxury, aided by refinement, gave every grace to the external world at least.

Have we not cause to rejoice that such things have forced their way into fashionable novels, poetry, and annuals?—that the refined and the gifted of the softer sex have become the preachers of humanity?—The scenes in which the cold, pompous, inane Lord Marchmont, is brought out in dramatic contrast with his proud and generous-minded wife—the dead carcass bound to the living spirit—are also effective, and prepare the reader for a catastrophe which requires softening and preparation. Henrietta hears that her uncle, Sir Jasper, is dying, and sets off to him, in defiance of her husband. Lord Marchmont's character is cleverly unfolded by one stroke:—

"She must be mad," exclaimed he, "to go without consulting me, and without my permission."

"Her Ladyship thought, perhaps, that you would overtake her," said one of the attendants.

"She thought very wrong, then," said Lord Marchmont, pettishly; "she may go on her wild-goose chase alone; I am not going half over the country on such a night as this. Why, it rains in torrents!"

The idea that her presence might prevent Sir Jasper from alienating any part of his property on his death-bed, completely reconciled the husband.

"It is as well that Henrietta is on the spot; at all events, if she had staid till to-morrow, I must have accompanied her; now, that will be perfectly needless." He then allowed his valet to help him on with his dressing-gown; and, leaning back in the large well-cushioned chair, looking the very picture of luxurious ease, said, "I shall have a bottle of the old Burgundy, and tell Chloe he must exert himself to send me up some slight *chef-d'œuvre* for supper. I am sure that one needs something, after so much annoyance."

Sir Jasper died, and the grief of Henrietta is aggravated tenfold by one idea perpetually recurring, "There is no one to love me now!" While in this depressed and irritable condition, a letter from her husband fell under her eye.

Its cold, commonplace civility fretted her very heart. Impatiently, she tore it into fragments, and flung it in the fire. "And this is the man," exclaimed she, with a bitter laugh, "to whom I am united for my life: my inferior in every way—mean, shallow, heartless—I despise him too much for hatred!"

She remains lingering for weeks in complete solitude, around her uncle's grave, or in his laboratory. The following scene may be thought overstrained and exaggerated. It is, however, highly dramatic, and, as preparatory to the awful *denouement*, already darkly shadowed, of thrilling interest. Each of the chapters of this work is preluded by a snatch of original, and generally beautiful verse, in the manner of the author of "Waverley," with his imaginary old dramatists. The laboratory scene is thus introduced:—

'Tis a fair tree, the almond-tree: there Spring
Shews the first promise of her rosy wreath;
Or e'er the green leaves venture from the bud,
Those fragile blossoms light the winter bough
With delicate colours, heralding the rose,
Whose own Aurora they might seem to be.
What lurks beneath their faint and lovely red?
What the dark spirit in those fairy flowers?
'Tis death!

The night was unusually dreary as, for the last time, Henrietta sat listening to the wind that moaned, in fitful intervals, round the ancient house. There was not an other sound; she seemed the only creature alive in the world, so profound was the quiet, and so dreary. The red gleams of the wood fire flickered over the black wains-

cot, in fantastic combinations; the long shadows from the lamp fell dark upon the floor; and the window, whose curtains were still undrawn, looked out upon a sky covered with heavy clouds, from whence the wan and misty moon sometimes emerged, but oftener only indicated her presence by a dim white ring, amid the dusky vapours.

Henrietta kept wandering to and fro like a disturbed spirit; now watching the shelves, covered with dusty volumes, now gazing on the different articles, scattered in the same confusion as when Sir Jasper last used his laboratory. On a small table, drawn close to his arm-chair, lay opened a large book, which Henrietta stopped, every now and then, in her troubled walk, to read.

"It may easily be done!" muttered she; and her fine features set with an expression of stern determination. Again she read the passage that had riveted her attention; and, rising from her seat, carried the still open volume, and laid it on a slab by the furnace in the laboratory: it was a celebrated treatise on poisons, written in the fifteenth century. The grate was laid with charcoal, to that she put a light, and then, as if she had forgotten something, hurried to the library, and carefully locked the door. First returning to see that the fire had kindled, she then went to the window, which, with the first gleam of moonlight, she cautiously unclosed, and stepped into the shrubbery. A small drizzling rain was beginning to fall, but she heeded it not; and, approaching a tree that stood near, began to gather the green fruit with which its branches were thickly covered. Any one who had seen, might have been pardoned for believing, from that hour, in supernatural appearances. Her tall figure was wrapped in a loose white robe, and her long black hair hung down to her waist, already glistening with the raindrops. The moonlight fell directly on her face, whose features seemed rigid as those of a statue, while the paleness was that of a corpse; but the large gleaming eyes, so passionate and so wild, belonging to life—life, racked by that mental agony, life, and human life, only knows.

It was an almond-tree beneath whose boughs she stood. A few weeks since, they had been luxuriant with rosy blossoms—fragile and delicate flowers, heralds most unsuited to the bitter fruit. The almond was now just formed in its green shell; and of these Henrietta gathered a quantity, and bore them into the library in the skirt of her dress. She then sat down by the fire, and carefully separated the stone from the pulp, which she burnt; and her next task was to extract the kernel, which she did by means of a heavy pestle and the hearth. The kernels were next crushed together, and placed to simmer over the furnace.

The charm works, the hell-broth is brewed, and from that moment a vague but yet fearful and guilty purpose agitates the bosom of the wretched wife. And yet—

Lady Marchmont was now in the most brilliant hour of her life; her reputation for beauty, wit, and fashion, was firmly established. Her very caprices were pronounced charming; her slightest phrase was called a *bon-mot*; wherever she went, she was followed and flattered; and her whole existence seemed made up of praise and pleasure. With all this, there was that perpetual fever of the heart which broke out sometimes in petulance, sometimes in sarcasm; all admitted that her Ladyship was very unequal, but very brilliant; and even her rudeness passed only for "pretty Fanny's way."

. . . . . .

In her husband there was not one redeeming point:

"The head was vacant, and the heart was cold."

His lovely and neglected wife was in the most painful and the most dangerous situation for a woman. Only her vanity was cultivated; the mind had no employ, and the affections were left to waste.

The issue may easily be divined. Yet we can scarcely forgive Henrietta being made the dupe of so vain a coxcomb and shallow profligate, as Sir George Kingston. He is the handsomest and most fashionable man of the time—a patron, too, of poets and artists—who, by a bold and felicitous invention, is made to employ the pen of Walter Maynard in keeping up his gallant correspondence with the unnamed Lady Marchmont. There ought to have been qualities in the understanding, instincts in the womanly heart of Henrietta, ever pining for affection, to have penetrated the real character of her admirer, and to have preserved her noble nature from subjugation to the arts of so abject and despicable a being. The reader could have forgiven her unsanctified passion, but not the base character of its object.

From a magnificent banquet given by Walpole to the Queen and the chosen of the nobility, where Henrietta, the star of the night, receives the gallant homage of the most accomplished and admired gentleman of the period—the ignorant, presumptuous, and thoroughly unprincipled and unmanly Kingston—we turn to the obscure lodging where the young poet, now the *hack* of the booksellers, is plying his sickening task:—

"How beautiful she looked! but how pale!" exclaimed Walter Maynard, who had seen Miss Churchill, the night before, at the theatre; "and she is not married yet! Is it possible that she can know what it is to have the heart feed upon itself?—to dream, but not to hope? Has she found out the bitter mockery of this weary life, whose craving for happiness is only given that it may end in disappointment? But what is this to me? I must be gay—be witty: the points are not yet thrown into the dialogue in the second act. I wish I could remember some of the things I said last night; but, alas! the epigrams uttered over champagne, are like the wreaths the Egyptians flung on the Nile, they float away, the gods alone know whither. Nevertheless, I must be very brilliant this morning—brilliant, with this pain in my head, and this weight at my heart." And he drew a sheet of paper towards him.

At first, he wrote slowly and languidly; but what had been a passion was now a power, and he soon obtained mastery over his subject. The light flashed in his eyes, the crimson deepened in his cheek; and, tearing the first page, he now began to write rapidly and earnestly.

Exhausted, he throws aside his pen, and gives way to bitter regrets and passionate longings, until he drops asleep.

Lavinia Fenton, the saucy, coquettish actress, we conceive one of the best-drawn and most original characters among the numerous *dramatis personæ*. Another, even more delicately touched, is Lord Norbourne; but him we may leave to the reader. Here is Polly:—

Walter had slept for about half an hour when there came a low rap at the door; this did not disturb him: and the applicant, who had a key that fitted the lock, opened, and came in without further ceremony. It was Lavinia Fenton, gaily but richly dressed; the world had gone well with her. She took off her mask and laid it on the table, together with a small basket; and, looking around, saw Walter asleep on the sofa. She bent over him for a few minutes with an expression of anxiety and tenderness which, for the time, quite subdued the expression of her bold, though fine features. Sleep shewed the change that a few months had wrought. The soft brown hair was damp, and the dew stood on the white forehead, where the blue veins were azure as a woman's. You saw the pulses beat in the clear temples, and the chest heaved with the quick throbbing of the heart. The cheek was flushed with rich unnatural crimson; but both around the mouth and eyes hung a faint dark shadow, the surest

herald of disease. The hand, too, how white and emaciated it was! yet with a feverish pink inside.

The girl leaned over him—vain, coquettish, selfish; the degradation inevitable from her position lowering even more a nature not originally of fine material; yet one spot in her heart was generous and even pure. She loved him. Had she been beloved again, her whole being would have changed; for his sake she would have done anything, and could have become anything. Lavinia was clever; a coarse, shrewd kind of cleverness, quick to perceive its own interest, and unscrupulous in pursuing it. She had no delicacy, no keen feelings that got in her way. She had made great progress on the stage, was a favourite with the public, and, if not happy, was at all events, often very well amused. Still her heart clung to Walter: she knew that he loved another, that the connexion between themselves was rather endured than solicited on his part; still she had for him a careful and disinterested tenderness, that half redeemed her faults—at least, it shewed that all of good and feminine kindliness was not quite extinct within her. She leaned over him, while her eyes filled with tears.

"He is dying," muttered she, in a low whisper; "he has too little of this world in him to last long in it." And she buried her face in her hands.

But it was no part of Lavinia's system to fret long over anything: she was too selfish—perhaps we should say, too thoughtless—for prolonged sorrow. Life appeared to her too short to be wasted in unavailing regret. It is the creed of many beside our young actress. She rose softly from her knee, flung back the hair that had fallen over her face, dashed aside the tears, and muttered, "It is that he has not been in bed all night." She then began to make preparations for breakfast, took the fruit and cream from her basket; and it was the fragrant smoke of the coffee that roused Walter from his sleep.

It was curious to note the difference between the two whom circumstances had so thrown together; those circumstances, all that was in common to them. Lavinia—shrewd, careless, clever; ready to meet any difficulty, however humiliating, that might occur; utterly without principle; confident in that good fortune which she scrupled at no means of attaining—was the very type of the real. Walter was the ideal—generous, high-minded, clear in perception; but sensitive, even weak, in action; or, rather, too apt to imagine a world full of lofty aims and noble impulses, and then fancying that was the world in which he had to live.

. . . . . .

"So all my improvement in your heroine was thrown away upon you. I thought how it would be, when I saw Miss Churchill in the stage-box."

It was long since Walter had heard her name, and the sound jarred upon his ear; it brought the real too harshly amid the delusions with which he delighted to surround her image.

"Well," continued Lavinia, "life is just like a comedy, only it does not end so pleasantly; but it has just as many cross purposes. Here I am in love with you, who care only for Miss Churchill; she, again, loves Mr Courtenaye, and he loves only himself, as far as I can make out."—"Do choose some pleasanter subject," exclaimed Maynard.—"Oh, then I must talk of myself: I cannot think of a pleasanter one," said she. "Do you know that I have made a brilliant conquest?—one that half the fine ladies in London are dying for."—"I congratulate you," replied her companion.

At that moment a slow, heavy step was heard on the stairs. Walter caught the sound before his companion heard it.

"For Heaven's sake!" whispered he, "be silent. There is that eternal dun again. I shall pay him next week, when that cursed pamphlet is done. But the door is closed, so are the windows; if he hears nothing, he will think I am not at home."

The actress put her finger upon her lip; and so susceptible is an imaginative temperament of outward impression, that, for a moment, Walter forgot everything but how well the pretty attitude and the arch look would have told on the stage. But a loud single knock at the door recalled him to the full humiliation of his position. The colour rushed to his face, and then left him deadly pale, while he held his breath lest it should betray him. The young actress was at first inclined to laugh; but there was a wretchedness in the expression of Maynard's countenance which subdued even her reckless gaiety; knock after knock sounded heavily upon the door, still heavier did they sink on his spirit who sat crouching and miserable within.

Lavinia would have discharged the debt; but this the pride of Walter will not permit. He learns that her new admirer is Sir George Kingston, and congratulated her on having gained a heart for which so many were trying:—

"I am sure," cried the young actress, "I never said anything about a heart; I very much doubt whether a man like Sir George Kingston has one. He is excessively vain; and, having lived all his life in society, to society he looks for the gratification of his vanity. He has but one object in existence—to be talked about; for this he devotes himself to the reigning beauty; for this he rides the finest horses and gives the best dinners; for this he has furnished his house in Spring Gardens in the most splendid manner; and for this he will take me, to be the prettiest piece of furniture there!"

"I have heard he is very clever," said Walter.

"He is no such thing," replied Lavinia; "but he desires to be thought so. I believe, what first made him talk to me was, that he might say my good things somewhere else. As for liking me, he cares no more for me than I do for these currants!" scattering a bunch over her place as she spoke; "and yet you will see what influence I shall exercise over him. A man who leads his sort of life, must be subject to *ennui*; he will require to be amused, and I am amusing; it is my business. Moreover, he is vain, and I shall flatter him—the more coarsely the better."

"I begin to believe," muttered her companion, "that what is called delicate flattery, is an absurdity."

"You should lay it on," resumed she, "as we do paint on the stage; it is quantity that tells. But I have, also, another hold on Sir George; I shall do all sorts of absurd and outrageous things, and they will gratify his darling propensity—they will make him talked of!"

"Lavinia!" exclaimed Maynards, suddenly and earnestly, "have you a grain of feeling?"

"It is well for you, Walter, to ask that," answered the girl, her whole face changing, and her words half choked by strong emotion.

This is worth a hundred of the lackadaisical love-scenes of common romances.

In the meanwhile, the flushed imagination of Henrietta is luxuriating in all the fluttering tenderness of young, timid love, upon the idea of the profligate gallant whom the shrewd Lavinia saw through, duped, and despised. From her fond poetic dreams and flattering illusions, we are led to the dressing-room of the London exquisite of the reign of the Second George, where Courtenaye introduces Walter to his intended patron:—

The church clock struck two, an example followed, during the next quarter of an hour, by half a dozen time pieces, as Courtenaye and his companion entered the room where Sir George Kingston, half dressed, half lounged, the morning away. The walls were hung with damask, of a rich India red; he used to contend that pale colours were a mistake in a sombre atmosphere like that of England.

"Very well to subdue the glowing noon of Italy with your cold sea-green, but here we need a little interior crimson, to remind us that there is such a thing as warmth in the world."

Several pictures, all representing human and beautiful life, hung round; and china and toys, that a lady might have envied, were scattered about. The windows looked

over the park, and were filled with exotics; while panes of coloured glass threw rainbow gleams of coloured light over the alabaster vases, and one or two exquisite statues. The breakfast-table was drawn to the open casement; and, in the large arm-chair beside, was Lavinia, dressed fancifully, somewhat over richly for the morning, but looking both picturesque and handsome. Sir George was thrown, at full length, on the sofa; a small table, covered with books, drawn close towards him; among which, the plays, poems, and pamphlets of Maynard were conspicuous.

"Punctual to the moment!" exclaimed he: "what a bad heart, Courtenaye, you must have! I can understand no other motive for a man's being punctual, but a desire of putting all the rest of the world to shame."

"I had no such magnificent motive," replied Norbourne, smiling; "my only one was to introduce Mr Maynard to you."

"I can forgive punctuality in such a cause," said Sir George, with his most courteous manner; "but I rather feel," glancing at the table, "as if I were renewing my acquaintance with an old friend, than making a new one."

Walter could not but feel gratified by such a reception.

"I need not," continued his host, "present you to the Lavinia, she being your own especial creation. Pray, did you make your 'Coquette' for her?"

"Say, rather," interrupted the actress, "that I made it for him. But that reminds me that our parts are to be cast in the new opera to-day: mine is to be all sweetness and simplicity!"

She hurried away; and the courtly Sir George was left alone with his new secretary, whom he loaded with compliments and flattery, following his rule with all men as well as women whom he wished to gain. Sir George had only three love affairs at this time on his hands; and the most troublesome and gratifying to vanity, the *grande passion*, that for Lady Marchmont, was to be committed to the secretary:—

He opened an embroidered portfolio; and, from its perfumed depths, took out a letter, which he began to read aloud. Involuntarily, Walter became interested; there was an earnest sadness, and a poetry about it, which spoke no common writer.

The motive which fixes Walter to his dishonourable task, was pride of art. He knew not whom he addressed; and the love-letter soon became mere matter of composition. Sir George approved his labours; and Walter congratulated himself that, in the morning without bread, he had now a luxurious home and a fixed salary. The effect of these beautiful letters confirms the power of Sir George over the unfortunate Henrietta. Two exquisite stanzas prefixed to the chapter, tell her fond regrets, her future destiny:—

"We might have been!—these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
They are the echo of those finer chords
Whose music life deplores when unavailing.—
We might have been!"

Then we have distrust, misunderstanding, a masked ball at Lady Townsend's, (Lady Mary's Dolly Walpole, of the lilies and milk of roses,) and a discovery made by Lord Marchmont of his wife's correspondence with Kingston. He returns home, breaks up her desk, and reads—

"You say that you despise your husband, that but for dislike you would forget his very existence: your high and generous nature avenges itself. It could have no sympathy with the true or the noble if it sympathised with him. The great fault of his character must be its extreme littleness. There is not room for the warm blood to circulate, for the loftier emotion to expand. You—so sensitive, so high-minded!—what can you have in common with him?"

The rustle of Henrietta's dress drew his attention; he looked up, and saw her standing, pale and motionless, on the threshold.

"You are earlier than I expected, madam," exclaimed he, starting up, and leading, or rather dragging, her forward, "considering in what agreeable society I left you! I am sure my house is much honoured by your return; but you do not stay here long: I have a great mind to turn you into the streets to-night."

Henrietta felt sinking, but she did not faint; the worst was come, and there was that in herself which seemed to rise to meet it. In a better cause, what fortitude, what endurance, would have belonged to her nature! even humiliated, self-convicted as she felt, her native pride could not quite desert her. Still, the blood curdled at her heart, the lip trembled; but it could not yet force itself to speak.

We leave the rest of the matrimonial dialogue to the reader.

Walter soon began to dislike his new master and his new employment. On the evening of the masked ball, sick of himself and of all existence, marvelling that he had ever written, and sure that he never could write again, he is roused by the entrance of Lavinia, whose society he had carefully avoided.

"My cold is so bad to-night," said she, "that I cannot venture out; and, not knowing what to do with myself, I came to see if I could find amusement here. I have found you, and that is better than nothing."

"I was just thinking," replied Walter, "that I was worse than nothing."

The dialogue, revealing the shrewd, worldly experience of Polly, the future Duchess, and the romance of the poet, is thus ended:—

"And yet," exclaimed Walter, "what a delicious and a precious trust is that affection which yields its sweetest hopes to your keeping! you are in the place of destiny, to the woman who loves you."

"Do you know, Walter, that, though I know what you are saying is great nonsense," interrupted Lavinia, "I cannot help liking you for the deep, true feeling, you carry into everything. Still, even you only confirm me in my creed; the warm emotion, the generous faith, only place you in the power of others, and power is what we all abuse. You, with your kind heart, your lofty talents, are you happy?"

"Oh, you know I am not!" exclaimed Walter. "I feel that I shall never be what I have powers to become: I cannot make the future my home, as I used to do."

"A most unsubstantial one!" cried the actress: "give me the praise that rings upon the ear—the applause that comes over the foot-lights." . . . .

"The more I see of the world," continued Lavinia, sipping her bohea from a little china cup, that might have served Titania, "the more I am convinced that the principles with which I set out in life are the only ones to get on with. You ought to refer everything to yourself—be your own idol. If a lover ruins himself for your amusement, you ask, what better could he have done with his fortune? If, by any odd chance, he was to do—what they all talk of doing—die for your sake! well, it is quite charming to be paid such an unusual compliment. It is curious to note, after all, that people take you very much on your own estimate! Modesty is only a proof of merit in 'Gay's Fables:' generally, it is taken as tacit acknowledgment that you have nothing of which to be proud. My motto of '*je m'adore*,' is only what I expect."

"Well, the exaggeration is pleasant enough," answered Maynard, smiling.

"It is truer than you like to admit. What makes Sir George Kingston—so false, so insolent to others—a com-

plete slave to my caprices? Only because I do not care for him! He knows I should only laugh at his desertion; and he would not like to be the one who was left, which he knows I should do for the first thwarted whim."

"And yet this man," muttered Walter, "can inspire deep and devoted attachments!"

"Not he! of all the letters in my possession, only one set convey to me the idea of real affection; and, odd enough, it is you who have inspired it! You know the correspondence you have been carrying on for Sir George."

"I do," said Walter, colouring, "and heartily am I ashamed of it! Now, I know him: I must and will put an end to it!"

"She says," continued Lavinia, "'But for your letters, I should never have known you: therefore, never have loved you as I do!' but read for yourself," tossing one to him; "if Lady Marchmont's letters have touched even me, what effect will they take upon you!"

"Lady Marchmont!" cried Walter, in the most utter astonishment; "is it to Lady Marchmont that I have been writing?"

"To be sure it is!" replied the other: "did you not know it?"

"Sir George," said he, "never mentioned the name."

"It was sheer carelessness on his part, then," continued Lavinia, "for I am sure that he has no delicacy in the matter. I remember Lady Marchmont as if it were but yesterday—so beautiful, so proud! where would her pride be, if she could know that her letters were in my hands? And yet they might be in worse; for I, at least pity her!"

The part of the indignant Walter is at once taken; and Lavinia, who, on witnessing his emotion, is at first piqued and jealous, gives him up the whole of Lady Marchmont's letters, saying—

"I shall tell Sir George that I sent them to their right owner in a fit of jealousy, and he will only be flattered!"

. . . . . .

"I do pity her!" exclaimed Lavinia, as she went slowly up stairs; "the very humiliation of the letters being restored, is quite punishment enough, even for loving Sir George Kingston. It is the idol of her own fancy that she loves, not him!"

Henrietta is still in the agony following the interview with her husband, when Walter is announced to her near midnight, his entrance effected by an old domestic who had known him as the protegé of Sir Jasper. Admitted to her presence—

Some instinct told Walter that she was suffering—and he was come to add to it; still, the sooner what he had to say was said, the better, and he was the first to break silence.

"Lady Marchmont," said he, "will pardon an intrusion dictated by anxiety on her account. Will she permit me to place these letters in her own keeping?"

Henrietta looked at them with a bewildered air; she knew them at once; for they were only kept together by a riband. A terrible fear rushed across her mind; was Sir George ill?—was he engaged in a duel? The idea of some danger to him was the only one that presented itself.

"Did he—did Sir George Kingston," asked she, faintly, "send no message, when he sent these letters?"

"He did not send them!" replied her visiter.

A deep flush, for one moment, suffused her neck, arms, face—even to the very temples—as she exclaimed, "How did they come into your possession?"

The situation altogether is one of thrilling power. Here, before the proud Henrietta, the deceived, scorned, humiliated woman, he stood whom she had really loved—"pale, earnest, with the same dark and eloquent eyes as when they used to kindle with light over the creations of old poets"—stood telling such a tale! The terrible and highly-wrought scenes which follow, we can neither explain nor copy. It is enough that the wife poisons her husband in the stewed mushrooms which, even on this trying night, he had ordered for his solace, and summons her lover, late as it is, to the rendezvous he had often solicited. There is something Shakspearian in the murderess in thought, while gazing on the park from the balcony of her chamber, hoarsely whispering—"*Will he come?*"

Before the assignation could be held—before indeed, Sir George received her note, and the key which was to open her door—another account was to be settled; for the indignant explanation of Walter Maynard with his insolent, worthless employer, provoked a duel, which was fought on the instant in the park. Upon this rencontre, the actress breaks in, and fully supports her inimitable character, sarcastically upbraids and *cuts* her keeper, and carries away the wounded Walter in her coach. Sir George, as day began to break, hastens to obey Lady Marchmont's flattering summons, found on his table; while, still clenching her hands together, she stands, whispering—"*Will he come?*" The scene, which, worked up by the skill and power of the writer, makes a fearful impression, must seem abrupt and revolting, when we simply tell that to Sir George Kingston the second dose of the long-treasured poison is administered. All fashionable London is next day alarmed, by hearing that Lord Marchmont is found dead in his bed, and that Sir George Kingston had mysteriously died in crossing the park to his own house—died alone and in agony by the common pathway, like a dog. The scene of his death, when shocked by the sudden sight of the corpse of Marchmont, he retires in horror from the chamber of anticipated dalliance, to find the poison working in his veins, is too long drawn out for one so painful—too full, we think, of merely physical horror—too much of a stage death.—Lady Marchmont, though nursed and comforted by Ethel, goes mad, and remains in a state of confirmed insanity. She does not die—for her death,

"'Twere time enough hereafter;"—

and the actress is by the bed-side of Walter.

A pawnbroker's shop affords Miss Landon another opportunity of moralizing upon the unequal lot of life in mighty London:—

We are seated, perhaps leaning in an easy chair, our feet on the fender, doing nothing, or some light work, which is only an amusement; our meals have gratified not only hunger, but taste; we are under the pressure of not one single want; and yet, within an hundred yards from our door, there is a wretch dying of cold and hunger.

The starving actress obtains a trifle for her ornaments at the pawnbroker's, and hurries away to Walter.

The rain poured in torrents, and she was wet through before she arrived at the door of the small inn in the city, which was her destination.

"I must dry myself," said she, approaching the kitchen fire, "before I go into his room." She took off her cloak, wrung the rain from her long and dripping hair; and while doing so, caught sight of herself in the small piece of glass which, put like a slate into a wooden frame, hung on a nail.

"I have forgotten to wipe off my rouge," muttered she,

"a pretty figure I look, with these red streaks." She took her handkerchief and removed the stains; then you saw that the cheek was pale and hollow. She stood before the fire for some time, though every gesture betrayed her impatience. When the landlady came in, she called her, and placed in her hands a small sum of money. This is last week's bill!"

The woman half hesitated to take it, but she was very poor herself; as she took it she said, with great kindness, "I have been sitting with him, but he is very bad to-night!"

Lavinia started! "I am quite dry, the damp can do him no harm now;" so saying, she hurried up the narrow staircase to a small room, where, on a wretched bed, lay Walter Maynard!

There was the end of all his glorious fancies—of all his lofty aspirations. The poetry, which had so often made real life seem like a dream, had now reached its last dark close. Never more would the voice of the charmer, Hope, reach his ear, charm she never so wisely. Poor, neglected, and broken-hearted, Walter Maynard was dying.

The scene that follows, is among the most pathetic in the volumes. Walter, in recalling the splendid hopes and visions of his youth—of his ambition and his love—refers to Ethel, saying—

"Even now her sweet face swims before me; methinks that I would give worlds to gaze upon it once again; to carry the image into eternity with me!"

A very peculiar expression crossed Lavinia's face, and she rose from her seat; her movement recalled Walter from his temporary abstraction.

"You are not going yet?" asked he; for now he clung, like a sick child, to the presence of his kind attendant.

"I am going," replied she, "earlier to-day, that I may come back the sooner; the rehearsal will be very short; and now, dear Walter, try and compose yourself."

"You are very, very kind," said he, in broken accents; and, after placing water and a restorative medicine near him, the actress left the room. She left the chamber of death and of desolation, to rehearse the jests of a comedy.

The generous Lavinia immediately sought her lovely rival; she found Ethel reading Walter's poems.

"Ah!" said Lavinia, "you have been reading his works; he will write no more beautiful verse to you—he is dying—dying, too, in miserable want!"—"My God!" cried Ethel, springing from her seat, "let us go to him! What can we do? Let me find my grandmother."

Ethel instantly accompanied the actress. Courtenaye had also discovered the retreat of Walter, who dies, restoring the hand of *The Bride* to her early lover. For the honour of womanhood, it is but proper to add, that Ethel had already rejected the suit of her false swain, the husband of the lost Constance; but now the mysterious cause of his estrangement had been explained by the remorseful mother, to whose selfish pride he had sacrificed his happiness.

The main fault of this romance, as a work of art, is exuberance and restlessness. The reader finds no repose—no quiet, breathing intervals, occupied with dull dialogue or tame retrospect. One brilliant character, one agitating scene, rapidly succeeds another; while the rich materials of at least three romances are profusely heaped up, in description, sentiment, striking situations, and subtle analysis of passion and motive.

At present, "Ethel Churchill" is, out of sight, Miss Landon's most artistical work, none of her poetry excepted. She has poured into it the rich treasury of long-brooding thought, of ripened experience, a deeper pathos, and more sustained and expansive imagination than can be traced in any of her earlier compositions. But if, at present, her most brilliant achievement, we entertain the hope that "Ethel Churchhill" will not always remain her most *perfect* work; and that we shall, from the same pen, have something more cheerful, serene, and temperate; and, with as much of the romance and poetry of life, a freer mingling of its sober, household virtues, every-day trials, and quiet enjoyments.

So much of our space has been occupied with this fascinating romance, that Mr Bulwer's "Ernest Maltravers," and the other novels, must be delayed for the present.

Both Miss Landon and Mr Bulwer exalt literature and its influences in these works. They are apostles, and magnify their office.

TO MADELINE.

"She was full
Of the romance of girlhood. The fair world
Was like an unmarred Eden to her eye."
N. P. Willis.

Thine eye is turned to heaven, thine earnest gaze
Is fixed on the blue sky, which smiles above;
And thy young heart is smiling through thine eyes—
Thy young warm heart, so full of trusting love—
Bounding with hope, and happiness, and glee,
Yet wild and changeful as a summer sea.

Where are thy thoughts? Art thou communing now
With Nature's deep and silent mysteries?
Has she unfolded to thy spirit's view
The countless wonders of the earth and skies?
Or art thou dreaming *now* of future years,
Unconscious of their bitterness and tears?

Or are thy thoughts already of the past,
Calling up visions from the silent dead?
Are strange low voices echoing in thine ear,
Telling of banished hopes, of pleasures fled?
Ah no! thy heart is far too fresh, too young—
Its fitful history has scarce begun.

It cannot be—thy dreams are not of grief.
E'en though a shade of *thought* is on thy brow,
The flush of hope and joy is on thy cheek;
And in thy soft deep eyes is gladness now.

Would I could guard thy heart from future pain,
That thou mightst never feel that hope is vain!
Word vainly uttered! Years will quickly come,
Bringing a weight of bitterness and wo,
To quench the brightness of thy spirit's tone,
Long ere thy race of life is run below.
The smoothest path is a wild waste of gloom—
A sad, a fearful race; its goal, the tomb!

Yet art thou happy, bright and gentle one,
In thy own fairy world of glorious dreams!
Nature's own child, thy sympathies
Are with her lakes, and rocks, and rushing streams;
And thine own sky is pure, and calm, and still,
Without one shadowing cloud of coming ill.

And love is round thee, smiling in thy home;
Affection's chain is twined around thee yet,
Fond, firm, and lasting, though some links are gone
Whose memory wakes a shadow of regret.
Long may Hope shed around thy path the spell
Of love and joy. Beloved friend, farewell!

Lelia.

A LECTURE ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT POETRY IS SELF-COMMUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE HULL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

YOUNG MEN!—Poets, it is said, know nothing. What, then, can they teach? Nothing, of course, if the saying is true; but, assuming to be teachers, they may choose subjects on which something may be said by people who know nothing; and in this way, I believe, much business is done. I may be wrong in my opinions on that something, or that nothing, which is called poetry; but I have endeavoured to be right; and what I shall say to you on this occasion is my own, or made such by reflection, for I take no man's opinions on trust. I come, then, to tell you what poetry is—not what that word is—for, not having learned Greek, I don't know; and, if I tell you anything about poetry but what you have already felt to be true, I am unfit to address you on the subject: for what is poetry—what can it be—but the heart speaking to itself? This principle of *earnest self-communion*—on which all composition purporting to be poetry must stand, or, wanting it, fall—I now purpose to elucidate and confirm by examples; because it has been asserted by a great philosopher,* that poetry has no fixed principles—as if anything could exist without them; because a great living poet,† whose example refutes his theory, declares, if I understand him, that poetry is distinguished from prose by being written in verse, or, in other words, that verse is essential to poetry; and because the history of modern poets, as such, is the history of the revival of poetry in Britain, their distinguishing characteristic being poetry, or earnest common sense—whereas, some of their predecessors often wrote that dullest commonplace which common sense laughs to scorn. Now, this effect must have had a cause; for, as the earth could not move an inch, as a watch could not go at all, in opposition to the indisputable will of God, as declared in his mechanical laws—so *only on the axis of its principle* can move the universe of poetry, representing the Most High in the heart of man.

When a poet, ceasing to commune with himself, addresses others, he may be eloquent, but he is no longer poetical, unless he forget his audience; and, in that case, he is addressing himself, and not others. I never read a poet, from John Milton to Robert Nicol, who does not, negatively or positively, exemplify the principle that poetry is self-communion. Almost every page of Byron's "Don Juan" exemplifies it in both ways, and the writings of Moore too often in one way only. I think I shall be able to shew you why it is, that some ostentatious men of the highest talent cannot write a word of genuine poetry, while honest, modest, unpretending men utter it to their hearts every day of their lives.

But I must now bespeak your merciful consideration. I am not an actor. I came to read, not to impersonate. Unluckily, too, or luckily perhaps, I am told, by my fireside critics, that I do not *read* poetry, but *sing* it to a bad tune. I can, however, give reasons for the faith that is in me. Why should rhymes be written, if they are not to be made sensible to the ear? It is hard to deprive the poet of his music, often the only thing the poor fellow has of his own.

"Glory to God, and to the Empress! Ismail is ours!" Thus wrote Suwarrow to his petticoated master. "Powers Eternal! such names mingled!" says Byron. "These are the most tremendous words, since Mene, Mene, Tekel, and Upharsin, that ever were written of swords." And who that remembers the impious dispatch, does not utter this sentiment in his soul? *It is true poetry.* But when Byron goes on to say, as he does immediately afterwards, "that what Daniel read is short-hand of the Lord's;" and "that Suwarrow wrote his dispatch as a polar melody, and set it," &c., he may be witty, but for a moment he ceases to be a poet, and becomes a mere vain man, seeking the applause of others, with a misgiving in his bosom that he does not deserve it. Not so, when he continues, "I will teach the *stones* to rise against earth's tyrants." He is then again a poet—he puts his head into his pocket, and lets his heart speak.

"When the dance gaed through the lighted ha'"—and, "though this lady was fair, and yon lady was braw, and that lady the toast of a' the town"—poor Burns said in his heart, "Ye are na Mary Morrison," the words he uttered were of the very essence of poetry, *because his heart spoke them to itself.*

When a husband, already widowed in soul, bends over the bed of the dying mother of his children, and, without uttering a single audible syllable, addresses to her every mournful and endearing epithet, his heart is conversing with itself—that is to say, with God, in the depths of our nature; and his feelings are poetry, because there can be no insincerity, no reserve about them, no possible misgiving, no starting back from the open arms of Truth. They are poetical as the reply to them—the last wordless *heart's look* of the dying.

Orators sometimes unconsciously become poets. O'Connell was a great poet when Stanley said to him, "I love Ireland as well as you do," and the "man of men," pausing a moment, replied, "I check myself—I will not utter another burning word; he who *loves* Ireland, cannot hate *me*. Let our hearts shake hands."

There is a passage in one of Scott's novels, which finely exhibits the poetry of the heart,

* Adam Smith. † James Montgomery.

struggling with circumstance, and controlled by that feeling of deference which power and rank command: it is that passage in which Jeanie Deans implores the Queen of George II. to intercede with him for the life of her sister, Effie.

"'How did you travel up from Scotland, young woman?' said the Queen to Jeanie.

"'Upon my foot mostly, madam.'

"'What! all that immense way on foot! How far can you walk in a day?'

"'Five and twenty miles, and a bittock.'

"'I thought I was a good walker; but this shames me sadly.'

"'May your Leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' the limbs! I would have gone to the ends of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other man in his unhappy condition. He is dead, and gane to his place. But my sister—my poor sister Effie—still lives, though her days and hours are numbered. She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted old man, who never forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and that of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O Madam, if ye ever kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinful and suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can neither be called fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death. Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship!—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—and long and late may it be yours!—oh, my Leddy, then it is nae what we hae done for oursels, but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae interfered to save the poor thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the whole Porteous mob at the tail of a tow."

This is poetry and eloquence—the heart and the head—the soul's self-communion, and the mind addressing another.

Perhaps there is nothing in the world so poetical as the love of a mother for her child; it is altogether unreserved. Honesty is always poetical, because it is in earnest—it means what it says—it does what it has to do with its whole heart—in word and deed, it is sincere. And whoever inspects human nature closely, will find that the least trust-worthy is the least poetical of his acquaintance; because to him the love of the true, the beautiful, the good, if it visit him at all, is a bird of passage—it is seldom homed, never bosomed with him. Poetry, then, is sincerity *in earnest—impassioned* truth—*the heart*, not the head, *speaking to itself*. If you think I am wrong, read for yourselves the introductory lines of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which remarkably confirm my opinion; our second Shakspeare having entered into the feelings of his old bard, with all the heart's unreserve and self-forgetfulness.

But we will now ask the *dead who cannot die*, what two things differ more than the poetry of truth, and that of convention? "Here oft," says Burns—

> "Here oft, by sweet endearing stealth,
> Shall meet the loving pair,
> Despising worlds and all their wealth,
> As empty, idle care.
> The flowers shall vie, in all their charms,
> The hour of heaven to grace,
> And birks extend their fragrant arms,
> To screen the dear embrace.
> Here, haply, too, at vernal morn,
> Some musing bard may stray,
> And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
> And misty mountain grey."

Contrast, now, these simple lines with a far-famed passage from Moore:—

> "Now over Syria's land of roses
> Softly the light of eve reposes,
> And, like a glory, the broad sun
> Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
> Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
> And whitens with eternal sleet;
> While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
> Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

This description must have great merit of some sort, for it has been praised as far as our language is known; but, with the exception of one word from Milton, and another from Homer, it is not poetry, for it is not truth. The light of evening is light in transition, not in repose, for repose is rest. The remaining lines (though three of them, if they stood alone, are good) do not convey to my mind any adequate idea of a mountain older than death, frowning over the stern wildness of arid and sun-smitten regions, spread in immensity beneath and around. Moore was not writing from the heart, nor for it, when he compounded this description. It is precisely such a one as a man of extraordinary cleverness, without a single home-thought in his soul, or an atom of poetry in his nature, might have made to order, and per receipt and inventory. It is as pretty as if it had this moment been taken out of a French milliner's sample-box of artificial flowers, newly scented. But I do not like dead things, not even roses. If Moore's national melodies themselves are without vitality, and if the author of such things can conquer time, what writer need fear oblivion? I cannot help feeling, when I read his "Loves of the Angels," that, if it had been fashionable in his time for men to wear false hair and ribbons, he would have placed on the heads of his celestial dandies, periwigs of the most approved twizzle, and on each wing, a shoulder-knot of the best-bred pink and blue. I grant his inimitable instinct of versification; but the noblest poetry under heaven, in the prose of the Bible, laughs to scorn the rhymester's skill; and I contend that the versifying and the poetic power are fre-

quently found in inverse ratios to each other. The perusal of Moore's compositions, in prose and verse alike, is to me a humiliating task, like that of a full-grown man-child, listlessly seeking, in a box filled with moss, for pretty insects, not worth finding. How unlike him are earnest, conscientious Cowper, and fervid, intense, passion-souled, *all-hearted* Burns!

It is impossible, however, not to admire the elegance of the lines which, for two reasons, I have quoted from Moore. Many persons suppose that elegance is essential to the perfection of poetical composition; but, so far is this from being the case, that beauty itself is not essential to poetry, except inasmuch as beauty is truth. Poetry, like truth, is a common flower. God has sown it over the earth, like his daisies, sprinkled with tears or glowing in the sun, even as he places the crocus and the March frosts together, "and beautifully mingles life and death." Wherever there are hearts that can feel, it is found—in the budding rose and the fading leaf, in the palace and the cottage, in the workshop and the jail. Hearken, and I will recite to you a poem of God's making! But don't raise your expectations too high. It is only too true a tale of a young woman who became an inmate of a workhouse, after having known better days. She had saved from the wreck of her prosperity a silk gown, which she was allowed to keep locked in a box, and which she carefully examined every day. At the end of about three years, she was observed, with the gown in her hands, rushing from the place where it was usually deposited, and exclaiming, "O poor Jane! what wilt thou do?" She had discovered in the gown a failing thread. Nobody else could perceive it. Raising the gown in her trembling hands, she asked her companions in misfortune, if the thread would break. From that fatal day, she put the same question to every person who entered the workhouse. She put it to me, not many days before she died; for, whenever she could get out of the house, she wandered in the neighbouring lanes, muttering, in a whisper, "O poor Jane! what wilt thou do?" and if a passenger approached, she would look up earnestly in his face, and, placing her finger under the failing thread, ask him if it would break. "Will it break? Oh, *will* it break." Alas! it broke! And with it broke her heart. For the last link which bound her affections to the beautiful past, in which alone she lived, was broken; her sole dependence was a thread—and it failed! But the grave did not refuse her an asylum: she died, I am sorry to say, by her own hand. Now, though any workhouse could furnish incidents as affecting as these, let me not be told that, if no man had condescended to speak or write a word about them, they would not still have been, in principle, genuine poetry. How could they have been otherwise, written as they were and are, by our Almighty Father himself, on his tablet of the universe? Think you the record would perish, if it did not bear man's sign manual? Think you that God turns in disgust from the memorial of his desolate daughter's sufferings, to look on the blood-stained trophies of a Wellington, or the tawdry splendours of a Heliogabalus? No, no. When He required of her the failing thread, she had nothing left but Him and the grave; and He makes no erring estimate of the widow's mite, when, willingly or unwillingly, she casts into the treasury *all she hath*.

We have heard much of the dependence of poetry on style. But poetry is independent of *language* itself. The heart which a thread broke proves this. Indeed, that style which is called poetical, is by no means peculiar to verse; and, in prose and verse alike, nine times in ten, it is disjoined from poetry. To shew you that the poetry which has found words, depends not on style but on sentiment, allow me to quote from the New Testament a few words known to you all:—

"And, as Paul spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.'

"But *he* said, 'I am not *mad*, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for these things were not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.'

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian.' And Paul said, 'I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.'"

This, you will say, is prose; but I say it is dramatic poetry, the poetry of action. Now, it might be the *language* of action without being poetry, just as a prosaic lecture becomes dramatic without being poetical, if the audience loudly praise or loudly blame it; for, while they give the lecturer time to breathe by interrupting him, they dramatise his discourse, making it for the moment a part of themselves, and, though dead, a living thing. But, if the language of Paul might be that of action, without being poetry, what constitutes it poetry? The last three words—"except these bonds." Plainer words were never used; but they were spoken from the *heart*, by a man who had suffered injustice, a man whose wisdom was not derived from books, but *written on his heart* by the finger of God.

I hold in my hand a true poem, which the heart of an American bard has sent to mine, on the wings of the press, over 3000 miles of sea:—

"Come home!
Come to the hearts that love thee—to the eyes
That beam in brightness, but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherish'd Memory rears her altar's shrine!
Come to the hearth-stone of thy early days;
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays;
Come to the fireside circle of thy love!
Brother, come home!
It is not home without thee! the lone seat
Is still unclaim'd where thou wast wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list to what should herald thee.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of misery—
Brother, come home!"

But this true poem is not all poetry. It is least effective where most poetical, as the saying is. The fifth line is pompous nonsense. The eighth is not even head-work—it is elbow-work; a tailor might have forked it out of a dictionary with his bodkin. The words, "Brother, come home! it is not home without thee!" are worth all the rest of the poem—they are the poem; Shakspeare would have written *them* only.

Wordsworth declares, in his celebrated preface, that it is the business of poetry to represent the shows of things—not things as they are, but as they seem to be. Luckily, however, for him and us, his practice proves that it is the business of poetry to represent the realities of things, by speaking from the heart with all sincerity. But I will quote from him by and by; for, since I came into this town, a poem has been put into my hands by a gentleman present, which is full of home-truths, so affectingly real, that I think no person, after hearing it, can be in doubt as to what it is that constitutes poetry, and "passeth show."

LINES ON A STATUE OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

BY RICHARD LANE, ESQ.

I saw thee in thy beauty! Bright phantom of the past,
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last;
And, though years since have glided by of mingled bliss and care,
never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty! Thou wast graceful as the fawn,
When, in wantonness of glee, it sports along the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror—and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister at thy side—
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride;
I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes;
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with one hand among her curls—
The other with no gentle grasp had seized a string of pearls;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she smiled;
And I knew not which was loveliest—the mother or the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I press'd thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou couldst die:
My home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made,
But I only saw the sunshine, and felt alone the shade.

I *see* thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully!—but, oh, the change of eye—
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more—
Proclaim thee but a mockery of what thou wast before.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy *busy* little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry *dance* is over, and thy little *race* is run,
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quell'd her glance of pride;
The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap almost of widowhood conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladden'd then my home, fled with thy life away;
I see thee lying motionless upon th' accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both my eyes, and I can see no more.

The departure of Paul from Miletus, as related in the Acts of the Apostles, is genuine narrative poetry. What constitutes it such? Its earnest truth. I am not acquainted with any composition in prose or verse, that more beautifully illustrates the goodness of God, in the use of that great instrument of his mercy, pain. Is not labour His right hand? Are not all our virtues born of those necessities, *which He has not inflicted, but bestowed*? So thought he "who coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel, but laboured with his hands to support the weak; remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" "Ye know," said Paul, "from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you in all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility and with many tears; and how I kept back nothing that was profitable to you, but taught you publicly and from house to house. And now, behold! I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and affliction abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold! I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure; for I have not shunned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God. Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers; for I know this, that, after my departure, shall grievous wolves enter among you, not sparing the flock. Therefore watch, and remember that for the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you day and night with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel; ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that *so labouring* you ought to support the weak, and to remember

the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."

When I say that verse is not poetry, and that prose may be, I utter no paradox, nor have I any cause to gain, any battle to win; for poetry wins its own battles. This age, fertile in great poets, may not have produced one who is singly equal to Shakspeare; but it has produced two, whose joint merits are a counterpoise to Shakspeare's utmost worth—Scott, in characterisation and poetry; and Bulwer, in poetry, intellectuality, wit, and felicity of expression. The author of "Eugene Aram" is a great epic poet. His novels abound in poetry, that speaks, like Scott's, through the heart to the eye, and, like Dante's, to the inmost soul.

Take example from his "Rienzi," describing the page of that personage, hastening, too late, to beg the life of his father, whom he himself had, in ignorance, betrayed:—

"As one frantic, as one whom a fiend possesses or pursues, he rushed from the convent, he flew through the desolate streets. The death-bell came, first indistinct, then loud, upon his ear. Every sound seemed to him like the curse of God; on, on—he passed the more deserted quarter; crowds swept before him—he was mingled with the living stream—delayed, pushed back—thousands on thousands, around, before him. Breathless, gasping, he still pressed on—he forced his way—he heard not—he saw not—all was like a dream. Up burst the sun over the distant hills!—the bell ceased! From right to left he pushed aside the crowd; his strength was as a giant's. He neared the fatal spot. A dead hush lay like a heavy air over the multitude. He heard a voice as he pressed along, deep and clear—it was the voice of his father!—it ceased—the audience breathed heavily—they murmured—they swayed to and fro. On, on, went Angelo Villani. The guards of the senator stopped his way; he dashed aside their pikes—he eluded their grasp—he pierced the armed barrier—he stood on the Place of the Capitol. 'Hold, hold!' he would have cried—but his tongue clove to his lips. He beheld the gleaming axe—he saw the bended neck. Ere another breath passed his lips, a ghastly and trunkless face was raised on high—Walter de Montreal was no more!

"Villani saw—swooned not—shrunk not—breathed not!—but he turned his eyes from that lifted head, dropping gore, to the balcony, in which, according to custom, sate, in solemn pomp, the senator of Rome—and the face of that young man was as the face of a demon!

"'Ha!' said he, muttering to himself, and recalling the words of Rienzi, seven years before, *'Blessed art thou who hast no blood of kindred to avenge!'*"

Almost all Barry Cornwall's serious lyrics confirm the principle that poetry is self-communion. How many hopeless idlers, trading gamblers, lovers who dare not tell their loves, and mourners whose loves are in the grave—how many reckless and desperate, and broken and breaking hearts, are there at this moment around us, all eagerly, but each in its own way, drinking King Death's coal-black wine!

"King Death was a rare old fellow—
He sate where no sun could shine,
And stretched out his hand so yellow,
With a glass of his coal-black wine:
Hurrah! the coal-black wine!
There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'er-laden,
For a glass of his sleepy wine:
Hurrah! for the rare old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he stretched out his hand so yellow,
And pledg'd them in Death's dark wine:
Ha, ha! the coal-black wine!"*

Behold, with the eyes of your hearts, the statue of the dying gladiator, and then read Byron's description of it. They are *both* poetry. Is silence poetry, then? Oh, certainly. I am reading Byron's description now, in my soul, though to you I have not yet uttered a syllable of it.

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And, through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower;—and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceas'd the shout that hail'd the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—*his eyes*
Were with his heart, and *that* was far away;
But where his rude hut on the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
All this gushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? 'Arise, ye Goths!'"

But this, you may say, is the poetry of noise. Why so? The words "Arise, ye Goths!" would be equally effective, if uttered in the lowest possible tone. The deep feeling of hatred which they breathe, might not actually have made its whisper audible. Perhaps, the dying man could not have made it audible. But suppose yourselves present at the spectacle, with a brother of the Dacian, disguised among his enemies! How would he express those words? If sorrow and rage did not conquer prudence, he would choke them in his heart; but, if he forgot his danger, he would start up, the representative of indignant human nature, and, bidding long-outraged nations redress themselves, shout, as I have done, "Arise, ye Goths!" Two individuals, then, might recite this poetry differently, yet both well—that is to say, each according to his nature? Certainly they might. Poetry, then, is not alike to all?

* In some instances, as in this, I quote from memory, thinking it best to do so—the most vital part of an author being probably that which we remember.

Certainly it is not. To some persons it does not exist; to those *who have no hearts*, it is a nonentity. In matters of taste, then, let there be no dictation. Who shall tell that wonderful instrument, the human heart, in what particular key it shall play its tunes?

To shew you that the stillest thoughts are often the deepest and the strongest, I will quote a few lines of *what is called* mere description, from the most thoughtful of poets—Wordsworth:

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
> The holy time is quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
> Is sinking down in his tranquillity;
> The gentleness of heav'n is on the sea:
> Listen!—*the mighty Being is awake!*
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

One short extract more, from the same "mighty" poet, who, like the ocean he describes, speaketh "everlastingly:"—

> "The clouds are split asunder, and I see
> The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
> There! in a black-blue vault she sails along,
> Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,
> And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
> Drive as she drives. How fast they wheel away,
> Yet vanish not! The wind is in the tree,
> But they are silent!—still they roll along,
> Immeasurably distant; and the vault
> Still deepens its unfathomable depth."

To me, these words express the very soul of the scenes described; and it is the power of expressing that soul which constitutes a man a poet. If you will look up *thoughtfully* to the heavens, on a clear but tempestuous night, "when the wind is in the tree, and the stars are silent," your minds will speak to your hearts, and the scene to both, and, for the moment, you will be sublime poets. *Every man* is poetical, when, feeling strongly, he reflects deeply. And if there are (which I doubt) men who cannot communicate the soul's electricity to the souls of others—if the heart *ever* fails to make itself understood—depend upon it, there is some misgiving in the speaker, some want of sincerity, something reserved or suppressed. *Then* begins the "strife of poor humanity's afflicted will, struggling *in vain* with ruthless destiny;" and that strife constitutes the moral tragic, as opposed to the physical. "Back!" says Truth, smiling through her tears—"not yet, not yet, my poor child, can I take thee to my bosom. Repent! thou hast offended: the want of a single ray of light makes thee all darkness." Alas, young men! there are worse misfortunes than those which accident inflicts upon us—even those direst ones which our want of honesty inflicts upon ourselves!

To the principle that poetry is self-communion, perhaps you will still object, that there is one description of poetry—the metaphorical—to which it does not apply. But, unless a metaphor be sentimental—that is, unless it be, at least, an image and a sentiment—it cannot be poetical, though it may be illustrative. We *feel* the metaphor in Wordsworth, when he says of the placid sea, "The mighty Being *is awake*." The metaphor is perfect. It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment. To the perfection of a metaphor, these *three* conditions are necessary—*it must be, at once, an image, a thought, and a sentiment:* and the more *complete* a metaphor is, the more *poetical* it is. No figurative author can live, unless his figures possess two of the three requisites; the metaphors of the highest minds possess them all. There are men without number who can pour out metaphors with amazing fluency, and such men are commonly mistaken for men of poetical minds: it would be as correct to say that ice is of the poetical temperament. Such men are utterly unimaginative, cold in heart, and barren of soul. Good writers and good speakers never use a metaphor, if plain words will express their meaning as briefly and as well. The late Lord Castlereagh, of liberal and diplomatic memory, was a metaphorical speaker; but his mind was not even "the mind of his own eyes"—his images were pictures of nothing—yet some of them have obtained notoriety, at least, if not fame; and they who never saw "the great *statesman* now no more," may remember his "fundamental feature." Truths which have become proverbs, are almost always expressed metaphorically. *Money makes the old mare trot.* The picture is before you! But why does money make the old mare trot? Because the mare cannot work without food, and food cannot be procured without an equivalent, the representative of which is money. This proverb, then, possesses *two* of the conditions of vitality—*it is an image, and thought;* it speaks to the intellect, and to the fancy, *but not to the heart*: it is not poetry. But the kind-hearted among you can make *poetry* of it, by thinking of the cheerful gratitude of the poor old mare! Our greatest masters of metaphor in prose and verse, are Shakspeare, Junius, and a writer whom I will not name, because, though he is the author of one of the very best books in the world, it is doubted by some good men whether, on the whole, his writings have done good or harm. We all remember Shakspeare's "unwedgeable and gnarled oak." This metaphor "is not one," do you say? It is perfect, however, as Wordsworth's. *It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment.* It brings before the imagination the instruments and the action—before the mind, the stubborn texture of the substance acted upon—before the *heart*, the almost eternal struggle of the all but immortal tree with time and death. "The plumage of the noble bird," says Junius, when strangely endeavouring to prove that the trappings of royalty are necessary to the security of the throne—"The plumage of the noble bird supports his flight; strip him of his beauty, and you fix him to the earth." In this sentence he says more, and says it better, than he could, *without the metaphor*, in ten times the number of words; and, the metaphor being perfect, is poetical in the highest degree. During the war of our oligarchy with the colonies, Lord Howe addressed a proclamation to the Americans, bemoaning the in-

sulted dignity of the crown, (meaning the lords and squires,) but saying not a word about slaughtered brethren, widowed mothers, and orphan children. The nameless writer to whom I have alluded, and who was employed by Congress to answer the proclamation, said, in reply, "He pities the plumage, but *forgets* the dying bird." The same author, having shewn that governments hitherto have done more harm than good, and that, if men were wise and good, legislation would be unnecessary, says, "Government, like dress, is a badge of lost innocence: it is a temple built on the ruins of paradise." Need I now tell you that these prose metaphors are poetry? They want not the aid of verse to constitute them such; they require not rhyme to make them remembered; the world will not let them be forgotten: possessing all the three requisites of vitality, as metaphors, they are poetry in the highest; and, *therefore*, they can never die. Mere metaphors, then, are *not* poetry. On the contrary, those writers who use them most, are the unpoetical. Their metaphors may hide the extent of their mental poverty, but cannot place before us, in mournful grandeur, that fallen angel "whose *stature* reached the sky, and on whose crest *sate horror plumed*." It is easy to liken swiftness to a dove's wing; but to make poetry of the image, you must put your hearts into it; and the poetry will be none the worse if you put your heads into it also; for poetry is truth—the *heart's* truth. What were the words uttered by Mary of Scotland, when she first approached the window of her prison at Fotheringay? "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, *that I might flee away, and be at rest!*" Is *this* poetry? Ay, and such poetry as is to be found only in the pages of inspiration. Perhaps the very highest poetry never yet found words—never yet was expressed metaphorically, or otherwise; for it is not the melodious sound, but the inexpressive feeling; not the angel's wing, but the truthful spirit, eternal in its truth. The Almighty himself may not have uttered it; but it is homed in our hearts, be they bad or good, if we have hearts, for truth is there undeceivable; yes, undeceivable, for, though the heart often deceives the head, no man's head ever yet, for a single moment, deceived his heart. Castlereagh's heart was not deceived, when conscience gave him a crimson necklace; Cardinal Beaufort's heart was not deceived, when he died and made no sign. The truth was in their hearts, but in their hearts the truth was not hallowed; their wicked minds were always warned, and they believed—and, at last, they trembled. But now for the end. If it be sinful to waste anything, why should we waste this lecture? Young men! my hair is already grey. I have lived in eventful times, and witnessed marvellous changes. You will witness changes still more marvellous. William Hazlitt, *using a metaphor which is perfect*, said, *in prose which is poetry*—"That the great world of electricity lies all undiscovered before us; *like America, asleep for centuries by the side of her unconscious sister*." It may not be in the destiny of any one of you, to invent and perfect a machine which shall be worked without cost by the electric fluid, and supersede the giant power of steam; but if, in my course through life, any truth has been more strongly impressed upon my mind than another, it is this—that (did they but know it) men possess collectively, and therefore individually, the greatest of all powers, except that of Him who is, and was, and shall be—I mean the power of co-operation. Use that power, as true poets write their verses, earnestly, and without selfishness; let the exercise of it be "its own exceeding great reward;" use it in a manner worthy of the living image of the everlasting God, remembering that the great family of man is one family, and that God is its father. And then, if any true-hearted man tells you that he does not understand poetry, tell him, in reply, that it is the business of his life, and that he *practises* it every day. "For Wisdom lives with children round her knees." And this will be the first great discovery which honest co-operation will enable you to make. The most valuable things in the world are men; and when the majority of you think so, wo be to them who shall dare to throw away a man! You will, then, hear no more of emigration-committees. But now, mark! He who compels, or willingly suffers, a human being to remain in ignorance, does much worse than throw away a man; he converts a man into a beast, fit only to beget creatures destined to live and perish miserably—creatures without *minds*, and therefore not men! In furtherance, then, of that co-operation which can alone put an end to such wickedness and misery, may God hallow and bless in your thoughtful hearts *the truth*, which is poetry; not that barren understanding which meaneth no evil, but that only fearless and truly pious one, *which meaneth good!* I must now conclude this long exemplification of a principle which is perhaps of little importance, but which must be of some, or you would not have come to hear me talk about it. I thank you for your thanks, your applause—and your silence, the best applause; and surely I have reason to be proud and thankful, if I have at all deserved the approbation of the townsmen of Daniel Sykes and Andrew Marvel.

A SENTIMENT, FROM THE FRENCH.

Fair tree, why on thy bark retain
Those names which fingers once so dear
Engraved, in hope they might remain
A type of hearts entwined as near?

Oh, tell me not of Eleanore—
Efface those symbols of deceit;
Our hearts, alas! are joined no more—
'Tis mockery for our names to meet.

W.*

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

It comes! it comes! the South's armada proud—
Th' Atlantic groans beneath the load;
With clank of chains, with thunders long and loud,
It comes, and brings another god!

A floating host of direful citadels—
Its equal never yet has ploughed the sea—
The Invincible its name shall be.
Proudly each keel the trembling wave repels.
The dread that on it waits
That haughty title consecrates.
Trembling and slow the billows glide
Beneath the fleet that o'er them sweeps;
It bears destruction far and wide;
Proudly it sails, whilst every tempest sleeps.

Now near thy shores it rides the wave,
Thou blessed Island, empress of the sea!
These fearful host of galleons threaten thee,
Britannia, island of the brave!
Wo to thy sons, free-born and proud!
Behold it there, a bursting thunder-cloud!

Say, who for thee that glorious prize has gained,
That made thee queen of every land on earth?
Wast not thyself, by proud and haughty kings constrained,
That to the wisest law of states gav'st birth?
The glorious scroll, thy kings to citizens that made,
To princes raised thy people free.
Thy fleets' o'erwhelming mastery—
Was't not thy arm, 'gainst butchering hosts array'd,
That gained it on the blood-stained sea?
And won by whom?—Oh, blush, ye nations at the word!
Won only by thy genius and thy sword.

Unhappy land! behold they come! these fire-emitting giant masses!
Behold them, and forbode thy glory's fall!
Now trembling watch the nations all,
And every free-born heart indignant burns,
And every pure and pious spirit mourns
In sorrow at thy glory's fall.

But, lo! the Almighty God looked down,
Saw high in air thy foemen's lion flags display'd,
Saw thy inevitable ruin frown—
"And shall my Albion perish thus?" he said—
"My race of heroes be destroy'd?
That only dam that steme oppression's tide
Should fall?—that bulwark 'gainst the tyrant's sway
Should from the face of earth be swept away?
No! ne'er shall that fair land of Freedom's birth,
That strong defence of man's just rights, be crush'd!"
Th' Almighty breathed o'er earth,
And far to every wind the Armada rushed![*]

N.

[*] Alluding to the medal which appeared at the time, representing a fleet destroyed by a storm, with the motto, "*Afflavit Deus, et dissipati sunt.*"

A KERRY CHANT.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

AIR—"*Darby Macshane.*"

There's never a lass in the British isles,
From the duchess to the dairy-maid,
That could have withstood the witching smiles
And the flattering tongue of my Kerry blade.

Ah! the winning simplicity
Of this gem of the Irish nation!
His glances were electricity,
And his smiles were fascination.

Six feet three in his shoes he stood;
When first the boy came a-courting me,
He had nothing, alas! but his sabre good,
To carve his name upon Fortune's tree.

But, ah! his winning simplicity!
Love seemed his whole vocation.
His glances were electricity,
And his smiles were fascination.

I plunged in love with the darling youth—
The moment was bliss and ecstasy;
Although he had naught of this world's growth,
Except his grandsire's family tree.

But, with cold and studied simplicity,
I talked about "reputation;"
Though his glance was electricity,
And his smile was fascination.

We met by stealth, but my heart beat quick;
I listened with blushing and swelling face,
When he conjured me—to cut my stick,
And be off from my father's dwelling-place.

I murmur'd "Benedicite,"
In the midst of my trepidation;
For his glances were electricity,
And his smiles were fascination.

Of the stirring joys of a soldier's life
And wedded love, he spoke a deal;
But, when I refused to be his wife,
He wept like any crocodile!

But, ah! it was pure felicity,
To behold his agitation;
For his glances were electricity,
And his smiles were fascination.

"I'll steam in a week across the main,
To avenge Queen Isabel's quarrels, love;
And on the gory fields of Spain,
I'll gather a waggon of laurels, love.

For blood-bought glory we shall share,
Though friends and home disown thee;
And thou shalt wreathe a chaplet rare,
And thine own fair hands shall crown me."

The chain was rivetted round my soul,
And I lacked a hammer to break it with;
So I gave him my hand, for good and all—
And ten thousand pounds to take it with.[*]

Ah! there was no duplicity
In this gem of the Irish nation!
His glances were electricity,
His smiles were fascination!

[*] We understand, from undoubted authority, that the ardour evinced by this "gem of the Irish nation," for the Constitution's cause in Spain, has cooled considerably since his accession to the sum above specified.

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY IN INDIA.

For more than two centuries, the English maintained an intercourse with India, commercial and political; during which period their power gradually extended, till nearly one-half of those vast regions had fallen under their direct government, and their influence had extended to the remotest parts. The substitution of a European for an Asiatic, of a Christian for a Mahometan government, would, in the ordinary course of human affairs, have been productive of benefits to the conquered nations, more than enough to counterbalance the evils inseparable from conquest and foreign domination; yet that it had failed to effect this, we have the most indubitable evidence, at almost every period, from the time of Lord Clive to the government of the Marquis of Hastings. Whether from the weakness and incompetence of the ruling power, the difficulties attending a remote legislation, or indifference to the subject, it is certain that the moral, religious, and social improvement of the natives of India formed no part of the system of the Indian government; all its efforts were directed to keep things as they were, and to exclude every idea that might have the slightest tendency to change the existing order. To this end the intercourse between the two races, native and European, was restricted to the narrowest possible limits: Europeans, in general, were prohibited from residing in India; and the few who had interest enough to obtain permission to remain there for commercial objects, were required to enter into bonds to leave the country whenever required, and to seek no compensation for any losses their sudden removal might entail upon them; and, the more effectually to prevent any attempt to settle in India, no European was allowed to be a landholder. The idolatry and superstitions of the natives, which are the only barriers to their advancement in civilization, were not only protected, but even sanctioned and promoted by the British government; and the resort to India of religious teachers was more strictly prohibited than that of any other description of persons; no one was allowed to go out in that character, and, when discovered there, they were either ordered home, or compelled to take refuge in a foreign settlement. This system of government proved effectual in preventing the civilization of Europe from spreading over India: but the tide of human affairs is never at a stand—if nations are not advancing, they must retrograde; and it was folly to expect that the natives of India could continue unchanged under a new system, which excluded them from all the ordinary objects of desire and ambition—fame, honours, power, and riches—and held out to them nothing as an equivalent for what they had lost. It became at last too evident to be denied, that, under British supremacy, the character of the natives of India was rapidly deteriorating, and that the exclusive system had not worked well either for governors or governed. The Marquis of Hastings says—"We seem to have accomplished a revolution in the state of society, which has, by an unexpected fatality, proved detrimental to general morals, and by no means conducive to the convenience of our government;" and he asserts, that the landholders have been degraded in character and consequence, and that a happy and comparatively rich peasantry have been reduced to the lowest state of indigence and penury. Sir Thomas Munro, also, in reviewing our system of government, declares, that "the consequence of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase the whole people. There is, perhaps, no example in any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share in the government of their country, as in British India." The period from which we date any departure from the exclusive system, is the renewal of the Company's charter in 1813, and the Marquis of Hastings' government of India. By the new charter, the Company's monopoly of the carrying trade was abolished, greater liberty of residence in India was provided for, and it was expressly declared that religious teachers should be allowed to proceed to India and reside there. The intentions of the legislature, though impeded by the home government, were followed up by the Marquis of Hastings, under whose liberal and enlightened government various measures of improvement were commenced or promoted. Europeans were allowed to settle in India without molestation; the education of the natives was encouraged; schools and colleges were founded, or restored to usefulness; the restraints on the press were loosened; and a general impulse was given to the advancement of India. Previous, however, to the above-mentioned period, the seeds of improvement had been sown in various directions, and were waiting only the operation of time, and the genial influence of more favourable circumstances, to spring up and diversify the scene. Many Europeans had, contrary to law, settled themselves in various parts of India; and, as their number increased, and their industry and intelligence proved highly advantageous to the commerce and revenues of the country, they were generally allowed to remain; and the influence of these persons was not without benefit to the natives of India. In the large towns, where Europeans were numerous, and their intercourse with the natives was more frequent and familiar than in other parts, the latter had begun to acquire a taste for European manners and enjoyments: the rich natives built and furnished their houses in the European style, used English carriages and equipages, gave splendid entertainments, and, instead of spending their money in gifts to Brahmins and beggars, invited Europeans to private parties, or opened their houses

to all who chose to enter. Amongst others, many missionaries had established themselves in various parts of India. The Baptist missionaries had been in Bengal for twenty years previous to 1813, and had applied themselves assiduously to investigations into the languages, religion, and habits of the natives of India. Their labours at conversion, though not attended with any great success, had given them a more intimate knowledge of the domestic life of the lower orders, and of their mental and moral qualifications, than could possibly be acquired by any other class of Europeans; and they had satisfactorily proved how groundless were the fears once entertained, that religious discussions would create disorder amongst the Hindoos. They had established many schools for native children, in which the doctrines of Christianity were taught; they had translated and printed the Scriptures in many of the dialects of India; and they had opened the way to the acquisition of those dialects, by the publication of grammars, dictionaries, and other elementary works. About this period, also, the celebrated Hindoo, Rammohun Roy, first began to attract public notice, and to gather round him a small body of his countrymen, with a view to reform or abolish the grosser parts of the popular superstition. The freer resort of Europeans to India after 1813; the acknowledged right of missionaries to reside there, and to propagate Christianity; the known liberality of the Marquis of Hastings' government; and the practical freedom of the press—were all circumstances that contributed to give a general spirit of advancement. The Baptist missionaries were the first to publish a newspaper in a native language. This was followed by Rammohun Roy, and others; a school-book society was established by the Marchioness of Hastings; translations of useful works were encouraged; schools were multiplied and improved; a medical school was established by Government; and—the greatest novelty—schools for native females were introduced. These changes, however, were extremely distasteful to certain parties, both amongst the Europeans and natives. The Conservative Hindoos accused Rammohun Roy of an attempt to subvert their religion; and the Conservative Europeans foresaw, in the liberty of the press, the downfall of the British empire in India. The latter had been accustomed to exercise power over an ignorant and submissive population; and they dreaded a free press, more for the scrutiny it would establish into their own conduct, than from any real apprehension that it would weaken the legitimate power of government. A reaction was accordingly brought about; and, immediately after the Marquis of Hastings' departure from India, Mr Buckingham was banished, and the press was placed under severe restrictions. It was evident that a new system was in operation, and several of the native papers ceased. Lord Amherst commenced his government by fresh persecutions of the press; another editor was banished, and Buckingham's property wantonly destroyed. Still the press could not be restrained within the prescribed limits. Lord Amherst committed himself grievously in the Burmese war—he would have made himself too odious by continued prosecutions of the press; and, in the hope of acquiring popularity, he at last allowed the press to be virtually free; and the regulations which he set out with enforcing, became a dead letter. The same course was pursued by Lord William Bentinck, under whose government the press was free, not according to law, but contrary to law; and, on his departure, Sir C. Metcalfe abolished the obnoxious restrictions, and made the press in law, what it had been for some years in practice, free. The state of the press in India is decisive, if not of the advancement or decline of civilisation, at least of its progress, and the extent to which it will be carried. The press is the grand lever by which Europe was raised from comparative barbarism to its present elevation; it is now being applied to India, to China, and many other parts of the globe; and, although it may be used for evil as well as for good, the balance of advantage is immeasurably on its side. If there is danger in communicating knowledge, which is power, and, at the same time, in giving birth to new desires and hopes, there is greater danger in perpetuating ignorance and superstition. Our Indian empire has ever been held by a weak tenure, liable to be broken at every turn; the cohesion of its various parts has been secured by its constant movement onwards; but for the last twenty years nearly, we have not progressed. With the exception of the Burmese war, and the siege of Bhurtpore, there have been no military events of importance. In the former, we narrowly escaped a failure, and have not much to boast of; and the latter was the work of a few days. Is there no danger that the millions of India, recovered from the terror of our former conquests, and calculating at leisure the extent of our power with their own, numerically, may attribute our inaction to a want of energy, or to a conviction of our comparative weakness? Is there no danger that the Mahommedans, who abhor us as infidels, may endeavour to recover the empire we have wrested from them?—or that the Hindoos, in whose eyes we are as the detested and unclean pariahs, may wish to regain the rank and honours they enjoyed even under the Mahommedan sway? Our empire has hitherto depended on the opinion of our power—an opinion liable to be changed by the first reverse of fortune, and which must be weakened by time and inaction. This is not so secure a foundation, that we should desire to rest upon it, and refuse every other support. The firmest hold we can have on India, is in the interests and affections of the people; to secure which, we must convince them that their welfare is the chief object of our government. If we raise them in the scale of civilisation, give them a good and equal government, and communicate to them a purer religion, our power will rest on a firmer basis than that of conquest.

Towards the close of the twenty years to which

the charter of 1813 extended, the effects of the new system became apparent. There had been a struggle between the Conservatives and the Movement party; but the latter had at last prevailed, and a decided step had been taken in advance: education had greatly extended, schools and colleges had been established, in which the higher branches of education had been successfully taught; the exertions of the missionaries of various sects and denominations had been redoubled; the language, literature, and religion of England had now, for the first time, taken root in India; a free press had been carried by main force; and such further advances were now proposed, as a few years before would not have been listened to by the Conservatives. Many of the Hindoo youths, who had been educated at the schools and colleges, renounced the religion of their fathers: some of them embraced Christianity, and others professed to be Deists or Atheists. They formed societies for discussing literary, philosophical, and religious subjects; and published magazines and newspapers in the English language, which came into fair competition with similar works under European editors. The schoolmaster was abroad; the ancient superstition was attacked and defended; the press was called to the aid of all parties; and, besides other publications, there were no less than seven newspapers in the native languages published in Calcutta. One very important change now effected was, the substitution of the English for the native languages in the colleges and schools intended to communicate the higher branches of learning; by this means, the learning of Europe was at once thrown open to a very considerable number of native youths, and quickly produced its effect, in convincing them of the absurdity of the ancient faith. The stores of knowledge thus thrown open, were communicated by them to a wider circle; a taste for the English language, and the desire to acquire it, were spread amongst the native population; and, even beyond the boundaries of the British territory, the English language began to be cultivated at the courts of the native princes, and became the medium of diplomatic intercourse, as Persian had been under the Mogul empire.

By two very impolitic measures on the part of Government—the imposition of a stamp tax, and a reduction in the pay of the army officers—a very strong and general feeling of discontent was produced in Bengal; and these measures were denounced and resisted with a degree of boldness unusual in that country. Before these feelings were allayed, the period arrived for considering the renewal of the Company's charter; when both Europeans and natives, smarting under the recent infliction, united in demanding some security for the protection of their rights and interests in future; and they accordingly deputed John Crawfurd, Esq., late ambassador to Siam, &c., to represent their interests in London. The East Indians, or, as they are sometimes called, Indo-Britons—a numerous and respectable class, the offspring of European fathers and native mothers—also sent an agent to England, to represent the injustice of placing them under the Hindoo or Mahommedan law, whilst they were Christians in religion, and were, in education and habits, the same as Europeans. The inquiry by Parliament into the affairs of India continued for two or three years, laid bare much of the mismanagement and injustice committed in India, and encouraged the hope that the investigation would lead to measures of effectual and radical reform. Whilst this inquiry was going on, and before the terms of the new charter were arranged, a bill was passed through Parliament, enabling natives to sit on juries and to act as magistrates; from which it was augured that the charter, if renewed at all, would be of an equally liberal character. For about fifty years previous to this time, the natives had been practically excluded from the magisterial office; and they keenly felt the privation, not only as a degradation in the eyes of their own people, but also as it frequently exposed them to the caprice and arrogance of the Company's servants. Expectation was thus kept alive, that the new arrangement would be adapted, not only to reform the abuses of the past, but also to provide for the future—keeping in view the altered position of India, and the changes which were rapidly taking place there. Great was, therefore, the disappointment when the terms were made known on which the Company's charter had been renewed. It was indeed, as it had been declared in Parliament, a compromise between the British Government and the East India Company—a compromise in which English interests and English parties were alone concerned; and to secure which, those of India had been neglected or sacrificed. The new charter deprived the East India Company of its trade, the only valuable part of which was the trade with China. This was the amount of what the Company gave up: while, on the other hand, they received a full indemnity for the past; the admission of every item in their accounts, some of which were of a very questionable character; the prolongation of their power, with the patronage of India, for twenty years; the debts they had contracted, amounting to about twenty millions sterling, were thrown upon India; and the dividends on their stock, at 10½ per cent., were to be drawn from its revenues. The charges of India were to be still further increased, by the establishment of a fourth presidency or government, an expensive law-commission, and two new bishoprics, with an enlarged ecclesiastical establishment.

The charter provided that Europeans might reside in India and hold lands; and that all native subjects of the King should be eligible to any office under the government. These are certainly important points secured, so far as the declaration of the right can do it; but to render them really beneficial, requires something more than merely to declare them to be lawful. For want of corresponding measures, they have both hitherto been inoperative, or very nearly so. Europeans will not resort to India, and settle there, until their persons and property are likely to be protected by just and equal laws; and it is of little use to

declare that natives may lawfully hold office, while all the patronage is confined to the directors of the East India Company, which, it is well known, will never apply it in that direction. The people of India saw the government armed with new and more extended powers, while it was so constituted as to exclude all representation of their wishes and interests. The King's courts, which had been established for the express purpose of protecting them from the arbitrary proceedings of the Company's government, were to be deprived of their powers; the country, already sinking under excessive taxation, was to be loaded with enormous additional expenses; its commerce and manufactures, which had suffered by an undue regard to English and Colonial interests, remained unprotected; there was no provision for the liberty of the press, or indeed of any other civil right; there was no alteration in the patronage of the Directors, which has always been the scourge of India: in short, the new charter, instead of being a measure of redress or alleviation for the people of India, proved to be a bill of pains and penalties; it was a bill "for effecting an arrangement with the East India Company," and not "*for the better government of his Majesty's Indian territories.*" A petition to Parliament, from the inhabitants of Calcutta, was accordingly sent home and presented, but without effect, as Mr Hume's proposed resolutions were at once rejected by the House of Commons. In the meantime, the law-commission, under the auspices of Mr T. B. Macauley, had begun to act in India, and occasioned very great dissatisfaction; remonstrances and representations to Government were made in vain; and the discontent was greatly increased, by an act passed in May 1836, by which all persons were rendered liable to the Company's courts, without the right of appealing from their decisions to the King's courts. The first step ought to have been to reform the Company's courts, which are notorious for the corruption of their officers, and for the almost interminable delays in their proceedings, and not much famed for the general ability and industry of the judges. Instead of measures of reform, the inhabitants of Calcutta saw, in this act, an attempt to deprive them of the only security they had hitherto had against the corruption and abuses of the Company's courts, and the arbitrary acts of the government. A public meeting was held—"*the most crowded that had ever been witnessed in Calcutta*"—when it was resolved to memorialize the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, and also to petition Parliament to repeal the obnoxious act, and to allow the right of appeal from the local courts to the King's courts, to every suitor, without distinction of birth or religion, until a general code of laws was prepared, applicable to all classes. Mr Turton, the leading barrister in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, was deputed by the inhabitants of that city to proceed to Europe with the petition and memorials. It was proposed at the meeting to petition for the dissolution of the legislative council, and the recall of Mr Macauley; but it being deemed inexpedient to mix up any other matters with the important subject on which they were then assembled, the resolution was withdrawn. It is believed, however, that Mr Turton is instructed to press on His Majesty's Ministers the propriety of either abolishing the legislative council, or of having it so constituted that it may include some persons who are not only thoroughly acquainted with India, but who are also identified with the various classes in their feelings and interests; instead of committing the task of legislation entirely to men who have no common interest with the people, and who are either partially or totally strangers to them. Mr Turton has lately arrived in London; and we may therefore expect, in due time, to have a full exposition of the objects of his mission.

But the important truth we wish to convey is, that a change has commenced in the Hindoos, whose customs were heretofore considered to be immutable: the superstitions which have flourished for thousands of years, which have withstood conquest and persecution, which were mature when antiquity was young, and which maintained their vigour unimpaired to recent times—these time-cemented superstitions have at last begun to give way, their vulnerable points have been discovered, the means of effecting their entire destruction are known and in full operation, and time only is now required to consummate the work. One of the last acts of Lord William Bentinck's government, was to direct that the funds for native education should be applied to instruction in the English language, instead of the Sanscrit and Arabic; the propriety of which change has been ably vindicated by Dr Duff, in his "New Era of the English Language," lately published. And the natives are now so sensible of the advantages of an English education, that they eagerly avail themselves of every opportunity of acquiring it; a proof of which was given lately, on the opening of a new college at Hooghly, when 1500 names were enrolled within a few days. The natives of India have also come forward to promote steam communication with England—to establish female and infant schools, temperance societies, and agricultural societies; the spirit of improvement has infused itself into the minds of the immutable and quiescent Hindoo, and of the bigotted Mahommedan, with all his prejudices of fatalism; and they have now become sensible of the advantages to be derived from their connexion with the British. Formerly they prided themselves in the antiquity and divine origin of their respective creeds, and were fully persuaded that the Shasters and the Koran contained all that was necessary to be known, or that was truly valuable; and they considered Europeans to be infinitely below them in every branch of knowledge, except that which leads to the destruction of the human race: they are now convinced of their error, and are eager to avail themselves of the opportunities for acquiring the knowledge they so lately despised. The young men who have received an English education, and have

openly renounced the religion of their fathers, may be considered as the advanced guard of civilization—their numbers are increasing every year, and the influence of their example penetrates the masses who are behind. Their political opinions are thus described by one of themselves, in a Calcutta newspaper:—"In matters of politics, they are all Radicals, and are followers of Benthamitic principles. The very word *Tory* is a sort of ignominy among them. Reformation, they say, ought to be effected in every age and country; and, as to what respects the state of India, her condition ought surely to be reformed. They think that this country is labouring under a number of political evils, which cry for a speedy removal. With the administration of Lord William Bentinck and Sir Charles Metcalfe, they are very much satisfied; and, when they reflect on those glorious acts of theirs—the prevention of the burning of Suttees; the elevation of native character; the dispensing with the invidious distinction of caste, creed, or colour; the emancipation of the press; the abolition of transit duties; and the establishment of the medical college—they really feel an inexpressible delight, and cannot but be sanguine in their anticipations that the harrowing aspect of India will soon melt away, and a scene of beauty and magnificence brighten her face. They think that toleration ought to be practised by every government; and that the best and surest way of making the people abandon their barbarous customs and rites, is by diffusing education among them. With respect to the questions relative to political economy, they all belong to the school of Adam Smith. They are clearly of opinion that the system of monopoly, the restraints upon trade, and the international laws of many countries, do nothing but paralyze the efforts of industry, impede the progress of agriculture and manufactures, and prevent commerce from flowing in its natural course. The science of mind is also their favourite study. The philosophy of Dr Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown, being perfectly of a Baconian nature, comes home 'to their business and bosoms.'"

While the Hindoos are thus renouncing their superstitions, it is lamentable to add, that the British Government still supports and patronizes idolatry: the priests and the temples are maintained; public honours are paid to the idols; offerings are made to them; and, until a very recent period, the natives, even Christians, were compelled by government to draw the idol cars. Repeated attempts have been made to abolish this disgraceful support of idolatry—and promises have been given; but there is an evident reluctance in the powers that be, to carry out the measure; and it will probably require a very powerful demonstration in this country before the Government cease to encourage idolatry, or venture to abolish slavery in India.

Perhaps, by *old Indians*—those who, after a long residence in that country, have left it ten or twenty years ago, before the changes of which we speak had become manifest—these details will be considered greatly overrated, or altogether fabulous. The only reply to these sceptics, is an appeal to facts, and to the evidence of credible witnesses on the spot; amongst the latter, we may cite *The Friend of India*, (a publication conducted by the Serampore missionaries,) in a late number of which it is affirmed that the progress of knowledge and mental improvement is now proceeding in India more rapidly than has ever before been witnessed in any age or country.

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.—VOL. VI.

If it be true that no one save a poet can criticise a poet, and that for this reason poets have rarely been criticised in a sympathetic and generous spirit, it is equally true that the reviewer of a historian ought to have, at the least, a recondite knowledge of the period selected, and to be, if not a philosopher, yet something of a chronologer and antiquary. Even in this limited sense, Mr Tytler is, we apprehend, doomed to meet with no properly qualified reviewer. Sir Walter Scott, who hailed the original appearance of this first continuous national history of Scotland, although he were now alive, must, like other men, have often taken the painful fruits of the historian's long and diligent research, and careful balancing of conflicting evidence, upon trust; while the late Dr M'Crie, probably of all others the best fitted to discover and appreciate Mr Tytler's valuable labours in illustrating the obscurities of Scottish history at the period of the Reformation, might have been somewhat disqualified by the peculiar bias of his mind.

The period of history comprehended in this new volume, is certainly the most important in Scottish annals, whether we regard the character of the actors, the importance of the tremendous events, or the consequences involved. Volume V. closed with the assassination of Cardinal Beaton—an event which changed the face of affairs in Scotland, mainly from the spirit with which it was improved, to the advantage of the cause of the Reformation. In that volume, Mr Tytler, by his diligent researches among the original letters in the State-Paper Office, and by extracts from the manuscript privy council books of Edward VI., was not only able to give the history of this particular period with greater fulness and accuracy than Robertson or Keith, and the other historians who had not consulted these documents, but to substantiate their feasible conjecture, that the conspiracy which ended in the murder of Beaton, really originated at the English court; Henry VIII. being, in fact, the principal conspirator in the plot for taking off the man so

much opposed to his favourite scheme of bringing Scotland under the sway of the English crown, by the marriage of the youthful Queen Mary with his son. Other ancient documents are, for the first time, brought to bear upon the interval between the battle of Pinky and the general peace concluded between France, England, and Scotland, at Boulogne, in March 1549. Similar documents were also found among the letters of the State-Paper Office, and the manuscript books of the Scottish privy council, and in the Shrewsbury Correspondence, lately printed by the Maitland Club. Mr Tytler has been enabled to throw new light upon a subsequent portion of the important twenty years embraced by this volume, from examination of the original letters of Knox, Queen Mary, Elizabeth, Cecil, Murray, Randolph, Throckmorton, Secretary Lethington, and other subordinate actors in the dark and troubled scenes exhibited. He has had access to other manuscripts which have hitherto lain untouched by Scottish historical students, and of which the existence was probably not suspected.

But those important contributions to authentic history, and letting in a steady light upon what has hitherto been its most obscure and perplexed periods, may be noticed with more advantage, as we reach the different periods they illustrate in the regular order of the narrative.

It was in the Castle of St Andrew's, fortified and provisioned by Beaton—in which the conspirators, and those devoted to the cause of the Reformation, defended themselves from the vengeance or justice of the Queen Mother and Arran—that Knox was constrained to become a public preacher, contrary to his own inclination. He was then only known as a man of great capacity, and the courageous disciple of Wishart. When, for safety, he took refuge in the fortress, with his pupils, the sons of the Barons of Ormiston and Long Niddry, he found there John Rough, dismissed from his situation, as chaplain to Arran, on account of his zeal for the Reformation, who had also taken refuge in this stronghold alike of the factious and the pure in principle. Rough was preaching on a particular day upon the power resident in the congregation, to elect their minister, and the danger of rejecting so solemn a call.

On the conclusion of the sermon, he turned abruptly to Knox who was present—"Brother," said he, "I charge you, in the name of God, in the name of his Son, and in the name of this congregation, who now call upon you by my mouth, that you take upon you the office of preaching, and refuse not this vocation, as you would avoid God's heavy displeasure." The address was solemn, and totally unexpected by Knox, who, confused and agitated, in vain attempted to reply, but, bursting into tears, retired from the assembly. After a few days of great conflict and distress of mind, he accepted the invitation; and, without any further ceremony or ordination than that already received previous to his adoption of the reformed opinions, he assumed the public office of a preacher. The Reformer was then in the forty-first year of his age.

Who then could have seen the far-reaching consequences of Rough's adjuration!

The war with England, which followed the death of Henry VIII., introduces, among other matters, a circumstantial, picturesque, and animated description of the Battle of Pinky. On the invasion of Scotland by the Protector Somerset, Arran, the governor of the kingdom, first employed the fiery cross in the Lowlands, to muster his force. The warlike symbol, now first speeded round by heralds and pursuivants from village to village, and hamlet to hamlet, was followed by the assembly of an army of 36,000 men at Musselburgh; a prodigious force for that period. This disastrous battle, and other reverses, led to the young Queen, then a child of six years of age, being sent to France, as a measure of safety, where she was subsequently betrothed to the Dauphin.

The visit of the Queen Mother to her daughter in France, and her intrigues to obtain possession of the government of Scotland, are elucidated by numerous facts, new, we imagine, to historical readers. Ireland, as at all times, was then, it appears, the leading card of the enemies of England.

A picture of the age is seen in the laws passed by the Scottish Parliament, assembled at Edinburgh during the absence of the Queen Dowager.

An enactment was passed against the sins affirmed to be scandalously common—of adultery, bigamy, blasphemous swearing, and indecent behaviour during public worship; and the press—which it is declared had teemed with lewd rhymes and ballads, with scandalous songs and tragedies—was subjected to the censorship of an ordinary, and restricted by a law, which compelled every printer to obtain a license from the Queen and the Governor.

A vain attempt, as, in the nature of things, all such attempts at legislation must be, was made to fix the price of wine, and restrain the inordinate luxury of the table. No archbishop, bishop, or earl, was permitted to have above eight dishes of meat at his table; abbots and priors were allowed six; barons and freeholders, four; and wealthy burgesses, three, with only one kind of meat in each, to prevent the law from being eluded.

The brief war had been one of more than ordinary ferocity; and the licentiousness it engendered spread over all classes of the people. The clergy, never behind in the struggle for temporalities, had quarrelled among themselves regarding the disposal of rich, vacant benefices; and their friends had fiercely taken part in the pious disputes, each in support of his kinsman or ally. It required the united efforts of the Queen-Mother and Arran to compose these disturbances, before the former obtained the coveted dignity of Regent of the Kingdom, for which she had long intrigued, and which, while it augmented her power, lessened her popularity, and ultimately undermined her influence. Mr Tytler sketches the future career of Mary of Guise in one pregnant sentence:—

The possession of power is a trying and dangerous thing to the best. She had incurred many obligations to the court of France, which her gratitude or her promises impelled her to repay, by intruding foreigners into the offices hitherto filled by natives; and, unmindful of the extraordinary jealousy with which the Scottish people were disposed to regard all interference of this kind, she

lent herself to measures dictated more by the ambition of the House of Guise than by a desire to promote the happiness of her daughter's kingdom.

One of her first projects of innovation, originating, like all her views of policy, in France, was to impose a tax for the maintenance of a large body of troops—in effect, to organize a standing army—instead of the feudal barons and their armed followers, that had hitherto formed the force of the kingdom. The project, which amounted at once to a disarming act, and a complete change in the ancient constitution of Scotland, was sternly and promptly opposed; and the Queen desisted from the rash attempt, confessing her mistake in seeking to substitute mercenaries for the barons and gentlemen, and their hereditary retainers. The maintenance of French soldiers within the realm was another fertile and just source of discontent; and the spirit of the Reformation, which in a very few years broke out with a strength which could not be repelled, was already powerfully at work. From its growing influence, statutes were passed in 1555, which, according to the historian,

Perhaps too severely proscribed such unruly personages as Robin Hood, Little John, the Queen of May, and the Abbot of Unreason; and prohibited those ancient games and festivals in which women, "singing about summer trees," (to adopt the poetic phraseology of the statute,) disturbed the Queen and her lieges in their progress through the country. From this statute we may infer that Mary of Guise was still disposed to favour the Protestant party, to whose support she owed much of her success; and, had she been permitted to follow the dictates of her own good sense, her administration would have continued popular. But, unfortunately, the war between France and England, and the influence which her brothers, the princes of the House of Guise, had acquired over her mind, compelled her, about this time, to the adoption of a measure which occasioned amongst the minor barons and the great body of the people extreme jealousy and disgust.

This was the proposal of the war-tax, noticed above.

The progress of the Reformation, now stealing on in the dark, now leaping forward by huge strides, is by far the most important feature of the history of the Regency. The death of Edward VI. had been followed by that of Mary of England, after a brief and sanguinary reign; and the accession of Elizabeth had led to the complete establishment of the Reform doctrines—though not in what the sterner Scottish Reformers considered their purity—throughout her dominions. Mr Tytler—with whom she is no favourite—does justice to the cautious policy of Elizabeth, and to those motives of worldly wisdom which made her the Defender of the Protestant Faith.

Indifferent herself to religion, as far as it influences the individual character, she hated the Puritans, and was attached to the pomp and show of Prelacy; but her masculine understanding had early detected the errors of the Romish faith; her mind, naturally imperious, refused equally to acknowledge in man a spiritual or a temporal superior; and her discernment, aided by the counsels of the far-reaching Cecil, taught her that to continue faithful to the principles of the Reformation, offered the best hopes for the preservation of peace, the restoration of her exhausted finances, and the security of her kingdom.

The personal history of Knox becomes, from the period of the assassination of Beaton, that of the progress of the Reformation. It is traced here in a rapid and masterly retrospect; and exonerates the great Reformer from many of the vulgar charges fixed by party prejudice upon his memory. Yet Mr Tytler is by no means the flatterer of Knox and his party, nor at all disposed either to suppress or soften the facts of history, to relieve them of the imputations of their traducers, unless he saw them to be unwarranted or disingenuous. Upon the capture of the Castle of St Andrews, in 1547, Knox had been carried to France, a prisoner, with many of his fellow-sufferers. How he obtained his liberty is not known; but it was not until 1555 that he ventured to return to Scotland, where several pious and able Protestant converts, driven out of England during the persecuting reign of Mary, had kept alive the spirit of the Reformation. Among these fellow-labourers was John Willock, originally a Scottish Franciscan, who gained so far on the Queen Regent as to receive permission to address the People. On afterwards arriving upon a mission from the Duchess of Friesland to the Scottish court, his second appearance gave fresh impulse to the cause which he had already advocated:—

The images, says Knox, were stolen away in all parts of the country; and, in Edinburgh, that great idol called St Giles was first drowned in the North Loch, and afterwards burnt, which raised no small trouble in the town. Notwithstanding this marked demonstration, it was resolved, by the Queen Regent and the Bishops, that the usual procession which took place on the Saint's Day should not be omitted; and, having procured another image from the Grey Friars, and fixed it to a wooden barrow, which was borne on men's shoulders, the cavalcade, headed by the Regent herself, surrounded by priests and canons, and attended by tabors and trumpets, proceeded down the High Street towards the cross. The sight inflamed the passions of the Protestants, and various bands of the citizens, abhorring such an abomination, resolved upon revenge. Nor was it long before this was accomplished; for scarce had the Queen Dowager retired, when some of these, under pretence of assisting the bearers, caught hold of the barrow, cast down the idol, and, dashing it to pieces on the pavement, left Dagon without a head or hands; and then (I use the words of Knox) "the priests and friars fled faster than they did at Pinky-Cleuch; down goeth the crosses, off goeth the surplices, round caps, and coronets with the crowns. The Grey Friars gaped, the Black Friars blew, the Priests panted and fled, and happy was he that first gat the house, for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of Antichrist within this realm before."

Yet, although some progress had been made, and Knox hailed with gratitude the co-operation of Willock, it was with feelings of astonishment, bordering upon horror, that he found the friends of the Protestant opinions unresolved upon the great question, whether it was their duty openly to separate from the Church. Many of them continued still to sanction by their presence the celebration of the mass; and, as the Queen Dowager had found it necessary, in the prosecution of her political objects, to extend her favour to the Protestants, they were anxious to stretch their conformity to the national Church as far, perhaps even farther, than their consciences permitted. The discourses of the Reformer, who at first preached privately to a few friends, in the house of James Syme, a burgess of Edinburgh, soon threw a new light upon the danger and sinfulness of such conduct. Men's consciences became seriously alarmed; a solemn disputation was held upon the point between Maitland of Lethington

and Knox. The Secretary, a man of remarkable learning and ingenuity, exerted his powers to defend the perilous practice which he and his brethren had adopted. But Knox, mighty in the Scriptures, honest and straightforward in his adherence to the truth, and master of that style of familiar and fervid eloquence which was adapted to the age and the audience, triumphed over his more elegant and subtle disputant; Maitland acknowledged his error, the practice was renounced, and it was agreed by the Congregation which now surrounded the Reformer, that a public and formal separation must henceforth be made from the Popish Church in Scotland.

The cause of the Reformation now drew to a mighty head, and, from a variety of motives, was embraced by many of the nobility, and those leading men afterwards celebrated in the history of the coming struggle. The Romish clergy were again, after a season of supineness, aroused; and Knox was summoned to appear before an ecclesiastical convention, which, however, shrunk from the trial. The inexplicable cause which induced Knox at this critical time to desert his post, and retire to Geneva, remains as obscure as ever; and it is with evident doubt Mr Tytler accepts the apology or explanation of Dr M'Crie, who represents the great Reformer as prudently giving way, for a season, to his inveterate enemies. "They had," it is said, "delated him to the Queen as an enemy to magistrates, as well as a seducer of the people, and, possibly, by retiring he saved his life; but, judging with all charity, it must be admitted, that, whilst his writings at this time had all the impassioned zeal, his conduct betrayed some want of the ardent courage, of the martyr." The withdrawing of Knox, while it seemed to encourage the bishops and friars for a time, had, in the reaction which followed their momentary triumph, a favourable effect upon the Reformation. A proclamation, issued by the Regent, to summon the preachers to answer for their conduct in daring to pray and exhort the people, roused the spirit of their followers, and brought matters to a triumphant crisis:—

The gentlemen of the west of Scotland, who formed the chief part of their congregations, resolved to accompany them to their trial, and many already had arrived in the capital, when the Queen, dreading a tumult, commanded all who had no express exemption, to repair for fifteen days to the Borders. Far from submitting to an order of which they easily detected the object, the Barons surrounded the palace, obtained an audience; and, in reply to the remonstrances of the Regent, thus addressed her:—"We know, madam, that this is the device of the Bishops who now stand beside you. We avow to God it shall not go so. They oppress us and our poor tenants, to feed themselves; they trouble our ministers, and seek to undo them and us all. We will not suffer it any longer." This bold address was delivered by Chalmers of Catgirth, one of the Barons of the west; and it is said, as he concluded it, his companions, who had hitherto been uncovered, with an air of defiance put on their steel caps. The Regent was intimidated, declared that she meant no violence against their teachers, revoked the proclamation, and promised to be herself the judge of the controversy.

Knox was now invited to return; but, while on his way home, the leaders were seized with a shivering fit. This drew forth an indignant remonstrance from their apostle, which reanimated their courage, and inspired the new-born zea which led to the adoption of the Covenant, and the first association of that Congregation, afterwards so formidable, where each countenanced and strengthened his brother in the assertion of the Christian liberty of all. Their declaration and subsequent acts were represented, by the Romish clergy—"not unreasonably," Mr Tytler avers—"as acts bordering upon treason. The Romish faith being still the established religion of the State, it enjoyed the sanction of the laws, and the protection of the sovereign; and it was now openly attacked, and attempted to be subverted by a private association of men, who, although in no way authorized by the constitution, had assumed the power of legislation." How often in the history of human progress has the self-same argument been maintained, to arrest the cause of truth and justice! In our own day, it is the standing argument for the oppression inflicted upon the people of Ireland, by a Church which they detest. The marriage of the young Queen with the Dauphin was at that time under discussion in the Scottish Parliament, and the favourite project of the Regent and the French party. To offend the powerful lords of the Congregation, Argyle, Morton, Glencairn, Lorn, and many other influential persons in the State, was a dangerous measure. Private admonitions were adopted, in the hope of recalling these noble wanderers from the flock; but the bigotry and severity of the clergy, as is not unusual wherever they interfere in political affairs, defeated the policy of those who, by lenient measures, would have better succeeded; and an act of wanton and cruel persecution, by awakening the just indignation of the leaders of the Reformers, and arousing the whole nation, hastened the consummation of their mighty object. It is thus related by Mr Tytler:—

Walter Miln, a parish priest of Lunan, in Angus, had early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and, having been seized and condemned as a heretic, in the time of Beaton, was so fortunate as to escape from prison, and remain in concealment in his native country. Encouraged by the subsequent lenieney of the Queen Dowager, this aged and venerable minister of the truth, who was past eighty, had openly preached to the people; but the severity of the clergy again compelled him to seek his lurking places, and being discovered at this time, he was tried for heresy at St Andrew's, and condemned to be burnt. From his feeble frame and great age, it was expected that he would say little in his defence; but the old man exhibited uncommon spirit; and so deeply moved were all who heard him, by his pathetic appeal, and ardent exposition of the truth, that, after the clergy had pronounced him guilty, no secular judge could be found to pass sentence. The odious office, however, was at last performed by a dissolute retainer of the Archbishop, and he was led to the stake amid the tears and sympathy of an immense multitude, who execrated the cruelty of which he was the victim. Surrounded by the flames, he was yet able to testify that the cause for which he suffered, was the defence of the truth of Jesus Christ. "As for myself," said he, "I am fourscore and two years old, and cannot live long by the course of nature; but a hundred better shall rise out of the ashes of my bones, and I trust in God I am the last that shall suffer death in Scotland, for this cause." And his prophetic wishes were fulfilled: he *was* the last in that country of the army of martyrs. (April, 1558.)

Mr Tytler, of course, excepts the martyrs of the persecution in the reign of Charles II., when

the attempt to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, was attended by consequences not more justifiable, and even more sanguinary, than the efforts of the Romish clergy to stop innovation and heresy, and merely to maintain their own faith and already the established religion of the country.

The Queen Regent denied participation in the diabolical execution of the venerable Miln; and the leaders of the Congregation, farther emboldened by the support of the gentry and the people, not only claimed redress of their grievances, but liberty of public worship, and to have prayers. and also the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper administered in the vulgar tongue. Mr Tytler asserts, that the first petitions of the first Reformers demanded the prayers of the service book of King Edward—a moot point, which we shall leave to learned and zealous Presbyterians. They, however, demanded a liberty of preaching afterwards unknown to Presbyterians, though claimed by Independents, Baptists, and other sects; requiring that "any person, sufficiently learned, should be allowed in their meetings to interpret obscure passages." One of the latest of the protests of the Lords of the Congregation, concluded thus ominously—and if history be of any more value than an "old almanac," the season has come, at least in one division of the United Kingdom, to lay the warning to heart. They declared, that no blame ought to attach to them, if any tumult or uproar should arise among the subjects of the realm, on account of the diversity of religion, or if it happened that those abuses which had so long been neglected, should at last be violently reformed.

They were anxious for a quiet and temperate reform of those unprofitable ceremonies which loaded their conscience, and it was their wish to see removed, without any public violence, the deep and general profligacy which degraded the hierarchy; but it is also evident, that they foresaw the probability of resistance, and were prepared to meet it; nor were they to be terrified into a renunciation of their faith, by the prospect of any sufferings which awaited themselves or their country. They had prepared themselves for the worst.

The Queen Regent was personally attached to some of the Protestant leaders, and to their party she had been mainly indebted for the acquisition of the supreme authority. Their great object was however, incompatible with the designs to which she had lent herself—those of the Holy Confederation formed by the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, to root out the new heresy, and re-establish the Catholic faith as the sole religion of Europe. To secure French ascendancy, and put down Reformation principles in Scotland, was no small object in the furtherance of the vast designs of this ancient Holy Alliance; whose next step, in this corner of Europe, was to be the expulsion of Elizabeth, and the placing of her Crown upon the head of the young Queen of Scotland, now the consort of the Dauphin. The Queen-Regent, who well knew the temper of Scotland, was at first alarmed and averse to the measures of the league—

But she had been educated in the Romish faith, and in a profligate court; her brothers, the Cardinal and the Duke, had acquired an extraordinary influence over her mind; the great body of the Papal clergy in Scotland urged upon her the necessity of adopting decided measures to check the rapid growth of heresy; and, after a feeble and unsuccessful remonstrance to the Court of France, she abandoned her better resolutions, and resigned herself to the entire direction of the Guises.

Immediate collision followed: the Romish party became more violent in their measures; and the Lords of the Congregation increased their demands. The Queen, abandoning her former moderate or temporizing policy, issued a proclamation for conformity, and commanded all to attend daily to mass and confession; and kingcraft, in short, in its worst weakness and perfidy, was displayed by the Regent. When the leaders of the Protestant party remonstrated, and besought the Regent not to molest their preachers, unless their doctrines could be proved to be repugnant to Scripture, she vowed their preachers should be banished, if they preached as soundly as St Paul; and, when reminded of her promises of toleration, she replied—

"Promises ought not to be urged upon princes, unless they can conveniently fulfil them." So flagrant a doctrine was received by the Scottish Lords with merited indignation; to offer arguments against it would have been ridiculous, but they did not shrink from their duty. "If, madam," said they, "you are resolved to keep no faith with your subjects, we will renounce our allegiance, and it will be for your Grace to consider the calamities which such a state of things must entail upon the country."

The boldness of this language produced a return to calmer reason, and she appeared willing to avert the storm; but at this moment the Reformed opinions were publicly embraced by the town of Perth, and the Queen, in great disturbance, commanded Lord Ruthven, the Provost, to suppress the alleged heresy. His reply was, that he could bring the bodies of his citizens to her Grace, and compel them to prostrate themselves before her, till she was fully satiate of their blood—but over their consciences she had no power. She upbraided him for his "malapert" reply; commanded Dundee, Montrose, and all other places which had abjured the ancient faith, to be ready to receive the sacrament of the mass at Easter; and again summoned the preachers to appear at Stirling, to answer for their conduct, upon the 10th of May.

It was at this critical season that the adherents of the Reformation received an important accession of strength, by the arrival of Knox in Scotland (May 3, 1559.) The remonstrances which he had transmitted to the Lords of the Congregation from Dieppe, had produced the most favourable effects; and, in obedience to the second invitation, addressed to him in the month of Nov. 1558, he now came to take his part with Willock, Douglas, and others, faithful preachers, who, during his absence, had laboured, at the peril of their lives, for the establishment of the truth. He found the cause of the Congregation in a condition very different from that in which he had left it at the period of his retreat from Scotland in 1557. Then the seed had indeed been sown, and in some places began to spring up; but the Romish party were predominant, and "matters had not yet ripened for a general reformation." Now, the Protestant faith was espoused by large masses of the people, professed by the most powerful of the nobles, and, in the event of attack, it could look with some confidence to the countenance and support of England. But it acquired a wonderful accession of strength in the return of this bold, uncompromising, and eloquent adherent; who, without delaying in the capital, repaired directly to Dundee. Here, when he learnt the proceedings against the ministers, he earnestly required that he might be permitted to assist his brethren, and to make confession of his faith

along with them—a request which we may believe was readily granted.

It was now resolved, by the leaders of the Congregation, that they would accompany their preachers to Stirling; and the principal barons of Angus and Mearns took their journey for this purpose to Perth. They wore no armour, but declared that they came as peaceable men, and solely to make confession of their faith, and to assist their ministers in their just defence. Lest their numbers might create alarm, Erskine of Dun, a grave and prudent man, eminent for his early adherence to the truth, leaving his brethren in Perth, went forward to Stirling, and requested an interview with the Queen.

The Queen promised that, if the people dispersed quietly, the summons to the preachers would be discharged, and that they should not be farther molested; and again broke her word. Other acts of dissimulation, on the part of the Regent, and repeated breaches of promise, clearly shewed the Protestants what they had to expect. Erskine of Dun, who acted so important a part throughout these transactions, enraged at the perfidy of the Queen, withdrew indignantly from Court, and rejoined his brethren of the Congregation, at Perth, where the first open blow was soon afterwards struck. Dun warned them to prepare for the extreme measures which he was convinced were meditated against them—

And Knox seized the moment to deliver to the people a sermon against idolatry, with all that fervid and impassioned eloquence for which he was so remarkable. He described how odious this crime appeared in the sight of God, what positive commands had been given in Scripture for the destruction of its monuments, and concluded by a denunciation of the mass, as one of the most abominable forms in which it had ever appeared to ensnare and degrade the human mind.

It is by no means clear that the preacher, or the leaders of the Congregation who supported him, entertained at this moment any intention of exhorting the multitude to open violence; on the contrary, the Congregation, after the conclusion of the sermon, quietly dispersed, and a few loiterers, or, to use Knox's expression, "certain godly men," alone remained in the church. Scarce, however, had the preacher retired, when a priest, with a spirit either of mistaken zeal or of ill-timed defiance, unveiled a rich shrine which stood above one of the altars, and, disclosing the images of the Virgin and the Saints, prepared to celebrate mass. A youth, who had listened to Knox's exhortations, exclaimed that this was intolerable. He appealed to those who stood by, and conjured them not to permit that idolatry which God had condemned, to be used in their despite and before their face. The priest, indignant at the interruption, struck him, and he retaliated by casting a stone at the altar, which broke one of the images. In an instant all was uproar and confusion; those who till now had been only spectators, and whose minds, from the recent eloquence of Knox, were highly excited, broke in upon the shrine, tore down its ornaments, shivered it to pieces, and, being joined by others whom the noise had attracted, demolished every monument or relic which they imagined to savour of idolatry, in an incredibly short space of time (May 11, 1559.) The confusion now increased; and they who had inflicted this summary vengeance, being joined by the "rascal multitude," as Knox denominates them, rushed with headlong fury to the religious houses of the Grey and Black Friars. They seem to have found them deserted—no defence at least was made—and in a few hours these magnificent edifices were spoiled of their wealth, and their altars, confessionals, and every ancient and hallowed relic which adorned them, torn down and defaced. The same fate was experienced by the Charter House, or Carthusian monastery, a building of extraordinary strength and magnificence, of which, within two days, nothing was to be seen but the bare and melancholy walls. The first invasion or impulse appears to have been solely against "idolatry;" but, although the preachers had been careful to warn their hearers not to put their hands to a reformation for covetousness' sake, the people, stimulated by the extraordinary wealth and luxury of the Grey Friars, began to spoil. No honest man, however, says Knox, was enriched to the value of a groat, and the plunder was permitted to the poor. The probability seems to be, that the poor took the liberty of helping themselves.

Mr Tytler is probably right. The clergy and nobles had been long following the same course; the difference being that between the poor thief who steals to the value of a shilling, and the rich peculator who filches to the amount of thousands of pounds.

On this most interesting crisis in Scottish history, Mr Tytler has thrown many new lights, obtained from the original Calderwood MS. in the British Museum, and letters in the State-Paper Office. The Reformers had now thrown away the scabbard. They had nothing farther to expect from the Court or the Clergy; and the bold and high tone they assumed, was calculated to warm the zeal and animate the courage of the people. One of their letters of remonstrance was addressed "To the generation of Anti-Christ, the pestilent Prelates, and their shavelings within Scotland." The contents were quite in harmony with the superscription.

What we may term a new and valuable portion of Scottish history follows, which we are under a strong temptation to transfer to our pages. From the manuscript letters of Knox, Cecil, Argyle, Glencairn, Kirkaldy, the Lord James—afterwards the Regent Murray—and other actors in the accumulated drama, Mr Tytler has written, for the first time, the history of that important and critical interval, from the assembling of the army of the Congregation at Perth, when the Protestants contended single-handed, until they had obtained the promise of assistance coldly and tardily yielded by Elizabeth.

But we must refer the reader to the original work. Elizabeth had not yet forgiven Knox, the "Monsterous Regiment," his work against female sovereigns—which, by the by, Mary afterwards good-naturedly placed under her notice, to draw her displeasure upon Knox. His letter to Cecil, deprecating her displeasure, the original of which has been found in the State-Paper Office, is written in the manly and fearless style which characterised the Reformer.

"I am become so odious to the Queen's grace, and to her Council, that the mention of my name is unpleasing in their ears; but yet I will not cease to offer myself, requiring you, in God's name, to present to the Queen's grace this my letter, smelling nothing of flattery, and, therefore, I hope it shall be the more acceptable. Why, that either her Grace, either that the faithful in her realm should repute me as an enemy, I know no just cause. One thing I know, that England by me this day hath received no hurt—yea, it hath received, by the power of God working in me, that benefit which yet to none in England is known, neither yet list I to boast of the same: only this will I say, that, when England and the usurped authority thereof was enemy to me, yet was I friend to it, and the fruit of my friendship saved the Borders in their greatest necessities. My eyes have long looked to a perpetual concord betwixt these two realms, the occasion whereof is most present, if you shall move your hearts unfeignedly to seek the same. . . . . The common bruit

I doubt not, carrieth unto you the troubles that be lately here risen for the controversy in religion. The truth is, that many of the nobility, the most part of barons and gentlemen, with many towns and one city, have put to their hands to remove idolatry and the monuments of the same. The Reformation is somewhat violent, because the adversaries be stubborn; none that professeth Christ Jesus with us usurpeth anything against the authorities, neither yet intendeth to usurp, unless strangers be brought in to subdue and bring in bondage the liberties of this poor country; if any such thing be espied, I am uncertain what shall follow."

An animating episode from this original portion of the history, is all upon which we can venture. The men of Dundee detested the Bishop of Moray, as the chief instrument in the barbarous martyrdom of Walter Miln. They seem to have been determined to inflict "wild justice" upon the profligate prelate with their own hands; and the leaders of the Congregation, still assembled at Perth, found it necessary to protect him from the popular vengeance by offering to mix their followers with his servants. He accepted the offer, but his answer came too late—

Before this answer arrived, the citizens of Dundee had seized their weapons, and rushed forward to the abbey, followed by Knox and their chief magistrate, who in vain attempted to restrain them. It was the earnest wish of the Reformer and of the leaders of the Protestants, to save both the palace and the abbey; and in this they at first so far succeeded, that nothing but the images were pulled down; Argile and Murray then drew off the multitude, and, receiving intelligence in the evening that the Queen Regent meditated to garrison Stirling, and preoccupy the passes of the Forth, so as to prevent a junction between the northern reformers and their Lowland brethren, these two leaders made a rapid night march, took possession of the town, and, according to the expression then commonly used, purged it of idolatry. Their absence was fatal to Scone. Some of the poor, in hope of spoil, and others with a lingering wish of vengeance, returned on the morrow, and began to prowl about the abbey—the Prelate in the interval had barricaded his mansion, his servants had armed themselves, and a citizen of Dundee, approaching near the "Girnel," or granary, was thrust through with a rapier by one reported to be a son of the Prelate. In a moment all was tumult—the air rung with shouts and cries of vengeance—the story flew to Perth—a multitude, which no power could control, attacked the ecclesiastical palace and the abbey—and, within a few hours, both were in flames. Many, even of the most zealous of the brethren, lamented this destruction, and Knox appears personally to have exerted himself to prevent it; but an aged matron who stood by, viewed the scene with exultation and thankfulness—"Now," said she, "I see that God's judgments are just, and none can save where he will punish; since ever I can remember aught, this place hath been nothing else than a den of profligates, where these filthy beasts, the friars, have acted in darkness every sort of sin, and specially that most wicked man the bishop; if all knew what I know, they would see matter for gratitude, but none of offence."

Mr Tytler cannot be accused of any bias towards the Great Reformer; yet he rigidly follows the truth of history, so frequently violated by other historians, in acquitting Knox and the leaders of the Reformation of those acts of spoliation and barbarous dilapidation with which their memories are charged.

The purpose now avowed by the Congregation was the establishment of the true gospel within the kingdom; and, no longer contented with liberty of worship for themselves, they demanded the removing of superstition and idolatry from the land; but, so intimately are civil and religious liberty allied, that, when Cecil pressed the Lords of the Congregation upon the delicate point of their alleged rebellious designs, Knox, the soul and life of the confederation in all that was pure or noble in its objects, disdained to conceal his sentiments and views. A letter, in his handwriting, in the State-Paper Office, signed by Argyle, Glencairn, the Lord James, Boyd, Ochiltree, and other leaders of the Congregation, contains the following spirited and remarkable avowal:—

"True it is," they observe, "that as yet we have made no mention of any change in authority; neither yet hath any such thing entered in our hearts, except that extreme necessity compel us thereto. But, perceiving that France, the Queen Regent here, together with her priests and Frenchmen, pretend nothing else but the suppressing of Christ's Evangile, the maintenance of idolatry, the ruin of us, and the utter subversion of this poor realm, we are fully purposed to seek the next remedy—to withstand their tyranny; in which matter we unfeignedly require your faithful counsel and furtherance at the Queen and Council's hands, for our assistance."

An original letter from Cecil to the Protestant Lords, is one of the most choice pieces of long-headed policy that ever fell under our eyes. In this letter, he invites them to maintain the struggle, but without committing his mistress:—

"Ye know," said he, "your chief adversaries, the Popish kirkmen, be noted wise in their generation; they be rich also, whereby they make many friends—by their wit with false persuasions, by their richness with corruption. As long as they feel no sharpness, they be bold; but, if they be once touched with fear, they be the greatest cowards. In our first Reformation here, in King Henry VIII. his time, although in some points there was oversight for the help of the ministry and the poor; yet, if the prelacy had been left in their pomp and wealth, the victory had been theirs. I like no spoil, but I allow to have good things put to good uses, as to the enriching of the crown, the help to the youth and the nobility, the maintenance of ministry in the church, of learning in schools, and to relieve the poor members of Christ, being in body and limbs impotent."

This is important advice to Church Reformers of all times.

As a specimen of Mr Tytler's power of seizing and depicting character, we may here select his portrait of the Lord James:—

Elizabeth, and still more, her able Minister Cecil, had their eye upon another and a very different person, the Lord James, natural son of James V., and regarded, even at this time, when he had not completed his twenty-sixth year, as the most influential man in the Congregation. There is every reason to believe that his attachment to the principles of the Reformation was sincere, and that at first he proposed no other end in taking so prominent a lead, than to procure liberty of conscience, and the free exercise of his religion for himself and his adherents. But personal ambition and the love of power were deeply planted in Murray's character—his mind was one of no ordinary cast, and when he began to busy himself in public life, a very short period sufficed to make him feel his talents, and take pleasure in the eminence they conferred upon him. Educated for the church, first in his own country, and afterwards at the schools in France, he acquired habits of study, and a cultivation of mind superior to the barons by whom he was surrounded. He had early attached to himself some of those able and unscrupulous men, who at this time were to be found in the professions of the law, or in the church—men who combined the craft and intrigue of civilized life, with the ferocity of a still feudal age; but, whilst he used their

assistance, his own powers of application were so great as scarcely to require it. His acquaintance with European politics, superior to most of those with whom he acted, enabled him to transact business, and conduct his correspondence with uncommon clearness, brevity, and precision. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He possessed that rapid intuitive insight into the dispositions of those with whom he acted, which taught him to select with readiness, and to employ with success, those best calculated to carry forward his designs; and it was his peculiar art to appear to do nothing, whilst, in truth, he did all. There was a bluntness, openness, and honesty about his manner, which disarmed suspicion and disposed men to unbosom themselves to him with equal readiness and sincerity; yet, when the conference was ended, they were often surprised to find that the confidence had been altogether on one side—they had revealed their own purposes, and Murray, with all his apparent frankness, had betrayed none of his secrets. There is, perhaps, no kind of man more dangerous in public life, than he who conceals matured purposes, under a negligent and careless exterior. If to this we add, that his talents in war were of a superior order—that he was brave, almost to rashness, that his address was dignified, and his countenance noble and kingly, we shall be at no loss to comprehend the extraordinary influence which he had acquired, not only over his own party, but in England and on the Continent.

It is not, however, Murray, but Knox, who is the prominent character of this middle period of the Reformation. The undaunted spirit of the great Reformer never shone so brightly as in the season of adversity. His courage and high principles were, of themselves, earnests of success to the cause which he espoused, even in the darkest periods. After the disasters of the army of the Congregation at Leith, when "the Queen Regent, sitting on the ramparts, welcomed her victorious soldiers, and smiled to see them loaded with the homely and multifarious plunder of the houses of her poor citizens," the leaders precipitately retreated from the capital; and Knox resumed at Stirling a sermon commenced in Edinburgh, in which he encouraged the faltering spirits of the Protestants in strains of persuasive eloquence and high-toned enthusiasm, which never yet failed where the object has been truth. He concluded thus:—

I no more doubt that this our dolour, confusion, and fear, shall be turned into joy, honour, and boldness, than I doubt that God gave victory to the Israelites over the Benjamites, after they were twice with ignominy repulsed and driven back. Be assured, he concluded, with that fervour of expression and manner which gave weight and entrance to every syllable—this cause, whatever becomes of us and our mortal carcases, shall, in despite of Satan, prevail in this realm of Scotland. It is the eternal truth of God, and, however for the time oppressed, must in the end be triumphant.*

Action followed exhortation, and the cause of the Reformation advanced and triumphed from that day.

This portion of Scottish history—the struggle, the civil war in fact, between the Lords of the Congregation, finally supported by troops from England, and the Queen Regent, aided by troops from France—which was only terminated by the death of the Queen, is illustrated by many original documents; as is the subsequent period, by the correspondence of Throckmorton, the English ambassador at the court of France, with his sovereign in England. The private character and position of Queen Mary, just become the widow of the Dauphin, and the policy of Elizabeth and her ministers, are shewn in a striking light. But we have a duty to our readers as well as to our author; and the original and novel is not always the most important portion of a historical work.

The first interview between Mary and Knox after her arrival in Scotland, ought to form a part of the manual of princes. Of the graphic scenes and dramatic interviews which are recorded in this volume as taking place between the Queen and the stern Reformer, when summoned to answer to her for his bold interference in what she considered her own personal affairs, as well as in matters of State, we shall notice but one, which followed upon Knox having delivered a passionate discourse upon the coldness and defection of the Protestant nobility, and also touching the Queen's rumoured marriage with Darnley.

As soon as he could be heard, Knox attempted to defend himself, affirming that, in the pulpit, he was not master of himself, but must obey His commands who had bade him speak plain, and flatter no flesh; as for the favours which had been offered to him, his vocation, he said, was neither to wait in the courts of princes, nor in the chambers of ladies, but to preach the gospel. "I grant it so," reiterated the Queen; "but what have you to do with my marriage, or what are you within the commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same," said the Reformer; "and albeit, madam, neither Baron, Lord, nor belted Earl, yet hath God made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a useful and profitable member. As such, it is my duty, as much as that of any one of the nobility, to forewarn the people of danger; and, therefore, what I have said in public, I here repeat to your own face. Whenever the nobility of this realm shall so far forget themselves as to consent that you shall be subject to an unlawful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish the truth, betray the freedom of the realm, and, perchance, may be but cold friends to yourself."

This new attack brought on a still more passionate burst of tears; and Mary, who could scarcely be appeased by the soothing speeches of the Laird of Dun, commanded Knox to quit the apartment. In obeying this, a scene occurred which was strikingly characteristic. The Reformer, passing into the outer chamber, found himself shunned and avoided by the nobles of the court, who looked strangely on him, as if they had never known him before. His temper was not, however, of the kind to be cast down by the desertion of these summer friends, and, observing a circle of the ladies of the Queen's household sitting near, in their gorgeous apparel, he could not depart without a word of admonition. "Ah, fair ladies," said he, between jest and earnest, "how pleasant were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with this gear! But fie on that knave, Death—that will come whether ye will or not; and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender, and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targating, pearl, nor precious stones."* In the midst of these speeches, the Laird of Dun came out of the Queen's cabinet, and requested him to go home; nor does it appear that Mary took any further notice of his officious and uncalled-for interference with her marriage.

Mr Tytler entertains a strong, and, we admit, a very natural prepossession for Queen Mary,

* Knox's History, p. 210.

* Knox, p. 361. "He *merrily* said." The speech is in the very vein of Hamlet. "Get ye to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come—Make her laugh at that."

and consequent dislike of the duplicity and baseness of the crooked policy of the English Queen and her pliant ministers. He also insinuates stronger suspicions of the ambitious designs which Murray pursued, by crooked ways, than we consider to be warranted by authentic history; but he at the same time does justice to the motives and character of Knox. In the intrigues to prevent the unhappy marriage of Mary with Darnley, he says that Murray and his party among the nobles, merely raised the cry of "Church in danger," to cover their own designs. Yet, in the character of Darnley, there was enough to justify the opposition of Murray to the impending, ill-starred marriage, superior to motives of merely selfish ambition. To the stern sincerity of Knox he does ample justice.

To the stern uncompromising mind of this Reformer, the mass was idolatry; so long as it maintained its place in the Queen's private chapel, he believed that the Protestant faith was in danger, and that, in permitting its use, the preachers and the people committed a deadly sin. Murray had always contended for the right of the Queen to have the private exercise of her religion. Knox had as obstinately denied it. He contended that, by the word of God, and the laws of the land, every priest who dared to celebrate, and every person who ventured to attend, the mass, was obnoxious to capital punishment; and he evidently considered that the sufferance of the "idol," under any circumstances, was a direct infringement upon the rights and the security of the national religion. He is to be judged, therefore, by a different standard from that which must be applied to his ambitious and potent ally. Murray was the slave of private ambition: his paramount desire evidently was to retain the great power which he possessed; and in his efforts to effect this, he repeated the same game which ambition has so often played; he masked his selfish projects under a zeal for religion. Knox, on the other hand, however fierce, dictatorial, and even unscrupulous as to means, was perfectly honest. No Church plunder can be traced to his hands; no pensions from England or France secured his services, nor is there the slightest evidence, (at least I have discovered none,) that at any time he pursued a scheme of personal aggrandisement, separate from that spiritual authority which attached itself to him as the great leader of the Reformation. His character was great, irregular, and imperfect. His views were often erroneous. In his mind many subjects assumed an undue importance and magnitude, whilst others, especially those connected with the practical influence of the gospel upon the heart and conduct, were often neglected or forgotten. But, in his public career, he was consistent, fearless, sincere; the single object to which he devoted himself was to establish, on a sure foundation, what he believed to be the only true faith—the only form of worship consistent with the declarations of Scripture, and the glory of God. It is needless to point out to what a height this raises him above Murray, Argile, Lethington, and the crowd of venal barons by whom he was surrounded.

From the perusal of Mr Tytler's earlier volumes, we could scarcely have predicted this rigid impartiality.

The fifth chapter of the history—which, opening with the arrival of Mary in Scotland, and closing with her marriage, is very long and stirring—is peculiarly rich in facts and illustrations, not all of equal value certainly, but yet such as gratify the more curious student, while they assist the philosopher who searches deeper than the surface for the secret motives and hidden springs of great movements. Those who would learn how much new matter has been dragged to light for the first time, would however require to compare Mr Tytler's narrative with the details of Keith, Hume, Robertson, and Sir Walter Scott, who has also added to the authentic history of Scotland; a degree of pains which, we fear, few will be disposed to take.

As a fair specimen of Mr Tytler's style of narrative, we select the following passage, enriched with new facts, original illustrations, and teeming with events. An interview between the loving Queens had been projected, from motives of policy, on the part of Mary, who both desired to be declared heir to the crown of England, and to secure Elizabeth's approbation of her marriage. It does not seem probable that the meeting was ever sincerely desired by Elizabeth:—

All things being thus in readiness for the interview, and Mary looking forward to it with the ardent and sanguine feelings which belonged to her character, an unexpected obstacle arose from the quarter of France. In that country, the religious and political struggle between the Romish party and the Protestants suddenly assumed a more fierce and sanguinary aspect; and the Queen of England, who steadily supported Coligni and the Protestants, resolved to remain for the whole summer at home, to watch the proceedings of the league which France, Spain, Savoy, and Rome had organized against the common cause of the Reformation. It may, indeed, be doubted, whether Elizabeth was ever sincere in her wish to have a meeting with Mary. It is, at least, certain that she readily seized this cause of delay, and in July despatched Sir Henry Sidney into Scotland, to defer the interview of the two Queens till the ensuing summer. Mary received Sidney with expressions of unfeigned disappointment and sorrow. She listened to his embassy, as he himself reports, "with watery eyes;" and Mar and Lethington assured him, that, had she not already found a vent for her passionate grief in her private chamber, the expression of it would have been still more violent. It is evident that her heart was intent upon this object, and the delay may have caused a painful suspicion of the sincerity of the English Queen, for whose sake she had already made no inconsiderable sacrifices. Yet the message of Elizabeth was warm and cordial. She assured Mary that to have seen her dear sister that summer was her earnest desire; that she now delayed the meeting with the utmost reluctance, and had so fully determined to enjoy her company in the spring, that she had sent by Sidney her confirmation of the treaty for the interview, leaving it to her to fix upon any days between the 20th of May and the last of August. Mary was re-assured, and would instantly have accepted the treaty and named the day of meeting; but most of her Council being absent, Lethington thought it prudent to delay, and promised within a month to send her final resolution.

The Queen, relieved from this anxiety, now resolved to visit the northern parts of her dominions; and, following her own inclination rather than the advice of her Council, made preparations for her progress as far as Inverness; but, before she set out, a Jesuit arrived in Scotland with a secret message from the Pope. So violent at this time was the feeling of the common people against any intercourse with Rome, that Mary did not dare to receive him openly; but, whilst the Protestant nobles were at the sermon, Lethington conveyed him by stealth into the Queen's closet. The preacher, however, was more brief than usual in his discourse; and the Earl of Mar, coming suddenly into the antechamber, had nearly discovered the interview; so that the Papal envoy was smuggled away by the Marys with much speed and alarm, yet not before Randolph had caught a glimpse of "a strange visage," which filled him full of suspicion. "The effect of his legation," says this ambassador, "was to know whether she could send unto the General Council,

(he means the Council of Trent, then sitting,) and he was directed to use his influence to keep her steadfast in her religion; so at least the Secretary assured him; but he believed there was more under this commission than he or Lethington were permitted to see. The messenger, who was a Bishop, narrowly escaped; for no sooner was it known that a Papal emissary had dared to set his foot in Scotland, than his death was resolved on; and nothing saved him but the peremptory remonstrance of Mar.

Mary now set out on her progress northward, accompanied by most of her principal nobles. At Aberdeen, she was met by the Earl of Huntly, the head of the Romish party, and the great rival of Mar. This nobleman was nearly allied to the Duke of Chastelherault, by the marriage of his eldest son, Lord Gordon, to the daughter of Hamilton; and both Huntly and the Duke, although separated by difference of religious faith, were jealous of the power of Mar, and enemies to the strict amity with England. Huntly, indeed, had felt keenly the neglect and want of confidence with which he had been treated by the Queen. She had received with coldness the advances made by him and his party, immediately after the death of her husband; his offer to re-establish the ancient religion on her arrival in her dominions had been repelled; although he held the high office of Chancellor, and sat in the Privy Council, his influence was merely nominal; and, which cut deeper than all, he discovered that Mar intended to possess himself of the Earldom of Murray, an extensive and opulent appanage, of which he, for many years back, had enjoyed the revenues and wielded the power. Shortly before this, one of his sons, Sir John Gordon, having a private feud with Lord Ogilvy, had attacked and desperately wounded this nobleman in the streets of the capital. The assailant being seized and imprisoned, broke from his confinement and fled to his estates. Mary was exasperated; but the eloquence of the Countess, his mother, assuaged her resentment, and brought her son to reason. The offender appeared before his sovereign, and was ordered to ward in the castle of Stirling. When on his road thither, he again repented of his submission, escaped from his guards, and, gathering a thousand horsemen, bid defiance to the royal power. Such was the state of things, when Huntly heard of the Queen's resolution to visit his country, accompanied by Mar and her principal nobility. He had long envied the influence of that Earl with the Queen; and, being strong in friends, and possessed of almost sovereign authority in those northern districts, he seems to have had the temerity to believe that the moment had arrived when a revolution might be accomplished, which would rid him of his rival, and place in his hands the chief power of the Government. But Mary suspected his practices, and dreaded his ambition. On being pressed by him to visit his house at Strathbogy, of which the magnificence rivalled her own palaces, she declined paying that honour to the father of a rebel; and, pushing forward to the castle of Inverness, where it was her intention to remain for some time, she found its gates insolently shut against her. On the place being summoned, it was answered by the captain, a retainer of Huntly's, that, without the orders of Lord Gordon, for whom he held it, the castle should not be given up. This was open rebellion; and Mary, having raised the force of the country, prepared to carry the place by assault. On this occasion, the Queen evinced something of the warlike spirit of her ancestors. Instead of lamenting that she had engaged in a journey so full of peril, "she repented she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or walk the rounds with a jack and knapscull." Her military aspirations, however, were not gratified by an actual siege; the captain having surrendered, was hanged; and Mary, although informed that Huntly watched to intercept her in the woods on the banks of the Spey, advanced against him, crossed the river without seeing an enemy, and returned at the head of three thousand men to Aberdeen. There was a romance and danger about the expedition, which pleased the Queen, and awakened some knightly enthusiasm in Randolph, the English envoy, who accompanied her. "What desperate blows," says he, in his letter to Cecil, "would that day have been given, when every man should have fought in sight of so noble a Queen and so many fair ladies, our enemies to have taken them from us, and we to save our honours and not to be bereft of them, your Honour may easily imagine."

The fate of Huntly and his family is well-known, and also the farther advance of Murray's fortunes and the Protestant cause upon their merited ruin. By the time that Mary returned to the capital,

War had begun (to use the words of Secretary Maitland) between the two countries of the earth which, next to her own, were most dear to her, France and England, being descended of the blood of both of them by her father, and one of them by her mother. France was ready to urge her by the love she bore her relatives there, by the recollections of her early education in that country, and by the ties of a common faith, not to desert her friends when her assistance might be of essential benefit. Elizabeth, on the other hand, explained, by her ambassador, the causes which compelled her to send an army into France. The French King's subjects in Normandy had urged her, she said, to relieve them from the unjust tyranny of the House of Guise; and as that monarch was unable to give them assistance, she had entered into a treaty with the Prince of Condé, by which it was agreed he should receive support both in forces and money.

When Randolph communicated this information to Mary, she did not dissemble her sorrow, nor conceal her affection for her uncles. "This," said she, "I must say in their defence:—I believe them to be true subjects to their prince, and that they do no more than execute his orders; but," she added, "that she was not so unreasonable as to condemn those who differed from her in opinion—still less was she inclined, on their account, to abate anything of the friendship she felt for his mistress, the Queen of England." (2d Nov. 1562.) It was, in truth, scarcely possible for Elizabeth to entertain at this moment any serious fears of Mary's intrigues in France, when we find Randolph assuring Cecil, that she heard almost as seldom from that country as the King of Muscovy.

Mary was at this time high in favour with the English ambassador; nor is it easy to believe that his change of opinion was not produced by her change of conduct, and his farther observation discovering her to be a dissembler, as willing, if not so able, as his natural liege lady. The secret emissary of the Pope, received a few months before, under whose mission there was more than either Lethington or Randolph were permitted to see, must have caused a strong sensation among the Protestants, and extenuates the constant suspicion entertained of Mary, and the violence of Knox, of whom—while the cause was daily gaining strength from the fall of Huntly, the friendship of England, and Mary's partiality to her natural brother Murray—Mr Tytler remarks—

It was only to be regretted that the conduct of Knox, and the more violent of his brethren, occasionally excited feelings of resentment when there was a predisposition to peace, and that his endeavours to secure the triumph of his party (honest and disinterested as they undoubtedly were) were not always accompanied by sound discretion or Christian love. Even Randolph, their partial friend, was shocked by the manner in which the preachers prayed for the Queen. "They pray," says he, in his letter to Cecil, "that God will keep us from the bondage of strangers; and for herself, as much in effect as that God will either turn her heart or send her short life."

It is to be held in memory that Randolph was now writing to a court where the royal person and prerogatives were regarded as something far more

sacred than religion. We cannot forbear quoting the characteristic scene upon which the above remarks are founded. The interview between the Queen, and the boldest of Christian democrats, took place, as is ascertained by Mr Tytler, from a manuscript letter of Randolph's, upon the 16th Dec. 1562. Upon the previous Sunday, Knox had inveighed sore against the Queen's dancing, and exercising herself little in godliness; and the report thereof being brought her, she sent for him:—

News having arrived about this time of the restoration of peace to France, the Queen, who took a deep interest in her uncles, was disposed to be merry; and the court, reflecting the countenance of the Prince, was much occupied in masques and dancing; but to the news of peace were added suspicions of an intended persecution of the Protestants, by the Guises; and Knox, grieving for his brethren, and scandalized at the prevailing gaieties, fulminated a complaint in the pulpit against the ignorance, tyranny, and malevolence of princes. His words were meant chiefly to apply to the Guises, but he was reported to have spoken irreverently of his Sovereign, and brought before her to answer for his attack. His defence, which he has himself preserved in his history, was calculated rather to aggravate than extenuate the provocation. "Madam," said he, "this is oftentimes the just recompense which God gives the stubborn of the world, that because they will not hear God speaking to the comfort of the penitent, and for amendment of the wicked, they are oft compelled to hear the false report of others, to their great displeasure. I doubt not that it came to the ears of Herod, that our master Jesus Christ called him a fox; but they told him not how odious a thing it was before God, to murder an innocent, as he had lately done before, causing to behead John the Baptist, to reward the dancing of a harlot's daughter. If the reporters of my words had been honest men, they would have repeated my words, and the circumstances of the same; but because they would have credit in court, and wanting virtue worthy thereof, they needs must have somewhat to please your Majesty, if it were but flatteries and lies; but such pleasure, if any your Majesty take in such persons, will turn to your everlasting displeasure; for, Madam, if your own ears had heard the whole matter that I treated, if there be in you any spark of the spirit of God, yea of honesty and wisdom, you would not justly have been offended with anything that I spake. And because you have heard their report, please your Majesty to hear myself rehearse the same, so near as memory will serve—(it was even next day after that the sermon was made.) My text, Madam, was this, 'And now, O Kings, understand! be learned, ye judges of the earth.' After I had declared the dignity of kings and rulers, the honour wherein God has placed them, the obedience that is due unto them, being God's lieutenants, I demanded this question. But, oh, alas, what account shall the most part of princes make before that supreme judge, whose throne and authority so manifestly and shamefully they abuse? The complaint of Solomon is this day most true, that violence and oppression do occupy the throne of God here on this earth; for, whilst that murderers, bloodthirsty men, oppressors, and malefactors, dare be bold to present themselves before kings and princes, and that the poor saints of God are banished and exiled, what shall we say, but that the devil hath taken possession in the throne of God, which ought to be a dread to all wicked doers, and a refuge to the innocent and oppressed? And how can it be otherwise?—for princes will not understand, they will not be learned as God commands them, but they despise God's law, his statutes and holy ordinances they will not understand. For in fiddling and flinging they are more exercised, than in reading or hearing God's most blessed word; and fiddlers and flatterers (which commonly corrupt youth) are more precious in their eyes, than men of wisdom and gravity, who, by wholesome admonitions, may beat down in them some part of that vanity and pride wherein we are all born; but which in princes takes deep root and strength by evil education."

"Your words are sharp enough even now," said Mary; "and yet they were told me in another manner. You and my uncles are not of one religion, and I do not blame you for conceiving so ill an opinion of them; but for myself, if you disapprove of aught, come to myself, speak openly, and I shall hear you."—"Madam," answered Knox, "I am assured that your uncles are enemies to God, and unto his Son Jesus Christ, and for the maintenance of their own pomp and wordly glory, that they spare not to spill the blood of many innocents, and, therefore, I am assured, their enterprises shall have no better success than others have had, who before them have done as they do now." A melancholy story soon after occurred, which, in some measure, justified Knox in his censure of the licentious manners of the Court.

The story is that of Chartellet, which Mr Tytler relates as favourably to Mary as he can; yet he thus concludes:—

On the scaffold, instead of having recourse to his missal or breviary, he drew from his pocket a volume of Ronsard, and, reading the poet's hymn to death, resigned himself to his fate with gaiety and indifference. It was a lamentable spectacle; men blamed, but, at the same time, pitied him. They had not forgotten the recent flight of Captain Hepburn, who had behaved with brutal indelicacy to Mary; it seemed strange, that, within a short time, two such outrageous insults should have been offered; and some did not scruple to blame the indiscriminate condescension of the Queen, whose love of admiration made her sometimes forget the dignity and reserve which are so sure a protection of female purity.

The volume closes with the marriage of Mary and Darnley, whose petulance, imbecility of understanding, and arrogant violence of manner, as depicted by Randolph, and other contemporary writers, draw forth no pointed comment from the historian. The account of the character of Darnley, and the infatuated attachment of the Queen, transmitted by the English envoy, are described as distorted misrepresentations. There can, indeed, be no doubt that they were coloured by the new medium through which Mary's conduct was viewed; but it is equally evident that the discontent with the projected union was both deep and wide-spread, and grounded upon what appeared very sufficient causes. In this particular portion of the history, Mr Tytler, we think, sometimes plays rather the part of the unconscious advocate of the beleaguered Queen, the victim of wanton opposition, than the impartial historian, judging every action by calm and dispassionate reason. In her headstrong will he sees nothing amiss; and in the grave apprehensions of the Protestant party for the safety of religion, and the internal peace of the kingdom, only subservience to England, or the captious opposition of factious interests.

To the volume a variety of proofs and illustrations are appended, consisting either of unprinted letters found in the State-Paper Office, or such as have been incorrectly printed. They chiefly relate to points of national history; though a few are curious, as illustrations of the domestic manners of the age. One of those passages describes the quacking of Hamilton, the Primate of St Andrew's, by the famous Italian physician Cardan, who hung his patient by the heels for hours together, and dieted him with puppy dogs, until

the cure was completed, during which one devil was exorcised, and another obtained possession of the Bishop for nine years, when, wrote Randolph merrily to Cecil, "he must either go to hell with his devil, or fall again into the old mischief, to poison the whole country with his false practices." The description of an Irish envoy sent from the great O'Niel to the Earl of Argyle, and dispatched by Randolph to Cecil, is equally characteristic of the period, and probably more true than the Bishop's cure. The manner and behaviour of O'Niel himself was not considered so extraordinary as the specimen of the "Wild Irish," afforded by his gigantic ambassador—"a man that exceedeth many in stature. He walked a-foot out of Erland hither alone; his diet, by reason of the length of his journey, so failed him, that he was fain to leave his safron shirt in gage. The rest of his apparel, such that the Earl, before he would give him audience, arrayed him new from the neck downwards—for razor he would none—his lodging was the chimney, his drink aquavitæ and milk." A sight of O'Niel's despatches was sent to Cecil, as a curiosity in composition and orthography.

We have, though imperfectly, noticed Mr Tytler's superiority to former historians, in facts and illustrations, the result of diligent research, and the better means which he has obtained of making extraordinary care and pains available. To the general reader, however, the chief value of the new volume rests on the grand moral point—the Reformation, and its developement, particularly during the Regency of Mary of Guise. The civil war of that time was, in truth, a war of opinions—of *principles*, in contradistinction to the ambitions, cupidity, or love of revenge and conquest, which are the ordinary motives to war; and we see enforced throughout the impressive lesson, that there never yet was a struggle for a great principle which has not ultimately succeeded. The Protestant Reformers of Scotland began by demanding no more than the liberty of conscience and of private worship; which, if wisely and promptly conceded, might have left the Romish Church undisturbed for centuries. They were driven to arms to protect themselves from persecution; and the result of such a struggle is inevitable, whether the suffering party shall be Catholic or Protestant.

THE WORKING MAN'S SONG.

I AM no gentleman—not I!
No bowing, scraping thing!
I bear my head more free and high
Than titled count or king.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
And only to one Lord on high
My head I bow.

I am no gentleman—not I!
No smooth and painted thing!
And from my heart without a die,
My honest thoughts I fling.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
Our stout John Knox was none—and why
Should I be so?

I am no gentleman—not I!
No cushion'd, cradled thing!
In gay saloon, a butterfly,
Some wax-doll Miss to wing.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
No moth, to sport in fashion's eye,
A Bond Street beau!

I am no gentleman—not I!
No bully, braggart thing!
With jockeys on the course to vie,
With bull-dogs in the ring.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
The working man might sooner die
Than sink so low!

I am no gentleman—not I!
No star-and-garter'd thing!
My fathers filched no dignity
By fawning to a king.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
And to the wage of honesty
My rank I owe.

I am no gentleman—not I!
No bowing, scraping thing!
I bear my head more free and high
Than titled count or king.
I am no gentleman—not I!
No, no, no!
And thank the blessed God on high
That made me so!

J. S. B.

SONNET, WRITTEN IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN shall I pluck a heather-bell again?
When see the May-flower dappling o'er the hedge?
When search for cresses at the mill-pool's edge,
And cull the cowslip, gilding all the plain?
When shall my hands through leafy hazels reach
For nutty clusters?—when, 'midst whortle-beds
Shall berries wild—more prized than plum or peach—
My fingers stain, with purples, blacks, and reds?
I find no heather here; no hawthorns scent
The sultry gale; no cresses fringe the brooks;
No cowslips stud the meads; nor in dim nooks
Nestles the violet, in sweet content;
No hazels, rife with nuts; no berries (found
In British woods) we meet on Indian ground.

JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

The Earl of Roden—a bad politician and worse Irishman—in a speech which he made the other day at Belfast, said something about *repealing the act of Catholic Emancipation*. We have no doubt that he is quite in earnest about it, and that his mind has, for a considerable time, been profoundly immersed in statesman-like speculation upon this very feasible project. So long ago as last June, his Lordship's lay chaplain, and whilome his representative, (when Lord Roden was the borough of Dundalk,) our countryman, by courtesy Captain Gordon, assembled the elders and prophetesses at Exeter Hall, to "argufy the topic" in full conventicle. These pious folk, grown weary of waiting for *the Millennium*, which was to make all matters straight for the Tories, have selected this as the next best scheme in their repository for turning back the course of time to the point from which, as they imagine, Irish freedom first set out; and one eminently zealous individual, a parson, even took the trouble of writing a pamphlet to persuade the Duke of Wellington that he ought to bear a hand in the good work. But the Duke has made no sign as yet of shaping his campaigns after the inspirations of *Clapham Rise*, or of picking a council of war out of the male tabbies who congregate at Exeter Hall.

Many of his Grace's party, however, as well as the "decided" gentlewomen we speak of, have sanguine thoughts of pushing matters to this extremity, if not beyond it. *The Quarterly Review* sounded the trumpet last January, and promulgated the Christian edict that Ireland must either be converted forthwith to the Protestant faith, or served as the land of Canaan. For the glory of the Lord, these good people would make brief count of his creatures, even as the Spaniards who first undertook to Christianize Jamaica testified their reverence for the Apostles by hanging up the natives upon the trees of the island *in batches of thirteen*. Of a surety, *Carlists*, of whatever age, or clime, or church, appear to be made of the self-same stuff both in heart and head.

Even with more sober and wary politicians of that party, the repeal of Emancipation is only a question of time. They tell their friends to wait a while, and it will come about. "That time will come," said *The Standard* of the 25th of May last—"that time will come, and is rapidly approaching; and its arrival can be retarded only by indiscreet precipitancy." The editor of that paper has, we perceive, discreetly suppressed every allusion to the subject in his report of Lord Roden's Belfast speech; being still anxious, apparently, to prevent a premature explosion, but to let the overwhelming event come upon the poor, foredoomed Papists as a thief in the night. But come it certainly will; or the Oracle at Blackfriars is no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Such "visions of glory" may appear laughable to men of a matter-of-fact way of thinking. But, in reality, the Repeal of Emancipation is an object to which the mind of every rational Tory, who seriously intends that Ireland shall be ruled according to the veritable maxims and precedents of his party, must of necessity revert. If he is resolved, as much as depends on him, that the tree shall never bear fruit, the method which common sense points out for effecting his purpose is to cut off the current of vegetation at the source. Ireland has nearly put off the abject coil in which, for ages, she had been compelled to move along the dust, too thankful when she was not made to writhe under the oppressor's heel; and she is even now pluming her wings for a flight. She cannot remain much longer in her present attitude, "half on foot, half flying," and struggling between two opposite natures; but must either soar aloft into the free and buoyant atmosphere of liberty, or become again the creeping, grovelling thing she was before. There is no middle stage at which the course of national regeneration can stand still.

The Clapham sages, therefore, have reason on their side, according to the light that is in them. They must repeal Emancipation, or be content to see it carried forward to its otherwise certain and irresistible conclusions. Of course, they have calculated the depth to which the rising ark of Irish freedom must be submerged, in order to render the navigation of their sacred bark, in the same waters, secure or agreeable. Captain Gordon retains enough of his professional education to know that a collision with the dismantled hull of an enemy might be just as fatal as to run foul of her with all her canvass spread. There is no safety to the surviving craft, unless she be sunk outright. For the present, it is true, they talk of merely repealing Emancipation, and putting Catholics out of Parliament. But this is only as a commencement; for the repeal of the act of 1829, as tough a job of work as they may find it, will not answer their purpose at all. That "boon," as it has been called, was not a free gift, bestowed from motives of generosity; it was granted because it would have been dangerous to keep it back any longer. The Catholics had nearly reached the point from which they could take the thing they asked; and simply to replace them in such a position would be doing worse than nothing. It would only beget new O'Connells, and organize other Catholic Associations.

"Alter erit tum Typhis et altera quæ vehat Argo delectos heroas."

Back, then, we must go to the last century, and take six or seven millions of Irish Catholics back along with us, having their eyes blindfolded, and their necks outstretched to receive the yoke from which our fathers set them free. They have electoral rights; at least the majority of their twelve judges have kindly left them a shadow of such rights. They are possessed of

real property, and are daily extending their territorial acquisitions; while, in spite of depopulators and "Conservative Registration Societies," they retain far the greatest share of the land in actual occupancy. The University, the liberal professions, the army, the magistracy, the police, and every avenue to social distinction and pre-eminence are open to them. Is it proposed, then, leaving them in possession of all these points of vantage, merely to forbid their approach to the doors of Parliament? Or,

> "What, boots it at one gate to make defence,
> And at these others to let in the foe?"

No, surely; this scotching of the snake is not all that is contemplated by those who talk of repealing Emancipation. They mean more than that. They meditate a re-enactment of the penal code in all its rigour. They will quash the elective franchise, dispossess the Catholics of their estates and feofs, drive them out of the schools and learned professions, strip them of authority as magistrates, disarm them as soldiers and policemen, and reduce them again to the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water to the party that claims the mastery over them. If these things do not enter within the scope of their plan, they are utter drivellers; for by no other means—unless they should try that game at which "two can play," the process of extermination suggested by our High Church contemporary—is it possible to regain the ground they have lost.

We are fearful that we may incur some portion of the ridicule which attends speculations so wild and chimerical, by making them the subject of serious comment. But the world must have learned, by this time of day, that a project is not the less likely, for its extravagance, to be gravely entertained by the Tory party; and some notions which prevail avowedly and universally amongst that party, seem not less preposterous or impracticable than these crude schemes and expectations, which we have deduced from the declarations of its most candid and open-mouthed adherents.

What, for instance, can be more absurd than for a small fraction of the Irish people to claim, by virtue of a name or profession, the right of administering, by and for themselves, all the duties and functions of the government, not only in its highest offices, but in the most humble and minute details of its management? It is not alone that the Irish Tories, the most rapacious and impudent of the species, assume such a right; but the leaders of the party in Parliament—men who ought to know better, who do know better, and who have yet some character to lose—insist upon it in their behalf. This would be amazing, if we did not see the effective manner in which the arrogant demand has been heretofore enforced, to the advantage of the whole Tory party. It is well known that two successive Irish administrations, formed with unquestionably good and friendly intentions towards that country, were thwarted in their designs by the clamorous assertion of such a right; and that, by a weak acknowledgment of it, all the benefits which they honestly meant for the community, were turned to laughter and contempt. They were persuaded, by certain unprincipled and intriguing knaves, whom they had unhappily admitted to their confidence, that they must carry on the Government by a *caste;* and that, because there is in Ireland, a Church Establishment, resting upon an anomalous and unstable foundation, every other institution of the country, like the sheaves of the patriarchs, must bend in subservience to it, and prop up its supremacy. They acted upon the suggestions of such false counsellors—that the safety of this Church could not coexist with the appointment of Catholics to the offices of a civil magistrate, a crown lawyer, or a peace-officer; that it could not be protected from aggression unless by a police exclusively Protestant; and that its doctrine, though founded on the immutable and eternal records of divine truth, must inevitably languish and become extinct, if *Popery* should receive the slightest encouragement, in the form of lay patronage, conferred upon its votaries. Even the trial by jury, unless under the management and control of an Orange sheriff, was dreaded as an anti-Protestant institution; and as to municipal government being placed upon a popular basis, the very stones of the cathedrals cried out of the walls against it, and the pillars of the House of Lords answered them. Everything in short—justice, reason, truth, and public convenience—were made to give way to the false and hypocritical fears of men "whose conscience is their maw."

This is just as if the parson of the parish, feebly supporting a bloated carcass on a miserable pair of spindle shanks, should issue a mandate requiring all persons, save his own beadles and followers, to absent themselves, not only from vestry meetings—where he presides, *sui juris*—but also from the Town Hall, the custom house, and the Court—where he has no business at all—lest his tottering divinity might, peradventure, receive a jostle in the crowd. In vain should he represent that the business of the people would be transacted as well and faithfully in their absence as if they had the personal direction of it; for that he had taken especial care to entrust it to men of respectability and worth, incapable of sordid or selfish considerations, and who would, above all things, *stand out of his way.* He would be shoved aside; and so would every one that helped to sustain his ridiculous pretensions; and, should he persist in enforcing obedience to his selfish cries, and beat away the people with his crutch, the evil which he apprehends might befall, and his portly figure be left sprawling in the mud, all the sooner on account of the unwise means taken to avert such a downfal.

Now, to follow up our comparison—the present Government, as far as it has gone, has taken upon itself the guardianship of this important but rickety personage, in a way, it seems, not very palatable to himself, but the only way in which he can be securely or effectually protected. It recommends and gently coerces him to stand

aside out of the very invidious position which he has taken up in the middle of the Queen's highway, and thus removes one of the strongest inducements which may have tempted the public to trip up his heels. The parson is protected in his church and in his glebe-house, where—provided the Lords will suffer it—he may yet "take the goods the gods provide him," in peace. But all the honourable, confidential, and lucrative appointments of which the Crown has the disposal, are no longer reserved, as outworks to his fortress, to be garrisoned by persons whose sole title to that exclusive advantage, consists in their professed attachment to the Church. It does not appear to Lord Mulgrave, or Lord Morpeth, or Lord John Russell, that the elective franchise of the People is a part and parcel of the Irish Church militant, or that consequently the registration of freeholders should be committed to none but churchmen. They seem to think that men may feel a concern for public justice and order, and be never the worse qualified to promote it, although, like Mr Goulburn, they may be unhappy enough to dissent from *the Thirty-nine Articles*. Judges, therefore, and assistant barristers, sheriffs, magistrates, and police officers, of various ranks, have been placed in authority, who never took the sacrament in the two kinds; and thus, as far as the executive government can effect such an object, the Protestant clergyman has been divested of a most unpopular attribute. He is no longer made a stalking-horse for jobbing place-hunters and monopolists—an obstacle to the fair and honest exercise of Ministerial confidence and favour. His name is not an excuse for debarring three-fourths of his countrymen from that share in the administration of the commonwealth to which, in every country that is really free, all the people have an equal right to aspire. Such, as it appears to us, is the just and irrespective policy of Lord Mulgrave's government; not a system of odious preference, but of perfect impartiality, free from all sectarian bias or distinction, and guided solely by a determination to select fit and worthy men for employments, without inquiring, or even wishing to know, what form of religious belief they are attached to. The great scandal of the Irish Government, in the eyes of the Tory party, consists in this—*Hoc fonte derivata clades;* and for this, Mr O'Connell is complimented as the author and adviser of all appointments which emanate from the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant.

It is honouring that remarkable man very highly to give him the credit of such promotions; and we hope he is duly thankful to *the Tories* for the pains they take incessantly, in Parliament and by their publications, to impress the world with so exalted an opinion of his judicious and disinterested zeal. No persons labour more assiduously than they do, to commend him to the lasting affection and gratitude of his country. For, certainly, he would deserve more praise than even we, highly as we estimate his talents and respect his public services, are disposed to award him, if it were true, as the enemies of the Government have often alleged, that to his discrimination it is owing that Sandes has been made a bishop, Perrin a judge, O'Loghlen a Master of the Rolls, and Woulfe an attorney-general. Such names as these would be the strength and ornament of any Government to which they might be found attached. They were never seen in the muster-roll of Mr O'Connnell's partisans or personal followers, when he fought the battle of agitation, sometimes, it may be, "not wisely, but right well;" and, if it was he who selected and pointed them out to the Government as the proper objects of its favour, it must have been, not on account of any private liking or obligation, but because he conscientiously believed them to be, as they really are, the fittest and most deserving individuals who could have been placed in their respective situations. This would indicate a merit in Mr O'Connell which the Tories would be very loath to ascribe to him, and which, although we are far from thinking him incapable of it, really does not belong to him, so far as regards the distribution of patronage by the Earl Mulgrave. He has not a more direct influence in ordering the course of that nobleman's administration, than has Lord Clements, Mr Wyse, or any other respectable supporter of the Government.

The Tories know this well enough. It is unnecessary to warn certain heads of that party against the "pernicious consequence of believing their own lies;" for they don't believe them. Too happy would it make them to be able to "lay the flattering unction to their soul;" for the actual state of the case gives them an infinite deal more of trouble and vexation than if they could, by any means, trace out the agency or interference of O'Connell, in the disposal of any public office of importance. His reign could not last for ever; and the proofs (if they could bring any forward) of its existence might lead to its speedy downfal. But, in the rule adopted by Lord Mulgrave, and the practice framed upon it, they discern the beginning of a system that will last beyond the duration of a single life or a particular Administration—a system from which even they could not dare to commit any glaring deviations, though they should resume the reins of government to-morrow; for it is too firmly established in the principles of justice and good sense, and has received too emphatically the stamp of public approbation, to render it safe for any future government to set it at naught. Lord Mulgrave has made but few appointments—none certainly on the popular side—against which a reasonable ground of objection could be taken. The men who have been selected for promotion stand, in point of personal and professional character, as high, and hold as respectable a place in society, as any who might have had claims to similar distinctions under another *regime*. But the true and genuine impartiality apparent in those appointments, so different from the counterfeit sort by which the Cramptons, and Lloyds, and Goolds were preferred to honester men, has struck a panic into the old exclusion-

ists. It is a proof of *sincerity*, which they cannot contemplate with common patience. They see that the system of bullying, on their part, and of truckling and mystification on the part of the Government, is at an end; and hence that "*funereal howl* over the carcass of Protestant Ascendancy," which, according to *The Times*, was set up by the Duke of Wellington in 1832, has swelled into

"A universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd."

It is no slight proof of the skill with which these accomplished conspirators against the progress of an enlightened system of government, have planned their operations, that they have taken the field as the professed champions of the Protestant religion. That is a cause which can never lose its power, nor fail to gather adherents from among the generous and free spirits of Britain. Wise, therefore, in their generation, are these children of darkness and intrigue, to have set up so noble an ensign to sanctify their factious and envious proceedings. Nor is it a matter of surprise that many honest and worthy persons have been deluded by it; for great ignorance still prevails as to the real state of things and merits of parties in Ireland, where the scene of their plot is laid. Notwithstanding the increased facility of intercourse and communication between the different parts of the United Kingdom, it is almost as true now, with respect to a large proportion of the English agricultural population, as it was when Swift alleged it, that, "As to Ireland, they know little more of it than they do of Mexico, farther than that it is a country subject to the King of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish Papists, who are kept in awe by mercenary troops, sent from thence; and their general opinion is, that *it were better for England if this whole island were sunk into the sea;* for they have a tradition that every forty years there must be a rebellion in Ireland."*

The late Sir Joseph Yorke, who, we dare be sworn, never acquired the sentiment by studying the political writings of Swift, re-echoed, nearly *totidem verbis*, the humane and neighbourly wish that the waters might roll over the green fields of Erin; and there are, at this day, statesmen—such as the Trevors, Knatchbulls, *et hoc pecus omne*—in sufficient numbers, to shew how little alteration has taken place in vulgar minds, on the other points alluded to by the satirical Dean. The artful managers of the party gladly countenance the imposture, and ply their best industry to keep it alive. The gunpowder polemics of Wellington, the polished ferocities of Lyndhurst, the goodly glozings of Peel, and the fanatical pretences of Shaw and O'Sullivan, are only so many modes of feeding the popular delusion about the island inhabited by wild Irish Papists, who must be kept in awe by mercenary troops, and let blood once in forty years, for the glory of the Protestant religion.

* Letter to Lord Chancellor Middleton in 1724.

It is startling to think that Old Time wants but a few months of completing one of those quadragesimal cycles, and that we are rapidly approaching the *fortieth year* since the last great Rebellion.

The most grotesque, and not the least disgusting form in which this grand knavery has arrayed itself, is that assumed by certain perambulating divines, who go about periodically from town to town, through the length and breadth of Great Britain, preaching up a crusade against *Popery*. This is a new feature in the aspect of Tory politics. It was never dreamt of until the Catholics were made capable of enjoying civil rights, and the Government manifested a sincere desire to give effect to the law on that subject.

While the Church was really in danger, being overlaid by the Beresfords, the Agars, the Jocelyns, and the Ratcliffs; when the Protestant religion was left to be carried on by curates,

"Passing rich on fifty pounds a-year;"

and a whistle from the prime minister could, in five minutes, assemble a full convocation of Irish dignitaries and pluralists in the Pump-room at Bath, or on the Steine at Brighton—then Popery was left to "gang its gait." The sarcasm of Doctor Doyle was just. The Irish hierarchy cared not who fed the flock, while the fleece was in their hands. At that time, Mr Wilberforce was the enemy most feared and hated by Churchmen; and Mrs Hannah More was even as the Scarlet Lady unto them. An itinerant parson, who should ramble abroad, insulting and disturbing the minds of the Catholics—those excellent subjects, who paid the tithes a thousand times more cheerfully than the Protestant farmer, and always voted with their landlords—would have been considered a worse offender than if he had committed the sin past praying for, of preaching extempore in his parish church. A clergyman might then subscribe to build "a *Popish mass-house*," for that was politic; but chill was the reception, and stern the greeting, in Episcopal halls, of the wight who patronised a Kildare Street school.

Then Popery was indeed successfully at work, enlarging her border, and the watchmen of the Church slumbered on her towers; for that which they most valued was untouched. They did not even assume the decorum of hypocrisy, for they wanted no veil; nobody disputed with them or their friends the appropriation of the sweets of power and patronage; and secure possession made them frank and open. It is only since they fell upon evil days that they have taken the vital concerns of religion under their tutelage, and set themselves up to our admiring sympathy as zealously affected for the truth. They cannot any longer stand before the throne, intercepting the rays of royal confidence and favour from the heads of men as good as they; and this has made them *pious*. This makes a peripatetic preacher of the primate's chaplain, and calls down that mighty polemic before the Lord, Bishop Philpotts, from the frowning heights of

orthodoxy, into Exeter Hall, where he is fain to rub his skirts to the disciples of Whitefield, and court the caresses of Irvingites and Sublapsarians. This makes him the justifier of the roving commission of Nangle *the Achilyte*, and prepares him, if need shall be, to salute the brethren of Walker "with a holy kiss."

It is a bodeful conjunction when the high priest joins hands with the Samaritan, who goes not up to the temple *to pay:* but adversity makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows. There is an allusion in *La Bruyére* to the intriguing *abbés* of the Gallican Church, which is perfectly apposite:—"*Chassez un chien du fauteuil du Roi: il grimpe à la chaise du predicateur.*"

The lawyers, too, as well as the Levites, have lifted up their voices against the profanation of dignities which has taken place. When Lord Manners and Mr Saurin were in power, the control of all matters pertaining to the law was left to their discretion; and most steadily did they exercise it, to the suppression of even the shadow of independent bearing or liberal sentiment within their range. And that range was a large one and a wide. It comprehended, immediately, or by indirect control, every office connected with the administration of justice. They made the judges, taking good heed *whom* they made; and the judges named the High Sheriffs, by whom juries, both grand and petty, were chosen, to dispose of the public property, and arbitrate on life and liberty. The prosecuting counsel, as well as the Crown solicitors and the magistrates, were their mere creatures, all ready and willing to go breast-high with the Castle authorities. If the course of justice did not run smooth in those days, it was not for want of unanimity in the several agents employed to propel it; for the magistrate who first took cognisance of an offender, the policeman who arrested him, the clerk of the Crown who prepared the indictment against him, the Crown solicitor who marshalled the witnesses, the counsel who examined them, the Sheriff who empanelled the jury, the jury itself, and the Judge who tried the case, and the master spirit who held the wires and regulated all the parts of the machinery, were of one and the same kidney. It was a rare thing certainly for a culprit to escape through a disagreement or difference of opinion among the twelve men who tried him; for they were generally of the same mind with the *opening speech* of his Majesty's counsel; and if the number of convictions obtained, and of executions which followed, be the test of an efficient administration of justice, beyond all doubt the palm of pre-eminence belongs to the justiciary system which flourished almost unquestioned, for no man dared to question it, some twenty years ago, and was persevered in, despite of public odium and the express will of the legislature, until the retirement of Mr Blackburn in 1835.

The Tory lawyers have an affectionate and sorrowful remembrance of those times; and repine, not unnaturally, though most unreasonably, at the openings which recent improvements have made into their sacred preserve. It was what might be expected from persons like Jackson and West to find fault with such alterations —alterations which not only tend to lessen their individual chances of high preferment, but also to strip a section of their profession of that lead and mastery over the whole body of Toryism, which gave so much additional weight and importance to the legal politicians of the faction. Through the chain of dependencies we have described, the whole country was at the mercy of a *clique* of lawyers. The frame of administrative justice was so entirely in their hands that they ruled at will, and, of course, at their own price.

Lord Mulgrave has scattered this compact alliance, and is every day taking effectual measures to break up the fragments of it which remain. That he should think himself at liberty to look abroad among the legal profession at large for men qualified, without a diploma from that exclusive college, the Christ Church of the bar, for offices of rank and trust, is sufficiently annoying. But he has done more than this. He has set aside the judicial prerogative, by which the judges, hoping to nullify the new jury bill, as they have recently *(pro viriß)* abrogated the Reform Act, had hemmed him into a sort of *Lob's pound* with regard to the choice of sheriffs. He has travelled out of the record, contrary to the precedent of former viceroys, (who had no need or temptation to depart from it,) and made sheriffs on the strength of his own judgment. He has ordered that there shall not be any culling of jurors, for particular objects, or the least tampering with that sacred and vital branch of the tree of justice. He has taught the magistracy that, while they may feel secure of protection and support in the performance of what is lawful and right, they are not to expect impunity when they transgress, or to take shelter in that unlimited asylum, the assumed purity of their motives. Ignorance, which has been heretofore a sevenfold shield to magisterial delinquencies, is no longer so. The magistrate who knows not the bounds of his duty, is in the next degree of mischief to him who wilfully oversteps them; and the interest of justice, which suffers by his errors, requires that the condemnation should be the same.

The dismissal of Mr Simpson Hackett, who took out an armed party of police to assist him in levying a distress for rent, and that of Mr Minchin, for obtruding his presence and dictation upon a coroner's jury, while they were consulting about their verdict, have been excellent lessons to magistrates in the country. Those magnates are too apt to imagine that policemen and farmers are their own, and they may do what they like with them.

The part of the Lord Lieutenant's conduct, which appears the most to have excited the indignation of country gentlemen, is his having gone beyond the judges' lists to select impartial sheriffs. Mr Lefroy made it a subject of angry

observation in Parliament. His son having been member for a county from which the people were resolved (and they have since been as good as their word) to dismiss him on the first opportunity, the Right Honourable gentleman was naturally anxious that the Government should interfere as little as possible with the nomination of *returning officers;* and he thought it a monstrous hard thing that Orangemen should have been excluded from such an office.

We have seen, with great regret, an expression attributed to Lord Melbourne, in a debate in the House of Lords, which implies something approaching to Dr Lefroy's opinion on that subject. He had doubted, he said, the policy of excluding Orangemen from confidential situations under Government, and was with reluctance brought to accede to it. It was quite superfluous, to say the least of it, to offer any excuse for the adoption of a rule so plainly founded on justice and sound policy.

Lord Mulgrave's conduct required no apology; his colleagues, far from doubting, should glory in it. What was there in the members of the Orange conspiracy which should render the propriety of excluding them from confidential employments at all questionable? Were they not bound by a secret obligation? The King of Hanover denied that there was an oath in the case; but, at all events, the pledge was a secret one, and entered into with great solemnity and form. They met and carried on their deliberations in private. They recognised each other by mysterious signs and symbols. They had a perfect military organization, and were under a regular system of discipline. They were disaffected subjects, and by their intrigues the army also was tainted with dangerous principles. They were more than suspected of harbouring evil designs against the rightful inheritance of our young Queen, to the throne of her fathers, and placing our lives and liberties at the mercy of a person whose merits we are much indisposed to canvass now, and devoutly pray that we may never have occasion to do so. They deny this. Detected traitors always disavow their complots, especially after they have exploded in such a manner as to render themselves as contemptible as their designs were hateful.

But, if there were no truth in those charges which have never been disproved, *Why did Fairman run away?* Why did that acknowledged and accredited keeper of the records of the society abscond with its books, for fear of the lenient scrutiny of Parliament? Far from inclining to doubt the wisdom of excluding such dangerous subjects from places of public trust, we should hesitate to believe in the fair professions of any government that would give the benefit of such a doubt to the enemies of the People. It is of essential importance that the office of sheriff, above all others, should be kept clear of partisans—and that not so much on account of the weight which that officer can throw into either scale, in the return of representatives to Parliament, as of the fearful power with which he is invested, of influencing the decisions of the courts of justice. It is childish, or worse, to talk of the high moral feeling and integrity of gentlemen, in that rank of life out of which sheriffs are taken, as being a protection against any corrupt abuse of their office, for the furtherance of private or factious ends. Generally speaking, the higher the Tory, the more reckless is he of the means by which his own purposes or those of his party, are to be advanced. The same may be true, in perhaps an equal degree, of those who hold extreme opinions on the opposite side; but there is this important distinction to be marked between these and the Orange gentry—that the latter are bound by a secret and solemn pledge, which takes precedence of all common obligations, to stand by their order and brotherhood; whereas the mere politician is only attracted by the sympathy, which ever will exist, and which no legislation or administrative provisions can efface, towards persons holding a community of opinion and sentiment, on subjects of universal interest. It is easy to believe that an honourable mind may get the better of this bias, in the performance of a public duty; and in every department of public life we see that it does so. But the spell of a mysterious compact, ratified by sacred rites and sanctions, is too strong for the conscience; and though there may be individuals, and no doubt are, who remain true to their natural integrity, despite of the snares and sinister influences of such a bond, it is not safe, nor is it consistent with the duty of a wise and honest government, to commit any public trust to persons involved in those trammels. In these considerations is plainly defined the different line of conduct to be observed by the executive authority, not only between an Orangeman and a Radical, but between an Orangeman and a Conservative.

But it will be said—This is a stale subject: there are no Orangemen now. We are not quite so sure of that. The confederacy still seems to exist in all its mysterious and combined power; and Lord Mulgrave will require all that fearless energy and cool judgment which he so eminently possesses, to wrestle with it during the ensuing year. His prompt and bold chastisement of Colonel Verner has given great confidence to the nation, that he will not shrink from purging the Magisterial Bench of such enemies to peace, as often as opportunities shall be afforded him. A great occasion now presents itself for sweeping it clean, in the revision of the magistracy previous to the issuing of the new Commission. We doubt not that Lord Mulgrave and his spirited colleague in the government of Ireland, Lord Morpeth, will do their duty courageously. They have but to "cut boldly," to cut well; and we do expect that their colleagues in the seat of government will, instead of damning with faint praise, adopt and justify their acts with a cordiality worthy of the noble faith which Ireland has placed in them, and calculated to confirm her confidence and increase her attachment.

PHILIP'S LIFE AND TIMES OF WHITEFIELD.*

If perfect originality, with considerable intellectual power, constitute genius, then was George Whitefield a man of real genius. He was not one of the mere herd of the clever, the talented, or the artificially eloquent; but a man of and by himself; an individualized existence, as much without model and without successor as George Fox, the Quaker preacher, or Edmund Kean, the stage-player—we might add, or as Ebenezer Elliott, *the Corn-Law Rhymer*. If much of the interest of the life of Whitefield had not perished with the more agitating and tumultuous times that succeeded his times, in the very scene of his labours, whether in England, Scotland, or America—or, if the impression he made on the age had been more permanent—we should have been tempted to examine at greater length this new life of one of the first and most memorable of our home missionaries. To the numerous body distinguished by the appellation of the religious world, the work still abounds in interest and information; but every Christian, and also every student of human character, in its more remarkable and original aspects, and every observer of the progress of society, will find subject-matter for thought in the history of Whitefield and his contemporaries. They were the legitimate successors of the Puritan Reformers, in as far as they roused the Church from the lethargy and torpor which, when undisturbed from without, must inevitably creep over a community so completely secularized by the fundamental principles of its constitution, as the Church of England.

Mr Philip is an ardent and even enthusiastic admirer of Whitefield—so unreserved in admiration, that he is sometimes betrayed into the adoption of hasty opinions and questionable facts, if of a kind that aggrandize the character of his hero. He has done wisely to draw so much of his materials from Whitefield's own journals and letters, though the continuity and clearness of the narrative is frequently marred by an arrangement which is meant to be more comprehensive and commanding than the natural and simple order of chronology.

If ever there was a natural orator, Whitefield was one; and he, besides, neglected no means or resource of art that could make him an effective and masterly speaker, in the peculiar field which he chose to occupy. He also prudently shifted his scene of action frequently, and thus changed his audience. Without derogating from his deserved reputation, we may safely affirm that his fame rested considerably on judicious intervals of absence and change of place, which kept excitement alive. Yet his natural powers were wonderful; and we have no doubt that, in an age which has moved on centuries in the lapse of fifty years, his popularity and power of attracting and swaying an audience, would, were he now alive, be as great as ever. Apart from a sanguine and active temperament, high animal spirits, and his especial gift of oratory, there have since been hundreds of field-preachers with mental endowments superior to Whitefield; but he was the *first*, and his astonishing success acted as a continual stimulus to renewed exertions. He was inspired by the music of his own voice, and the sympathy of his immense audiences became higher inspiration. Like other men of genius—consummate actors—his finest performances were always before overflowing houses. This is merely the human portion of his mastery. No one now doubts, we imagine, that Whitefield was a man of fervid devotional feelings, who, though rather liable to overrate himself, passed through that ordeal of vulgar popularity which has proved fatal to preachers of much greater intellectual power, nearly unspoiled. His biographer traces him in all his missionary home journeys and frequent travels in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and also through the more important epochs of his life—his breach with the Wesleys, his misunderstanding with the Scotch Seceders, his persecutions from illiberal Churchmen and from rude mobs, in which last the good man evidently took some pride.

To render the few characteristic specimens of Whitefield's sayings and doings, which we mean to cite, intelligible, it may first be proper to notice that his father was an innkeeper in Gloucester, who died when he was only two years old, leaving a large family. His mother continued the tavern business; and George was one of her assistants, or, as he has been called, a pot-boy. He has charged himself with the sins of boyhood, with somewhat of the ostentation into which holy men often fall; yet he seems to have been neither better nor worse than other lads of his age, whose early discipline is neglected, and who are exposed to evil example, and the contagion of a tavern. He says—"Lying, filthy talking, and foolish jesting I was much addicted to, even when very young. Sometimes I used to curse, if not to swear. Stealing from my mother I thought no theft at all, and used to make no scruple of taking money out of her pockets before she was up. I have frequently betrayed my trust, and have more than once spent money I took in the house, in buying fruit, tarts, &c., to gratify my sensual appetites." His boyish vices were exactly those that might have been expected in his exposed condition. When he says, "I gave frequent proofs of an impudent temper," he indicates the dawning of that natural boldness and happy audacity which opened to him his future remarkable career. He was early fond of theatrical amusements and reading plays; and, at the grammar school which he attended, he took a prominent part in the plays acted by the boys before the corporation. At the age of seventeen, he became more thoughtful; and, as he was

* The Life and Times of the Rev. George Whitefield, M.A. By the Rev. Robert Philip, of Maberly Chapel. London: George Virtue. 1 vol. 8vo.

always under the influence of *dreams* and *impulses*, a dream determined his future career, and he entered Oxford as a *servitor*. Mr Philip gives a deplorable and too true an account of the condition of this *nursing mother* of the Church of England at that period. Whitefield, for shewing some respect for religious observances, was persecuted, and made a butt by the students. The Wesleys and their few associates were exceptions. They had already obtained the appellation of Methodists. "They were monks in almost everything but the name." Whitefield, for a time, far outdid their austerities, under, he avers, the temptation of the Devil. The consequence of his fasts and mortifications of the flesh, was severe sickness. The Wesleys gave him, at this time, injudicious counsel, while his tutor acted with good sense and paternal kindness.

His conversion, minutely recorded, took place during this fit of illness.

The spirit of this book, and the feeling of the author towards the Wesleyan Methodists, or at least to the founders of that far-spread body, may be gathered from the following sentence:—"Such is the history of Whitefield's conversion; in this manner was he rescued from the malignant snares of the Devil, and from the blind guidance of friends who were unconsciously strengthening these snares, and unintentionally enabling the arch-deceiver to keep this brand in the burning. . . . . While Whitefield won souls by reading the Scriptures, Wesley, by inculcating the austerities of the ascetics, laboured in vain." On returning to Gloucester from the University, Whitefield began to visit and pray with the prisoners in the town jail. The Bishop offered him ordination, which he accepted with far more backwardness and self-distrust than many young men much less qualified for the sacred office. To his Scottish friends, the Erskines, he afterwards expressed great regret for having submitted to Episcopal ordination; protesting that, were it to do again, he would not consent for worlds to have it that way. Yet there is something contradictory about this affair. He was offered a curacy in London; but, on the invitation or instigation of Charles Wesley, resolved to go forth to Georgia as a preacher, to the grief of his family, who entreated him to accept the slender preferment offered. Already his popularity as a preacher had commenced. When about to embark at Bristol, "the whole city," in his own words, "seemed alarmed" by his farewell sermons. The churches were crowded even on week days. In Bath and Gloucester the same impression was made, and large sums were collected for charitable uses. Before he went to Georgia, he again visited London, and his fame rapidly increased; though it was not until several years afterwards that "his splendid irregularities" on Blackheath and in Moorfields broke out; when the congregations which gathered to hear him could not be accommodated within doors, and first assembled in the churchyards. As his popularity increased among the multitude, clerical jealousy was excited. Pamphlets were published against him, and the pulpits rang with invectives. There is, it must be confessed, an apparent desire among his friends not to lessen persecutions—perhaps not altogether unwelcome—or the dangers he sometimes ran from the rude mob or idle scoffers. His position and character are shewn in the following extracts from his Journal, written soon after he had adopted the "mad trick" of out-door preaching:—

"Preached in the morning at Moorfields to an exceeding great multitude." Then, as if he had done no great thing, he adds, "Went to Christ-Church, and heard Dr Trapp preach most virulently against me and my friends, from these words, 'Be not righteous overmuch.' God gave me great serenity of mind; but, alas! the preacher was not so calm as I wished him."

It is remarkable that none of his letters, at this time, refer to the enterprise. Two days before it, he wrote to a friend—"To-day my Master, by his providence and Spirit, compelled me to preach in the churchyard of Islington. To-morrow I am to repeat that mad trick; and on Sunday to go out into Moorfields. *I preach until I sweat through and through.*" Even his diary contains nothing on the subject, but the following simple note:—"Words cannot well express the glorious displays of divine grace, which we saw, and heard of, and felt," this day. He had, however, a decided opinion upon both the measure and its success. "All agreed," he says, "that it was never seen on this ways before. I hope a good inroad has been made into the Devil's kingdom this day. Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the glory!"

His audiences, about this time, on Blackheath, at Moorfields, and Kennington Common, are estimated as being often above 20,000. It is said the singing could be heard two miles off, and his voice a mile. He speaks of an audience at Moorfields of 60,000; and of another, near Glasgow, of 30,000. That any man, whatever his powers of voice, could be heard by so many people, is an utter impossibility; and it is not improbable that the numbers who collected to hear Whitefield were often unwittingly exaggerated. Until the close of life, his course was nearly the same. He travelled constantly; and, wherever he was, in season and out of season, he preached often three or four times a-day. He loved to go to some new place, to break up the ground; and, if the "field was promising," he endeavoured to return there, to *cross-plough* it. The opposition he sometimes met with in the market-towns and villages of England was courted by his choosing the day of a wake, a wrestling match, a horse-race, or when the stage-players, bear-leaders, or puppet-shows arrived. Sometimes he took possession of the stages erected for sports and games, and thus directly challenged a bout at fisticuffs with the Devil. Once at Basingstoke, he climbed the stage of the wrestlers; and he relates:—

"Many seemed ready to hear what I had to say; but one more zealous than the rest for his master, [Satan,] and fearing conviction every time I attempted to speak, set the boys on repeating their *huzzahs*.

"My soul, I perceived, was in a sweet frame, willing to be offered up, so that I might save some of those to whom I was about to speak: but all in vain! While I was on the stage, one struck me with his cudgel, which I received with the *utmost love*. At last, finding the Devil would not permit them to give me audience, I got off, and after much pushing and thronging me, I got on my horse—with unspeakable satisfaction within myself, that I had now begun to attack the Devil in his strongest

holds, and had borne my testimony against the detestable diversions of this generation."

Whitefield's testimony helped, however, to put an end to those brutal amusements of the common people, countenanced by some of our most polished legislators, as tending to cherish whatever is bold and manly in the English national character. He aided powerfully in *civilizing*, as well as in Christianizing the Kingswood colliers, and many other rude communities, totally neglected by the Church.

Whitefield's second visit to America—a country to which he often went *a-starring*, and in which he died—was attended by the same results in New England that followed his labours at home. While in America, he formed the wish of marrying a certain young lady—it having been, as usual, "impressed upon him" that he should take that important step. The aged John Wesley was comparatively a gallant lover; while Whitefield, though a young man, was certainly the most extraordinary suitor on record. "I bless God," he says, in proposing for the young lady to her parents, "that, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love. I write, only because I believe it is the will of God I should alter my state; but your desire will fully convince me that your daughter is not the person appointed by God for me." To the young lady herself he wrote that "he had often thought she was the person appointed for him." The impression in this case was erroneous.

The collections he gathered at preachings were, for many years, devoted to the support of an orphan hospital which he had established in Georgia; and the large sums which he drew, exposed him to the imputation of sordidness, and even fraud—slanders which appear to have been entirely unmerited. He was not quite so disinterested, nor yet so frugal in his habits, as the apostolic John Wesley—he seems to have liked "to have things handsome about him;" but that he appropriated large sums, ostensibly collected for charities, seems to have been an invention of pure malice. Mr Philip, by the way, who notices Walpole's malignant remarks on Whitefield, does not answer one of the blackest and most slanderous of his charges.

Whitefield was invited to Scotland by the Erskines, soon after they had left the Kirk judicatories—having been ejected by the General Assembly; but the Seceders were disappointed, because, when he did arrive, he would not give himself wholly up to them. Yet, his first sermons were delivered in the pulpit of Ralph Erskine, in Dunfermline. He was "surprised and delighted, when he preached in that meeting-house, to an immense assembly, by the rustling of a host of Bibles, all at once, as he gave out his text; 'a scene,' he says, 'I never was witness to before.'" After a solemn conference, it was found that he could not see with the eyes of the Associate Presbytery. A breach was the immediate consequence; and the Kirk exulted in having gained the popular orator. In Edinburgh, at this time, he obtained £500 in money, or goods, for his orphans in Georgia—an immense sum, when the period (1741) is considered. His accounts of his great doings in Scotland, are "*flaming;*" and even his admiring biographer allows that his excessive vanity in being noticed by the nobility, "elect ladies," and others, and the fulsome flattery of his letters to them, are a blemish on his character. He seems, too, to have entertained the credulous notions common to very popular or idolized preachers, about the reported extraordinary effects of their labours.

"God is pleased to bless my ministrations here in an abundant manner. The little children in the hospitals are much wrought upon. Saints have been stirred up and edified, and many others, I believe, translated from darkness to light. The good that has been done is inexpressible. I am intimate with three noblemen, and several ladies of quality, who have a great liking for the things of God. I am now writing in an Earl's house, (Melville,) surrounded by fine furniture: but, glory be to free grace, my soul is in love only with Jesus."

This is the likest thing in the world to "the pride that apes humility." Well did honest Samuel Rutherfoord quaintly say, that "hall binks are slippery seats for Gospel ministers." Mr Philip considers Whitefield as a Reformer of the Church of Scotland, second only to Knox; and, next to him, deserving a monument on the Calton Hill. There ought to be some considerable difference between these monuments, if they be designed to mark the relative importance of the men. We would like to find such sentences as the following, with which Whitefield's next visit to Scotland is opened, modified in expression:—"Whitefield went, in the power of the Spirit, from the Pentecost at Moorfields to the Pentecost at Cambuslang and Kilsyth in Scotland." The Rev. Adam Gibb, one of the original Seceders, testified against Whitefield at this time, as one of the *false Christs;* and "the Pentecost," the *wark at Cam'uslang*, was declared a *wark of Satan*. It had, however, been begun by M'Culloch, the regular minister of the parish, and Whitefield was only a co-operator. These meetings, where the people sat up half the night, were the nearest approximation to the camp meetings of America, that has ever been known in Scotland; though something resembling them has, within the last twenty years, taken place on Sacramental occasions in certain districts of the Highlands. Whitefield writes—

"Such a commotion, surely, was never heard of, especially at eleven at night. For about an hour and a-half, there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress, as is inexpressible. The people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off, and come into the house, like soldiers wounded and carried off a field of battle. Their cries and agonies are exceedingly affecting." This occurred at the first sacrament. Of the second he says—"People sat unwearied till two in the morning. You could scarce walk a yard, without treading on some, either rejoicing in God for mercies received, or crying out for more."

There was a similar movement at Kilsyth, upon which, writes Whitefield—

The Seceders, "taking it for granted that God had left the Scotch Established Church long ago, and that he would not work by the hands of a curate of the Church of England, condemned the whole work as the work of

the Devil; and kept a fast throughout all Scotland to humble themselves, because the Devil was come down in great wrath; and to pray that the Lord would rebuke the destroyer—for *that* was my title."

The dispute is humiliating; nor was it wonderful that the more sober-minded ministers of both the Kirk and the Secession were startled by the extravagance of the Cambuslang and Kilsyth revivals. "We have *convulsions* instead of conversions," said Ralph Erskine.

Several associations of *Calvinistic* Methodists were now formed, both in England and Wales; and the Countess of Huntingdon had become the patroness of the sect. Among these, and to any station which struck him, or to which he was invited, Whitefield ranged during the good weather—the *Tabernacle* in London being his common winter quarters. After a third trip to America, he visited the Bermudas, where the negro slaves frequently made a part of his congregation. He preached boldly against their vices. We admire, however, the temporizing policy of the following passage:—

"I said, their hearts were as black as their faces. They expected, they said, to hear me speak against their masters. Blessed be God, that I was directed not to say anything, this first time, to the masters at all, though my text led me to it. It might have been of bad consequences, to tell them their duty, or charge them too roundly with the neglect of it, before their slaves. They would mind all I said to their masters, and, perhaps, nothing that I said to them. Everything is beautiful in its season. Lord, teach me always that due season, wherever I am called, to give either black or white a portion of thy word! However, others of the poor creatures, I hear, were very thankful, and came home to their masters' houses, saying that they would strive to sin no more."

We do not learn that the proper season ever arrived to warn the masters. After his return to London, as one of the chaplains of Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield, through her influence, was "honoured" by being listened to, on an evening, by some of the nobility, among whom were Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. They received, "with pleasure and surprise," copies of his sermons; "brilliant circles" heard him in the Countess' house; and one of the Prince of Wales' favourites, a Privy Counsellor of the King of Denmark, and several persons of rank, dined and drank tea with him. He wrote to Wesley—"The noble, the mighty, the wise, have been to hear me!" The simplicity of this palliates the vanity. At Bath, too, the nobility went to hear him, exactly on the principle that they would have gone to hear the Young Roscius, or see the Irish giant. "Whatever effect his sermons had upon them, many of the poor were effectually called." We hear, however, of his "trophies" in the Chesterfield family.

Nothing that remains to us of Whitefield in his sermons and sayings, accounts for his astonishing power of moving an audience. His *manner* was much. He was a consummate orator, and appealed as strongly and openly to the passions as ever did Garrick or Kean. He stamped, he wept, he lifted up his voice like a trumpet, he besought with tears. His domestic companion and assistant, Winter, says of him:—"His freedom in the use of his passions, often put my pride to the trial. I could hardly bear such unreserved use of tears, and the scope he gave to his feelings." And there is no doubt that the best-acted scene, too often repeated, must tire or disgust the constant spectator. Whitefield *performed* his best sermons exactly as Siddons or John Kemble went through their favourite characters. Foote and Garrick maintained that his oratory was not at its full height until he had repeated a discourse forty times. Garrick affirmed also, not wholly in jest, that he could make men weep and tremble by his varied utterance of the word Mesopotamia. Franklin, by hearing him often, came, he says, to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those he had preached often in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was perfectly tuned and well placed, that, without being interested on the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse; a pleasure of much the same kind as that received from an excellent piece of music. But if to this is added the deep interests enforced by the home-thrust arguments and passionate appeals of the preacher, addressing a fascinated audience on the solemn and awful themes of "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come," the effect may be imagined, and the nature of Whitefield's power understood. He seems to have possessed another quality, which is unnoticed by his admirers, and which, though an original power, is perfected by use. This quality, call it *tact* or *address*, or by whatever name—the spontaneous offspring of entire sympathy with the audience, and of masterly self-possession—must have been remarkable in Whitefield. He never submitted to the tame benumbing custom of *reading* his sermons. They were prepared, studied, and most carefully *recited*. Southey, in his Life of Wesley, when noting Whitefield's art of speaking in the pulpit, conveys a most useful lesson to all young preachers:—"Had the sermons," he remarks, "been delivered from a written copy, one delivery would have been like the last; the paper would have operated as a *spell* from which he could not depart; invention sleeping, while utterance followed the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience whom he was addressing, judgment and the imagination, as well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue and fall heavily on the ear; and their place was supplied by matter newly laid in in the course of his studies, or *fresh* from the feeling of the moment. . . . But the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages—they were bursts of passion, like jets of a Geyser when the spring is in full play." The truest notion of the peculiarities and originality of his oratory, is to be obtained from these incidental bursts and jets, when, as a homely critic said, "he preached like a lion." One of those rampant outbreaks, which made their way like an avalanche, was witnessed by

David Hume, who had been attracted by the fame of the preacher. He says—

"Once, after a solemn pause, he thus addressed his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel; stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' . . . . This address was accompanied with such animated yet natural action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Winter, in describing his manner, says—

"As though it were no difficult matter to catch the sound of the Saviour praying, he would exclaim, 'Hark! hark! do not you hear him?'—You may suppose that, as this occurred frequently, the efficacy of it was destroyed; but, no; though we often knew what was coming, it was as new to us as though we had never heard it before.

"That beautiful apostrophe, used by the prophet Jeremiah, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the words of the Lord,' was very subservient to him, and never used impertinently."

Stories, anecdotes, and the most homely illustrations, brought from familiar life, were, with great tact and aptness, drawn into the service of the sanctuary. He frequently spoke of himself, having first engaged the sympathy of his hearers so far as to make his egotism agreeable to them. This relaxation alternated pleasantly with his fits of vehemence and passion. Whitefield omitted nothing requisite to the complete effect of his speaking. He was neat in his dress, and studiously careful of his attitude and gestures; he was never put out—he never stumbled for a word. "Nothing awkward, nothing careless appeared about him in the pulpit." "He left nothing to accident that he could regulate by care." When his biographer says that Whitefield was uniformly solemn, we presume he means that he was always in *earnest*, even when he sought to raise smiles. A finished, and it would seem a recurring trick of his oratory, is thus described by Cornelius Winter—

"I have known him avail himself of the formality of the judge putting on his *black* cap, to pronounce sentence. With his eyes full of tears, and his heart almost too big to admit of speech, he would say, after a momentary pause—'I am now going to put on my *condemning* cap. Sinner, I *must* do it! I *must* pronounce sentence!' Then, in a strain of tremendous eloquence, he would repeat our Lord's words, 'Depart, ye cursed!' and not without a very powerful description of the nature of that curse. But it was only by hearing him, and by beholding his *attitudes and tears*, that a person could well conceive of the effect."

The effect of this upon weak nerves or excited feelings, at such places as Cambuslang or Kilsyth, may be imagined.—A chapter of Whitefield's characteristic sayings does not afford much matter for admiration, for he was a great preacher, not a profound thinker; but it gives evidence of a kind and an enlarged spirit. Narrowness of heart or views was indeed incompatible with his warm temperament, and habits of "ranging." In one place, he says—

"I wish all names among the saints of God were swallowed up in that one of *Christian*. I long for professors to leave off placing religion in saying, 'I am a Churchman,' 'I am a Dissenter.' My language to such is, 'Are you of Christ? If so, I love you with all my heart.'"

FIELD PREACHING.—"Every one hath his proper gift. Field preaching is my plan. In this I am carried as on eagles' wings."

PHARISEES.—"I find no such enemies to the cross of Christ, as those who keep up the form of religion, and are orthodox in their notions, but are ignorant of an experimental acquaintance with Jesus."

CATHOLIC SPIRIT.—"I talk freely with the Messrs Wesley, though we widely differ in a certain point. Most talk of a catholic spirit; but it is only till they have brought people into the pale of their own church. This is downright sectarianism, not catholicism."

BIGOTRY.—"Disputing with bigots and narrow-spirited people will not do. I intend, henceforward, to say less to them, and pray more and more to our Lord for them. 'Lord, enlarge their hearts,' is my continual prayer for such who are so straitened in their own bowels. Blessed be God, this partition-wall is breaking down daily in some of our old friends' hearts in London. I exhort all to go where they can profit most. I preach what I believe to be the truth, and then leave it to the Spirit of God to make the application. When we have done this, I think we have gone to the utmost bounds of our commission."

CANDOUR.—"Alas! alas! in how many things have I judged and acted wrong. I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters, both of places and persons. Being fond of Scripture language, I have often used a style too apostolical, and at the same time I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wildfire has been mixed with it; and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have, likewise, too much made inward impressions my rule of acting, and too soon and too explicitly published what had been better kept in longer, or told after my death. By these things I have given some wrong touches to God's ark, and hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and also stirred up needless opposition."

PREACHERS.—"It has long since been my judgment, that it would be the best for many of the present preachers to have a tutor, and retire for a while, and be content with preaching now and then, till they were a little more improved. Otherwise, I fear, many who now make a temporary figure, for want of a proper foundation, will run themselves out of breath, will grow weary of the work, and leave it."

THE SCOTCH.—"Though I preached near eighty times in Ireland, and God was pleased to bless his word, yet Scotland seems to be a new world to me. To see the people bring so many Bibles, turn to every passage when I am expounding, and hang, as it were, upon me, to hear every word, is very encouraging."

When the General Assembly deposed Gillespie, the founder of the Relief Presbytery, Whitefield said—"I wish Mr Gillespie joy!—the POPE is turned *Presbyterian*. How blind is Satan! What does he get by casting out Christ's servants? I expect great good will come out of these confusions. Mr Gillespie will do more good in a week now, than before in a year."

The open air, the fields, he felt his proper element of labour. He languished, while confined to his *soul-traps*, the tabernacles and chapels of London, or when compelled by attacks of ill health to abstain from field-preaching. In ordinary illnesses, horseback and field-preaching were the "old Methodistical medicines" which restored him to health. "How gladly," he exclaims, "would I bid adieu to ceiled houses and vaulted roofs? Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. Oh, for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the glorious gospel."

Let us hope that these random observations and brief extracts may have the effect of calling attention to "The Life and Times of Whitefield." The book, though neither perfect in spirit nor execution, contains rich elements, and a certain fervour and warmth of tone, which counterbalance many faults; while it rises above the tame excellences of more laboured compositions.

THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from last Number.)

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE, AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

This work, for 1838, maintains its honourable station in the new department of *serious* polite letters, if a new phrase may be allowed for a new modification of literature. The engravings, especially the portraits, are, as usual, of first-rate excellence and interest. The opening article, "The African Witnesses," refers to the same transactions that were recorded in this Magazine some months since, entitled the "*Wrongs* of the Caffre Nation." The frontispiece to the volume represents *Ian Tsatzoe*, the Caffre chief, and *Andries Stoffles*, a Hottentot, both Christian converts, giving evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons. The engraving is full of historical character, and very effective. These two persons came over to England under the guidance of Dr Philip, the undaunted and much calumniated friend of the Caffres. The Hottentot, Stoffles, a man of a despised race, deemed by Europeans but little above the bullocks they drive, forcibly struck his cultivated English audiences, by the fervid and impassioned eloquence of his public addresses. Upon one occasion, in describing the effects produced by the missionaries in South Africa, he said—

I wish to tell you what the Bible has done for Africa. When the Bible came amongst us, we were naked; we lived in caves and on the tops of the mountains; we had no clothes, we painted our bodies with red paint. At first we were surprised to hear the truths of the Bible. The Bible charmed us out of the caves, and from the tops of the mountains. The Bible made us throw away all our old customs and practices, and we lived among civilised men. We are tame men now; we know there is a God. I have travelled with the missionaries in taking the Bible to the Bushmen, and other nations. When the word of God has been preached, the Bushman has thrown away his bow and arrows. I have accompanied the Bible to the Caffre nation; and when the Bible spoke, the Caffre threw away his shield and all his vain customs. I went to Latakoo, and they threw away all their evil works; they threw away their assagais, and became children of God. The only way to reconcile man to man is to instruct man in the truths of the Bible. I say again, the Bible is the light; and where the Bible comes, the minds of men are enlightened. Where the Bible is not, there is nothing but darkness; it is dangerous, in fact, to travel through such a nation. Where the Bible is not, man does not hesitate to kill his fellow; he never even repents afterwards of having committed murder. I thank you to-day; I do nothing but thank you to-day. Are there any of the old Englishmen here who sent out the word of God? I give them my thanks; if there are not, I give it to their children. Your missionaries, when they came to us, suffered with us, and they wept with us, and they struggled for us, till they obtained for us the charter of our liberties—the fiftieth Ordinance. [The animation with which the last clause of this sentence was uttered by Andries Stoffles, produced a deep sensation throughout the whole auditory.] When the fiftieth Ordinance was published, we were then brought to the light. Then did the young men begin to learn to write and read. Through that ordinance we got infant-schools; and our little infants have been instructed, and they are making progress in learning. You, the posterity of the old Englishmen, I address you on this occasion. I am standing on the bones of your ancestors, and I call upon you, their children, to-day, to come over and help us. Do you know what we want? We want schools and schoolmasters—we want to be like yourselves.

Stoffles died last year, soon after his return to the Cape. Tzatzoe, instead of carrying back arms and ammunition, the usual objects of desire to semi-barbarians, has carried home tools and implements of husbandry, axes, ploughs, spades, pruning-hooks, and *books*, with all the apparatus necessary for schools.

Portraits of the late Mrs Fletcher, better known as Miss Jewsbury, and of the Rev. Mr Harris, the author of "Mammon," embellish the volume. With these are connected brief sketches of the originals. Another interesting engraving is the tree planted at Constance, on the spot where John Huss suffered martyrdom. The engraving has, besides, many elegant accessories. To the print is attached an account of the life and sufferings of Huss, a courageous and devoted witness for the truth. The vignette to "The Christian Keepsake" is a view of the picturesque Alpine church of Felix Neff at Violins, illustrated by reminiscences of that truly apostolic person, written by his biographer, the Rev. Mr Gilly. This forms one of the most touching papers in the volume. As a specimen of its contents, from "A Baptism of Tears," an earnest poem by Mary Howitt, we copy this strophe:—

"The poor—their heritage is toil;
Their fourscore years are given as spoil
To the rich man; their bread they gain
By watching, weariness, and pain;
Hope knows them not; and cares and fears
Have bowed them like a load of years.
Their life, though caring for to-day,
Doth pass like one long pang away.
Behold them, Father! where they lie,
Blighted by many miseries,
Hungry and cold; to wan disease
A prey; unmarked by human eye,
Unpitied by a human heart!
Oh, comfort them, and give them power
To look beyond the present hour,
Merciful, as thou art!
Oh, give them virtue to gainsay
The cruel tempter, night and day;
And hope, and health, and fortitude,
To turn life's evil into good;
And a meek, contrite heart, to bend
Before thee!"

From verses entitled "The Pra Del Tor," composed by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel,

on the ever-memorable conflict and victory gained by the brave peasants of the Vaudois over the troops of their cruel persecutors, we select the following lines:—

"They are coming o'er the cliffs, by the path along the glen,
By the road of La Vachére—Oh! quit you then like men.
Like the furious summer torrent in its desolating way,
Like the eagle from the clouds, they are lighting on their prey.
By your children's pale cheeks, from which fear the blood has driven—
By the terror of your wives, who lift their arms to heaven—
By the aspect of the living—by the memory of the dead,
Who here, for the Gospel, have often fought and bled—
Let your slings do their duty, and forth your weapons draw,
And let liberty or death be the word for each Vaudois!
Four days have they struggled to gain that rocky hold;
But the mountain path is rude, and the mountaineer is bold;
And the torrent has been dyed with the richest blood of France,
And vain has been the battle-axe, and broken is the lance.
Fierce Mangiron has fought in many a bloody fray,
And met with gallant foes, but ne'er with such as they.
Seven thousand men at arms, though practised well in war,
Are baffled by that band that guard the Pra del Tor.
Oh, shame upon their manhood! they could massacre the weak,
Lay desolate the fields, leave the villages a wreck,
But that handful of the brave shall beat them back again,
Though Piedmont is united with the hosts of France and Spain.
Ye have fought throughout the day, ye have watched throughout the night,
And weary are your limbs with the watching and the fight;
But the general is furious—the Spanish force is here—
Now be bold—now be steadfast—every loyal mountaineer,
And die nobly in the field, ere you yield us up a prey
To the monks of Piqueroll, and the Count de Trinité.
How gleams that spear forest! How wildly they rush on!
Ours are moveless as the rock.—Well done!—hurra!—well done!
Like a wave on the beach which has spent its foaming wrath,
What heaps are lying dead along that bloody path!
Yet still they onward press. Can ours the pass maintain?
Brave Angereau is wounded, and Peltier is slain.
Now they press on our defenders—the pass is nearly won—
Alas for our children! but 'tis not the time to moan.
Now, wives of the Vaudois, you must have the chamois feet,
For the snow peaks and the cliffs must be your last retreat;
Climb swiftly, or your babes will welter in their gore,
For a moment, and the Spaniard will have the Pra del Tor.

. . . . . .

When they tortured at the stake Marcellin and sister Jean,
Cartinian, and the pastors of Méane and St Germain—
When our granaries were plundered, when our houses were their prey—
When we saw Rora burn, with Villars and Tagliaret—
And when the naked mountains were become our only hope,
Did they think to chase us hence, or enslave us to the Pope?—
They looked for the marmot, but they found the tiger there,
And wo to the intruders that have roused him from his lair!
Now they trample down each other, terror urges on their flight,
And they plunge into the torrent, and they leap the dizzy height:
Yet stay the arm of vengeance, and from the chase withdraw,
For ne'er must needless carnage stain the arms of the Vaudois.
Now thanks to our Preserver, who gives victory to the weak!
On the spot where we have triumphed we will His praises speak;
'Twas dear to us already, but dearer than before,
To us and to our children, will be this Pra del Tor."

TILT'S MEDALLION PORTRAITS OF MODERN ENGLISH AUTHORS, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTICES, BY H. F. CHORLEY.

Mr. Tilt, one of the most skilful and spirited of the publishers of prints, and pictorial and illustrated works, has issued a first and splendid volume of medallion portraits, executed in the new style of engraving, if one may so call it, invented, five or six years since, by Achilles Collas, an ingenious mechanician of Paris. The volume, which is of the imposing size of the higher-priced annuals, is, like them, adapted by its external garnishings either to the drawing-room or the lounging library tables. The medallic portraits are fourteen in number, and even those of least value are well selected for the object in view. The principal portraits are—Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Southey, Campbell, Mrs Hemans, Lady Morgan, Miss Mitford, and others. Scott and Wordsworth are after Chantrey's well-known busts; Campbell and Byron, after casts by Baily; and some of the medallions are from casts taken, we presume, for the occasion. Each medallion portrait, set in its separate highly enriched tablet, has a striking and beautiful effect, which must be seen to be understood. Collas' discovery is indeed peculiarly adapted to these arabesque settings of its human gems. These rich frameworks are in classic taste and endless variety, and have all the effect of relief. Character, as revealed in expression, or even mere truth of resemblance in physiognomy, do not peculiarly belong to this style of portraiture, nor indeed to *profile* in any mode of imitation. A profile is but a half portrait, if not less. Collas' discovery is most valuable, therefore, in the department in which it has hitherto been employed; and here it is a beautiful novelty—something to admire; though not, in either the highest or the popular sense, the best style of contemporary portraiture. It neither realizes nor familiarizes the known, nor yet the unknown; and thus fails of the main design of portraiture with the multitude. There is danger of some of the resemblances of English authors being exalted into pseudo-Cæsars, while other faces, where the features are not adapted to profile, like that of Moore, are lowered beneath the true expression, and want the grace or dignity which characterise the original. The finest head, in every way, in the series, is that of Charles Lamb. Was it so in nature? When we look to the portrait of a great author, or a great man in any sense, we wish to know how he really looked in features and expression, not

what an artist may idealize him into. If these medallions were all as true as they are fine, they could not be prized enough. Some of them are both fine and true. Scott is at least as true as the bust; and Wordsworth, whose originally somewhat harsh and heavy features, time, together with

"Calm contemplation and poetic ease,"

have mellowed into intellectual beauty, looks like an ancient philosopher, or a sage of those golden days when "the prophet and the poet" were the same. The head of Southey has an air of boldness and decision, which outdoes the best of the ordinary portraits, but which may be the true expression; and that of Byron possesses the best character given to his beautifully formed head by other artists. The *petit nez retroussé* of Lady Blessington gives a quite new, piquant, and probably truer character to her pictured physiognomy, than that conveyed by the common portraits. The work, as a new manifestation of the powers and resources of art, as well as from its high finish, must prove attractive, independently of a subject so interesting and flattering to national feeling, as modern authors. The brief memoirs are written by Mr Chorley, in good taste, and with happy adaptation to the nature of the work. They are either complimentary or ingratiating, and convey the requisite information about the order of publication of the works of the different authors. The volume altogether is of a kind which one both likes to get and to preserve.

THE FORGET ME NOT FOR 1838.

This sixteenth volume of the first-born of English Annuals, is distinguished by light literature, as much as by its embellishments. It abounds in tales, of which we cannot even enumerate all that are either above average, or positively good. They are in many styles: the lively relieving the grave; the sentimental or imaginative contrasting with the piquant. In order, we may enumerate our contributor, Major Calder Campbell's heroic legend of "The Dancing Girl's Well;" Dr Mackenzie's amusing story of "The Phrenologist;" "Coralie"—though it is too much after the taste of the modern French Satanic school; and the whimsical "Old Gentleman's Pencil." The scene of all those stories is laid in foreign lands, which perhaps gives the more zest to Miss Hill's sprightly sketch, *à la* Mitford, of "The Christening Party."

"The Fairy and the Flirt," by Miss Browne, is another pretty and fanciful Irish tale. "The Forget-me-Not" is also distinguished by its poetry. America has laid a tuneful tribute on its tablet. But there is no poem in the collection that so much deserves to be pondered over and held in profound remembrance, as Mrs Howitt's "Rich and Poor." A few stanzas from it shall serve as our specimen of this year's "Forget-me-Not:"—

"Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed:
Alas! it is a cruel thing
To lack of daily bread.

"Then come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true:—
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ
He was a poor man too.

"They told me, when I was a child,
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.

"They bade me say my lisping prayers,
Duly both night and morn,
And bless the Father of the world
That I was English born.

"My home it was a stately place—
In England's history known;
And many an old renowned deed
Was graven on its stone.

"I saw the high-born and the poor
Low bending side by side;
And the meek bishop's holy hand
Diffuse his blessing wide;

"And round and round the sacred pile
My reverent fancy went,
Till God and good King George at once
Within my heart were blent.

"These were my years of innocence,
Of ignorance and mirth,
When my wild heart leapt up in joy
Of my pure English birth.

"O England! mother England!
Proud nurse of thriving men!
I've learned to look with other eyes
On many things since then."

And the reverse of the medal is shewn: an aged, palsied pauper is seen striving to break flints on the highway, to pay back the parish loan, obtained when he was unable to work. The new poor-law has received no censure more severe than this quiet picture. He is stiff, lame, feeble, heartless, desponding. He tells his story; and—

"Then slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone."

Factory children—"the white slaves"—next pass before us. It is a sad, a sickening spectacle. Let us hope that we look on its worst aspect, and that there are softer, and more cheerful features kept out of sight. This bit of the full-length picture we shall copy, for the sake of the fine touch of nature in the "drunken blacksmith." The stranger meets a little factory girl, with thin pale face and sunken eye, dry and lean, who has run into the fields to draw a breath of fresh air, and snatch a few wild-flowers at her dinner hour. She is questioned, and relates—

"'And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not choose but stay,
To get for Tommy's garden plot,
These pretty flowers to-day.'

"'And Tommy, who is he?' I asked.
'My brother,' she replied;
'The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.

"'He'll be a cripple all his days—
For him these flowers I got;
He has a garden in the yard—
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden plot.'"

The factory bell is heard; and the child starts off, throwing away poor Tommy's flowers,

"For fear had mastered love."

"And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm,
A frightened toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm."

. . . . . .

It is highly proper that such features as this should be kept before the eyes of the rich and luxurious, even in their hours of relaxation and pleasure. But there is another view of the same subject, which it is quite as requisite to keep before the poor. That we have done in a more appropriate place, in the review of Mr Felkin's "Remarks on the Appropriation of Wages," in this month's magazine.

FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS.

We have in this splendid volume twelve groups of female figures, or of females and children, emblematic of twelve favourite flowers. They are in verity the very "Flowers of Loveliness." The volume is an imperial quarto, beautiful in letterpress, and novel and brilliant in its scarlet cashmere and gold binding. The illustrative poetry is from the graceful and fluent pen of Miss Landon; and we feel it an interesting circumstance, in a work of this nature, that many of the designs are executed by our first female artists. To Miss Fanny Corbaux, we owe the emblem of *Heath*; a pretty group, of which the tartan drapery, and something like a spinning-wheel, tell the country. These, however, are not quite Highlanders. They are greenhouse *heath*, not mountain *heather*. The same lady has given us emblems of that fairest of flowers, the *Water-Lily*. Miss Landon addresses the maidens floating and basking among the water-lilies, as Nereids or water-nymphs, in a few fanciful verses. To us they look as belonging to "the dear green earth," for which we love them not the less. A charming group, drawn by Eliza Sharpe, is, with fine contrast, emblematic of the *White Rose* and the *Night-blowing Convolvulus*; and Mrs Seyfforth gives us perhaps the sweetest, and certainly the most national group in the volume, as the living representatives of *Canterbury Bells*. A charming ballad is appended to this engaging print. Meadows' group, the *Pansies*, might have suited the *Poppy* fully better, save for the bright-eyed, arch maiden, whose laughing, buoyant *thought* agreeably relieves the drowsy dreams—for she is incapable of thought—of that voluptuous beauty, who is so great a favourite with this artist that he continually repeats her. Meadows' group of the *Marvel of Peru* is much more to our taste. The principal figure is merely a radiant beauty; but the dark page, and the maiden with the paroquet on her wrist, are pictures.

The *Hyacinth*, by Uwins, who has several designs in the volume, is a graceful and very pleasing print. Two lovely girls are seen crowning a fair and happy child with this favourite flower, which is scattered in rich profusion all around; while butterflies, attracted by its fragrance, sparkle about in the sunny air. To this plate Miss Landon has devoted some of the most classical and finished of her verses. Classically addressing the flower, alluding to the picture, and the story of Hyacinth, as fabled by those "imaginative old Greeks," she afterwards gives way to these pensive reflections and regrets:—

"Little we know the secrets that surround us,
And much has vanished from our later day;
Nature with many a mystery has bound us,
And much of our old love has pass'd away.

"No ancient voices, in the dim woods crying,
Reveal the hidden world; no prophet's eye
Asks the foreseeing stars for their replying,
And reads the future in the midnight sky.

"Many the lovely, though they now are banished
From our harsh path—the actual and the cold;
The angel and the spirit, each are vanished!
Where are the beautiful that were of old?

"Vain, though so lovely, was this old believing;
But not thus vain the faith that gave it birth;
It was the beauty of the far off—leaving
The presence of the spiritual on earth."

The *Clematis* is another of Uwin's designs, and will probably be a favourite engraving. Miss Landon tells its story, in poetically and fondly looking back upon the old faith:—

"Around the cross the flower is winding,
Around the old and ruined wall;
And with its fragile foliage binding
The arch with which it soon must fall.
And two before that cross are praying—
One with her earnest heart above,
The other, as the heart delaying,
Blent heavenly with an earthly love.

"Saint Marie's shrine is now laid lowly,
Shivered its windows' rainbow panes;
Silent its hymn: that pale flower solely,
Of all its former pride, remains.
Hushed is the ancient anthem, keeping
The vigil of the silent night;
Gone is the censer's silver sweeping;
Dim is the sacred taper's light.

"True, the soft soul's divine emotion
The desert wind to heaven may bear;
'Tis not the shrine that makes devotion,
The place that sanctifies the prayer:
But yet I grieve that, those departed,
The faith has left the broken cell:
How many low and broken-hearted
Were thankful in their shades to dwell!"

. . . . . .

Besides these subjects, we have the *Laurel—classic*, but not very effective. The *Iris, domestic*, is not in any way remarkable; and the *Mignonette* is another of Meadows' designs, in which there is truth and some expression. From the attitude and expression of the principal figure in the engraved vignette, we are at a loss to conjecture what volume of poetry or picture has had an effect upon her, more agreeable to the reader than flattering to the artist. She is evidently falling asleep.

As an entire specimen of the treasures of this elegant volume, we select the ballad of "The Canterbury Bell," which, if less ambitious than some of its companions, is as likely to be held in remembrance long after 1838. The scene is a sweet cottage in Kent; a luxuriant vine mantling the eaves; a cage of turtle-doves, basking in the porch; one love-lorn, pensive maiden, her

knitting abandoned, sunk in reverie, musing of her absent "true love;" and a gay, brisk, sister startling her with a letter, which is not from him.

[THE CANTERBURY BELL.

"'I SEE it grow beneath my hand,
I see it day by day,
I measure on its purple wand
How long he is away.

"'The seed was sleeping in the earth,
The snow was on the ground,
And Christmas gathered in its mirth
The friends now scattered round.

"'It was the time of thy farewell,
Cold, wintry, dead—and now
The violets are in the dell,
The May upon the bough.

"'We sowed its seed when winds were chill,
The plant now grown so fair;
We placed it on the window-sill,
To catch the sun and air!

"'You said you would return again
Before it was in bloom—
Alas! it sheds its light in vain
Around our altered room.

"'My heart is sick with hope deferred,
Days, weeks pass slowly o'er—
Alas! one voice is still unheard,
One step returns no more!

"'I'm weary of these watching hours,
That fret my life away;
I do not love my favourite flowers;
I loathe the sunny day.

"'Is not the heart a sacred thing?
Is it not love that gives
The shadow of an angel's wing,
Where'er its presence lives?

"'I gave my heart, I thought, for thine—
Mine was the gift alone;
Why have the false no outward sign
By which they may be known?

"'Fair flower, that I have wept to see
Day after day arise;
I little thought that thou wouldst be
Welcomed with tearful eyes!

"'Why should there be divided truth?
Ah! why should one love on?
I'm weary—weary of my youth,
Whose happiness is gone!'

"A light step makes her start the while;
She sees her sister stand
Beside the gate, with eager smile,
A letter in her hand.

"Poor girl! she might have spared the blush
That with the letter came;
She took the scroll—pale grew the flush—
It did not bear his name!"

THE KEEPSAKE.

This old favourite has put forth new claims to favour. Its size is now *perfection*—that *juste milieu*, equally appropriate to true elegance, whether in ladies or *annuals*, and remote alike from the *dumpy* and the *straddling*. The binding, if not the most expensive, is certainly the most tasteful we have seen this year. The style ought to be called *boudoir binding*. The letter-press is beautiful, the fancy pictures are graceful; the tales of love and romance, of beauty and chivalry, such as young hearts love. But, alas for those that are no longer young, if they had not more solid fare! The first tale, which is historical, may be fairly construed into a warning and lesson to all maiden queens. There, fair and gentle reader! "The Keepsake" has hooked you. We defy you to enjoy a sound sleep again, until you learn what that "Keepsake" has to insinuate regarding the position of our young, lovely, and perhaps loving Virgin Queen, in the tale of "The Royal Marriage." "The Turkish Visit" is another favourite with us; but, on the whole, we desiderate a little more of the real and the *earnest* in future "Keepsakes," both in picture and writing.

GEMS OF BEAUTY.

The new volume of this annual has assumed a character of greater precision and meaning. The various groups designed by Parris, are pictures, or *tableaux*, representing the Passions and Affections. The Countess-Editress—a title which, in the progress of human improvement, in some five hundred, or be it five thousand years hence, will assuredly become one of greater distinction than that of Duchess-Countess—has told that

"Beauty's Gems have shone their hour;
Now, from mine more rich and deep,
With a spell of sterner power,
Call we Passions from their sleep:
Dark Despair and pale-eyed Fear;
Jealousy and Anger strong;
Love, o'ermastering pain and wrong;
Hope, that doth the doubting cheer.
Gentle maiden, smile and tell,
Have we done your bidding well?

We could almost take upon us to answer for the maiden—"Well."

The engravings are twelve in number; the subjects those enumerated in the rhyme, and personifications of some of the gentler emotions—as *Affection*, *Cheerfulness*, and *Pity*. Those acquainted with the style of Parris, may have a perfect idea of these groups. More freedom and scope have, however, been given to his pencil by the expressions of definite passions and emotions. Some of the designs are replete with characteristic expression; the gay, the graceful, and buoyant being, however, the most true, if not the most effective. This, also, holds of the illustrative verses. It is easier to deal with *Joy*, or Hope, in a few smooth stanzas, than with the dark and terrible passions. Our specimen, therefore, shall be of the lighter kind.

CHEERFULNESS.

"Spirit with bright and gladsome mein,
(That seldom art in cities seen,)
With eyes that shine, and cheeks all glowing,
And robes in comely drapery flowing,
And silken locks, where breezes sly
Linger, and sport, and love, and sigh!
Thy time of joy is early dawn;
Thy mates the deep-eyed startled fawn,
And timid hare, that lightly pass
With feet that scarcely bend the grass,
And the glad birds, whose song, begun,
Ends with the empire of the sun;
Thy garlands, herbs besprent with dew;
Thy mirror, waters deep and blue;

Thy pleasure-ground, those nooks unseen
Where even old shepherds scarce have been.
Health bounds triumphant at thy side;
And rich Pomona, like a bride
Crowned with earth's luscious treasures, brings
To thy white feet her offerings.
Fain would I leave my cares behind,
And, lured on by the balmy wind,
Seek out thy haunts, remote and green,
And share with thee thy joy serene,
Spirit of bright and gladsome mein!"

THE NAVAL KEEPSAKE.

No seaman could find a better Keepsake than this; for it is neither more nor less than a good Memoir of Nelson, written by the Old Sailor. It is a *neat*, pretty book; and, instead of fancy engravings, gives us a few clever etchings of Nelson's grandest battles, and fac-similes of his handwriting. This is, therefore, a sensible Annual, and a good foundation for a naval series.

FISHER'S JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK,

A joint-stock production of the reader's old friend, Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, and Miss Agnes Strickland, is a very pretty work. It has several pretty copies of verses; and many exceedingly pretty pictures—for, although the preface states correctly enough that the literary department of such works is the most important, we doubt whether the *pictorial* is not sometimes by far the best in execution. Yet the "Visit to Grandmamma," and the description of "The Gentle Toinette," are as sweet and natural as their traits. The verses descriptive of the *Young Milk Maid*, are, if not better, yet better adapted to children than some of the more ambitious strains.

CAMPBELL'S ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

An edition of this favourite classic is just published by Moxon, in the same beautiful style as Rogers' "Italy." The gems of art irradiate the gems of poesy—Turner illustrates Campbell. The poems are arranged exactly, we think, in the manner of the complete edition, in one volume, lately published by Moxon—that is, chronologically, or in the order of their original appearance, from the "Pleasures of Hope," in 1799, to the small pieces which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, during the nine years that Mr Campbell was the editor of that periodical work. Among the last of these occasional pieces, are the complimentary verses to the unhappy Burdett, converted by his conduct into the bitterest satire. The illustrations are generally exquisite, either in ethereal lightness, airy grace, or melting softness of outline. Among the more rare and delicious of those in the "Pleasures of Hope," are

"Earth's loneliest bounds, or ocean's wildest shore;"

with a storm-tossed ship sweltering in a raging sea; and next the law pealing forth from Mount Sinai, in thunder and cloud, while an assemblage of heart-struck, prostrate worshippers are grouped around the foot of the mountain. A light and delicate sketch of the scene described, graces the opening of "Theodric." The "Battle of the Baltic," Campbell's noblest lyric—if it be not rather the noblest that ever was breathed in English words—becomes, under Turner's pencil, a miniature of the sublime, and also a proof that the true sublime has nothing to do with magnitude or space. *Hohenlinden* is more clear and palpable than the majority of Turner's designs. *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, is the very wild and picturesque scene described; and *The Soldier's Dream* is one of surpassing loveliness; as is the soft landscape of *Fair Wyoming*. Some of Turner's most characteristic effects are apparent in the Rhine view, "Nonnerwerder's cloisters pale," and the castled crag of *Drachenfels*, prefixed to the ballad of "The Brave Roland." "The Beech Tree's Petition" produces a sweetly rural picture, though greater luxuriance of foliage might not have misbeseemed the *trysting-tree* of generations. One of the most original and unique of these gems of art is connected with the lines on the "Camp Hill near Hastings." Could we reconcile imagination to that horrid grisly phantom under which the northern mythology personifies Death,* the *Death-Boat at Heligoland* would form a thrilling and awful picture. "The Ode to the Germans" forms the subject of a stately and characteristic view; and the "Dead Eagle" gives us a splendid Moorish scene.

The letterpress of this edition is in harmony with the embellishments, and the book altogether is to be held among the best treasures, the elegant luxuries, and also the heir-looms of literature. This, we have no doubt, it will become to a wide extent, and a monument to the genius of the poet, to which many a household in Great Britain and America will be proud to give a shrine.

* No artist now thinks of introducing, in serious design, the all but obsolete ancient Devil—him of the cloven hoofs and long switch tail. We wish the horrible skeleton, Death, were also exploded, since he is no longer a mystery and a terror, but a repulsive mockery of humanity. Little children in Scotland ludicrously term this hideous personification, *Death upon a porridge-stick*. According to Burns,

"Bairns haud out their fingers laughin,
And pouk his hips."

Painters should, therefore, banish him, and replace "the grim feature" with something more fitted to impress a civilized age.

TO J. P. M.

CHILD, there was One who said to such as thou,
"Let little children come to me!" And I
Could wish, while on thy heart and on thy brow
Hope, youth, and health sit throned gloriously,
That He would draw thee with the cords of love,
And, even in childhood, lead thy tender thought
To fix itself on treasures placed above—
To scorn a world with sin and turmoil fraught:
Then wouldst thou grow in silent goodness up,
And heavenly-mindedness, and peace, and bliss;
Yea, haply from thy lips might pass the cup
That earth hath mingled in its bitterness;
And thou mightst ever be, as now, a thing
Whose presence from our sight can sorrow fit.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF FACTION IN IRELAND.*

A DAY IN ULSTER.

The interest excited by the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, on Orange Associations, has induced me to refer to the note-book of a tour which business obliged me to make in Ireland, in the winter of 1834–5; and, as it appears to me that the simple statement of some extraordinary scenes which came under my observation may be more likely to bring before the public the deep and widely-spread evils of faction, than "sermon or homily," I have determined to write it. I disclaim all feelings of partisanship, which my profession and tenets forbid; I have no farther bias than that necessarily produced in every mind by the general tendency of its principles: I come forward, therefore, as an impartial witness, and with no other object than to expose the evil of those party associations which are alike destructive of social peace and of national improvement.

In the month of January 1835, I found myself in a town in the north of Ireland, at the time of a violently-contested election; and, in consequence, it was impossible to procure any conveyance in the direction in which I required to go. The landlord of the inn, seeing my annoyance, proposed to me to take advantage of a car returning to a particular district for voters, from whence, he said, if I did not mind cross-roads and bad fare, I might easily find a conveyance "in the line of my business." I consented to this readily; having no fear of cross-roads, and much less of bad fare in Ireland, where fresh butter and eggs, good potatoes and a chicken, are always to be had: therefore, I soon arranged to proceed next morning upon an outside car, with one cushion, drawn by a grey mare whose elevated nose proclaimed her want of sight, and driven by Mr Nanty Flinn, who, either from sympathy to "the brute baste," or from zeal for his favourite candidate, had got his lights so darkened that I doubted much whether he could "see his way."

The morning rose dark and lowering; the ground was already whitened with snow; masses of sombre clouds seemed almost within reach; and the low wind moaned, portentous of the coming storm. The first stage was got over pretty well, and a late breakfast of tea, toast, and eggs, (the eggs being, I verily believe, layed fresher in Ireland than anywhere else,) beside a generously-piled turf fire, gave me courage to proceed; and, after due consultation, I resolved to sleep at ———, in the western part of the county of Armagh, which I was told was a "genteel place," and thence regain my route. The badness of the road, and the loss of a shoe, tempted me to stop at the neat town of M——; but the prudent recollection of having already paid for the car to ———, determined me to proceed. I wrapped my plaid about me, pulled my cap over my ears, thought I never saw so murky a sky, and scarcely believed my watch, which said "*only* four o'clock." The road lay across a bog: the clamps of turf, and the black holes from which they had been taken, contrasted horridly with the snow; and the scattered cabins, with a few bare willow trees near them, only made desolation more desolate. We passed men in knots of five or six, many of them with guns, and several shouting "Verner for ever!" "To hell with the Pope!" &c.

The driver said "they were Orangemen, after some mischief," (seeking it,) "and that he'd be ruined intirely if they knew he was a Papist."

His fears were removed by our turning into another road; and I confess I so far participated in his feelings that I thought it *just as well* that, at so late and dusky an hour, we should not be at the mercy of persons with arms in their hands, evidently much excited, and probably drunk. I have passed the time of life which finds pleasure in an adventure, and I felt happy to escape even from the chance of an interruption to the dull safety of my drive. The monotony of the bog is here broken by round cultivated hills, which rise from it like islands, and are so called in the country phraseology. Whilst I was remarking their singular appearance, the driver called my attention to the colour of the sky above one of them. It was of lurid red, and, as its brightness varied, there could be little doubt that it was caused by a conflagration of some kind: and so it proved; for, on rounding the hill, we saw, in seven or eight distinct places, flames shooting upwards, and, in others, columns of dense smoke rising where preceding flame had expired—they were evidently cabins burning.

"By the Powers!" ejaculated the driver, "the wrackers have been here, playing to 'hell or Connaught' with the craturs this *cowld* night—and my hearty curse on them!" He explained to me that wrackers were Orangemen, who attacked the houses of Catholics, smashed their furniture, and burned them out, giving them the choice of going to hell or to Connaught. At this moment, I perceived some persons beside a turf-stack in the bog; and, to satisfy my curiosity upon the cause of this extraordinary scene, I made my way towards them by a bog-path. Never have I beheld a scene so savage and so desolate: the snow, the burning houses; the clouds hanging in dark grey masses upon the hills, and tinted with

* It is proper to state that the subjoined narrative is no fiction. It is a true picture of Irish society—a simple record of facts—transmitted to us by a gentleman on whom we have the utmost reliance.

the light of flames; the wind in gusts, or sweeping along the bog-plants with low rustling sound; and this group of women and children crouching from the bitter blast beside this pile of black turf! Many of them were weeping, and all seemed terrified. I gathered from them that some Orangemen, returning from the chairing of Colonel Verner on the preceding day, attacked the houses of such Catholics as they suspected of being parties to a cruel assault on an Orangeman some time previous; that they met with resistance at those houses, but broke in and "smashed all before them;" when some of the friends who were at work in the bog, ran up to the defence; some shots were fired, and an Orangeman was wounded; the mob then dispersed, threatening revenge. What I now beheld, was the proof of their keeping their word: a large party of Orangemen had appeared about two hours before, and deliberately set fire to the cabins of those they had attacked the day before, and of any others whom they conceived to be in any way connected with them. The expectation of the women seemed to be that not a Catholic cabin would escape their fury; they had fled from their houses, expecting the visit of destruction every moment; and, though they had seen the Orangemen march off in another direction, they could not be persuaded that they would not return "at dark, and finish them; for they'll niver stop until they burn out every Catholic, unless the good God puts it into their hearts to quit." (stop.) I advised them to apply to the nearest magistrate. They said it would be useless, as the police were absent at the elections, and, "anyway, sure the magistrates were as bad as thimselves—for wasn't it they set them on, being Orangemen themselves?" They said, if all seemed quiet after nightfall, they would creep back to their cabins.

My reflections on what I had seen and heard so completely absorbed me that I forgot to wrap myself in my plaid; and, when I reached the village, I found myself completely chilled, and I was obliged to remain in bed the next day. In answer to my queries, I was told that no more mischief had been done; that the Catholics brought it all on themselves; and that *now* they threatened to murder all the Protestants. I felt that, had my house been burnt, my little property destroyed, and my wife and children rendered houseless at such a season, I might have been, at least, tempted to revenge myself. In the beginning of the night, I was roused by the ringing of the church-bell, and by much commotion in the street. On looking out, I saw numbers of men collected in little parties, eagerly talking together, and most of them were armed. A crowd surrounded the door of a pretty house which I had been told belonged to "the agent," (the proprietor was a minor;) and the servant girl said that "the country was up, for the Catholics of the bog had brought down the mountain Ribbonmen, and they were not to leave a Protestant alive in the neighbourhood—so the Orange boys were going down to *quench* them." I asked, were they constables; she said not, but "sure the agent was going out with them, which was all as one; and he had given them plenty of ball cartridges, and they had yeomanry guns and bag'nets, and there was no fear." No fear certainly for the Orangemen, but much for those they were to oppose. This gentle damsel further said, that "they hoped to meet the Catholics at the cross roads, before they got to the Protestant country; and there would be a fight for it." This armed mob soon marched off; there appeared to be some persons on horseback at their head, and also a jaunting car; but, as they did not pass my window, I saw indistinctly. Not knowing how all this *mouvement* was to end, I thought it prudent to dress myself; and I then lay down again, rather to muse than to sleep. I could not recall to my mind any instance of Scotch or English magistrates leading out one party of people to put down another, without the authority of the law. In two or three hours, the greater number returned, and I learned that they had *not* met with any Catholics; that no Protestant had been molested; but that, after they were out some time, shots were fired on the Ribbonmen's side of the road: therefore, they had left a party on the opposite hill, to protect the Protestants. I saw this strange army leave the village in parties, after, as I was told, being regaled with whisky at the agent's and other houses; and, for two hours after, I heard single shots, which I *then* conceived to have been fired by them as they went along, without farther purpose than display. I now resolved, instead of pursuing my original plan of proceeding on jaunting cars, which the weather and the state of the country rendered imprudent, to get into the mail-coach road at A——; and, sending my portmanteau there by a messenger, I proceeded on foot to the scene of these extraordinary proceedings. I first reached the Protestant position, if I may so call it. At the gable of a house, at the foot of one of those bog-island hills, about 30 or 40 men were assembled, (a few guns leaned against the wall and the turf-stack;) their appearance was somewhat above that of labourers, at least they were well clad; their manner was stiff, though civil, and their answers to my questions were given cautiously and with deliberation.

They said they had nothing to do with the burnings, which had been perpetrated by Orangemen from the next county, *(from the parish of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan;)* but that they thought "the Catholics had only themselves to thank, for their own conduct had caused it; no Protestant could pass that road after dark, without being beaten; and that, some time before, at the races of ———, they had beaten the Protestants on the ground, and afterwards on the high road attacked a man and his daughter, and so *misused* them that their lives were for a long time despaired of." I failed to make them see that the revenge of burning houses over innocent women and children was savage; and that, when they were assaulted by the Catholics, they should apply to the laws for redress. The reply was—

"that the best justice was their firelock—that they did not know what to make of the laws—*that one time the gentlemen told them to walk,* (on the 12th of July,) *and to wear Orange ribbons; but now they told them not, and they were prosecuted if they did; there was little use in the laws, for they were always changing."* They admitted that they had not seen any assemblage of Catholics the preceding evening, nor had they heard any shots until *after* the party came from the village of ——— ; that, when *they* heard the "tramp" of their approach, they were sure it was the Catholics coming to murder them, and they expressed great fears that they would attack them that night. In the cabin, I saw several stand of yeomanry arms; and I was told that this party of Protestants had received from a magistrate in the neighbourhood a "backload" of ball cartridge; and that another justice of the peace told them to defend themselves like men. It appeared, from the statement of these men, that, after the return of the armed party to ———, firing commenced, and was kept up until daylight from the opposite hill, shot for shot being exchanged. A bullet was shewn to me which was said to have struck the turf-stack; but I cannot think that any common gun could carry the distance stated. I asked them, Did they know any of the persons who burned the houses? One man said—"they had a guess;" but the rest instantly cautioned him to be silent. From this "station," I walked across the bog to the Catholic hills—and never shall I forget this walk! The cabins were of the poorest description, and almost all deserted and shut up. Such children as lingered near them gave me evasive answers when I inquired for the owners; some said, "they were wakeing the ould man up in the street, and I'd find some one to tell me there." As I proceeded, I saw women and children crossing the snow-covered fields, carrying furniture of all kinds in every direction; wheelbarrows and donkey carts were employed for the same purpose; and, on inquiry, I learned that they were going to some place of security, as the wrackers were expected that night again, to destroy all before them. The "street" I found to be a double row of cabins, not numerous enough to be termed a village; some were of a better order, one was slated, and altogether there was an *improving air* about it. (I learned afterwards that these houses, with two or three exceptions, belonged to Protestants.) Opposite to a wretched mud cow-house, there was a considerable crowd, and *there* was the wakeing of the "*ould* man." Every one seemed eager to tell me his story, but I selected the son of the deceased as narrator. He was a man of six feet, of a powerful though gaunt figure; his countenance was calm though wild, and his voice was evidently subdued. He said he saw the burnings on the hill; but, as he was at the other side of the bog, and was always a peaceable neighbour, he was not afraid. His father was "*upon dying,*" and he came up to a public-house in the street, to buy candles and tobacco, and such things as he thought would be called for before morning; that, as he left the public house, he saw the thatch of his own cabin in flames, and a number of men with guns about it; he called to the people who were in the "public," and said, "Will you see my house burnt, and my dying father, and do nothing for me?—you know you are all Orange boys, and they will mind *yez*;" on which they all said they would not see a quiet neighbour so used; and they ran down, *calling out the pass-word;* that some rushed in to rescue the dying man, and others pulled off the burning thatch. The strange men ran off. The Orangemen who had acted so well were present, and here took up the tale. They did not find the old man in the cabin, and, on coming out to look for him, they heard a groan at the end of the house, beside the potato pit, and "they thought he departed then, as he never stirred after they carried him into a house." The wife's story was, that she was moistening the dying man's lips, when two men entered, and held guns to her breast, and to that of a girl who was with her, whilst the rest of the party opened the chests, broke the furniture, and *wracked* everything; they then *trailed out* the dying man, and set fire to the thatch! Upon my making some observations on the atrocity of such conduct, which resembled the acts of Indian savages, the Protestants said, the Catholics brought it on themselves; that it was certainly hard that quiet persons should suffer; but that the generality of Catholics at that side of the bog *deserved* it, by their assaults on Protestants, and above all, by their conduct at the races of A——. To this, which was said openly, a Catholic replied—"that the A—— races was not the beginning of it; the Catholics would have been quiet enough there, had *they* been civilly treated at the races of C——; but, instead of civility, the Orangemen made a ring, and offered £10 for any Papist head which dared to go inside of it; and it was but fair that, when the Catholics got the Orangemen into their own country, (district,) they should sarve them the same way."

I asked a respectable man who stood near me, and whose appearance shewed he was a Protestant, if this was true. He said he believed so, but he was not at those races. I feared that the recrimination between the parties might not end well, so I turned the conversation from the causes to the effects. Each party expressed great fear that the distant friends of the adverse religion would "come down" at night, and perpetrate further mischief. The Catholics assured me there was no foundation whatever for the report that they had sent for the mountain Catholics; and I said much to shew that it was the interest of all to encourage the neighbourly feelings that seemed to exist amongst them, and to confide in each other, instead of believing every report spread to the prejudice of one party or the other. They thanked me, and said they had sent to tell the agent, and they hoped to have some protection before night.

On my way to A——, I overtook a respect-

able farmer, who told me he lived near the scene of these horrors; that he was a Protestant, not an Orangeman; and that he heartily wished there were no such societies in the country. The monthly lodge meetings were excuses for drunkenness and rioting. That young men, leaving them intoxicated, disturbed the inmates of the Catholic cabins which they passed; knocking at the doors, and using insulting language. He did not believe there were Ribbon Lodges now amongst the Catholics, but that there were gun clubs, which were associations for the purchase of guns by weekly subscriptions; when a gun was bought, the subscribers drew lots for it, the Catholics being too poor to arm themselves in any other manner. He said; further, that the Catholics were more ignorant and more addicted to whisky than the Protestants. When tipsy, they were disposed to beat whoever they met, and in this way, of course, provoked the other party. He attributed their greater love of whisky to their poverty; they had not money to buy any other *comfort;* and he remarked that, when a Catholic *got up in the world,* they became more sober, and as peaceably disposed as other people. I asked to what he attributed the friendly conduct of the Protestants to the Catholics in the hamlet I had just left? His reply was remarkable:—The landlord disapproved of *party-work,* and discouraged it; and they knew they need not expect any favour if they acted as enemies to their neighbours. This answer, and much that came to my knowledge in my subsequent inquiries, convinced me that the gentry of the country are answerable for the party feuds and party crimes of the people. There may possibly be a natural tendency in the Irish character to feuds. If so, the gentry have taken advantage of it for the worst of purposes; and, whilst their own station and education have placed them above the commission of assaults, riots, &c., scores of ignorant persons have been transported and hanged for crimes, to the commission of which they have been led by the spirit engendered at Orange Lodges, where members of the gentry frequently presided, and which they encouraged in every way; indeed, they are chargeable with having sustained a system which otherwise would have expired with the circumstances which gave rise to it. Small proprietors, when they became masters of district lodges, found themselves invested with an influence and importance unknown to them before; equally so the farmer, at the head of a smaller lodge; each had a kind of command, and a certain number of followers. Then there was a sort of brotherhood in the association, which levelled the distinctions of rank, and flattered its individual members; and for these paltry gratifications to vanity was encouraged religious party spirit of the worst kind, until its ramifications can be traced throughout all ranks of society in Ulster, carrying with it hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—creating the necessity for a counteracting party spirit, and marking their joint progress with sorrow and crime. May the present suspension of Orangeism induce all ranks and conditions of men in Ulster to reflect on the past, and to adopt such a line of conduct for the future as will insure that rural tranquillity so necessary to prosperity, and of which a large portion of that fine province has been so often deprived!

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Philosophical and Practical View of the Social Bearings and Importance of Education; in a Series of Essays, &c. &c. By J. Antrobus.

In the introductory remarks to these discourses, the author justly says that "there seems to be less want of general and practical knowledge, [on the subject of education,] than of the means of making it available in its application." He is alarmed at the growth of juvenile delinquency among the youth of all ranks. He has a bad opinion of cheap schools, and of the *cheap* education given at the yearly-increasing fry of low-priced boarding schools. We have a bad opinion of the system altogether which sends children from home during the years most important to the formation of character; nor is it easy to perceive its universal necessity. If children are to be turned out of doors, save for their few annual holiday-weeks of pernicious indulgence, far better were it that there was no nursery permitted in any household, than no habitation for children of advanced age. If the health and comfort of babies be attended to by good nurses, it matters comparatively little to themselves where they are placed; but the case becomes different when children are sent away at the critical age when the example, the watchfulness, and the moral influences of home become the most necessary. If one set of children must necessarily be exiled, it would, we think, be a happy revolution in manners which sent away the babies, and kept the children receiving elementary education within the holy precincts of home. We can see no necessity for either sacrifice; for surely every reflecting parent must feel the sending a child for years from the domestic hearth, to receive an education from strangers, among a promiscuous assemblage of children, a very great sacrifice. Mr Antrobus imagines that the recent progress of the people in knowledge has exceeded their progress in virtue; and that, therefore, the main stress ought to be laid on moral training. A slight degree of alarm mingles with his philanthropy. The enervating or evil tendency of parental indulgence, as much as neglect, meets with due admonition; severity is condemned, but strict discipline, and even a reasonable use of punishment, is sanctioned. The great stress which is laid upon the religious instruction of the poor in the humbler schools, by certain persons, is noticed in contrast with the lax discipline of aristocratic establishments. Mr Antrobus is not an inordinate admirer of what is termed classical education; and beyond a certain length he condemns it. "Latin and Greek are good in their place, and rank deservedly high in the republic of letters; but, in the education of British and Christian youth, it is the dictate of common prudence to assign to them their stated bounds." He regrets, in pushing classical education to the extreme of our public schools, not alone the misapplication of time and talent, but that the study of profane authors gives false notions of honour, of virtue, and of wisdom, and darkens the pure light of truth. It is gravely inquired whether he who has been wantonly sporting his imagination with the levities of Ovid, will turn with a feeling of welcome or disgust to the sober dictates of his

Bible? Foreign travel is regarded by Mr Antrobus as perilous to youth, with whom a Continental tour is little better than a wild chase after novelty, where time is consumed in exploring the public resorts, or, as likely, in the leading haunts of dissipation, where the worst species of society is promiscuously congregated. On the question of the relative advantages of public or private education, Mr Antrobus holds the same opinions as on many other points—namely, that much may be said on both sides; and he comes to the conclusion that much, if not all, depends on the future destination of the pupil. The whole of these discourses are distinguished by sober sense and moderation. Their faults are occasional verbosity and a want of definiteness. We receive the opinions of the author, when we wish for directions and results.

Narrative of Captain Fawckener's Travels on the Coast of Benin.

These *travels* took place a good many years ago. They are now published by a few friends, for the benefit of Captain Fawckener, whose health was ruined, and who lost all his property in the unfortunate trading voyage which sent him a-travelling against his will. He was surprised by the natives, the crew of his vessel were overpowered, and the ship was plundered and unrigged at Mongyee, a place on the coast, fifteen or twenty miles west of Benin Bar. They were carried up into the country, suffered many hardships, braved dreadful perils, but finally escaped. What Captain Fawckener and his companions saw and suffered in the course of their compulsory travels, forms the subject of the narrative, which is curious and entertaining. One situation in a canoe, when the natives and the *fetish man* threw up *cowries*, to determine the life or death of the Englishmen, as the shells should descend *white* or *red*, or, as we say, heads or tails, is absolutely thrilling. "Having grasped a quantity in his hand, he threw them up like a careless boy, playing at pitch and toss, to ascertain whether it was the will of Heaven that they should immediately shoot us in the canoe. Our feelings at this moment cannot be described. In an instant, the unexpected storm had burst upon us in all its unrelenting fury; with tears in our eyes, we begged the Almighty to soften the hearts of the savages and avert the impending destruction. Regardless of our distress, they proceeded in the dreadful ordeal. The shells fell rattling down, and, in an instant, every eye, save our own, was bent towards them." Their agony was protracted during three trials. The situation is a striking one. Death and Life played at dice for the crew, s in the "Rhime of the Ancient Mariner."

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.

This singular work—translated and printed in English, in Berlin, and sent for sale to England, to raise funds for Goethe's monument—might well be regarded as fictitious, were it not authenticated beyond all question. The *child* is a precocious and "*parlous*" girl of thirteen; who, conceiving an enthusiastic Platonic affection for Goethe—then approaching, if not past, sixty—corresponds with and occasionally meets him during four or five years; his aged mother being the confidant of the young lady's headlong and laughable passion. In short, the damsel seems to have resolved upon over-topping the part of "Mignon," the character which probably first inspired the part. Her extravagant adoration, which would have overwhelmed an elderly Englishman with the sense of ridicule, appears to have tickled the fancy of the German poet; besides, the young lady was constantly sending him gifts suited to his elegant taste; and her letters, independently of her vehement Platonic, possess a glow and originality, a natural eloquence and force of imagination, which must have interested Goethe. The sentimental *Bettine* is more manly and eccentric than Diana Vernon, more passionate than Sappho. Goethe's mother describes her with "a frame of iron, and imagination of fire." Her correspondence is certainly "a psychological curiosity," and more illustrative of what is meant by "the German mind," than any work we have seen for years. We had proposed to introduce the German *real* heroine to our readers at greater length; but, as this was done two years ago by *The Athenæum*, from the original German, we merely refer to the "singularly original and extravagant book" now on sale, to add a stone to the cairn of a great man.

The Assembled Commons, or Parliamentary Biographer.

This is a continuation of a former Parliamentary Guide Book, adapted to the new House of Commons, corrected, extended, and otherwise improved, by information regarding Parliamentary usages and the law of elections.

The Dissenter.

A cheap monthly periodical so named, which is published at Stockton, has been collected into a volume, the contents of which will be interesting to *Voluntaries*, both from its advocacy of liberal opinions in ecclesiastical affairs, and the information which it contains.

Curtis on the Preservation of Health in Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age.

This is a plain, sensible, unpretending little treatise, on a subject of universal interest. It contains nothing new, nor untried, nor perhaps a single original idea; and yet it may have its uses, as an adviser or a practical guide. It is not the least valuable feature of the work, that the author has drawn largely on the best popular writers on health. Sir John Sinclair is quite his oracle.

UNNOTICED POEMS.

The passing year has been singularly productive of poetry. We are bound to mention the titles of a few of those fugitive volumes, though to enter into an examination of the merits or purpose of one half of them, would require a Monthly Review devoted to verse alone. Mr Bird, the author of some half dozen or more metrical tales, published in separate volumes, and of numerous miscellaneous poems of merit, has issued FRANCIS ABBOTT, OR THE RECLUSE OF NIAGARA, a tragic story, founded on an anecdote in Captain Alexander's "Transatlantic Sketches." "Sketches of the Metropolis," in the stanza and spirit of Beppo, fill up the volume. Thomas Ragg, the *Nottingham Mechanic*, author of "The Deity," and other poems, has published SKETCHES FROM LIFE, LYRICS OF THE PENTATEUCH, and miscellaneous pieces, which fully equal those previous attempts which drew forth the praise of Dr Southey, and many competent judges. Nemo is the author of several new-born pieces; and a very young aspirant for the favour of the Muses, of the name of Manning, has produced a volume of original verses, and a translation of ANACREON. A volume of selections from an entire translation of the poems of the King of Bavaria, has been published by Mr George Everill, and is dedicated to the Crown Prince. From it we should have been happy to give a few specimens. These courtly effusions are classic and highly polished, and will command attention from other quarters than the mere admirers of noble and royal authors. LYRICS, by John Lee Steevens, and miscellaneous poems, one hundred in all, are occasionally sweet, and always natural, smooth, and flowing; but, alas! the sleight of verse is not always the divine power of poetry. We are sadly at a loss for distinctive names to characterise its varying modes. AUTUMNAL LEAVES, by Henrietta F. Vallé, consists of an endless variety of elegant short pieces, verses of society, lyrics, gay epistles, and simple thoughts or sentiments, delicately elaborated. The volume will, we have no doubt, be greatly admired in the immediate circle of the author's friends and acquaintances, which is, after all, probably the most desirable kind of homage, where the highest fame is unattainable. From the Rev. Robert Wilson, of Greenock, we have the PLEASURES OF PIETY, a poem in blank verse, of the school of Pollock, but with a very amiable dash of the author of "The Sabbath." One of the most interesting of the new publications in verse, is a second series of the LITTLE VILLAGER'S VERSE BOOK, by the venerable W. L. Bowles. The epitaphs in Bremhill churchyard, placed there by the pastor, in honour of the chosen of his flock, and as examples to the living, are even more amiable than the little poems intended for the village children. One on John Harding, who died at the age of eighty-four, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing:—

"Lay down thy pilgrim's staff upon this heap,
And, till the morning of redemption, sleep,
Old wayfarer of earth! From youth to age,
Long but not weary was thy pilgrimage—
Thy Christian pilgrimage; for truth and prayer
Alone enabled thee some griefs to bear.
Left in old age without a husband's aid,
Thy wife shall pray beside thee to be laid;
For more than a kind father didst thou prove
To fourteen children of her faithful love.
May future fathers of the village trace
The same sure path to the same restingplace;
And future sons, taught in their youth to save,*
Learn that first lesson from a POOR MAN'S GRAVE!"

The poems of Charles Percy Wyatt have, we imagine, already met with the attention and celebrity to which they are entitled. They are the most *noticeable* of the many small volumes on our table. With a considerable proficiency in poetic diction, and the art or accomplishment of verse, they give promise of growing power. Half the volume consists of translations from the German and Spanish.

NEWLY PUBLISHED PLAYS.

Of neglected dramas, we might enumerate some scores. To the superior *few*, "The Love Chase," one of two "Wallaces," "Cosmo de Medici," and two or three more, we propose to devote space more suitable to their merits than can be given in this Register.

PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Metaphysics, as a separate science, have lost much of their savour in this business-and-bosom or utilitarian age. Unless mental philosophy is connected with something of which the utility is more obvious and immediate—be it physiology, instinct, the various phenomena of life, or even phrenology—it fails to command popular attention. The newest works on mental philosophy, accordingly, treat human nature in relation to its physical, as well as moral and intellectual attributes. With the exception of Mr Babbage's noble fragment, or collection of fragments, the "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," the most important new work of this description is "The Philosophy of Human Nature," by Dr Henry M'Cormack. It is a comprehensive and elaborate treatise, in which the nature of man is examined in every aspect and relation. The author commences with the physical being, proceeds to the intellectual faculties, and concludes with man's nobler part—his moral affections and feelings, his capacity of endless improvement in the present state of existence, and hope of a glorious immortality. Dr M'Cormack is of no school of philosophy. With a leaning to the perfectibility theories of Godwin, he is a thorough believer in the immateriality of the soul, and breathes throughout the genuine spirit of an enlightened, mild, and beneficent philosophy. The soundness of his orthodoxy on all points, we leave to theologians. The volume, from the wide field over which it ranges, from its clear and excellent arrangement, and remarkable perspicuity, we consider well-adapted as an introductory treatise for young students, and also to the numerous and important class of thinkers and inquirers who are called self-educated men. The best spirit of an advancing age is reflected from its pages. The stern and searching philosophy of Bentham, is softened or brightened by Godwin's visions of terrestrial beatitude.

The Philosophy of Instinct and Reason.
By J. Stevenson Bushnan, M.D.

This gentleman dedicates his work to Lord Brougham, for the excellent reason that he *differs*, in almost every instance, from the opinions of which his Lordship has been the eloquent advocate, in his work on Natural Theology. Dr Bushnan is a materialist avowed; and he is troubled with none of the misgivings, regrets, or modest doubts which perplex many of those who are led by conscientious conviction into that grovelling and cheerless belief. Differing with the writer on many essential points, we must yet bear testimony to his acuteness and candour.

In connexion with the above works, we may mention 'The Introduction to a Course of Lectures on the Wonders and Beauties of Animal Construction and Adaptation," delivered, we know not where, but probably at Liverpool, as the lecture is printed there. It is also dedicated to Lord Brougham, and is an able and eloquent argument in confirmation of his Lordship's elevating and consoling views of the nature and immortality of the soul. If we knew the name of the author, we should have pleasure in pointing it out.

* This village patriarch, from one hundred pounds, left him by his father when a lad, saved four hundred pounds.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

Effingham Wilson has published a clever *jeu-d'esprit*, "How to Rise in the Church," in an expostulatory and admonitory letter from James Crow, Esq., of jumping fame, to his reverend brother, John Crow, who he grieves to see letting so many reverends jump over his head, and find their way to bishopricks and deaneries. James' sketches of the origin and rise of sundry right reverend fathers, and his admonitions to simple, unworldly John to go and do likewise, shew great humour. Jem avers that, had he been in the church, he would already have been a D.D., or an archdeacon, and looking out carefully for the death of Dr Howley.

Wages of Labour.

A communication made to the statistical division of the British Association, which lately met at Liverpool, by Mr Felkin, a member of the Statistical Society of London, treating of the amount and appropriation of the wages of labour, was considered so important that it was ordered to be printed. Here accordingly it is, with a few additions. We wish to direct the attention of mechanics and manufacturers to the pamphlet, which is small and cheap. They will find much that they will fully approve; and something to make them think, even if they cannot agree with the author's conclusion. It is peculiarly suitable to mechanics' clubs and reading-rooms, &c. Mr Felkin is, or has been a working man, and he has warm sympathies with working men. His advice is truly Franklinian.

ALMANACKS.

These pocket-companions were never before so plentiful, nor so well classed. Oliver & Boyd, the wholesale almanack manufacturers for the North, have them of all sizes and prices, and adapted to men of every trade and profession. Mr Tilt of London, in variety and splendour, beats even the improved northerns. He has his "Royal Almanacks," and "Sunday Almanacks;" those for the *hat*, and those for hanging on the wall; also the "Victoria," and the "Paragon," and the "National;" besides the "Miniature," a pretty blue and gold tome, which you might draw through an alderman's thumb ring, and never crush its leaves. "Oliver & Boyd's Threepenny Almanack, or Daily Remembrancer," is, however, in point of utility, the best suited to Scotland of all those cheap compilations; and in the amount and arrangement of information is quite a pattern to the world in cheap almanack making. It is indeed an indispensable part of the necessary equipments of every Scotsman's breast-pocket.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT met on the 15th November, when Mr Abercromby was proposed as Speaker by Mr Shaw Lefevre, seconded by Mr Strutt. Sir R. Peel expressed his entire concurrence with the motion, which was unanimously carried. As no other business could be done until the members were sworn in, the House, on the motion of Lord John Russel, adjourned till the 20th. Thus has ended the threatened attempt on the part of the Tories to place Sir Edward Sugden in the chair.

The great event of the month, and which has filled the columns of the newspapers in default of occurrences of greater interest, is the dining of the Queen at Guildhall, on the 9th of November, being the Lord Mayor's Day. Everything went off quietly, and the Queen returned to her palace, no doubt with a high notion of the loyalty of her loving subjects, although perhaps the reflection might occur that even George IV. was exceedingly popular at his accession.

MR O'CONNELL.—A dinner has been given to Mr O'Connell at Stockport, at which 2000 persons were present. He stated his resolution to prosecute the Spottiswoode gang for a conspiracy.

THE BALLOT.

The Whigs are at last reluctantly coming to the conviction that the Ballot must be tried, though it is difficult to understand the reason why, if they believe what they assert—that it is not only an evil in itself, but will not obtain the object in view—protection against intimidation. We never could understand this argument which the Whigs and Tories have all along used. If the Ballot do not ensure secrecy, where is the evil of it?—if it do, it is difficult to see how a landlord can intimidate his tenant from giving a vote when he has no means of ascertaining whether the vote has been given in the way he wished or not. But it is time for the Whigs to bethink themselves, if they ever again expect to represent a single county in England or Scotland. We could point out some of their stanchest adherents, tenants of Tory landlords, who have hitherto voted, contrary to their own interest, in favour of Whigs, but who have now resolved no longer to sacrifice themselves and their families in supporting a party which withholds all protection from honest voting; and intend, at the next election, to go to their landlords, and ask them for whom they are to vote, expressing their conviction, at the same time, that the Whigs, whatever pretences they may assume, agree in reality with the Tories in the opinion that the vote is given to the laird, and not to the tenant, and as the Whigs, the authors of the Reform Act, must best understand its meaning and object, the tenantry intend no longer to oppose the wishes of the Whig Ministry, by opposing their landlords.

Meanwhile, the agitation for the vote by Ballot proceeds apace in all parts of the country. At a meeting of the Liberals of East Cornwall at Bodmin, Sir William Molesworth, after adverting to the remarkable fact, that, in twenty-three out of twenty-five contests in English counties at last election, the Reformers had been defeated, said, the chief cause of the defeat, was the unprincipled intimidation exercised over the voters, for which the only remedy was the Ballot. This announcement was received with tremendous cheering. He trusted, that, both for their own sakes, and for the popular cause, Ministers were prepared to declare themselves unhesitatingly for the Ballot, and to use every means for its attainment. On no other terms than the concession of the Ballot, could the Ministry justly call on the People for support; for now that the electors were convinced that neither feelings of honour nor sense of moral reprobation could prevent the aristocracy resorting to demoralization, corruption, and intimidation, liberal electors could be bound, neither by interest nor by higher considerations, to make exertions, and suffer sacrifices consequent upon these exertions, for the sake of maintaining an Administration unpledged to the Ballot. If, by being outnumbered in the House of Commons, or by the opposition of the hereditary legislature, they found it impossible to carry the measure, then let them appeal to the People, and that appeal will be successful. Without some decided step, without some act that will rally the People around the present Administration, he could not refrain coming reluctantly to the conclusion, that the period cannot be far distant, when the Tories will re-usurp power. The People were in a state of political despondency, because they had been accustomed to look for leaders among the aristocracy; and, these leaders having deceived them, they knew not where to find others. But the prejudices in favour of a government by an aristocracy, were fast dying away, and the salutary conviction is every day gaining ground amongst the masses, that both parties, Whigs and Tories, from their prejudices, from their selfishness, and their want of sympathy with the People, will not bestir themselves in the People's cause, and, consequently, that both are equally unfit to be the rulers of this great nation. The period, he said, would arrive, when the People would place confidence in themselves, and select leaders without reference to the aristocracy. This, indeed, would be the triumph of the popular cause. Mr Leader defended Lord Durham from the animadversions of a portion of the Liberal press, and was willing to augur a favourable change in the mind of Ministers, from the decided manner in which a nobleman, so nearly connected with them, avowed his opinion in favour of the Ballot. He thought, unless Ministers conceded the Ballot, their fate was sealed.—Lord John Russel's own constituents at Stroud, have also held a meeting in favour of vote by Ballot, at which 2000 persons were present. At this meeting, a model of Mr Grote's Ballot box was exhibited, and excited great interest. Mr J. C. Symons expressed his astonishment at the infatuation of the Whig opposition to the Ballot. He said that, if the Government doggedly refuse a defence to the weakness of those whom they call on to fight against the armed power of oppression—if they continue to exact sacrifices while they withhold protection—if they expect the People to do anything for them, whilst they do nothing for the People—then will another appeal to the country make their position much worse than it is: they who refuse the sole means of effectually defeating the Tories, will be held as befriending the Tories, and as bad as the Tories themselves. Let those ask who will, of the poor man to sacrifice himself and his family, for the mere sake of keeping the Whigs in office; he for one, would not: he could not find it in his conscience to do so, and he spoke as one of millions of the same mind, and pledged to the same resolve. (Vehement and long-continued cheering.) Mr Poulet Scrope has been requested to present the petition to the House of Commons, and Lord John Russel to second it.—At a meeting held at Lincoln, at which the Mayor presided, a petition to Parliament for the Ballot, was unanimously agreed to; several of the speakers declaring that the events of the late election had made them reluctant converts to the necessity of secret voting. At the annual dinner given in London, to commemorate the acquittal of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, Mr Buller, M.P. pointed out the necessity of the Ballot, in order to obtain a free and fair representation. Mr Harvey said, a reform of the Reform Act was imperiously required, and that he should not allow a week of the session to pass, without giving notice of his intention to move for leave to bring in a bill for Household Suffrage, Triennial Parliaments, and protection from intimidation and corruption by the Ballot. Mr Joseph Parkes, in giving the toast of Vote by Ballot, Extension of the Suffrage, and the Repeal of the Septennial Act, shewed the absurdity of the alleged finality of the Reform Act, and denied that any set of men had a right to make a bargain how far Reform should be carried, or that any such bargain had ever been made. He exposed the abuses of the present representative system, and concluded by expressing his firm conviction that a more extensive Reform was necessary. At a dinner given to Mr Wakley, the greatest enthusiasm was expressed in favour of the Ballot; and Mr Wakley pledged himself to divide the House on the subject on the moving of the address. At a meeting at Durham, Lord Durham said, that every day's experience added to the number of the supporters of the Ballot; and that the last election had increased them a hundredfold.—At a dinner given by the defeated Liberals of Flintshire, to their candidate, Mr Lloyd Mostyn, Lord Dinorben said, that the weak must be protected against the oppressions of the powerful; and that he was compelled to join the ranks of those who seek for that protection in the Ballot. (Here the whole company simultaneously rose, and gave three rounds of hearty cheers, succeeded by clapping of hands, and long continued plaudits.) He confessed he had been a late and reluctant advocate of the Ballot, but he should not on that account be the less zealous. At the same meet-

ing, Mr Stanley said, he had voted against the Ballot, but now would support it; and that the division lists of this Session would shew that he was not the only convert. He knew many others.—At the anniversary dinner of the Lewis and East Sussex Reform Association, Mr H. B. Curteis, usually considered a Conservative Whig, declared he had found the voters of Sussex so oppressed and intimidated that they could not conscientiously discharge their duty; and he would say that it was his determination henceforward, whether as a private gentleman or as a representative, to advocate the Ballot. The company were anxiously waiting the conclusion of the sentence, and the instant it was closed, they rose together, and gave three vehement cheers, and one cheer more. Mr Curteis said, he found that many of the old Whigs were now favourable to the Ballot.—An Association has been formed at Cirencester, called the Ballot Union. Part of the declaration, signed by each member, is "to cease to agitate for any other grievance till the Ballot be obtained."—Mr O'Connell exhibited to a numerous meeting in Dublin a model of Mr Grote's Ballot box, which excited great interest.—A model of it was also exhibited by the Honourable James Murray at Leith, at a meeting at which one of the magistrates presided. At this meeting an attempt was made by some of the non-electors to oppose the Ballot, unless conjoined with extension of the suffrage. We would beg the non-electors to consider, that a vote in the election of a member of Parliament is an expression of the elector's conscientious choice, to which he is entitled without control and without responsibility to any human being; that the non-electors are excluded from voting, because the Legislature has thought them unfit for it; and that to enable the unfit to control the votes of those who are considered fit, is an absurdity. They should reflect whether, if the present representation, limited as it is, cannot be maintained in a state approaching efficiency or purity, under a system of open voting, the electors are likely to obtain a farther extension of the suffrage—a thing the Aristocracy will use every effort to prevent—without the protection of the Ballot. The Tory argument, that the non-electors have at present practically a control over the electors, because they know how they vote, is meant to delude. The aristocracy, being few in number, can easily combine and intimidate their tenantry and tradesmen; but neither the non-electors nor the middle classes, nor both combined, supposing so extensive a combination could be formed, will ever, for any length of time, be able to organize a system of intimidation sufficient to influence, in the slightest degree, the power of the different parties in Parliament. While we write, measures are taking to get up a public meeting in Edinburgh for the Ballot; and we hope and trust that, before the year expires, petitions will be sent from every town and county in Britain to Parliament, to make secret voting the law of the land. To the Ballot should be joined, as often as possible, Extension of the Suffrage, and Short Parliaments, in these petitions to Parliament. Unless these measures be obtained, the representation of the People will soon be in a worse state than ever, and even the dark days of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, Constructive Treason, Castlereagh, and the Spy System, may be revived. Were the Tories once again in office, they would take ample revenge on the Liberal party for their exclusion from power.

THE ARMY AND ITS OUTRAGES.

The army absorbs considerably more than one-half o. the free revenue of the country, and no effectual relief from taxation can be expected as long as it is kept on its present footing. A great proportion of this money is paid to men who never saw a shot fired, and are doing no service whatever; for, notwithstanding a quarter of a century of profound peace, the half-pay list is heavier at present than at the end of the war. In 1817, it was £2,124,172; in 1837, it is £2,452,503! Yet more than one-half of the officers on the half-pay list in 1817 must have died since. It has been the great policy of all our administrations, for many years, to separate the soldiers as much as possible from the People; and particular regiments are always kept in London, and its vicinity, having higher pay and greater privileges than the rest of the army, like the Pretorian Cohorts at Rome. This separation of the soldiers from the People was reprobated by even the Tory writers of the last century, as dangerous to liberty. Thus, Blackstone says—"In a land of liberty, it is extremely dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms. In absolute monarchies this is necessary for the safety of the prince, and arises from the main principle of their constitution, which is governing by fear; but, in free states, the profession of a soldier, taken singly merely as a profession, is justly an object of jealousy. In these, no man should take up arms but with the view to defend the country and its laws; he puts not off the citizen when he enters the camp, but it is because he is a citizen, and would wish to continue so, that he makes himself for a while a soldier. The laws, therefore, and constitution of these kingdoms know no such state as that of a perpetual standing soldier, bred up to no other profession than that of war." He afterwards remarks, "To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress," says Baron Montesquieu, "it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the People, and have the same spirit with the People; as was the case at Rome, till Marius new-modelled the legions by enlisting the rabble of Italy, and laid the foundation of all the military tyranny that ensued. Nothing, then, according to these principles, ought to be more guarded against in a free state, than making the military power, when such a one is necessary to be kept on foot, a body too distinct from the People. Like ours, it should be wholly composed of natural subjects: it ought only to be enlisted for a short and limited time: *the soldiers also should live intermixed with the People; no separate camp, no barracks, no inland fortresses should be allowed;* and, perhaps, it might be still better if, by dismissing a stated number, and enlisting others at every renewal of their term, a circulation could be kept up between the army and the people, and the citizen and soldier be more intimately connected together."—Seventy years ago, these were the opinions of a Tory Professor at Oxford, who subsequently became one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; now they are entertained only by extreme Radicals; and not only have barracks and inland fortresses been raised in every part of the kingdom, but care is taken to allow troops to be stationed as seldom as possible in the districts where they have been raised, and to shift their quarters, at great inconvenience to the soldiers and expense to the public, as soon as there is any probability of their having formed an acquaintanceship with the inhabitants of the place where they are stationed.

The effect of this new system has been to increase the ferocity of the soldiers towards the People, or the "civilians," as they are contemptuously styled by the military. As if to stimulate the soldiers to quarrel with the People, they are permitted, and indeed compelled by their officers, to be constantly armed, even while off duty. The consequence is, that not a week elapses without attacks being made by a drunken and infuriated soldiery, either on the "civilians," or on each other. The newspapers are constantly filled with the accounts of such attacks. For example, we find in one newspaper, accounts of the following outrages:—On Sunday night, a soldier of the Fusileer Guards insulted two young women in East Smithfield. A sailor interfered to protect them, when the soldier instantly drew his bayonet, and made a thrust at him, but was ultimately overpowered and carried to the watch-house. At the Bow Street office, a private of the Rifle Brigade, stationed at Woolwich, was fined fifty shillings for a brutal assault on a chimney-sweep at Covent Garden. At Doncaster Races, a body of the Enniskillen Dragoons, armed and mounted, and headed by a non-commissioned officer, with several armed men on foot, came on the course, and charged the people assembled there, indiscriminately cutting and slashing every person they came upon; and a great many persons were dangerously wounded. The last time the same regiment was quartered at Dorchester, they also committed a gross and violent outrage upon the people. The soldiers appear

to have escaped all punishment. A private in the Fourth Dragoons is now in custody at Manchester, on the charge of cutting a "civilian" on the face with his sword so severely as to cause fear for his life. He cut off the man's cheek and nose with one blow; and, not content with this, made a gash in his neck with the second. At Cork, some soldiers belonging to the 12th and 99th regiments having quarrelled, fought it out on the following Sunday; and the conflict was so desperate, that eighteen men had to be carried to the hospital. On Sunday afternoon, an altercation happened at Dundee betwixt two privates of the 64th, in which one of them was killed. All these outrages are from one number of the *Spectator*. The following week, at the Union Hall Office, two soldiers of the Rifle Brigade were convicted of a violent assault on a gentleman. He was walking with two ladies, whom the soldiers insulted; and when the gentleman remonstrated, one of the soldiers knocked him down, and, encouraged by the other, beat him violently while on the ground. A crowd assembled; but the soldiers kept them off, by threatening to use their bayonets. At the Marylebonne Office, two privates of the Coldstream Guards were brought up on a charge of murdering a shoemaker, by stabbing him with a bayonet. It was some time before the soldiers could be secured, owing to their brutal resistance to the police officers. At the Musselburgh Races, one of the dragoons wounded a man severely with his sabre. At the London sessions, a private in the Royal Artillery was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and hard labour, for assaulting a policeman. At the Greenwich session, a private in the marines was accused of threatening the life of a Greenwich pensioner. At Lambeth Street, a private in the Foot Guards was committed for trial on a charge of robbing a seaman of his watch and fifty-nine sovereigns. At the Bow Street office, Mr Robert Douglas, an officer in the army, was committed for trial, for poking out the eye of an old woman, who, he thought, had laid hold of the button of his coat behind. At the Essex sessions, a private in the Fifty-first Foot was transported for seven years, for robbery and attacking several persons with his bayonet. A private in the troops stationed at Chelsea, was fined for drawing his bayonet on two policemen. All these outrages, and many more, have occurred within the last few weeks. They are solely attributable to the practice of allowing the men to wear their side-arms when off duty; a practice which is utterly indefensible, and continued apparently with no other view than to induce the military to insult and attack the people—to get the better of the "civilians" in any quarrel which may arise between them. Juries have frequently expressed their decided disapprobation of the practice, and their expectation that Ministers would impress on Lord Hill the absolute necessity of putting an end to it. It has been well remarked by *The Examiner*, that, whatever guilt attaches to the soldiers, the Commander-in-Chief is still more blameable:—"What should we think of the person who put a deadly weapon into the hands of an infuriated man? Precisely such an office is performed by the military authority that provides every ruffianly fellow in the ranks with a ready instrument of vengeance in the bayonet, whenever his passions may be uncontrollably excited." Were the soldiers, as formerly, employed in useful public works, under the superintendence of their officers, instead of being permitted to go about in profligacy and idleness, they would have both less time and less inclination to engage in scuffles, and their aptness for real military service would be greatly increased. But the objection to it, on the part of the executive, is obvious: it would render the soldiers familiar with the People, and less efficient in quelling any assemblages of which the Minister of the day disapproved.

IRELAND.

The National Association has been dissolved; for which act Mr O'Connell has got much praise from the Whigs, though he has no doubt such an organization as would enable him to form it again, if required, in the course of ten days. The number of contributors to the funds of the Association was 60,000, of whom 4,000 had paid a pound each, or more. Of these 280 were Englishmen. At the last meeting, O'Connell made a long speech on a variety of topics. He professed entire confidence in Ministers, but warned the meeting that Irishmen must work out their own political salvation.

The tithe war has again commenced. 250 bills for tithes have been filed in the court of Exchequer for the ensuing term. At Thurles an abortive attempt was made to sell some sheep distrained for tithes; but, as 500 farmers on horseback, and a great body of the peasantry, assembled, no biddings could be obtained, and the sheep were given back to their owners.

THE CONTINENT.

The elections have terminated in France with little change to the strength of either party. The election of Arago, the mathematician, has given great annoyance to Louis Philippe, as he was one of the most resolute opponents of the plan of surrounding Paris with detached forts. Don Carlos, with his troops in the most deplorable state, has retreated beyond the Ebro. Thus has ended the campaign, leaving matters much as they were at the commencement. The King of Hanover has dissolved the States, and has set aside the Constitution of 1833. He says that it never was legally established, and that he, as successor to the Crown, always refused to sanction it. He, of course, means to become the Autocrat of Hanover, and we doubt not that the Hanoverians will tamely submit to his dictates.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

Trade continues dull in the manufacturing districts. At Macclesfield, a great number of the silk weavers are in a state of starvation; and those who are employed, have only half work. There has of late been a considerable rise in the price of cotton; but, as it has not been attended with a similar rise in the price of manufactured goods, it has been injurious to trade. At Manchester, it is said that it is impossible matters can be duller. The iron manufacture alone, owing to the great demand for railroad iron, is prosperous, and prices are rising.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the last crop vary considerably. Those from England represent it as above an average crop; an opinion which appears to be supported by the fall which has taken place in prices of almost all sorts of grain, within the last few weeks. The general average of the six weeks ending 3d November was, Wheat 53s. 4d., barley 30s., oats 22s. 1d. In Scotland, the wheat appears to be rather deficient in quantity, though in quality it is equal to that of average years. Barley varies much in quality, varying from 28s. to 38s. Oats, though the best crop of the season, are greatly inferior to last year's crop. Potatoes on dry soils are excellent; but on clay lands, they are deficient in quantity. Turnips have not turned out so well as was anticipated, and the price is rather high, 6d. and 6½d. being given per week for each sheep.

Cattle markets have been declining. At Hallow Fair, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th November, the greatest number of cattle ever known at that fair was exhibited. Prices were fully fifteen per cent. under those at last Falkirk Tryst, and upwards of 2000 left the ground the last day, unsold. Cattle, for which £8: 8s. were asked on the 14th, were sold on the 16th for £6: 6s. Scarcely a dealer from the south was in the market; and the intimation given by the distillers, working for the English market, that they meant to stop distilling in a few weeks, diminished the demand for cattle fit for feeding on distillery offals. The present prospect is, that food of all kinds will be cheap throughout the winter.

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